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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The closing of the mints of India to silver is the most important event connected with that metal that has occurred for a number of years. Not since that disastrous series of events, beginning with 1870, when the nations of Europe abandoned silver coinage one after the other, and including the demonetization in this country in 1873, has the white metal received so disastrous a blow. The action of the Indian Government, coming just at this time, when the financial question is the most prominent political issue in this country, is doubly significant, and its effect acquires added importance. It is probably true that the silver market will recover somewhat from the drop that immediately succeeds the announcement of the new policy; but what the ultimate result will be is not so clear.

The influence of India in sustaining the silver market in past times has been immense. When France was exporting

silver to the amount of \$345,000,000, from 1850 to 1864, India prevented the fall in price that would otherwise have occurred by absorbing more than twice that amount of silver. During the next ten years the absorption by India was increased to fully one billion dollars, or very nearly the silver production of the entire world during that quarter of a century. Of late years the importation of silver has somewhat fallen off, owing to the use of council bills in settling the balance of trade between England and India; but during the last twelve years the average importation has been \$37,500,000, or about one-third of the world's production.

It is apparent that should this demand be absolutely cut off, there would be a heavy drop in silver. But it is not so apparent that this demand, or even a large part of it, will cease for any length of time. India is not to be placed on a gold basis for the present, at any rate, and silver will still be required to meet its commercial needs. In the report of a committee of the House of Commons, made in 1876, it was stated that a large part of the silver going to India was absorbed by the natives, who converted it into ornaments. During the four years of famine ending in 1880 and the consequent scarcity, no less than sixteen millions of dollars' worth of such ornaments were taken to the mint to be re-coined, and this was undoubtedly only a small portion of the silver that had been absorbed from the circulation. The desire for ornamentation among the natives is as strong as ever, and the conversion of the silver rupee will continue. Side by side with this movement will come an increasing demand for circulating medium in India that gold alone can not meet. Throughout vast areas of that country the natives still pursue the methods of barter. As they become more familiar with civilized ways, the use of money will become more general; and with primitive peoples, where the functions of banks and credits are but imperfectly understood, the greater part of the transactions will involve the use of coin. Thus, while the action of the government will decrease somewhat the demand for silver, that decrease is not likely to be so extensive or so lasting as would appear on the surface.

The action of the Indian Government is more important at the present time as evidencing the attitude of England toward silver. It is evident that the friendliness to bimetalism supposed to exist there is not strong enough to influence the action of the government, and, therefore, that a reconvention of the Brussels conference would be an idle act. International bimetalism evidently can not be accomplished at the present time. This, at the same time, simplifies the problem for this country and renders it more difficult. Congress, when it meets in September, may act with the knowledge that the United States must stand alone in upholding silver, and need not, therefore, shape its legislation with reference to the possible future action of foreign countries. But, on the other hand, the task of upholding silver entirely without assistance from other countries will be far more difficult.

The ridiculous panic caused by the failure of a rotten bank here and by the suspension of a few banks at Los Angeles and elsewhere in the country south of Tehachapi, has subsided, happily for the credit of the community. There is no better test of the intelligence of a community than the stability of its banks. Places where banks can not live, because so soon as they get a little business their depositors all rush in and want their money, are in a primitive stage of civilization. No bank can keep its money in its drawer against a call from its depositors, and, at the same time, be of any use by lending that same money to persons engaged in industry or commerce. Where public distrust of banks is such that a depositor no sooner puts his money in than he wants it out again, it is perfectly idle to start banks. That, until lately, was the condition of the public mind in the Latin countries of Europe; the consequence was that the only banks which thrived in those countries were agencies of English or Paris banks, which did not solicit deposits.

In the river valley States which constitute the centre of this country, the starting of banks which are destined to fail is a regular business which has been brought to a high de-

gree of perfection. A knave with a little money starts a bank with an alleged capital of fifty thousand dollars; the capital, as a general rule, mainly exists in the projector's imagination. He assumes an air of dignity; plays the heavy capitalist, goes to church, and publishes a list of alleged correspondents which embraces the strongest institutions in New York and London. Presently deposits begin to flow in; he honors checks with promptitude and dispatch; he even permits small overdrafts by those who are likely to requite the favor by making heavy deposits at times. When three or four years have passed, and he has done a steady, conservative business all the time, he may have obtained a deposit line which makes it worth his while to fail. The amount varies according to the times and the man. Some knaves in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Indiana will fail when they see that failure will put them in possession of ten thousand dollars of other people's money; others can not afford to fail for less than fifty thousand dollars. In every case there is a sum which, when reached by the deposit line, is considered large enough to justify failure; when the books show that sum on hand, down it goes into the banker's pocket, and the bank closes its doors "in consequence of the withdrawal of deposits." It is a pretty business, within a child's comprehension.

Again, in every mercantile centre, there will be a bank or two managed by an unprincipled cashier who uses the money of his depositors in speculative schemes of his own, and is pretty certain to lose it. These men's catastrophes should not be allowed to shake confidence in banks generally. In the case here, one family got possession of an old bank, established a savings-bank to feed it with deposits from the savings of the poor, squandered the assets of both in absurd electric roads, irrigation canals, and an impossible magazine; when the attorney-general, who managed to get into the bank to the extent of eighteen thousand dollars, refused to wind it up, the bank commissioners unbosomed themselves to the public ear, the run followed, and crash was the result.

That is a very common occurrence. People who trusted such financiers have only themselves to blame. But their collapse does not imply any weakness in other banks. Our banking institutions are just twice as strong as the banking institutions of New York; that is to say, they hold twice as large a proportion of their liabilities in hard coin as the New York banks do. Yet the latter are supposed to be pretty sound concerns.

It is time we got over the childish habit of croaking and predicting disaster whenever an ordinary vicissitude of commercial life occurs. This is a pretty good State, and this is a pretty good city. There are some obstacles in the way of progress, such as the labor unions. But we shall get them under some day, and California and San Francisco will fulfill their destiny, in spite of knaves, and fools, and bank-wreckers.

The newspaper accounts of the estate left by the late Senator Stanford have started speculation as to the value of his endowment of the university which bears his name. Few people have any definite idea of the actual sum of money represented by the property which will come into the possession of the trustees of the university when Mrs. Stanford dies.

That property consists of three pieces of land—Palo Alto, 8,400 acres, of which a large portion is under high cultivation, being planted in vines which have been found to suit the soil; Gridley, 22,000 acres, which have been planted to wheat and will probably be gradually planted in vines; and Vina, 59,000 acres, of which between 4,000 and 5,000 are planted in vines. Of these three, the Vina estate is, of course, the most valuable. There are, in round numbers, 3,000,000 grape-vines on the estate, which yielded last year 11,000 tons of grapes. When all the vines now planted are in full bearing, the product will be something like 20,000 tons of grapes per year; and the vineyard is growing from year to year. A large portion of the Vina estate is used for raising horses of all the various breeds, and other purposes employed as cow-pastures, sheep-pastures, and for

It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the money value of such land at the present time, and almost impossible to guess what it will be when a better knowledge of the peculiarities of soil and climate and the handling of the grapes will enable California wines to command the same prices as the foreign product. But land which will grow five tons of grapes to the acre has a definite and well-known value in France and Germany, and there is no reason why it should be different here. It is worth as nearly as possible \$2,000 an acre in the Gironde and on the Rhine, and though it could not be sold for any such sum at present in this State, it will earn interest on that amount. Thus the Vina vineyard alone represents an endowment to the college of \$8,000,000 and a present income of about half a million a year. This, it will be remembered, is exclusive of the Palo Alto property, the Gridley ranch, and the fifty-odd thousand acres of land at Vina not planted in vines. If all the land in the three properties which is suited to vine-growing were planted in vines, it would represent the enormous sum of \$200,000,000 and an annual income of over \$11,000,000 a year.

No university in America has anything like such an endowment. According to the college registers, the leading universities are endowed as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Columbia..... | \$13,000,000 |
| Harvard..... | 11,000,000 |
| Yale..... | 10,000,000 |
| University of California..... | 7,000,000 |
| Johns Hopkins..... | 3,000,000 |

The endowment of the Leland Stanford can not be added to the list, because no one can tell its real amount. The Vina vineyard represents \$8,000,000 at present, with a possible extension to over ten times that amount in the early future; but no one possesses the information required to appraise Palo Alto or Gridley. It may be said, without fearing contradiction, that its resources are far in excess of those of any other educational establishment in the world, and that it will never need to deny itself anything, from a library to an observatory or a laboratory, on the ground of expense. It is quite possible that when the properties which are devoted to its support yield their full income, it will find it possible to abolish all fees for tuition and to reduce the charge for board below that which a pupil would cost at home.

The mind loses itself in the contemplation of the services which such an institution may render to knowledge and civilization. It can afford to enlist a staff of professors embracing the ablest men in each branch in every country in the world. Whenever a man of genius or learning rises above his fellows, the Leland Stanford University can secure him. Even at the same salary, men of eminence would desert places of seclusion to mingle in a society composed of the leaders of human thought in every department of learning. Such a resort might become the intellectual capital of the world, swarming with the uncrowned monarchs of mankind. And what graduates it might turn out! Under such tuition as the Leland Stanford could command, young men with anything in them would be sure to have it developed, and a race of students would be turned out every year who would set the car of progress traveling at a rate unknown to history.

It is money that tells. In all the great universities of the world, the complaint has ever been that this or that which was eminently desirable could not be done for want of money. Discoveries have not been made, nor problems wrought out to a solution for the want of money. Harvard, which takes the lead among our institutions of higher education, is constantly blocked in its work by the want of money. If Agassiz had had as large an income as he desired to control, there would have been no unsolved problems in ichthyology. If the Lick Observatory had a larger appropriation, it would have done something with its great equatorial. If Yale had the library it should contain, its graduates would not need to go to Europe to prosecute their researches. If Oxford and Cambridge were more munificently endowed, the absurd old fellowships would have been abandoned long ago. Now comes an institution whose work need never be arrested by pecuniary obstacles. It ought to, and under proper management it surely will, some day make itself the university of the world.

A foreign periodical, discoursing on the function of the daily press, observes that the idiosyncrasy of a community can always be inferred from the character of the newspapers it supports. This is another way of saying that newspapers reflect the public which they serve, which, on the average, is the case. The journal published in a pious New England village, where every one goes to meeting, will command little support in a frontier mining-town.

He, however, who tries to evolve the character of a community from an analysis of its press may encounter embarrassments. On the table before us lies a copy of a leading morning daily published in San Francisco. It must be popular, for it contains 45 per cent. of advertise-

ments to 55 per cent. of reading-matter. The reading-matter is distributed by subjects as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Crime..... | 31 per cent. |
| Politics..... | 10 |
| World's Fair..... | 8½ |
| Sports..... | 5 |
| Foreign News..... | 5½ |
| Business..... | 2 |
| Illustrations..... | 12½ |
| Editorial..... | 5 |
| Domestic News and Miscellaneous..... | 21 |
| | 100 |

The proportion allotted to crime, which includes criminal trials, affrays, and breaches of law generally, implies an inordinate and an unhealthy appetite for that kind of reading. Assuming, as we must, that the editor knows his business, the appropriation of nearly one-third of his space to accounts of offenses against the code, and to their sequels, indicates that the taste of the public runs to that category of events in preference to other classes of news. It means that our people would rather read about murders, and assaults, and other disorderly incidents than about anything else.

If we are to assume that this paper is a correct reflex of the San Francisco people, they are more interested in breaches of the law, human and divine, than anything else; they want the news, domestic and foreign; they desire to keep track of the political movements of the day; a considerable number of them take pleasure in reading about hasehall, races, and athletic sports; and none of them care about books, or science, or art. That is a portrait whose lines are so harsh that it is practically a caricature, and it will be disavowed by its object.

The taste for descriptions of crime and reports of criminal trials is peculiar to an undeveloped stage of civilization. It flourished contemporaneously with the popularity of dime novels, at a period when culprits were executed in public and crowds assembled to see hangings. It was found that crime was promoted by the publicity of executions and by elaborate and graphic descriptions of criminal occurrences. Laws were passed in most of the States, requiring executions to be conducted in private. A sense of duty and propriety induced newspapers to curtail the space devoted to police-court reports. In many conscientious newspapers, those reports were cut down to a mere statement of the name of the criminal, the offense with which he was charged, and the finding of the judge or jury. In some papers, even these details were omitted. Among our leading papers, the New York *Herald*, *World*, and *Recorder* are the only sheets which still give *verbatim* reports of sensational criminal trials. They are rarely to be found in the New York *Times* or *Tribune*, or the Chicago *Tribune*, or in the London *Times*. It may be a question whether editors in this meridian would lose anything by following so discreet an example. It depends on the proportion which the well-behaved class bears to the class with prurient appetites.

In catering to all tastes, as a newspaper of general circulation should do, a line must be drawn. It is not required to cater to depraved tastes; if for no other reason, because the development of such tastes works a detriment to the community which must react on the newspaper. Statistics show that assaults on the person are more frequent in San Francisco in proportion to its population than in Eastern cities. Can a connection be established between this tendency and the propensity of our newspapers to lay every morning before their readers full and exhaustive details of crime, with its loathsome details? It would be interesting to trace up the subject.

Everybody has read, in the confession of convicts, statements that they had first been led to crime by reading dime-novels. Here is a more recent case of morals perverted by unwholesome reading. Mrs. Wiley, lately of Los Angeles, was an insatiate reader of newspaper articles about lotteries. She missed none of the lists of drawings, nor any advertisement in which the companies lured greenhorns into buying tickets by recounting sudden fortunes won by a lucky ticket. Mrs. Wiley became a lottery "fiend." She obtained money on false pretenses from any one who would trust her: she robbed her husband; she deceived her son; and now she is a fugitive, wandering through the country with a detective on her track.

Another case: The newspapers published in continental Europe fill their columns with stories of the wonderful fortunes won by gamblers at Monte Carlo. It has, consequently, become the greatest gambling hell in the world. It costs to run it 11,250,000 francs a year, which go for rent to the Prince of Monaco, theatre, orchestra, and pay-roll—800,000 francs being allotted annually to subsidize the press. Its winnings last year were 23,000,000 francs—nearly \$5,000,000—which sum, of course, somebody lost. It pays 38 per cent. dividend on its shares, and sets apart every year a million francs as a sinking fund to pay back the capital of the company in 1913. It is difficult to name an institution which is the cause of more misery and, indirectly, of more crime than this gambling establishment. It is the most potent agent of demoralization in Europe. It causes the shame and the death of more women than any

modern war ever did. It consigns thousands of children every year to a pauper's life. And all this it could not do were it not for the subsidy of 800,000 francs a year, paid almost entirely to the Paris press.

Homilies against newspaper corruption and newspaper demoralization have a flavor of *he-good-and-you-will-be-happy*. But if the quality of societies can be divined from the character of the papers they support, the public might consider whether they do themselves justice in sustaining sheets which expose the city in which they appear to the imputation of being half-civilized. The editor and the reader react on each other. An unprincipled and reckless paper is apt to weaken the moral fibre of its subscribers; but the subscriber always has it in his power within certain limits to dictate the tone of the paper for which he pays.

The latest attempt to apply the coöperative principle to housekeeping is illustrated in the Colorado exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. It is the invention of a lady. She proposes to build on a block of land in Denver forty-four houses of from four to twelve rooms each, and to sell the whole to a company of forty-four stockholders, each of whom will occupy a house. The forty-four houses will have a common kitchen, a common laundry, and a common dining-room, which will be conducted by competent stewards, cooks, laundresses, and waiters. The idea is that the occupants will be spared the worry of servants, and, by the force of coöperation, will be able to live more cheaply than they could if each undertook the task of housekeeping separately.

The idea was somewhat exhaustively considered in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, apropos of a similar enterprise which was projected in New York. Nothing has happened since that publication to alter the views then expressed. Under intelligent management, coöperative housekeeping ought to be more economical than separate individual housekeeping, and it would be a boon to ladies to get rid of the plague of servant-girlism. But when this has been said, the strongest arguments in favor of the plan have been stated. The objections are that in actual practice coöperative institutions are hardly ever intelligently conducted. The wrong man always gets control and either filches the funds or wastes them by blundering extravagance. And, in the next place, it is feared that forty-four ladies, with the usual assortment of children, would not agree with each other if they were equal partners in a domestic enterprise. They would be sure to quarrel about their children, or their meals, or some other of the trivial causes of dispute which constant propinquity engenders. If the forty-four hired their houses without regard to the coöperative experiment, the malcontents could give notice and fly to pastures new. If they were stockholders, as the Denver scheme proposes, they would not be free to leave their houses, and the consciousness that they were like the ancient serfs, *adscriptus gleba*, would exacerbate their grievances.

The loathing which promiscuous feeding inspires after a time is a small matter; but still there is a smell about boarding-house fare which can never be shaken off, and, in a kitchen which was conducted on economical principles, it is likely that it might become particularly pungent. The object of the caterer being to feed his people for as small a sum as possible, some monotony in diet would be unavoidable, and the dinner-hour, instead of being the most joyous of the twenty-four, might become the most odious.

All which to the contrary notwithstanding, the coöperative household is a fixed certainty of the future. There is no answer to the argument that money would be saved by coöperative housekeeping; and year by year the servant-girl problem becomes more insoluble. It is quite certain that at least an attempt will be made to establish the coöperative kitchen and coöperative laundry; the coöperative dining-room is already in operation at the restaurants. Objections arising out of the unwillingness of young matrons to part with the desolate freedom of the wild ass will have to be overcome. The American and Americanness of the future will in one way or another take their food as they take their pleasures, *en bloc*.

There is a very pretty fight on between the newspapers of Chicago and the railroads whose lines run into the World's Fair city. The former have worked themselves into a frenzy regarding the meagre attendance at the big show, and declare that unless the railroads reduce their rates the fair must meet with financial disaster. The railroads are accused of selfishness, of enmity to the fair, of "playing the hog in matters of transportation," and of a lack of patriotism that is little short of treason. Every man, woman, and child who contemplates a visit to the World's Fair and has not yet secured transportation, will applaud this attack upon the common enemy and will wish the press Godspeed in its good work. But now come the railroads, and, by way of recriminating answer, declare that it is the press of Chicago that has kept people away. The papers are charged with having

published sensational and not always truthful statements of the incompleteness of the exposition, of extortions by the concessionaires, of the inclemency of the weather, of the incompetence of the officials, until people have been actually frightened away. Furthermore, the railroads want to know whether a twenty or thirty per cent. reduction of railroad fare is not reasonable when the newspapers have doubled their customary rates for advertising; the restaurants, and hotels, and merchants have increased their regular prices; and everybody in Chicago has prepared to make hay while the sun shines. It does seem as if the railroads had the better of the fight so far.

The closing of the dives of San Francisco has presented to the churches, the daily press, and other philanthropists a problem which they think they are called upon to solve. This problem is to find decent means of livelihood for the two thousand waitresses who have been deprived of work. Several hundred of the women have formed an association and petitioned the Federated Trades to be admitted to membership in that large-minded and fastidious organization. They have also issued an address to the public in which they declare, with equal modesty and truth, that if they are not permitted to serve as dive-waitresses they must go upon the pave. No one need suffer pangs of anxiety on account of the horrors of the situation in which the members of this unique association find themselves. Women capable of such an advertisement of their character would not find the life of the pave uncongenial. The only pity they are entitled to is that which every morally healthy man and woman must feel for those who are by nature disposed toward hestiality or crime. There is no helping such out of the gutter of their desires. They must be left to God and the police.

There is nothing new in this dive-girl problem. It is only one phase of the ancient problem of the fallen woman, for which the world has never yet found a solution. She is unclean and accursed, and ever will be while society retains clean instincts and common sense. Much harm is done by the flood of sentimental drool emitted by the preachers and press of San Francisco over these waitresses. What the situation requires is a little lucid thinking and truthful speech. These waitresses are outcasts. A dive is simply a brothel with a saloon attachment. It is possible that, here and there, there may be one among the women who is like Cæsar's wife, but it is hard to believe. Mentally and morally they are among women what the drunken and depraved day-laborer is among men. They are merely the foul sediment of our Christian and monogamous civilization. It would be as practicable to take a rat from the sewers and train it to become a household pet as to rescue one of these deep-sea horrors and transform her into a decent woman. Yet respectable people are hesought to open their homes to such creatures, to the end that they may be saved from devoting themselves wholly to the trade of the scarlet woman, instead of varying that calling by selling beer on a percentage to drunken sailors and the other male offal of a seaport.

However it may be elsewhere, there exists no excuse whatever in this city and State for a healthy woman to seek disreputable means of living. House-work is much easier than dive-work, and those who have preferred the latter have done so for the sake of the greater gains of a disgraceful occupation or the superior pleasures which a saloon has for them over a kitchen. The demand for domestic servants here is now, and always has been, greatly in excess of the supply. Capable women command from twenty to thirty dollars a month and a home, and raw girls who are willing to learn easily find employment at fifteen dollars a month. Therefore, not necessity but choice has caused the females of the Waitresses' Protective Association to descend the steps of the dive. Having been in the dive and been contaminated there, it is not astonishing that the waitress out of work should not find herself welcomed to the ranks of servants and factory-girls who have kept their character and self-respect. The same rule that holds in the drawing-room obtains in kitchen and shop—the woman who has fallen can not reënter either. Women themselves, from the beginning of time, have enforced the unwritten statute of outlawry against those of their sex who have parted with chastity. The law is just. Feminine instinct is wiser than all the tender-hearted sentimentalists of the pulpit and press. The woman who cheapens female chastity sins against her sex, and her sex obeys the impulse of intelligent selfishness when it draws its skirts away from her and withholds help or pity when the hour of punishment comes. If fear of penalties is a deterrent from evil conduct, then mitigation of penalties encourages offenses. Hence the harm done by the sympathetic preachers, and editors, and busy altruistic ladies whose desire to do good is not proportioned to their capacity for detecting the line between right and wrong and whose emotions usurp the place of judgment. It has not, unhappily, pleased the Creator to endow all the daughters of men with an inborn horror of sin. Many He has in His wisdom chosen to incline to grossness, or made stupid, or heedless, or deficient in reverence for virtue for its

own sake. For all such the terrors of retribution form a useful restraint, and if the pit of wrong-doing be one which they see has no outlet they will be more apt to keep away from its edges than if preachers, and editors, and their twaddlesome, petticoated allies are permitted to build stairways for easy exit. Once lost, lost forever, is a social mandate for woman's behoof that it is not well to meddle with.

In the question of whether the dives shall be kept closed or not, the needs of the waitresses ought not properly to figure. Their case is on a par precisely with that of the women in the brothels. If it were determined to close the latter, the detail of how the inmates should subsist would hardly be considered by either the moralist or the practical man of affairs. Laws are passed prohibiting burglary in heartless disregard for the earnings and comfort of burglars. Doubtless a multitude of buccaneers, with no small estimate of their own importance and deserts, were put to inconvenience and even hardship when piracy was suppressed. We may be sure that women so little fastidious as to adopt the calling of a dive-waitress will not die of starvation, or to evade that calamity will be driven to any course which can further degrade them. If in the squalid two thousand there are some peasant-girls who, in ignorance of a strange country and its customs, were deceived into adopting the trade and desire to re-ascend to industrious respectability, it will not be difficult to distinguish them from their hardened and swaggering sisters of the Waitresses' Protective Association. But in order to extend help to these few possible unfortunates, it is not necessary for the helpers to take the press and the pulpit into their confidence. The work of rescuing fallen women, in this and in all cases, is one in which the scriptural injunction as to concealing from the left hand the good works of the right applies with exceptional force. Ordinary decency, as well as public morals, requires privacy.

The political campaign in Germany just drawn to a close has an interest to the student of institutions far greater than that involved in the question of increasing the army or reducing the period of service. Germany, with all its history reaching back into dim antiquity, stands to-day as the infant among nations. When the innumerable and discordant elements that now make up the German Empire were gathered together into one nation, a strong hand was required to hold them in subjection. An autocratic government was a necessity, and the Iron Chancellor furnished it. The unity that he aimed at was practically accomplished before he fell from power, and when the young emperor assumed control he had a different Germany to govern from that which his grandfather had ruled so long. The people were beginning to feel the national life-blood coursing through their veins and to demand a voice in the conduct of affairs. Young William, imbued with the autocratic ideas that obtained in his youth, has never been in touch with this newer national feeling. He is willing to govern by constitutional methods so long as the Reichstag bows to his wishes; when they thwart him, he becomes impatient and talks and dreams of the impossible. The campaign just ended has been a protest against the autocratic power he would assume, rather than a contest over the Army Bill, and it is the most serious opposition he has yet been called upon to meet. His success is but a temporary advantage, for he wages war against the natural and necessary growth of a nation.

There is another and more practical aspect in which this contest may be viewed in this country. In this commercial age, the prosperity of other countries is as important to a nation as was their weakness when the military spirit predominated. Barter has taken the place of fire and sword, and the former antagonist is now the customer; the countries of Europe are more interesting to the United States as possible purchasers of its surplus products than as marks for the gunners of its new navy. And the value of a customer is measured by his prosperity. A poor nation can no more be a good customer than can a poor man. It would be interesting to know how much the United States loses annually by the policy of European countries impoverishing themselves to maintain their standing armies. A quarter of a century ago, Europe had seven millions of men under arms, and expended annually for their maintenance \$445,600,000; to-day there are three times as many soldiers, and the annual cost is twice what it then was. Statisticians declare that an able-bodied man engaged in production is worth three hundred dollars annually to the community in which he lives. Twenty-two and a quarter millions of men withdrawn from production would, therefore, represent a loss to Europe of nearly seven billions of dollars each year. From this point of view, the civilized world must regret the outcome of the German elections.

The people of this State are now committed to the California Midwinter Fair; the plans have been carried so far that honorable retreat is impossible. The brunt of the work

will necessarily fall upon the people of San Francisco, and the responsibility for a failure in any particular will have to be met by them. The appeals for financial aid by those having the matter in charge should, therefore, be met with promptness and generosity. Only in this way can the buildings be ready in time to allow the exhibits all to be in place on the opening day. It required weeks after everything was complete at Jackson Park for the World's Fair management to overcome the effects of the unfinished condition of the exhibits when the fair opened, and from this cause their receipts were undoubtedly diminished thousands of dollars. Prompt attention should also be given to the question of an exhibit of California products. Visitors from the Eastern States and from foreign countries will come here as much to see what California has to offer as to show what they themselves desire to sell. The exhibit of this State should be exhaustive; the provisions for giving information to strangers regarding soil, climate, and inducements to trade or to settle here should be complete. All this work of preparation will necessarily be left largely to the committees, but their work should be supplemented by the united efforts of the people of the entire State. Should the fair be a success, the benefits to this State will be incalculable; should the people work together with a will, the fair must be a success.

The wave of unreasoning discontent that swept over the country last year and landed the puffed-up prophet in the White House, struck Illinois with peculiar malevolence. Not only was the legislature Democratic in both houses, but a Teutonic impossible was installed in the gubernatorial chair. Governor Altgeld was nominated to catch the German vote: it now appears that he caught another vote as well, and he is now engaged in paying his political debts at the expense of the safety of the people and the good name of the commonwealth. That this foreigner, whose title to citizenship is in doubt, should have entered into a compact with the avowed enemies of social order is an extraordinary thing. Perhaps Cleveland's stolid contempt for the laws he does not approve inspired a contempt for all laws in the breast of this imported governor; perhaps he sought only to emulate the self-sufficiency of the national executive when he announced, with oppressive seriousness, that he, who knew nothing about the matter, was better able to judge of the culpability of the Haymarket anarchists than the judge who tried them and the jury who found them guilty. It is now clear that Governor Altgeld agreed during the political campaign that preceded his election as governor to liberate the Haymarket anarchists, and this agreement undoubtedly had a favorable influence upon the vote he received. He has expressed himself as a sympathizer with these men whose sole aim is the destruction of society, and with whom devotion to social order is a crime meriting death. That a man with such sympathies should hold the highest executive position in Illinois is a distinct misfortune to that State. That he should have found it possible to take an oath to enforce the laws, holding such views as to lawlessness, is astonishing. Were Governor Altgeld's sense of the ridiculous equal to his contempt for the safety of the commonwealth that has dishonored itself in honoring him, he would get into a corner and laugh at himself. Should the courts decide that he has succeeded in sneaking into citizenship through a side door, it is to be hoped that they will authorize a commission to ascertain whether his mental condition does not call for the appointment of a guardian.

The practice of the law in the Eastern States is evidently very different from the mode adopted here. In Massachusetts a remarkable criminal trial has just been terminated; in Fresno a scarcely less remarkable trial is in progress. Those who followed the Borden trial at New Bedford must have been impressed by the dignity and courtesy that marked the proceedings. The tragic fact that a young woman was on trial for her life, charged with the terrible crime of murdering her parents, was never lost sight of. The testimony of the police was evidently false in points, yet there was no attempt to intimidate or bulldoze them. In Fresno the proceedings have been conspicuously lacking in dignity and courtesy. The presence in court of the widow of the murdered man, with her little boy, is theatrical and apparently intended to influence the jury. The attorneys for the defense evidently have an idea that the way to prove the innocence of the accused is to insult and intimidate the witnesses for the prosecution. Concerning the guilt or innocence of Mr. Heath the *Argonaut* has no opinion, but it is clear that his chances of acquittal have been diminished by the disgraceful conduct of his attorneys.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order that effect to this office. Changes of address should be sent to this office not later than Thursday evening.

THE MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

"I do not suppose," said Ivison, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and looking straight into the other man's eyes, "that you knew exactly what you were doing; but I say again, that is no excuse for you. We have been friends long enough to warrant your taking sides with me in almost anything, and even to—even to lying for me if it were necessary."

The other man shifted his position a little and wet his lips with his tongue.

"You did not remember, did you," Ivison went on, gripping and ungrudging the back of the chair behind which he was standing, "that it was I who put you on your feet, not only this last time, but once or twice before? I am going to believe you forgot this—forgot that to me you owe even what little you have; for I don't want to think of you as an ungrateful man. No, you are not ungrateful, you are simply a fool. You say that when he asked you, you were so taken by surprise that you could only acknowledge I had been willful, and wild, and mixed up in one or two affairs not greatly to my credit as a gentleman. And yet you ought to have known and remembered that your words were my death-warrant with Her father. You *did* know it, but why didn't you remember it? What have you to say for yourself?"

The other man swallowed once or twice, but he did not speak. Ivison, growing paler every moment, turned the chair aside and moved toward the door.

"I am going," he said, "because I do not care to trust myself with you longer. If I did, I might 'forget,' and if I forgot, I would try to kill you. When you get your senses again, you will see and understand just what you have done for me. You have ruined my life and Hers, for she loves me through it all—and I am the man who made you. I am going South to-night, and it will probably be for a long time. My only wish is that, in the years to come—until you are dead—you will think at least once a day that it was you who wrecked the happiness of two people—who broke Her heart and brought the old hell back into mine; and it is you who will pay for it in the end."

At last the other man found his tongue.

"My God, Ivison!" he cried, hoarsely, "don't leave me now—let me think, let me think! I—I—how could I know what he wanted? He only asked me if you had been wild, years ago, and I said"—passing his hand quickly over his eyes—"what did I say? It could not have been much, for he was here but a minute. But I can fix it, Ivison—I can fix it, somehow! How could I know it was Her father?"

"You couldn't know," answered Ivison, in the same clear, even tones, though the other man knew that hack of this forced calmness the devil himself raged in the other's soul, "because, as I told you, you were a fool. Until then you had been passably sane, and it would seem that you ought to have known enough to keep your mouth shut, but you didn't. On the contrary, you told him more than he asked for. You said that I was a friend of yours, but you thought—no, you knew—I had sown my wild oats—and then you told him what they were, and what sort of a crop they were yielding. You told of the other woman, and—and all the rest. Could any man alive have given his daughter to me hearing that? And yet, all the time you were talking, you knew I had changed; that I had hurried the past in a straight, upright present and had kept it in its grave for years. But you weren't content to let it stay there; you dragged it out and showed it to him—enjoyed doing it, doubtless. And I *made* you."

The other man looked straight before him, but he did not speak again. Ivison took up his hat, drew his gloves from his pocket, and began slowly putting them on.

"I did not come here to preach to you," he said, presently, "for I am not good at that sort of thing. I came for your own good, as well as to tell you just what I thought of you. I have done that, and now I say to you, I never want to set eyes on you again. I have kept my hands off your miserable body to-night because I am not a rough; but I warn you now that if I ever see you again, it may be different; for it is in my heart to kill you—to kill you, do you hear?"

"Why don't you do it then?" said the other man, suddenly, turning his sunken eyes upon his scourger, his voice still hoarse with emotion; "I wouldn't stop you. I know all you say, and more, is true—that you made me, and that I have ruined you. You couldn't possibly think any less of me than I do of myself. If putting an end to my unhappy life will make reparation for what I have done, I say do it! Don't stand there and review the whole cursed thing, though, for what is passed can't be helped. In God's name, Ivison," he cried, fiercely, throwing his arms above his head in his wild, dramatic way, "what can I do *now*?"

"Nothing; you couldn't convince him that you had wronged me; and I can not deny what you said. All I can say to him is the past is dead and buried; and he shrugs his shoulders and says it is a very life-like corpse. You did not lie; no, you did what is sometimes much worse and a good deal harder to do—you told the truth. When—but there is no use in saying anything else. Good-night," and Ivison closed the door softly behind him.

The other man stood still until he heard him pass out into the street. Then, with a groan, he sank into his chair and buried his head on his arm. From his earliest boyhood he had been a sensitive, painstaking creature; careful and conscientious to such a degree that he became a by-word in his own family; of high-strung and intensely nervous organization; and with a temperament as changeable as the weather and often affected by it. He was not a handsome man; he was tall, and thin, and stooping; his eyes, deep and hollow, were always feverishly bright; his chin was pointed and his lips thin—giving one the idea of a cruel streak in the man which he in nowise possessed.

All his life he had had to fight his way slowly from one position to another—so slowly that even he became impatient

at times; and when Ivison, taking pity on him one day as he bent over the hooks at his father's office, recommended him for an easier place and a larger salary, the poor fellow was so overcome that he quite lost his head and nearly fainted where he sat with astonishment. As nervous and as given to details as a sick woman, he magnified every small thing which came to him, and jumped at conclusions with a rapidity which would have put to shame any member of the opposite sex. But in a moment of forgetfulness he had spoken; and in two minutes he had ruined the life of almost his only friend.

For a while as he lay there after Ivison had gone, he could hardly understand it all, but gradually through the distorted lenses of his scrupulous nature he saw what he had done, and he wondered dimly how God would punish him. Not for a moment did he think of blaming Ivison or asking himself why the man had not made his life purer, so that he would have had nothing to disclose to Her father; with characteristic selfishness, he told himself the fault was entirely his, and that the sin he had committed was unpardonable—unpardonable; and hardly knowing what he was doing, he pulled the little Bible which lay before him under the light and turned to the Commandments to see if it was there. But before he found the place, he came to a passage which seemed to burn itself into his brain: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." *A life for a life!* He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote:

"What I told you of Ivison yesterday is a lie from beginning to end. I had a purpose then in bearing false witness against him, for I love your daughter, and, in a moment of wild hope that I might win her, I said what I did. It is a lie, I repeat; the man is as pure as yourself and his record as free from stain. That you take him back again at once is the prayer—the command—of the man who tried to ruin his life. Show this to him, and remember that these are the last words of one who, before you read them, shall be expiating his crime in the other world."

To this strange note he signed his name and put it in an envelope.

"It will convince him; it must," he said, turning to a small drawer and opening it. "Ivison shall be restored, but I—"

He took from the drawer a tiny, pearl-handled revolver, and, going to the fire-place again, stood looking thoughtfully into the blaze.

"I have lied," he whispered to himself—"lied about Her. 'A life for a life!' 'A life for a lie!'"

Then he pulled the hammer of the revolver slowly back and cocked it.

* * * * *

As Ivison started home from the theatre that night, he hesitated at the corner of the street, and then turned back and walked slowly toward the other man's rooms. A curious feeling had come over him while he sat watching the play—a feeling as if he had done something terribly wrong and something for which he could never make reparation. As the performance went on, the feeling became stronger, until he found himself restless, and distracted, and wishing he were out of the place, in the cool night air. Why he should feel so, he could not think, and he stopped trying to, after a few minutes of mental inquiry. When he had got through the crowd and into the street, the strange sensation left him somewhat; but when he reached the corner, instead of going home or to the club, as he had intended doing, he found himself hurrying toward the other man's little hachelor apartments, with no plausible reason. Perhaps it was curiosity to see him once more before he left the city; perhaps only the desire to look upon him and think what a pleasure it would be to choke the miserable wretch's life from his body; perhaps—and this was the true reason, as he felt later on—his own trouble had made him compassionate for the man, and he would speak kindly to him and try to forgive him. He soon came to the little street on which the other man lived, and down this street he turned.

Several men, half-dressed and stupidly excited, it seemed to him, were talking among themselves in the hall as he came in; but as it was a large house, and those who roomed there were constantly going and coming, he did not stop. With a nod and a murmur of recognition to those he knew by sight, he pushed by them and up the stairs to the other man's room. He turned the knob, but the door was closed, and a queer feeling, an intensified return of that he had experienced in the theatre, came over him. He threw his weight against the door quickly, and the lock gave way.

Upon the bed, with his eyes open and staring at the ceiling, as they had done for the last five minutes, lay the Man With a Conscience—dead.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1893.

Francis S. Dymoke, the "queen's champion," whose death at the age of sixty-five was recently reported, bore a title to which no duties are now attached, but which, in the old days, necessitated the performance of a singular duty. It was to ride to Westminster Hall on coronation day and challenge any one who disputed the right of succession. The office was established by William the Conqueror, and was long held by Marmion and his descendants. The ceremony was last witnessed at the coronation of William the Fourth.

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary has written to Denver from six to a dozen hurros, broken to pack. The explorer will try to use these animals to convey his supplies across the ice cap of Greenland, and also as meat for his dogs. As soon as the loads become reduced so that a hurro can be dispensed with, he will be killed.

England bears the palm over all countries, even the United States, in the number of women employed by the government.

OLD FAVORITES.

Solomon and Balkis.

Solomon, King of the Jews, and the Queen of Sheba, Balkis, Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may conjecture their talk is Solely of things sublime; why else has she sought Mount Zion, Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion and lion?

She proves him with hard questions: before she has reached the middle

He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them riddle by riddle; Until, dead-beaten at last, there is left no spirit in her, And thus would she close the game whereof she was first beginner:

"O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel and well-nigh monster, One crabbed question more to construe or *vuigo* conster! Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect wisdom Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron do*—that's, his dome?"

The King makes tart reply: "Whom else but the wise his equals Should be welcome with heart and voice?—since, king though he be, such weak walls

Of circumstance—power and pomp—divide souls each from other That whoso proves kingly in craft I needs must acknowledge my brother.

"Come poet, come painter, come sculptor, come builder—whate'er his condition, Is he prime in his art? We are peers! My insight has pierced the partition

And hails—for the poem, the picture, the statue, the building—my fellow I Gold's gold though dim in the dust: court-polish soon turns it yellow.

"But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling sex superior, That for knowledge hast traveled so far yet seemest no whit the wearier—

Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like thyself, consummate In wisdom, should call to her side with an affable 'Up hither, come, mate'?"

"The Good are my mates—how else? Why doubt it?" the Queen unbridled:

"Sure even above the Wise—or in travel my eyes have idled—I see the Good stand plain: be they rich, poor, shrewd, or simple, If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to drop my wimple!"

And, in that bashful jerk of her body, she—peace, thou scoffer!—Jostled the King's right hand stretched courteously help to proffer, And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the Prince eyed The Ring which bore the Name—turned outside now from inside!

The truth-compelling Name—and at once, "I greet the Wise—oh, Certainly welcome such to my court—with this proviso:

The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue, The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—you cat, you!"

But Solomon nonplused? Nay! "Be truthful in turn!" so bade he: "See the Name, obey its hest!" And at once subjoins the lady—

"Provided the Good are the young, men strong and tall and proper, Such servants I straightway enlist—which means" . . . But the blushes stop her.

"Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, "that would'st soar, yet ever cawlest, How comes it thou canst discern the greatest, yet choose the smallest,

Unless because heaven is far, where wings find fit expansion, While creeping on all-fours suits, suffices the earthly mansion?"

"Aspire to the Best! But which? There are Bests and Bests so many, With a *habitat* each for each, earth's Best as much Best as any! On Lebanon roots the cedar—soil lofty, yet stony and sandy—While byssop, of worth in its way, on the wall grows low but handy.

"Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn body and sense beneath her; Below she must condescend to plodding unbuoyed by ether. In heaven I yearn for knowledge, account all else inanity; On earth I confess an itch for the praise of fools—that's Vanity.

"It is naught, it will go, it can never presume above to trouble me; But here—why, it toys and tickles and teases, how'er I redouble me

In a doggedest of endeavors to play the indifferent. Therefore, Suppose we resume discourse? Thou hast traveled thus far; but wherefore?

"Solely for Solomon's sake, to see whom earth styles Sagest?" Through her blushes laughed the Queen: "For the sake of a Sage? The gay jest!

On high, be communion with Mind—there, Body concerns not Balkis:

Down here—do I make too bold? Sage Solomon—one fool's small kiss!"—Robert Browning.

A fascinating problem that has long engaged the attention of philologists is the determination of what language was spoken by Christ—whether it was a dialect of Hebrew or a Hebraistic form of Greek. The controversy that arose as the result of the varying conjectures of Biblical scholars is revived by the publication of Alexander Gardner's little book entitled "A Short Proof that Greek Was the Language of Christ." Mr. Gardner takes issue with Renan and other illustrious Semitic students, and declares that in Christ's time Hebrew was a dead language and the version of the Scriptures with which the people of Palestine were familiar was in Greek.

One of the latest uses of aluminum is for cooking-utensils. An expert of the metallurgical laboratory of Lehigh University says, after two years of actual experience, that in point of lightness, cleanliness, durability, and all-round adaptability, vessels of aluminum are the perfection of cooking-utensils. He instances two boilers which have been in daily use for cooking all sorts of food, for preserving, stewing fruits, and the like for two years, and are to-day as bright as new and have not lost a fraction of their weight.

The Emperor William will command in person the Sixteenth Army Corps at the autumn manoeuvres. A novelty in the manoeuvres will be the appearance behind the cavalry of a corps of sharpshooters, armed with the new small-calibre rifles, provided with smokeless powder, and riding in steel-clad, bullet-proof vehicles.

Ten war-vessels of the British navy were condemned last month as unfit for service, and ordered sold.

TWO HONORED ARTISTS.

"Sibylla" writes of the Medalists of Honor at the Old Salon in Paris—Roybet, Painter, and Charpentier, Sculptor—Their Careers and Achievements.

The medals of honor were awarded yesterday in the two sections of painting and sculpture at the Salon des Champs Elysées, and the proclamation of the names of the two laureates was received with such a thunder of applause from the assembled artists that a sketch of the two victors will doubtless be interesting.

Ferdinand Roybet, the recipient of the medal of honor for painting, has, in spite of the youthfulness of his physiognomy, which gives him the appearance of a man scarcely forty years old, passed his fiftieth birthday. He was born at Uzès in 1840, his parents being natives of Lyons. He began his studies at the Lycée at Lyons, where, in 1857, he entered the School of Fine Arts, and began to study engraving alone; but engraving was not his vocation, and he left the School of Fine Arts at the end of a year. Born a painter, he began to paint when he was very young, the hard work of the *stylus* was distasteful to him, and he abandoned it and began to paint by himself without any teacher.

"I began by myself," he said yesterday to a friend of mine, in the splendid studio he occupies in the Rue Mont-Thabor; "I began quite alone to try to mix colors together. I learned, little by little, how to arrange my palette by studying the great masters—the Hollanders especially—in the museum at Lyons, where I painted hundreds of copies during six years' time. Then I got tired of my copyist work and painted after nature at home.

"When I felt myself strong enough, when I saw my talent was developing, that I might hope to do something, I left Lyons, in 1864, for Paris. Here I worked again quite alone. Vallon, a Lyons man, like myself, who had been one of my old comrades there in the School of Fine Arts, gave me some advice at times. He and I were always great friends. Vallon made me acquainted with Ribot, whom I saw at rare intervals and who took an interest in me. He bought my first picture—an interior, a servant-maid in a kitchen—and paid me twenty-five francs for it. I was never so proud in my life as on that day.

"For I found life very hard at the beginning, and I painted all sorts of things to live—hoxes, designs of wigs for hair-dressers, little pictures that I sold generally for ten francs, and when they paid me fifteen for one, I was madly happy.

"After a year, however, things went better. I succeeded in selling each one of my pictures for a hundred francs. I exhibited one for the first time at the Salon of 1866. I sent 'The Fool'—a sort of Triboulet, clad in red, holding two dogs by a chain—and was rewarded with a medal for it, and the Princesse Mathilde, who still possesses it, bought it for five thousand francs.

"In 1868 I sent to the Salon another picture, 'The Backgammon Players,' a small canvas with two figures, which was bought by Faure, of the Opéra, before it was even exhibited, and since that time I have sent nothing until to last year's Salon, when I exhibited two portraits—one of Mlle. Juana Romani, my pupil, and the other of my friend, Louis Prêtre, dressed as a mediæval soldier.

"In this interval of twenty years you know what has happened to me. There is not a Parisian who is not aware of the tribulations of my artistic life—tribulations of which the rapidity of my success was the cause and which commenced in 1872. As early as from 1868 to 1870 I was in the hands of a picture-dealer, who gave me twenty-five thousand francs a year as the price of my giving him three pictures a month. Then the war came. I remained in Paris during the siege, and, at the time of the Commune, I fled to Belgium, where I worked for six or eight months for amateurs. Then I returned to Paris, and left immediately for Algiers, where I remained four months, bringing back with me a quantity of sketches and quite a number of pictures. But I had not left Marseilles before I had sold the whole lot for nearly one hundred thousand francs to two picture-dealers, who had come in haste from Paris to catch me on my homeward way.

"From that moment I was a prey to picture-dealers. They bought all my pictures at very good prices and I was sure of fifty thousand francs a year, at least, and I thought I was becoming immensely rich, and spent money without counting it. I fell into debt, and I borrowed three hundred thousand francs in three years. In order to free myself from my creditors, I was obliged to work for ten years without rest, and I have only begun to breathe since five or six years ago.

"During these five or six years I have painted a great many pictures for American amateurs, for Mr. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Astor, and for I know not how many others. In Paris, I have sold Mr. Cauchard between three and four hundred thousand francs' worth. I have painted large decorative panels for M. Hériot, for his Château de la Boissière, and his portrait on horseback, receiving for the same from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand francs. I can now give myself the satisfaction of working for myself and for renown."

He continued talking of various things, of the two pictures he has exhibited this year, which have won such renown for Roybet, not only with the general public, but among artists themselves; of his "Propos Galants" ("Love-Making"), which a rich Scotchman has bought for the sum of twenty thousand dollars; of "Charles le Téméraire" ("Charles the Bold"), whose history he related.

Roybet first conceived the idea of it in 1870, when, during the summer preceding the war, he sketched it out in crayon, and some friends, a few years ago, advised him to paint the picture, finding his conception of it so grand. The artist set to work on it with all his might and it was finished four years ago, and chance alone made him send it to the Salon.

He had destined it for the Chicago Exhibition, but the jury refused it on account of its size; the rule, it seemed, requiring that no picture over four yards square should be admitted, and so "Charles the Bold" was left at the Palais de l'Industrie until Roybet should find a place for it elsewhere. One day this year's jury, in the course of its peregrinations, saw the picture and prevailed upon the artist to exhibit it.

Art-critics will be interested to learn that an interval of four years took place between the painting of this enormous canvas and that of the small "Propos Galants" executed this winter. A decided evolution has taken place in Roybet's manner during these four years. The striking effects which he formerly sought to make by means of black shadows, without much care about atmosphere, he has clearly renounced to devote himself with all the ardor of his temperament, with his marvelous qualities of a master-painter, to light pictures, and he has produced at once a *chef-d'œuvre* and one that will evidently be followed by others.

It is this evolution—artists are unanimous in so saying—which has given birth, in artistic circles, to such a burst of enthusiasm in his favor. Young artists greet him as a prophet, as the most capable master of the present day, who proves by facts that the future is not to be given to emaculated coloring, and that one can execute, while still remaining very "modern," incomparable works of art after the traditions of the old masters.

Félix Charpentier, the recipient of the medal of honor for sculpture, is a young man in the full acceptance of the word, having been born in 1858, and he is, like Roybet, a self-made man. He worked as a common laborer in a brick-factory from the age of thirteen to sixteen years. In his leisure moments, on Sundays, he amused himself by modeling with the clay he handled so roughly during the week. He thus modeled small figures, which the people in his village found "droll" and in which one of his countrymen, older than he, a pupil at the School of Fine Arts at Avignon, saw the work of a true artistic genius. He spoke about him to his masters, who sent for "the little fellow of Avignon" and taught him how to construct a figure.

Three years later the Department of Vancluse, of which he was a native, sent him to Paris, to the École des Beaux-Arts, with an annual pension of three hundred and fifty francs. It was very little, but Charpentier succeeded in supporting himself by working as a setter-up in some studios. He exhibited a statue at the Salon of 1882 and obtained an "honorable mention." He had also a mention in 1883; a third-class medal the year after for his "Young Faun," which was much remarked; a medal of the second-class in 1887 for his exquisite statue "Improvisation," which earned him a "traveling purse"; and in 1890, a first-class medal and the "Prix du Salon" for a marble statue, "Song," and the plaster cast of the graceful and nervous group, "The Wrestlers," which reappears in marble this year and which has won the medal of honor for the little Provençal.

"The Wrestlers" was much criticised three years ago when it appeared in plaster. It is criticised still, but the artistic jury was not mistaken. They recognized in Boucher first, and now in Charpentier, the vigorous and healthy tradition of that sturdiness and strength which the French "makers of images" of the fifteenth century, overreaching the vagaries of the Renaissance, transmitted to Puget, which Rude and Barye continued in the early part of this century, and which is the mark, in sculpture, of true French genius.

The sculptors assembled yesterday at the Palais de l'Industrie for this reason wildly applauded the vote awarding Charpentier the highest honors, just as they had rapturously rendered homage two years ago to Boucher, the author of "The Goat," when he obtained by his magnificent work of art, "The Earth," this same medal of honor.

PARIS, May 26, 1893.

SIBYLLA.

A London fog is worse than "a darkness which may be felt," for it is loaded with filth. Sanitary engineers have been hating with it for many years, trying to prevent its foul particles from invading the House of Commons. A correspondent thus describes how they succeeded in conquering it:

"Outside the fog was so dense that the lights twinkled like half-extinguished matches. Inside the House, the air was clear and pure, as it is on a starlit night. One who was curious to see the process by which this transformation had been effected would have been taken down-stairs, far beneath the feet of the unsuspecting members, and shown a vast layer of what looked like cotton wool dragged through the Thames mud and sprinkled with ink. A few hours before it was a mass of virgin-white wool, six inches thick and extending over an area of eight hundred feet. Through this bed the air from the outside had been driven by the force of a steam-fan, and then, purified, allowed to enter the House of Commons. The bed of wool served as a filter, and the filth deposited therein was a startling sight, but one that attested the triumph of the sanitary engineers."

The Canadian Pacific Railway has a novel and patriotic scheme, with a side of personal interest, perhaps, for up-building the North-West. When a settler in the Western wilderness wants to go back to Ontario or the further East to get married, the railroad sells him a round-trip ticket at the usual rate, having a "matrimonial stub" attached. On presenting the return coupon, a stub, and a marriage certificate, the road furnishes free transportation for his bride to the Western home.

General Dodds says in his report on the Dahomey campaign that smokeless powder and the old kind were used in the way of experiment in several engagements. The smokeless powder proved by far the more satisfactory. The old powder drew the fire of the enemy instead of masking the detachment using it, and the troops using the smokeless powder suffered much less than the others.

Lord Lorne receives six thousand dollars a year as governor and constable of Windsor Castle. Absolutely his only duty in this sinecure is to sign a receipt for his salary every quarter.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Kate Field says that Edwin Booth cast a vote for Abraham Lincoln for President, but never voted before that occasion or after.

Cousin Ben Folsom, who for eight years has had a snug berth at Sheffield at about nine thousand dollars a year, is coming home and will invest his surplus cash in a newspaper.

The German Emperor is advancing his boys rapidly in army rank, much before the regulation time for princes. Recently he bought, as a present for the young warriors, a miniature steel fortress from Krupp; the cost of the article was twenty thousand dollars.

James J. Hill, the organizer of the Great Northern Railroad, long before he became a rich man spent much money in indulging a passion for rare gems, of which he has now a large collection. He has also a large and choice gallery of the works of modern painters.

General Longstreet lives in what is described as "a white pine hand-hox of a house" near the ruins of his fine old mansion in Central Georgia, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The Confederate veteran is now seventy-two years old and a man of patriarchal aspect.

Colonel F. C. Ainsworth, who is the object of so much unpleasant notoriety at Washington, was appointed an assistant-surgeon in the army from civil life in 1874, and his first duty was at West Point. He was placed in charge of the Record and Pension Office to preserve the records by Secretary Endicott.

William Waldorf Astor has been proposed as a member of the Marlborough Club, London, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, and, of course, elected. The Marlborough is the Prince of Wales's own club, and no one is allowed to become a member who is not personally known to and liked by his royal highness.

One of the most interesting periods of Lord Salisbury's life was the year he spent in the Australian gold-fields when a youth. He roughed it there like any other gold-digger, cooking his own food, doing his own laundry-work, and accommodating himself generally to the free and unconventional life of the gold-fields.

The late Lord Derby was not an enthusiastic royalist. While responding to the toast "The Queen" on one occasion, the noble lord remarked that the English people were fortunate in having a respectable ruler. George the Second, he said, was a fool; George the Third, a numskull; and George the Fourth, a blackguard.

The Pope's nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, is a thorn in his uncle's side. Having lost large sums at play and contracted heavy debts, the Pope paid all, but banished him from the Papal court. He now resides with his wife in Cuba. Pecci took the opportunity on the occasion of his uncle's jubilee to ask to be allowed to come back to his old haunts, but His Holiness was obdurate.

The Emperor of Russia has ideas of retiring into the country and going in largely for sport, of course only for certain months of the year, and it is said that the ministers are very pleased at the idea, as it would allow them more freedom of action. He has decided to build a new palace, which will cost the country, it is estimated, nearly fifteen millions of dollars. The proposed site is in the middle of the Forest of Pushta, where any amount of sport may be had.

A few weeks ago there were three of the twenty pages who once served Louis the Eighteenth still living in France. One of them, the Marquis de Chanaleilles, has since died, and now only the Marquis de Castaia and Count de Marolles survive. All of these had to prove sixteen generations of nobility back of them in order to be eligible for pages' office, and they were obliged to enter a special school at the age of nine, and study there three years before they could approach the royal person.

Mr. Cleveland has grown so stout recently that he has resorted to a system for the purpose of reducing his weight. He takes only two meals a day—a light breakfast on rising and a very moderate dinner late in the afternoon. He eats neither lunch nor supper. His diet is confined to the simplest foods, rejecting butter, potatoes, pastry, and all starchy foods, and including only the scantiest supply of nitrogenous foods. He is not allowed to partake of any fluids or liquors with either meal.

Three of the largest racing-stables in France are about to be broken up. The health of M. Lupin, the Father of the French Turf, is failing so rapidly that he will never be able to visit a race-course again, and he will shortly dispose of his stud; while M. Delamarre, who is next in order of seniority to him, and who has two or three partners, has arranged with them to sell all his horses in training. The third sale will be that of M. Michel Ephrussi, who can not well continue to race in company with so many members of his former club.

Of Cleveland's private secretary, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "Mr. Thurher knows no more about politics than he does about the Koran, and he is the son of a Presbyterian minister. He does not know the leading public men by name, and has as little knowledge of the world as he has of the ways of newspaper men. He has a most charming manner of being a real nice young man, and seems not to have a rough habit or an ungentle thought. He has a most exaggerated idea of the marvelous qualities of Mr. Cleveland, and loves to breathe the pure atmosphere that surrounds the executive presence. When it comes to a matter of politics, he can not realize why there should be any necessity for politics, or for policies or anything else for the Democratic party, so long as they have Cleveland."

A TWO-EDGED SECRET.

People who Live in Glass Houses should not Hire Detectives.

Breakfast was nearly over, and the Baron and Baroness Silber were chatting as affectionately as lovers. She had just come from her boudoir and he from his racing stables, training-courses, paddocks, etc., at Viroflay. Absorbed all day long in business in Paris, he had fallen into the habit of visiting his stud of evenings, in order to be present at dawn during the speeding of his horses.

Baron Karl Silber, an Austrian banker and financier, was an unknown nobody ten years before. Now you could not open a morning journal of commerce, sport, or anything else without running across some mention of his business, his races and racers, his balls, or his wife's beauty.

Above all, his wife's beauty, for Silber, who denied himself nothing, had indulged himself at forty in the dangerous luxury of marrying charming Marguerite de Francmont, with whom all Paris had danced during four successive seasons, but whose poverty had reserved her for a marriage of this kind.

They lived happily enough, and Silber, recognizing his wife's really uncommon intelligence, did nothing—save in matters of finance—without consulting her with a frank and tender deference.

"Then," said he presently, rolling a last strawberry in sugar, "Guerin did come?"

"Yes, last night, just after you had started for Viroflay. I saw him and explained to him fully how you were the victim of indiscretions that brought suspicion upon you. 'Everything that passes at the stable,' said I, 'is reported straightway to the book-makers of the Rue Vivienne. They know in advance what horse will run or be withdrawn; what horse carries the stable's money or is meant to win; briefly, daily and regularly, we are betrayed by some one. But by whom? Know this we must, for they are beginning to accuse us of dishonest practices.'"

"And he said?"

"Nothing, but asked if you suspected any one of your men?"

"No special one, by Jove! I simply suspect them all."

"Precisely what I told him. Whereupon he took notes and his departure, assuring me that a special agent would be at once put in charge of so delicate a matter. He will report so soon as he discovers anything."

"Which will be soon, I hope. You have had no other visitor, my dear?"

"Not one; I dined alone and spent the evening with mother. But you, Karl, what did you do at Viroflay?"

"Always the same thing; audited accounts, paid out money, examined the colts, and by three o'clock was out with the trainers speeding the racers. Kronstadt is not doing as well as he should; we shall have a hard pull to keep him in shape for the twenty-fifth. Why, hello! it's ten o'clock; I must go, it's time for business."

"But you seem so fatigued, my poor Karl!"

"Zounds! I ought to be; I was up before the sun."

"But need you go to Viroflay so often, Karl?"

"Every day, if I could, my dear; 'the eye of the master,' you know—above all, in the care of race-horses. And I have, praise heaven, an eye that sees clearly."

"Undoubtedly, my dear," Marguerite assented calmly, tracing the table-cloth with the tip of her rosy nail; "but Geurin, I trust, will see clearer still. It is really as amusing as a play to me, dearest, to have anything to do with a detective whom they talk so much of as they talk of this Geurin."

Two hours later, Karl Silber, lying back in an easy-chair in his office in the Rue Richelieu, smoked, with half-closed eyes, the purest products of the Havana tobacco-fields. Near him, in a chair no less luxurious and with a weed drawn from the same source between his lips, young De Payzac—with a somewhat doubtful past—lollid and talked with wide open eyes, making the most of his position of intimate friend of so rich and renowned a man as the Baron Silber.

"The fact is, baron," said he, continuing the subject upon which he was launched, "you are, or ought to be, the happiest man in Paris to-day. Just think of it, the pot of money you've made at a single stroke—more than I would need to amuse me a whole long year."

"One would say that fact annoyed you," Silber returned, lazily, without stirring himself.

"Annoyed me? Not the least in the world, baron. I'm too much your friend for that. But when I contrast our two destinies! Why, everything in the world succeeds with you. Your business, look at it; it goes like a conflagration. Your racing, too, which heaven knows why you took it into your head to try; whether your own horses win or lose, it matters not; you find a way to win with the horses of others—"

"In a word," Silber interrupted, with some show of temper, "you mean to imply, like the rest, that I purposely allow my own horses to be beaten?"

Payzac continued with an imperturbable calm and a lightly shrugged shoulder.

"But all of which is as nothing," said he, "compared with the fact that not only are you the legitimate possessor of the most beautiful woman in Paris, but you also know one not less lovely who lives in a more mysterious quarter of the city—"

This time the banker sat erect, as if pulled with a spring, and looked about him uneasily.

"Payzac," said he, "h-s-sh! You risk too much at times. You, and you only, are to know that side of my life, a secret that must not be noised abroad."

"Of course," said Payzac, "I know it, for to whom else than me do you owe the acquaintance of the fair and beautiful Wanda?"

"Also the happiness of being loved for myself alone," assented Silber, gratefully. "That poor foreign girl, with

her sensitive soul—positively, Payzac, she loves me like a faithful dog, though I seek always to treat her like a companion and friend. Nothing so binds women to us as letting them believe they fully share in our lives. The baronne, for instance, who thinks I tell her everything, because I've the air of deciding nothing without consulting her. The result? An occupied mind for her and an affection for me—calm, possibly, but solid and devoted."

"Who could doubt it?" cried Payzac, fervently, diligently blowing smoke-rings above his head. "But then, as I said, baron, everything succeeds with you. Your Viroflay combination is simply a masterpiece; which, by the way, reminds me, Silber, that I've a favor to ask of you." And the needy parasite, judging the ground well prepared, came to the true object of his visit.

A fortnight later the baron and baronne were again finishing breakfast in the little breakfast-room where we met them first, and where, now as then, the baron had just come in from a night at his stables.

"Haven't you lost something, Karl?" demanded the baronne, suddenly, at the same time drawing from her pocket a railroad pass.

"Parbleu! yes," said the baron, "and a hunt I had for it, too, last night. Where did you find it, love?"

Before the baronne could answer, the door opened and a servant entered, bearing a card on a salver.

"Ah, Geurin!" said Karl. "May he come in here, dearest? A personage so potent should be treated like a family friend."

And madame consenting, the world-famed detective was ushered in. Freshly shaven, sedately dressed, monocle in eye, and portfolio in hand, he looked like the head-clerk of a legal firm, and beamed upon his employers with the satisfied air of a bearer of good news.

"Well, monsieur," said the baronne, in fine humor herself, "have you discovered anything?"

"Everything, madame," Geurin returned calmly, depositing his portfolio on the table. "A curious story it is, too, and with a woman in it, of course, as I thought from the start."

"Perhaps, then," said the baron, with a meaning look at his wife, "you would desire, monsieur, to be alone with me a while?"

But Geurin, priding himself upon his skill as a raconteur, and preferring two auditors to one, made signs that he could gloss over things when necessary, and plunged into his story.

"The truth is, baron," said he, after a little thought, "we never have had a case that gave us so much trouble as this. Usually we have to trail people who, suspecting nothing, take no precautions. Here, on the contrary, all were under cover. It took us nearly a week to learn that Wilhelm, the book-maker of the Rue Vivienne, had a lady-love, and to find out who she was took us longer still, as Wilhelm visits her very irregularly. She is a foreigner—a Polish girl—who lives a secluded life in a little gem of a house in the vicinity of La Muette—"

"The vicinity of La Muette!" mechanically repeated the baron, going red and white by turns; "La Muette!—the little wretch!"

"Yes," said Geurin, though not comprehending; "but what will interest you most of all is that Wanda—the Polish girl's name, you know—on certain evenings receives another visitor, and that he—this visitor—comes from your Viroflay stables. You see the mouse in the cheese, do you not, baron?" and Geurin smiled significantly.

"The little wretch!" cried Silber again, starting up in his chair.

"Exactly," said Geurin, carelessly; "but you would see more than one of the same kind, baron, were you a week in my place. Well, it is she—this Wanda—who sells to Wilhelm—for a round sum, of course—the secrets of your stable, by which every one profits but you, baron. Nothing remains to be done, now, but to learn the name of this man who gives this girl the information that she, in turn, imparts to the book-maker—"

"Ah!" said Silber, with sudden vivacity, "you do not know his name then?"

"And nothing is done after all, then, monsieur," chimed in the baronne, with resentful surprise.

"On the contrary, everything is done, madame," firmly declared Geurin, pouring his *demi-tasse* of brandy into his coffee-cup and draining it at a gulp; "everything, I repeat, because you do not know my agent, Coutourier. This is the way it happened: you see—"

"But we don't—we don't see, Geurin, or want to see, either!" Silber cried, recklessly. "We see too much already—more than is necessary."

"On the contrary, M. Geurin," Marguerite protested, sweetly, "your story is most interesting; proceed, if you please."

"Then, as I said," continued Geurin, "it happened in this way. They go to bed very early at Viroflay, and, last night—other nights, also—when all were asleep, a man slipped out of there with great precautions, went to the station, took a train for Paris, and reached the La Muette house about eleven P. M. Two hours later he came out again, took a *fiacre*, and was driven back to Viroflay, where his absence had been noticed by no one."

"The name of this man—you do not know it, you say?" demanded the baronne, becoming thoughtful.

"Not yet, madame; but—"

"Pooh!" said Silber, "it must have been my trainer, Hawkins; he's a great hand for girls and the only man at Viroflay rich enough to have a nest in the Muette quarter."

"And has Hawkins a railroad pass, do you know, baron—as this man last night had?" Geurin pursued, eagerly.

"A pass? You are sure he had a pass, monsieur?" cried Marguerite, considering intently the great red face of her husband, suddenly beaded with perspiration.

"Absolutely, for Coutourier shadowed him all the way

from Viroflay, trying to see his face, which he kept concealed, and heard him tell the Saint Lazare officials that he had somehow misplaced it. With a detail like that to work on, it won't take long to nab the fel—"

"M. Geurin," interrupted the baronne with sparkling eyes, "no—go no further. We know all we need to know; we shall do the rest. Decidedly, with your assistance one can learn anything!"

"It is my trade, madame," replied Geurin, modestly; "but if madame likes and has time to spare, there are other details of this business that it would amuse madame greatly to hear."

"Go on; I am not at all hurried. Give us the details, monsieur," and Mme. Silber smiled invitingly, with her eyes fixed always on the baron's face with an indefinable gaze. Proud of his success and warmed by his *demi-tasse* of *caude-vie*, Geurin settled back in his chair and crossed his legs comfortably.

"Two words, madame," said he, "and the milk of the cocoa-nut is yours. That Viroflay personage, first befooled by the book-maker and the book-maker's lady-love, is a second time befooled by his—would you guess it?—by his wife, who has a lover."

Geurin paused for the laugh that did not come.

Silber and his wife were evidently indisposed to hilarity. White as the cloth her fingers drummed on, the baronne bit her lips and gazed straight before her, and Karl, with an effort to pull himself together, called tremulously for the brandy.

"Wanda, I must tell you," continued Geurin, "for my agent watched her house, too—Wanda, of course, numbers among her other friends a certain M. René de Payzac—"

The Silbers started, each in a different way.

"De Payzac! He makes three, then!" the baron gasped out, losing all vestige of self-command.

"Oh, no, not at least as you mean, baron. Payzac is merely an old friend of Wanda's, who limits himself now to replenishing his pockets through his one-time idol. Coutourier overheard them one night in the garden, and learned the whole story. He wanted forty louis, and she wouldn't give them to him, and he threatened, if she didn't, to tell her 'friend' how she sold to the book-maker the secrets of his stable. 'Tell him if you dare,' says she, 'and I will in turn tell him with whom his wife spends her evenings when they believe him safely engaged with his horses!'"

Geurin broke off to laugh heartily. But still no one imitated him, and vexed at this lack of interest in his amusing "details," he rose, took his hat, and began a cool adieu. He was tired of talking thus to the walls.

"What do we owe you, sir?" said Silber, stiffly. "It is useless to trouble you to call here again. We'll drop this business where it stands."

"A thousand francs, baron," replied the chief of the Geurin agency; "but the name of the Viroflay unknown—you still lack that?"

"We do not need it, sir," growled Silber; "and a thousand francs, Geurin! You're wrong; you can't be serious; you'll surely make a reduction?"

Geurin did not at once reply; he was carefully selecting a cigar from the box before him. This done, he raised his eyes, fixed them upon the discomfited couple and read the situation.

"No," said he, firmly, "a thousand francs, baron, just as I said. And if you haven't the worth of your money at that, you are, indeed, hard to please!"

Whereupon Geurin, the bill buttoned safe in his pocket, smilingly bowed himself out, leaving the baron, the baronne, and, unluckily for himself, De Payzac, who chanced in at the moment, to explain things at their ease.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinsseau by E. C. Waggener.

There is a general idea that the President's salary of \$50,000 a year is all that he receives, and that, when compared with the salaries paid the sovereigns of Europe, the sum is not enough. This is a mistake. In addition to his salary, the President receives \$36,064 to pay the salaries of his clerks and subordinates. His private secretary has \$3,250; his assistant-secretary, \$2,250; the stenographer gets \$1,800; each of five messengers, \$1,200; the steward, \$1,800; each of the two doorkeepers, \$1,200; while other employees are paid in proportion, down to the man who takes care of the fires, who receives \$864. In addition, \$8,000 are allowed for incidentals, such as stationery and carpets; \$12,500 for repairs and refurnishing; \$2,500 for fuel; \$4,000 for the green-house; and \$15,000 for the stable, gas, and other incidentals. In all, the President and his house cost the country more than \$125,000.

The residence portion of Hartford has undergone much improvement within recent years, and the principal factor in the change is the abolition of fences. Formerly the houses had fences of varying heights, lengths, shapes, colors, and materials, but by a pleasing concert of action they are disappearing, and, as the grounds about most of the houses in the charming Connecticut capital are spacious and well cared for, and most of the residences stand well back from the sidewalk, many of the streets seem like drive-ways through a park.

An artesian well has been struck at Pierre, S. D., that has a flow of four hundred gallons per minute and is highly magnetic. The gas which also accompanies the flow makes it worthless for fire protection, as the gas will blaze if a light is applied to the water.

William A. Bogus was a Georgia land commissioner, many years ago, caught in rascality in office. He issued fraudulent land rights. Thus he is said to have furnished our language with a word for everything spurious and false.

THE PLEASANTEST CLUB IN LONDON.

How the British Legislator Fares in the House of Commons.

Dining has always been an important part of the business of the British legislator. So far back as the days of the Commonwealth we have it recorded (says the *St. James's Gazette*) that the Speaker of that period was compelled, owing to a great rush from the House during a debate, to tell members that "they were unworthy to sit in this great and wise assembly in a Parliament, that would so run forth for their dinners." Much has happened since then; but the tendency of members to "run forth for their dinners" has not changed, except—as that Speaker would, no doubt, consider, if he were permitted to revisit his old haunts—for the worse. The dinner-hour is still what it ever was—a period consecrated to small talk and small talkers, and a carefully selected menu is invariably an object of far greater interest to the majority of members than an elaborately prepared political disquisition.

The fact is that the disposition to regard the House as a club quite as much as a legislative assembly has strengthened rather than weakened with the lapse of years. The democrat not less than the aristocrat has a love for club life, and the representatives of the new order of politicians brought to the front by recent constitutional changes take as kindly to the social life of St. Stephen's as did the young bloods of half a century ago. And it must be confessed that the club view of the House of Commons is one to which the arrangements for the comfort of members seem to lend sanction.

While the legislative chamber is so small that it can accommodate, and then only with difficulty, but two-thirds of the members, a magnificent suite of dining-rooms, reading and smoking-rooms, and a splendid library are set apart for purposes of relaxation, where the member may not only enjoy the society of his brother-legislators, but, under certain not very onerous conditions, entertain his friends of both sexes. Nor is this the sum total of the generosity of legislators toward their noble selves. The apartments are provided with every requisite, and an annual subsidy of a substantial amount is paid from the imperial funds toward the working expenses of what is officially known as the "kitchen department."

Venerable as the dining traditions of St. Stephen's are, the existing system of managing the social business of the House is comparatively modern. In the old days there was no recognized department to look after the comfort of members. The supply of refreshments was a perquisite of the door-keepers; and as those functionaries also had the privilege of reserving, for a consideration, seats for members, and of granting admission to the public galleries, it may be imagined that their posts were extremely lucrative and were eagerly sought after. A change was brought about in this, as in many other things, by the fire which destroyed the old Houses of Parliament.

When Parliament entered into possession of its present magnificent home, it was felt that the time had come when members should assume control of their own dining arrangements, and a committee of the House was specially appointed to supervise the kitchen department. This body for many years employed a contractor, who undertook to supply members with what they required at fixed rates; but dissatisfaction arising in the manner in which the system worked, it was decided, a few years since, that members should provide for themselves, and they accordingly appointed the present manager of the refreshment department—Mr. W. Crichton Saunders—to act under their immediate orders. Excellent results have followed from the change. Prices have been reduced about one-fourth, and, so far from there being any falling off in the matter of quality, it is generally felt that the *cuisine* was never more attractive than at present.

The functions which the members of the kitchen committee, under present conditions, have to discharge are, as may be supposed, extremely varied. They have not only to investigate accounts and decide upon the capabilities of a new *chef*, but to pass an opinion upon the quality of wine, and, in fact, transact all the manifold duties of a club-house committee. Naturally under such circumstances the constitution of the committee is a matter calling for much discrimination. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Caine, for example, may be admirable legislators; but they would be quite out of place on a tasting committee. On the other hand, much as one may condemn Nationalist views of politics, no one would deny to the Irish Separatists a keen capacity for judging the qualities of whisky. Practical and not political considerations, in short, have to dictate the nominations; and though the committee reflects, as all other committees do, the state of parties in the House, the body in detail is one of gastronomic experts and business men rather than of politicians. How little of politics have entered into the selection of the committee is evidenced by the circumstance that the Nationalists have of late years had as representatives on the body some of their most obnoxious members. For example, the late Mr. Biggar, the Father of Obstruction, for many years took a leading part in the transactions of the committee; and, in recent times, there has been no more indefatigable worker on the committee than the redoubtable Dr. Tanner.

It is a task of no slight magnitude that devolves upon the kitchen committee and its manager. On a busy day as many as 150 luncheons, from 250 to 300 teas, and 350 dinners, to say nothing of snacks served at the bars, will be provided. At such times there will be 120 waiters, barmen, and kitchen-hands employed, and the receipts will total up to a good round sum. The great difficulty which has to be encountered, however, is not the extent of the operations in the refreshment department, but the uncertainty of the business in the House. An unexpected division on a motion for the adjournment of the House will in an hour double the number of intending diners; while the sudden collapse of a debate will produce exactly the opposite effect. Again, an unusually protracted sitting of the House will cause a heavy run upon

the larder which could not possibly have been foreseen and to meet which no immediate additions to the supplies are possible. For all these changes Mr. Saunders has to be prepared; and the marvel is that, with so much to contend against, he is rarely found wanting. The member can always look forward with absolute certainty to a well-cooked dinner, whatever happens, and in some respects he could not be better served anywhere else in London. The House of Commons *chef*, for example, is famed for his turtle soup. Connoisseurs in such matters declare that it can not be equaled, and the menu of no really smart dinner-party at the House is complete which does not include it. As to charges, there is no first-class club in the metropolis where dining is less expensive, or—if desired—more luxurious. If a member be of a frugal mind, he can for half a dollar have soup and fish, or joint, with two vegetables, bread, pat of butter, and cheese. An extra dime will enable him to select any combination of three courses; for a dollar he can command soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, and sweet; and for a dollar and a quarter he may enjoy a most delightful little dinner of eight or nine courses. Should his tastes be highly epicurean, the resources of the department are equal to the occasion, and at any price from one and a quarter up to fifteen dollars, Mr. Saunders will undertake to furnish a repast to suit the individual tastes of the diners. The latter figure is what the annual dinner given in the House of Commons dining-room by the home secretary is credibly reputed to cost, and the fact, perhaps, accounts for the reputation which the affair enjoys among legislative *bon-vivants*.

A good dinner is not worth much without good wines, and immense pains are taken to insure that nothing is sold in the House which is not of the finest quality and, at the same time, reasonable in price. A select body of members of the committee sit in judgment upon all wines that are purchased, and none are admitted into the House of Commons cellars which have not received the approval of half a dozen acknowledged connoisseurs. The stock of wines kept at the House is necessarily large. In the splendid range of cellars, which occupy an enormous area below the dining-rooms, many hundred dozens of wine are always stored, including the finest brands of champagne and some rare old port. There are, also, to be seen mountains of bottled beers and mineral waters, and spirits sufficient to float an ironclad. For wine of the unexceptionable quality which is sold in the House, the prices are remarkably reasonable. An admirable brand of champagne which meets with a large sale is obtainable at a dollar and a half a bottle, and a splendid Burgundy or port can be purchased at an equally low rate.

There are three principal dining-rooms in the House, all looking on to the river, and, in addition, there are a number of small rooms, abutting on the terrace, for private dinner-parties. One of the large apartments is set apart exclusively for the use of members; another is, by tradition, held to be sacred to ministers, ex-ministers, and other Parliamentary bigwigs; while the third is the visitors' room, in which the member may dine his friends. There is no classification of parties as in the House; but members of the same political complexion usually sit together. In the case of the ministers' and ex-ministers' dining-room, an unwritten rule exists that one table is absolutely reserved for ministers and another for ex-ministers. Usually no private member dreams of attempting to break through the custom; but in the days when the relations of the Gladstonians with their Irish allies were strained, a venturesome Nationalist member one evening installed himself at the ex-ministers' table, and insisted on being served there. Sir William Harcourt sailed into the room a little later on, intent on dinner; but brought himself up with a sharp turn immediately he caught sight of the intruder. The idea of rubbing shoulders with a common member, and he a Nationalist, was too much for the descendant of the Plantagenets. With an angry glance at the offender—wbo, quite indifferent to the feelings he had excited, was calmly eating his fish—he tossed out of the room and was seen there no more that evening. A little later Mr. Stansfeld appeared on the scene, and he also retired in dudgeon. The comedy was repeated in the case of other ex-ministers of the period, until the list was fairly exhausted; when the Nationalist diner, quite content with the stir he had created, repaired to the smoking-room to discuss the events of the evening with his friends. Incidents such as this, however, are of rare occurrence. The unwritten laws of the House are much more scrupulously respected than its recorded rules, and there is a general disposition to assist in upholding the traditions which have won for the House of Commons its reputation for sociability.

The now historic appearance of President Higinbotham in evening-dress at the breakfast to the Infanta in Cbrago, recalls to a writer in the *New York World* the dilemma in which the Duke of Devonshire found himself when he entertained the special World's Fair Commission that visited Europe last year. The duke would have preferred to give the members of that distinguished body an evening reception; but it occurred to him that possibly they had not all brought their dress-suits with them, so to obviate any chance of embarrassment, the duke invited the commissioners, together with other guests of consequence, to an elaborate breakfast served at high noon in the ducal palace. Imagine his dismay when the commissioners appeared at table in full evening attire!

Salmon from California have been successfully acclimatized on the lakes of the Marne and Saône Canal at Nièvre, France. The salmon have not only been caught in the lake itself, but in the tributary streams, where they doubtless went to spawn.

An experimental boring made by the Prussian Government in the Rybnik District of Prussian Silesia has been carried to a depth of a mile and a quarter, and is still progressing.

DEMOCRATS IN THE "PARLOR."

"Flaneur" Gently Guys the Social Aspirations of Tammany's Leaders—The Salons of Mesdames Croker and Gilroy—Politics in Society.

The most significant event in contemporaneous social history is the entrance of the leaders of Tammany Hall into society. The real leaders of Tammany have always been gentlemen, and their wives, when they had wives, ladies; but the popular impression—which the sachems have never cared to disturb—has been that Tammany was steered by Irish aldermen, who wore cigars uplifted at an angle of forty-five in the corners of their mouths, and whose wives still preserved a tender recollection of the wash-tub. The spouses of the present chiefs of the braves are unwilling to live under this imputation. Mrs. Croker and Mrs. Gilroy propose to assert themselves as members, not of the Four Hundred, but of the Hundred and Fifty; and as they have wit, style, grand manners, and money, there seems to be no reason why they should not succeed. There is really no *raison d'être* for the McAllister set. Its members are generally commonplace, and have no other claim to the aristocratic station they have usurped than such as they derive from the possession of wealth and the fact that they are three or four generations from a hod. None of them can compare with Mrs. Croker in *savoir vivre* or tact.

It is told that a Tammany lady was at a dinner given to the Princess Eulalia by one of the most exclusive hostesses of the McAllister clan. She had been invited to represent official society. Seizing upon a pause in the general talk, she called to her hostess at the other end of the table: "Mrs. Blank, was you to the big ball?" Her hostess was quite dazed for a moment, and could find no words to reply. But the *aplomb* of the Tammany dame was unruffled, and she subsided with the utmost tact when the other ladies all began talking at once, to the utter disregard of her pleasant query.

It is whispered that Croker and Mayor Gilroy have laid their plans with the far-reaching foresight they have displayed in political campaigns. Mrs. Cleveland is said to be with them, and they are prepared to accept Mr. Cleveland on the footing which Second Avenue refused to vouchsafe to Martin Van Buren. Young John Jacob Astor is a Democrat of the modern school; it is proposed to capture the whole Astor clan by sending him to Congress and electing him a sachem. The Goulds have never figured in politics or society. It is suggested that George Gould might accept the office of sachem without sacrifice of principle, and that his wife, when she has completed the contemplated addition to her house by connecting it with the neighboring building just bought by Mr. Gould, might not be unwilling to convert her salon into a modern Democratic court. She would play Lady Holland very well, and her pretty sister-in-law, Mrs. Eddie Gould, could give her effective support.

The Crokers realize that the Democracy has always been weakened by its social deficiencies. As, in the old days, fashion was Whig, so, in our day, fashion is Republican. The best houses in New York are owned by Republicans, and the tone of thought in them has been Republican. The accident has not affected the vote of the city at elections; but it has operated to keep out of the Democratic camp people who wanted to associate with the right set. Poor McAllister is, I believe, a Democrat, but he does not count; the real potentates in society—the Astors, the Stuyvesants, the Vanderbilts, the Parans-Stevenses, the Bradley-Martins—are all Republicans, and they naturally affiliate with people of their own faith. Hence, promising young men have naturally drifted into the Republican corral, and it has been almost as bad form to be a Democrat as it used to be forty years ago to be an assailant of slavery. It is this anomaly which Mrs. Gilroy and Mrs. Croker now propose to endeavor to cure.

The political power of the social element must never be underrated. The two Napoleons were handicapped throughout their reigns by the silent hostility of the Faubourg St. Germain. Try as they might, they could not conciliate the icy remnant of the old *noblesse*, and the fact gave a *roturier* flavor to their courts. The best bred people in France were not to be found at the Tuileries, and it is beyond doubt that the defection told against the military usurpers when the hour of trial came. So in New York. Southern Democrats have been forgiven as unfortunates to the manner born; but Northern and Western Democrats have got the cold shoulder in New York society as men who should have known better than to affiliate with low people. For those who were bred in the purple this was hard to bear. The declining years of John Quincy Adams, who was an aristocrat to the backbone, were embittered by the coldness with which he was treated by his old friends when he committed himself to the cause of anti-slavery.

If, as some affect to believe, the Republicans have gone to meet the old Whigs and the Democracy is destined to many terms of power, the Democratic faith will some day become as fashionable as it was in Washington before the war, when people could not claim to be in good social standing if they had not the *entrée* of Southern houses. But that may be yet far off. It is to hasten the coming of the Democratic paradise that Mesdames Croker and Gilroy are bestirring themselves. At present they ask no odds of the McAllister set. Fashion, like religion, is free. Any set of people may set themselves up as the best society, and no one can gainsay them. The coterie which contains the largest number of well-bred, polished, rich, and cultured members will be recognized as the *crème de la crème*, though its leaders may not have owned potato-patches and rope-walks in the heart of the present city of New York before the revolution. Now, as always, blood will tell; but we have discovered in our day that blood is not generally transmitted by heredity descent.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The curious beast on the cover of Mr. Kipling's volume of new stories, "Many Inventions," just published by the Appletons, is from his father's "Man and Beast in India." Every inscription on the beast is a prayer.

"Thomas Horsefield Knight" is the title of Mr. Thomas Hardy's new story.

The New York *Sun's* book-reviewer has a strong perception of the humorous, which leads him, in a generally kind notice of Mrs. Atherton's new story, to make these funny reflections on the curse of the Doomsday woman:

"What are a quiet and unsuspicious people, notoriously sensitive on their humorous side, expected to make of a curse of that extraordinary character? Think of a lovely girl, philosophically inclined, the possessor of a library of books from Boston, stealing into the bed-chamber of a rival and rendering her, by means of a midnight anathema! Most particularly awful, so far as the reader's sensations are concerned, think of the same lovely girl, a mellowing of the spirit having in the meantime occurred in her, sending to the denuded victim a bottle of restorative wash! Mr. W. S. Gilbert might use an incident of the kind without exciting any special surprise, though we are not sure of it; but surely it is not an incident in keeping with a story so remote from any humorous intention as 'The Doomsday woman.' It plays havoc with the wrong feelings in this case."

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has promised to vary his productions in book-form by the publication of a volume of short stories and verses.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's new story has the queer title of "The Go Between." It is a tale of Polynesia, and is to be published serially in a London weekly. It is about the same length as "The Beach of Faleasa." Mr. Stevenson has been revising his "David Balfour," which will now be issued with a new title, "Catriona," the name of the heroine.

The following is the table of contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for July:

"The Spanish Inquisition as an Alienist," by Henry Charles Lea; "Private Relief of the Poor," by Herbert Spencer; "Moral Life of the Japanese," by Dr. W. Delano Eastlake; "Evil Spirits," by J. H. Long; "Fossil Forests of the Yellowstone," by Dr. W. E. Rees; "Evidence of Man in the Glacial Gravels," by "Education and Selection"; "Structural Plan of the Human Brain"; "The American Woman," by "Teaching Physics"; "Recent Science"; "Is Crime Increasing?"; "Sketch of C. A. Joy."

The serial rights to George Meredith's new work, "An Amazing Marriage," have been secured by *Scribner's*.

Arlo Bates, the Boston novelist, has been elected professor of English literature in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Bates is not only a writer of books, but an experienced journalist as well, having been editor of the Boston *Courier* for several years.

The table of contents of *St. Nicholas* for July is as follows:

"The Eve of the Fourth," by Harold Frederic; "Water-spouts at Sea," by J. O. Dillman; "Chicago," by John F. Ballantine; "Tourette's Philip," by Mrs. C. W. Jamison; "Festivals Days at Girls' Colleges," by Grace W. Soper; "An American Citizen," by Marian Gebring; "The White Cave," by W. O. Stoddard; "Chapters XV., XVI.," verses by Helen Gray Cone, Clinton Scollard, J. K. Bangs, and others; and the departments.

It is said that many anecdotes will appear in Miss Ellen Terry's forthcoming book of reminiscences. It will deal only with the incidents of the actress's own life.

The Académie Française has awarded the Gobert premium of ten thousand francs to Albert Vandal for his work on "Napoléon I. et Alexandre I." and the Thérouanne premium to Waliszewski for his book on the Czarina Catherine the Second, "Le Roman d'une Impératrice," an English translation of which is in the press of the Appletons.

Sir William Fraser has just issued another volume of reminiscences, in which he writes of Thackeray's "James" as follows:

"The individual whom in *Punch* and elsewhere he everlastingly jibed at, I knew well, the famous 'James of Buckley Square.' His name was Foster. He was a curious being, of exceptional intelligence, and, in his peculiar *métier*, of great capacity. He was the fashionable reporter of the *Morning Post*. How Thackeray became acquainted with him, I do not know; but I assume that he saw in him a character of which he could make a good deal, and he certainly did make a good deal. Thackeray affected to believe that the voluminous reports of fashionable halls, which at that time filled the columns of the *Morning Post*, were contributed by a footman, whom he idealized as 'James.' The present generation would be surprised at the space occupied in that newspaper by the records of fashionable entertainments then inserted in its columns. One name never appeared by any accident in the *Morning Post*, and that name was 'Thackeray.' Thackeray, who occasionally condescended to associate with duchesses and marchionesses, was surprised at this omission. With the simplicity of his nature he walked up to the table in the entrance-hall of a great house, at which Mr. Foster was recording the

brilliant array that passed before him, the greatest in the land, and said to the reporter: 'My name is 'Thackeray,' 'Without looking up, the individual said: 'Yes, and mine is 'James.' Thackeray's name never appeared to James's last hour."

Dr. A. Conan Doyle's latest work, "The Refugees," is about to be translated into German. The translation will first be used as a serial, and will afterwards be published in book-form.

"Claudia" is the title of Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor's new novel.

A collection of the privately printed booklets of the newly risen writer of verse, Norman Gale, is already beld at the amazing price of four hundred and fifty dollars. Certainly the craze for first editions could not easily go further.

The table of contents of *Scribner's* for July is as follows:

"The Life of the Merchant Sailor," by W. Clark Russell; "Personal Recollections of Two Visits to Gettysburg," by A. H. Nickerson; "Foreground and Vista at the Fair," by W. Hamilton Gibson; "The Opinions of a Philosopher"—Chapters III.-V., by Robert Grant; "Leisure," by Agnes Repplier; "Musical Societies of the United States and their Representation at the World's Fair," by George P. Upton; "An Amateur Gamble," by Anna Fuller; "Trout-Fishing in the Traun," by Henry Van Dyke; "Aspects of Nature in the West Indies," by W. K. Brooks; "The Copperhead"—Chapters I. and II., by Harold Frederic; "The Prevention of Pauperism," by Oscar Craig; and verses by Anna C. Brackett, J. K. Bangs, M. R. Van Vorst, W. E. Henley, and Bliss Carman.

Now that M. Zola has publicly confessed that he had been mistaken in endeavoring to import into art the cast-iron methods of science, his readers will await with much curiosity his next books. The one story in which, so far, he has aimed to use other than cast-iron methods was not a conspicuous success.

A new edition of Lord Lytton's "Lucile" is to be brought out in England, and cynics are wondering if it will find purchasers. There was a time when every college lad and fair girl-graduate doted on the sad Lucile; but that day is in the past.

New Publications.

"Olive Varcoe," a novel by Mrs. F. E. M. Notley, has been issued in the Rialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Confessional and the Following" is the title of a volume of short stories by G. A. Danziger, published in the Western Authors' Series by the Western Authors' Publishing Association, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"Bethia Wray's New Name," by Amanda M. Douglas, is a story of an imaginative girl, brought up by a stern New England aunt. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Dr. Latimer," by Clara Louise Burnham, a bright little story of three orphan girls who intend to conquer the world with a kindergarten and similar financial engines, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Little Miss Muffet," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a perfectly innocuous story of English family life, suited for the reading of maids of tender years. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by Joseph A. Hoffman.

"Parson Jones," by Florence Marryat, enjoys the distinction of being a story without a villain. Its hero is a man who becomes a missionary in consequence of disappointment in love. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Half a dozen short stories, translated by Elise L. Lathrop from the German of W. Heimbarg, have been issued in a volume entitled "A Fatal Misunderstanding," published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"John Holden, Unionist," by T. C. de Leon, in collaboration with Captain Erwin Ledyard, is a story in which is pictured a Southern man who, during the Civil War, believed in the preservation of the Union, but was capable of lying about a woman's honor. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"A Father of Six" and "An Occasional Holiday," translated from the Russian of N. E. Potapeko by W. Gausson; and "The Two Countesses," translated from the German of Marie Ebner von Eschenbach by Mrs. Waugh, are the latest issues of the Unknown Library published by the Cassell Publishing

Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Bride of Lanimermoor," illustrated with engravings on wood by J. D. Cooper after designs by John Williamson, has been issued as the eighth volume of the handsome new Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

The first part of "The Book of the Fair," by Hubert Howe Bancroft, has been issued. It consists of forty imperial folio pages of text and illustrations descriptive of the Columbian Exposition, and twenty-four more such parts are to be issued at the rate of two a month, the entire work filling one thousand pages and containing three thousand illustrations from official sources. Published by The Bancroft Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00 per part.

"Madame Rosely," by Mile. V. Monnot, has been translated from the French by Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack, presumably as an example of how very good French writers can be when they try. The heroine has married a widower, and his two children, egged on by their maternal grandmother, make her life a constant torture. But she is always meek and forgiving, and at last her gentleness wins them over. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft" is the title of a volume in which Ernest Hart, an eminent London physician, has published four essays originally contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *British Medical Journal*. They are "Hypnotism and Humbug," "Hypnotism, Animal Magnetism, and Hysteria," "Mesmerism and the New Witchcraft," and "Gropings after the Supernatural," and an appendix contains a reply to M. Encausse and letters to the *Times* from the author and Dr. Luys. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Among the recent paper-covered books are "Stories about Doctors" and "Stories about Lawyers," by J. Cordy Jeaffreson; "Mr. Philip St. Claire," by Robert Appleton; "Jessamine," by Marion Harland; "Her Last Lover," by Celia E. Gardner; "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi," by George H. Devol; "Looking Around," and "I've Been Thinking," by A. S. Roe; "Rheingrafenstein," by Ritter Dandelyon; "Drifting on Sunny Seas," by T. Robinson Warren; and "A Columbian Memorial Cook-Book." Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

George Manville Fenn never lets readers of his stories fall asleep for want of a startling event every two or three pages, and "Witness to the Deed" is no exception to his rule. In the opening chapter, we are introduced to a young man who is just finishing his preparations for a wedding tour when a stranger appears and declares that the young man can not marry the charming widow to whom he is engaged for the reason that she is no widow, but his, the stranger's wife. This opening is followed by a long complication of crimes, which the author builds up with infinite care and then as skillfully unravels. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Appleton's Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast" is an admirable book of the kind. It was prepared by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, who has written some notable books on Alaska and Japan, and shows a thorough study of the territory, from the Puget Sound to the Arctic Ocean. Not only are the sights of the various itineraries pointed out and described, but statistical and ethnological information relative to the past and present of the inhabitants is given so fully, so completely, and so intelligently, that the book is a valuable reference work. The maps and illustrations are numerous and good, and at the end of the volume is a long list of works of reference on Alaska and the North-West Coast. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Negative Beneficence and Positive Beneficence," being the fifth and sixth parts of "The Principles of Ethics," by Herbert Spencer, has just been issued, completing the second volume of that great work. Mr. Spencer states the claims to attention of these two parts as follows: "First, that under each head there are definitely set down the various requirements and limitations which should be taken into account; so aiding the formation of balanced judgments. Second, that by this methodic treatment there is given a certain coherence to the confused and often inconsistent ideas on the subject of Beneficence, which are at present lying all abroad. And third, that the coherent body of doctrine which results, is made to include regulation of sundry kinds of conduct which are not taken cognizance of by Ethics as ordinarily conceived." In appendices are discussed "The Kantian Idea of Rights," "The Land-Question," "The Moral Motive," and "Conscience in Animals." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The great changes which have taken place among the Friends, or Quakers, during the last generation were indicated at their recent yearly meeting (says the *Sun*) by the garb of those present. The wearers of the distinctive Quaker dress were few, and these were only older members of the society. The rest were not distinguished in their costumes from the people of the world. A similar change has occurred among the Baptists and Methodists. They never wore a garb peculiar to themselves, but of old their dress, and particularly that of the women, was especially plain and simple. A like sentiment prevailed among the Puritans. One of their early ordinances in New England was a prohibition of gowns which left bare the arms of women. The separation of women from men in the meeting-houses was customary in the early centuries of Christianity. In the third century and later woman was regarded as a tempter, descended from Eve, with whom came in temptation for man; and, therefore, she was compelled to conceal or disfigure her beauty as dangerous to the soul of the masculine observer. Now, in all churches—including Baptist, Methodist, Puritan, and Quaker—the great majority of the congregations are women clad according to the dictates of the fashion of the time. This fashion enhances the charms of women in an extraordinary measure, and to that degree it is peculiarly worldly. The mass of women, the country through, take special pains to make themselves attractive in dress on Sunday and for church. Even when the Quaker garb was universally worn by the feminine members of the society, the younger and more graceful of them had a knack of managing it so as to give their physical charms a chance to exercise their due influence. The Puritan maidens also had a way of captivating the admiration of men which was instinctively feminine. Moreover, old ladies who had wealth to expend on their Puritan or Quaker wardrobe made up for the simplicity of the dress in the costliness of the sober material of which it was fashioned. Wealth came to the Baptists and Methodists as the reward of past restraint, and it soon began to manifest itself in richness of attire. Thus there is nothing in the dress of the most Puritanical of the religious communions to distinguish them from the rest of the world, except it be among a diminishing number of the older Quakers. The fear of the delight of the eye is passing away, and the aesthetic sense is gratified without alarm as to the safety of the soul. Meantime, American women generally are accustoming themselves to looking on artistic exhibitions of the feminine form from which formerly they would have turned abashed and outraged. The stage presents scenes upon which no modest woman would have looked without shame a generation ago; but now they pass before the eyes of thousands of spotless women without exciting in them other feeling than enjoyment of their frank beauty. A period more suggestive of the sensuousness of Paganism than of the renunciation of Christianity seems to be beginning.

In explanation of the fact that in England introducing is dispensed with as much as possible, a writer in the *Tribune* says: "It is such a small country that its inhabitants know they will be sure to meet again, and never seem to have confidence in the host's choice of guests. A man is presented to the lady he takes to dinner—it might be awkward otherwise—but if he enters into conversation with a guest to whom he has not been presented, he does it at his own risk." In Germany, at a dinner, each man will request his host or hostess to present him to any lady he does not know. Young women, likewise, ask to be presented to married or older women. Etiquette requires that the inferior's name only should be given, as she is supposed to know to whom she desires to be presented. A man in approaching a girl to ask her to dance, if he does not know the partner with whom she may have been dancing, presents himself just by name to the man before turning to make his bow to the young woman; he assumes that for the moment her partner is her guardian.

One of the remarkable features of the present year at Paris is the revival of religious fervor in society. Piety has now grown to be regarded as *chic*, and atheism, or even indifference to the teachings of the church, as bad form. In the days of our forefathers the professed unbelievers and atheists were dandies and exquisites of the type of Voltaire and of the Regent. Atheism was the height of *bon ton*, and piety was condemned as *bourgeois*. To-day this state of things is reversed. It is piety that has become fashionable and incredulity plebeian. You would be astonished to see the number of well-known clubmen and members of the *jeunesse dorée* present at mass on Sunday and even on week days. Probably one of the things that have contributed as much as anything else to bring about this novel state of affairs, is the increased luxury of churches, chapels, and places of worship. "Attendance at mass or vespers," writes a correspondent, "no longer involves sitting on uncomfortable chairs at the cost of two sous or kneeling on hard benches in a chilly, dreary-looking edifice, where both the surroundings and the services are calculated to give the worshiper the blues for a week afterwards. Instead thereof we are now called upon to perform our devotions in chapels that are furnished

and arranged as charmingly as the boudoir or salon of a duchess. The temperature is warmed to the right degree, the air is rendered fragrant by a wealth of flowers and incense. The floors, no longer bare, are covered with soft and thick carpets into which the foot sinks to the ankle. The walls are decorated with lovely embroideries, beautiful pictures, and graceful statuary. The priests and clergy are arrayed in gorgeous vestments, while the music and singing could not be surpassed in excellence at the Grand Opéra."

"On few subjects is there more nonsense talked than on love," says a writer in London *Truth*. "A girl begins life with a dose of unattached affection. Some one asks her to marry him, on which she concentrates this affection on him. If some one else had asked her, the concentration would have taken place on the same one else. Having become betrothed, she considers she is in that peculiar condition which is called being in love. The best guarantee, however, for a happy marriage is not so much being in love as a certain fitness of things and a reasonable liking between the contracting parties. If both are pleasant in their relations to each other, the mere fact of living together and having identical interests develops affection. I know that this view of matrimony is contrary to the ideas accredited in novels. It is, however, true. In France, where marriages are generally arranged between two families, they turn out well; better, in fact, as a rule, than in English love-matches."

Discussing Dr. Sargent's statues of the average male and female American students, the editor of the "Point of View" in *Scribner's* for July says: "Reluctant gallantry gives place to veracity, and one admits that the young man is the finer figure of the two. Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many wheels, the stunting or the abnormal one-sided development of the factory or of city life. When we come to the woman, we must—*glissons un peu*. A prominent artist looked her over from a professional point of view and refused to accept the statue as the ultimate model. 'Of course,' said her creator; 'for that you would in fairness select a figure on the eighty or ninety per cent. line, not this, which meets exactly fifty per cent. of them all, and is half way from the best to the worst.' He then naïvely explained her inferiority to the boy on a ground one hardly dare whisper—namely, that women students in colleges came from a class not equal, socially or intellectually, to that which universally sends its boys. Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four), but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose."

The oldest dress in the world is probably that described by a French traveler in Japan. It belonged to an Empress of Japan who lived in the thirteenth century, and it has been kept all these centuries in a temple near Yokohama, where the priests sometimes exhibit it for a sufficient reward. It is kept in an old coffer, and it is shrouded in white silk. The robe or robes, for there are several of them, are described as a diaphanous mess, crumbling at the edges with decay. The material is a *crêpe* or some filmy stuff. It is made with a long train, pagoda sleeves, and a high collar like a *Medici* ruff. The upper layer was once white and is now the color of ivory, embroidered with flying birds the size of crows, with dragons' heads—green, blue, and violet. Then come several layers of the silk muslin—yellow, blue, violet, old gold, and green, on which seem scattered strange animals, all in flight. The seventh, which touches the body of the long dead empress, is violet embroidered with figures like phantoms. The embroidery on this wonderful robe is said to be as transparent as the gauze. The effect of the whole is smoke-colored.

The only crowned head in Europe that uses the single eye-glass (says a writer in the New York *Tribune*) is the King of Wurtemberg. The Prince of Wales has never worn an eye-glass. Among the other prominent people in the Old World who wear monocles are the young Duke of Orleans, Count Kalnoky, the Austrian chancellor, and Mr. Chamberlain, the English statesman. While the latter, however, wears his glass attached to an elastic cord, Count Kalnoky dispenses with either cord or ribbon altogether. It seems to remain permanently fixed in his eye, and he has even been known to retain it when thrown from his horse in the hunting-field. Several of the reigning monarchs indulge in the use of spectacles and double eye-glasses, notably Queen Victoria when she is reading, the King of Denmark, the Czar, the Queen Regent of Holland, and also the young King of Serbia, whose sight is extremely defective. The Queen Regent of Spain is very short-sighted and makes free use of her double eyeglass. So, too, does the Archduchess Maria Theresia, future Empress of Austria, as well as several members of the House of Hapsburg. King Leopold of Belgium invariably has his *pince-nez* stuck on the bridge of his extremely long and prominent nose when read-

ing; nor do the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sweden disdain the assistance of glasses of this kind when writing. Among the most peculiar glasses worn by any European personages were those of Mr. Goschen, Lord Salisbury's chancellor of the exchequer. They were of an ancient and somewhat Chinese type, with thick horn rims.

Not a trace remains to-day (writes the *Basar's* fashion correspondent from Paris) of the threatened invasion of crinoline which created such commotion only a short time since, not even the rolls of hair-cloth which were then being put into the hem of skirts and were supposed to be only a stepping-stone to actual hoop-skirts. Moreover, there is already a reaction against the exaggerated flare of skirts, or rather against the rigidity of the flare. Round skirts are cut amply wide at the bottom, and with a certain spring outward, but the fullness falls naturally into easy folds over a petticoat, which, while it is liberally flounced and ruffled, has no bolstering of hair-cloth, springs, or anything of a similar nature. While the flare is comparatively moderate for round skirts, it is appreciably less for full-dress toilets, which fall quite straight at the front, flare slightly at the sides, and have the fullness thrown into deep plaits in a short or medium train.

The scarlet coats, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and silver huckle-fronts which have been such a feature of men's wear at all entertainments here during the past two years (writes the Paris correspondent of *Vogue*), seem to be dying a natural death. A costume of this kind involves the use either of a carriage or of a sedan-chair, and, moreover, precludes the wearer from putting in an appearance at any of the restaurants on the boulevards, at any theatre, or, in fact, at any place of public entertainment. Now the majority of young men, especially those who have hitherto been in the habit of conforming to these eccentricities of masculine fashion, are just the kind of people who have no carriages of their own, and who are therefore forced either to take a *fiacre*, which is not always easy to obtain, or to walk exposed to the uncomplimentary remarks of the inevitable gamin. Moreover, our young men are averse, as a rule, to devoting an entire evening to one entertainment; but are fond of fluttering about from one house to another, with an occasional visit to one of the great restaurants, to the clubs, or to the theatre, where the red coat, and, above all, the silk-stocking-swathed shanks would inevitably attract too much popular attention to be pleasant to the wearer. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand how this fashion, originated by sporting men and followed, of course, by *gommeux* who have never sat astride a horse in their lives, should be at the present moment in its death throes.

In Europe (says the *Tribune*), and especially in England, as soon as ever a person of plebeian origin has succeeded in amassing a sufficient amount of money to enable him to assume a position in society, he immediately proceeds to adopt a crest. Sometimes he applies to the Herald's College, in London, where, in return for a fee of four hundred dollars, he is able to obtain a government grant of arms in due form, which thenceforth remains the property of himself and of his legitimate descendants. In most cases, however, the *nouveau riche* coolly adopts whichever heraldic device strikes his fancy among those submitted for his approval by the stationer where he purchases his note-paper, the silversmith who engraves his plate, or the tailor who builds his servants' livery. According to the famous genealogist, Gough, there are tens, and even hundreds, of thousands of persons in Great Britain who are guilty of the unauthorized assumption of the arms and crests of gentle families, fondly imagining that by paying the annual tax of ten dollars for the use of armorial bearings they have conformed with all the legal requirements of the case. In France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland—indeed, everywhere on the continent, except in Germany and Austria, where the unlawful assumption of crest or coat-of-arms is regarded as an offense severely punishable by the code—a similar state of affairs to that which exists in England prevails.

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CENTURY VERSE.

A Literary Order.

The thought most optimistic that
Doth come to me these days
Is this—and how I laugh thereat!—
That pessimism pays!
Why, only yesterday I wrote
A poem full of light;
I sent it out, and got a note
Returning it ere night.

"These lines are nice," the writer said;
"They show a dainty touch:
But you our paper can't have read,
We think, so very much.
This happy stuff is out of date;
Depression is the thing,
And verses now must growl at fate
To have the proper ring.

"Declare that life is wholly grief,
That all on earth is wrong;
Make 'every man's a fool or thief'
The burden of your song.
Drop gladness, drop all your mirth,
Drop sunshine and fresh air,
And send us in ten dollars' worth
Of gloom and dark despair."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

In Granada.

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
The contrabandista finds cheer;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There's a smile for the tall muleteer,
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Sweet the jessamine under the stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Fair the face is that looks through the bars—
Ah me!
Fair the face is that looks through the bars
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Red the grape is that grows on the vine;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How the piskins are bursting with wine!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Clap-a-clap goes the black castanet;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They're twanging the mandolins yet—
Ah me!
They're twanging the mandolins yet
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Every moonlight a Moor in the shade,
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Laments for a Christian maid,
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love and hate have the making of life;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love laughs with a grip on the knife—
Ah me!
Love laughs with a grip on the knife
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There is oil, there are eggs, in the pan;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They sing of the lost caravan.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How they leap, bow they lean, in the dance!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
What mischief is done by a glance—
Ah me!
What mischief is done by a glance
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cigarettes in the dark are like stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Tinkle-tank go the gypsy guitars.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cool the pomegranate crushed in the snow;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Forever the mandolins go—
Ah me!
Forever the mandolins go
In Granada.

—Archibald Gordon.

Grimalkin.

AN ELEGY ON PETER—ETAT 12.
In vain the kindly call; in vain
The plate for which thou once wast fain,
At morn, and noon, and daylight's wane,
O king of mousers!
No more I hear thee purr and purr,
As in the frolic days that were,
When thou didst rub thy velvet fur
Against my trousers.

How empty are the places where
Thou erst wert frankly debonaire,
Nor dreamed a dream of feline care,
A capering kitten;
The sunny baunts where, grown a cat,
You pondered this, considered that,
The cushioned chair, the rug, the mat
By freight smitten!

Although of few thou stood'st in dread,
How well thou knew'st a friendly tread,
And what upon thy back or head
The stroking hand meant!
A passing scent could keenly wake
Thy eagerness for chop or steak,
Yet, puss, how rarely didst thou break
The Eighth Commandment!

Though brief thy life, a little span
Of days compared with that of man,
The time allotted to thee ran
In smoother meter;

Now with the warm carib o'er thy breast,
O'west of thy kind and best,
Forever may'st thou softly rest
In pace, Peter!

—Clinton Scollard.

SOCIETY.

The McIver-Smedberg Wedding.

A most interesting wedding took place last Wednesday at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. William R. Smedberg, 1611 Larkin Street, in the presence of over one hundred and fifty relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride was Miss Helen Smedberg, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg. She is a petite and pretty blonde, who has been very popular in society circles since her debut. The groom was Lieutenant George Wilcox McIver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A. During the past two years he has been detailed at the West Point Military Academy, but by request he has been assigned to his own regiment at Fort Logan, near Denver, where he will take his fair bride at the expiration of his present three months' leave of absence. He is an excellent tactician, and is a general favorite with his fellow-officers.

The residence was handsomely decorated with a happy and artistic mingling of bright, fragrant blossoms and emerald-hued foliage. The bay-window was embowered with mountain ferns, the color of which was relieved by clusters of La France roses. Cordons of smilax were wound around the chandeliers, and the mantel was ornate with ferns and Perle du Jardin roses. Carnations of varied tints and royal red Jacqueminot roses were used profusely in embellishing the back parlor and the dining-room, uniting in completing a very pretty picture.

The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by Rev. George Howard, the bride's venerable grandfather—now over seventy years of age—who has been preaching the gospel in the Catskill Mountains for the past forty years and is visiting this coast for the first time. Two little cousins of the bride, Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton, acted as flower-bearers, wearing Empire frocks of white India silk and carrying clusters of mignonette. Miss Cora Smedberg, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Miss Frances Raymond was the bridesmaid. Lieutenant Renwick Smedberg, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., brother of the bride, who was graduated from West Point last month, acted as best man, and Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was the groomsman. The groom and his attendants, as well as many of the army and naval officers present, were in the full-dress uniform of the service. The toilets of the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride's robe was an elegant creation of white silk, fashioned in the style of the First Empire and finished with a long court train. The corsage was cut à la Vierge, and the sleeves were bouffant to the elbows, where they met the long gloves of white undressed kid. From her corsage depended a flowing veil of filmy white silk, which fell to the end of the train, completely enveloping her graceful figure.

Miss Cora Smedberg and Miss Frances Raymond were attired in becoming gowns of white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and white satin ribbon. They carried clusters of mignonette and maidenhair ferns. Colonel Smedberg gave his daughter into the keeping of the groom. After the ceremony, congratulations were extended to the newly wedded couple, who had previously received many elegant gifts from their friends. About two o'clock an elaborate *déjeuner* was admirably served under the direction of Ludwig. The ring in the cake was secured by Lieutenant Winston. Before the bride departed, she threw her bouquet away, and it was caught by Miss Agnes Smedberg. The departure of the happy couple was accompanied by a chorus of good wishes for their future. Lieutenant and Mrs. McIver will make a visit to Del Monte, Santa Barbara, Del Coronado, and the Yosemite Valley, and upon their return will stay here awhile before going to Fort Logan.

Among the apparent inconsistencies of human nature is the coupling, in the same person, of abilities in music and mathematics. Nearly all the great composers were apt at figures, and now and then one finds an arithmetician who is a good musician as well. Such a one is a professor in one of our Eastern colleges. He seems almost to live for geometry and calculus, confesses that he takes little pleasure in romance or in visual beauty, has no eye for color but a keen one for line and form, and, in fact, would seem to be a man who was incapable of the emotional force required for the performance of music; yet, next to mathematics, music is his greatest delight, and not only does he play correctly, but he plays with remarkable expression.

It is a long step from the condition of things in Crimean days which justified the witticism, "one man's canned meat is another man's poison," to these times when the navies of the world are largely subsisting on "canned stuff." The caterer of the ward-room mess on board an American man-of-war must be an expert in canned goods, and the fact that these things are eaten without serious grumbling by all, and with thankfulness by those who remember "hard-tack and salt-horse," is a tribute to a growing industry.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Camilla Asbe, daughter of Mrs. C. L. Asbe, to Mr. Harold M. Sewell, of Washington, D. C., formerly United States Consul to Samoa.

The guests at the Hotel Rafael have issued invitations for a hop which will take place there this (Saturday) evening.

The Misses Goad gave a delightful beach-party under their shelter-tent at Santa Cruz last Saturday evening, and entertained several friends most hospitably. Among their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Mrs. Forbes.

The entries for the tennis championship tournaments, to take place at the courts of the Hotel Rafael to day (Saturday) and on July 3d and 4th, are all in, and comprise the following players:

California Tennis Club—Mr. J. B. De Long, Mr. Harry M. Stetson, Mr. D. E. Allison, Jr., Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. R. J. Davis, Mr. J. A. Code, Mr. T. Magee, Jr., Mr. Chester B. Fernald, Mr. A. A. Allen, Mr. R. N. Whitney, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. D. Linderman, Mr. George Whitney, Mr. A. G. Field, Mr. Alec B. Wilberforce, Mr. William B. Collier, Mr. E. L. Bradshaw.

Oakland Tennis Club—Mr. C. D. Bates, Jr., Mr. J. F. Archibald, Mr. Samuel Hardy, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Sumner Hardy.

Mr. Joseph W. Thurston, Lehigh University; Mr. Harold L. Souger, Mr. G. Warner Phillips, Pastime Tennis Club; Mr. Roland Mallory, Bridgeport Tennis Club; Mr. O. C. Haslett, Alameda Tennis Club.

A Washington correspondent mentions among the wealthiest colored men of the capital John F. Cook, estimated to be worth from \$150,000 to \$300,000; Fred Douglass, \$150,000; the two sons of the late James Wormley, \$100,000; John R. Lynch, \$75,000; P. B. S. Pinchback, \$80,000; Drs. C. B. Purvis and John A. Francis, \$75,000 each; and the children of the rich feed-store man, Lee, \$600,000.

The sale of all the late M. Meissonier's small, unimportant pictures and sketches realized the sum of \$445,000. The smallest and roughest of them fetched quite fabulous prices, and the sale went from beginning to end with great rapidity and unexampled bidding.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

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Carl Gomez, the Brazilian composer of several successful operas, especially "Il Guarany," is in Chicago as a member of the Brazilian commission. He hopes to bring about the production of some of his operas in this country.

—LUCILE & STONE, FORMERLY IN THE WHITE House building, have removed temporarily to 128 Post Street until their new rooms opposite are completed, and are selling millinery at greatly reduced prices.

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Wanted by responsible parties, Must be centrally located, sunny, nicely furnished, and contain not less than ten rooms.

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Choice programme of popular music. Refreshments, Fishing, and Boating. No Dancing. Table and Seats for Family Lunches. Decorum will be preserved.

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"SAN YSIDRO" RANCH Santa Barbara, Cal.

Cottages, with hotel accommodation, have recently been built for the accommodation of guests. The location is on the foothills of Montecito, about six miles from Santa Barbara and two miles from a fine sea beach. Orange and Lemon Groves cover the adjoining slopes, and the mountain canyon in rear of Cottages is well wooded with Oaks, Sycamores, Alders, and other natural trees. A fine mountain stream flows through the property. Magnificent views of the Valley and Santa Barbara Channel with its Islands. Pleasant walks and drives. All appointments new and first-class. Apply to GOODRICH & JOHNSTON, P. O. Box K., Santa Barbara, Cal.

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Completely Renovated and Improved. No Winds or Fogs, and unsurpassing grand Mountain and Valley Scenery. Write for particulars to JOHN A. MATHESON, Assistant Manager.



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *né* Taylor, are expected to arrive in New York, from Europe, next Tuesday.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and Miss Romie Wallace have arrived in New York city, and will soon sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, who have been visiting the Columbian Exposition, are in New York city.

Miss Alice Ames will be the guest of Miss Alice McCutchen next week at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen and Ethel Smith are enjoying the summer at their villa in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina is passing a couple of months at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. W. E. Taylor left last Saturday to visit Lieutenant and Mrs. Parmenter, U. S. N., in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Nellie Jolliffe have returned to the city after a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker will go to the Hotel del Monte to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing are passing the summer at their cottage at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond left last Tuesday for New York, en route to Cape Town, Africa, where Mr. Hammond is interested in gold mining.

Miss Minnie Houghton and Miss Bessie Shreve will go East in August on a prolonged visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Redding will leave to-day to pass the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne in New York city.

Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., arrived in London last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stetson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis are passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. N. G. Kittle and Mr. Peter Donahue Martin are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz, where they will remain until after the holidays.

Misses Maggie and Lucy Brooks are enjoying an extended visit at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have been at the Hotel del Monte since their return from Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Blanding are at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Miss Fanny Crocker has returned home after a year's tour of Europe. Miss Julia Crocker will return from the East next month.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg is at San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter will return from Santa Barbara in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salishury are passing the summer at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Addison Mizner is at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Manie Holbrook are at Castle Crag.

Mr. Herbert E. Corolan has gone to the Hotel del Monte to pass the holidays.

Mr. Southard Hoffmann, Mr. Lawson Adams, and Mr. Milton S. Latham have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. George Bates and Miss Laura Bates are passing the summer at Watson's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith returned last Monday from a three months' visit to Honolulu, Japan, and China, bringing with them many curios and decorative pieces for the embellishment of their country home, Sunshine Villa, at Santa Cruz, where they will pass the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker is visiting her son, Mr. R. H. Hooker, at Seattle.

Mr. James D. Phelan is passing a fortnight in New York city.

Dr. George J. Bucknall left on Friday to pass a week at the Hotel del Coronado, after which he will visit Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica, where his wife and daughter are passing a few weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Hort and Mrs. George C. Boardman are passing a month at Castle Crag.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are at Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from Europe, and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city. They are expected home this month.

Among those who will be at the Hotel del Monte during the coming season are: Mr. and Mrs. John Barton, Miss Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Miss May Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutard, Miss Dutard, Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Miss Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Moore.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are in New York city, after visiting the Columbian Exposition, Cleveland, O., and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. E. B. Young and family are at Ben Lomond, where they will remain until the middle of July.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Magee are at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. Kiug and family are at the Hotel Savoy, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Tilden Swan, of New York, is at the Palace Hotel,

having just returned from Japan. He will visit Santa Cruz and the Yosemite Valley before going East.

Miss Virginia Fair will make her debut at Newport this season.

Mr. A. B. Spreckels returned from Honolulu last Wednesday.

Miss Carrie L. Gould returned home last Monday after a year's absence in the Eastern States.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Anna Hunt are enjoying a month's visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Joseph W. Winans and Miss Lillie Winans, who are passing the summer at Calistoga, will soon leave for the East.

Judge William T. Wallace and Hon. John Boggs are expected to return from the East on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorville Libby, who are passing the summer at Sausalito, will go East in October to visit Chicago, New York, and the White Mountains.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland is passing the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson will remain at the Hotel Rafael throughout the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard have returned from a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence, who are now visiting Santa Cruz, will soon depart for Chicago and the Eastern States on an extended tour.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Mand Morrow are passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. John Stanton, the artist, has returned to the city after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kilgarif will leave soon to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Earl Kerr is occupying a cottage in San Rafael.

General W. H. Dimond and Miss Dimond visited Santa Cruz from last Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon will pass this month at Castle Crag.

Mrs. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska are at the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott are passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. A. H. Small will pass the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Jackson J. Crooks has gone to Wisconsin to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann will pass the holidays at Larkspur.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott are passing a couple of months at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane are occupying a cottage in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *né* Badlam, have returned from a pleasant tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. Benjamin Arnhold will pass the holidays in Mill Valley.

Miss Ethel Patton is enjoying a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess will return from Santa Cruz about July 20.

Mr. Samuel F. Hughes will pass the holidays in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Maguire are passing the summer in Sausalito.

Misses Emma and Lulu Huntsman will go to Seattle to-day on a six weeks' visit.

Mr. James Irvine, Mr. J. William Byrne, and Mr. Callaghan Byrne returned last Tuesday from a pleasant visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. John N. Featherston will go to Santa Cruz to-day for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann and family are at Ben Lomond.

Mr. Paul R. Jarboe is at Santa Cruz.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Paulo de Vecchi was brightened last Wednesday by the advent of a son.

Mrs. Louis Phillips has returned from New York and Chicago, and is passing the summer at Casa Blanca, in San Luis Obispo.

Mr. James Viosca, United States Consul at La Paz, has returned from an Eastern trip, and will pass the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver are passing the summer at Ben Lomond.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey will leave to-day to join his family at Del Monte.

Mr. George S. Mearns will pass the holidays at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, of Alameda, will leave this month to visit health resorts in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and family are passing the season at Ben Lomond.

Among the San Franciscans at the Hotel Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, Misses Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haber, Captain and Mrs. Burns, Miss Burns, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harold Kayton, Mrs. G. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gray, Misses Harrison, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Nat T. Messer, and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Thurston.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral D. B. Harmony, U. S. N., who has been in charge of the Asiatic Station, returned from China last Monday and is at the Palace Hotel. He was accompanied by Commander J. R. Durand, U. S. N., and Lieutenant J. S. Selfridge, U. S. N. Commander Durand will receive treatment at the Mare Island naval hospital.

Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N., now at Mare Island, will leave for the East early in August.

Lieutenant Smedberg, U. S. A., son of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, of this city, was number sixteen in the grad-

uating class of fifty-one cadets at West Point last month.

Lieutenant Frank B. McKenna, U. S. A., son of Hon. Joseph McKenna, was also one of the graduates, with the rank of number forty-four.

Mr. Joseph Skerrett and the Misses Skerrett arrived here from the East last Tuesday en route to Honolulu, where they will join Rear-Admiral Skerrett, U. S. N.

Captain W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., has been assigned to the command of the Mare Island Navy-Yard.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty at the Columbian Exposition.

Major Charles Bentzoni, First Infantry, U. S. A., is passing his leave of absence at Manitou, Colo.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Wawona for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from Chicago, where he was on duty in connection with the Bureau of American Republics.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

Richard Tangye, the great English engineer, in his autobiography gives some curious examples of the economy of the Cornish miners. Compared with these thrifty folk, Scotch peasants and the farmers of New England are extravagant. His grandfather was a miner, and when once asked what his daily work was, replied: "Ten hours at the engine, and eight at digging. The rest of the day I have to waste." Tangye states that he once saw this same old man fall into a fury of rage, because a boy whom he had hired threw away a match after lighting a candle with it. "D'y'e waste my property, ye loon? Then ye will never be worth a saxepee of yer own!" he shrieked. A careful old woman lamented a stolen pie for more than forty years. The tears would come to her eyes whenever she talked of the lost dainty.

The coming debut of Frieda Simonsen, an eight-year-old pianist, of whom great things are expected, is awaited with much interest in England. Music seems to be especially prolific in infantile prodigies. Liszt appeared before an audience at the kindergarten age of nine, Rubinstein made a concert tour at the same age, and Joachim made his debut at seven. Clementi was a church organist when he was nine, and Dvorak played the violin in his native village when only seven. Sir Arthur Sullivan at thirteen had composed an anthem. One striking difference between musical and other prodigies is that the former sometimes last and add yearly to their fame until, like Liszt, they become septuagenarians, while others wear out their immature intellects in youth and fade from notice.

M. Napias has pointed out that the attitude of the body during work has a great influence on health. The sitting position congests the digestive organs; the bent position (like that of bootmakers) leads to cardiac affections. The standing position (imposed on shop-girls and women) is productive of much suffering and disease, and should be forbidden those who serve in them. What shall we do? If we must not work sitting or standing, and it is of no use to try to work lying down, there seems to be nothing for it but to knock off work altogether. Those who can afford it will doubtless take this course.

— WHEN ONE IS IN THE COUNTRY THERE ARE lonesome moments at times when friends at home are thought of. Then it is that one seeks a quiet corner, portfolio in hand, and indites letters to those whom they think most of. What is there to write on? The hotel stationery? Well, hardly. That may do for a man when he is in a hurry, but for ladies' correspondence, never! In connection with this it would certainly be advisable to call at the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and secure from them a supply of the latest fashionable correspondence paper and envelopes. The new tints are very pretty.

Miss Lulu Wilcox, who retired from a convent in Hartford after serving ten years as a Sister of Mercy, is about to marry Dr. Thomas P. Conlon, of Brockton, Mass. Her mother, it is recalled, first married a man named Tiffany, but a few years later secured a divorce and married Mr. Wilcox. At the end of a few years she secured a divorce and remarried Mr. Tiffany. Later still she was divorced from Mr. Tiffany and married Mr. Wilcox for the second time.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?
Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

Editor George W. Childs is fitting up the Philadelphia *Ledger* with a band of trained pigeons to act as messengers and carriers of "copy" from distant reporters. It is expected that the scheme will be a great success.

— DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Pheasant Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

— FOURTH OF JULY GOODS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disgusting eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.
In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town. Strictly first-class. For terms address

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

ALUMINUM ALLOY COMPOSITE

Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents binholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton. Book of Government Official Report and other indisputable testimonials from Foundrymen free.

The Hartsfield Furnace and Refining Company NEWPORT, KY.

Branch Offices and Depot—Judson Mfg. Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England; Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome, Ga.; Geo. Greenshaw, Henderson, N. C.; D. W. C. Carroll Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; Frank D. Espy, New York; Foundry Supply Co., Boston, Mass.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, - Wyoming

Importer, Exporter, and Dealer in

Living Wild Animals

Birds and reptiles, buffalo, elk, deer, and all other living animals for sale—car lots a specialty; we both buy and sell; write us if you wish to purchase or dispose of any kind of animals; specialty made of prairie-dogs and other small animals; buy a marmoset, they heat a parrot for talk and appearance; buying parties guided and outfitted complete for big game; satisfaction guaranteed. References furnished and required. Ask for what you want.

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INTENSELY DRY.

THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO.

Sole Agents Pacific Coast.

U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

LEAVENING GAS.

| | Per cent. | Cubic in. per oz. |
|-------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| ROYAL, Absolutely Pure, | 13.06 | 160.6 |
| | 12.58 | 151.1 |
| | 11.13 | 133.6 |
| | 10.26 | 123.2 |
| | 9.53 | 114. |
| | 9.29 | 111.6 |
| | 8.03 | 96.5 |
| | 7.28 | 87.4 |
| | 4.98 | 65.5 |

The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively, . . .

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and of greater leavening power than any other powder.

A HONEYMOON ADVENTURE.

By the Author of "As in a Looking-Glass."

TIME.—Five o'clock in the afternoon.

SCENE.—Inner hall of the Palatial Hotel. A mixed crowd are discussing one another and afternoon tea. At one of the Japanese tables sit a bride and bridegroom, the former attired in walking costume and the sweetest thing in Parisian bonnets. They have been married three weeks. The lady is convinced she is the luckiest of her sex and her husband the handsomest of his. The man wonders what on earth fellows mean by disparaging matrimony, and reflects that, if everybody displayed his own wisdom in selection, divorce would be as obsolete as the thumb-screw. Their names are MR. and MRS. JACK LEGION.

JACK—That thing is much too heavy for your delicate little hands—give it to me.

ISABEL [obediently relinquishing best Britannia-metal tea-pot, weighing, with contents, quite a pound]—What care you do take of me, Jack! I don't know what I've done to deserve such a darling for a husband.

JACK—Goose! You're miles too good for me—for any man! You're an angel, or, what's better still, the sweetest little woman under the sun.

ISABEL—Will you say that when we have been married three years instead of three weeks?

JACK—Sweetheart!

ISABEL [dimpling, and lifting the sugar-tongs]—One lump, silly boy?

JACK—One. Hang these people, I wish we were alone!

ISABEL [softly]—Dear Jack!

[An expressive silence, wherein their hands come in contact under the table.]

ISABEL—Aod really, really. I am the only woman you ever loved?

JACK—You are, really and truly. [Mentally.] And, of course, it's a fact. Flirtations don't count—one makes an idiot of one's self, as one has the measles.

ISABEL—Don't think me an "awful little duffer" for asking, Jack; I do so like to hear you say it. [Smiles and repeats it softly.] "The only woman he has ever loved."

[JACK spills his tea as a lady enters and strolls toward the stove.]

JACK [mentally]—Great Jupiter! Laura! And I thought she was abroad!

ISABEL—What's the matter?

JACK [with ghastly merriment]—Ha, ha! Nothing, dear. Burned myself, that's all. [Mentally.] So I did—but two years ago—not with tea, though. [The new-comer evidently possesses a fearful fascination for him. He regards her with a frozen glare of horror.]

ISABEL—And to books they say that men are fickle! How happy it makes me to know that you are different from the rest! I believe it was the feeling that you were that first made me care for you. [Earnestly.] It may seem girlish to you and absurd, but—your tenderness would lose half its value to me if I thought that other women had known it, too.

JACK [mentally]—Thank the Lord, she hasn't seen me yet—if I could only get away before she does! But if I move, I'm lost. [Aloud.] Waiter, bring me that Morning Post.

[Interposes newspaper as a screen between his features and the stove.]

ISABEL [innocently]—Do you find it hot, dear?

JACK—Very. [Mentally.] This is awful! Something must be done. I should have to introduce her to Isabel, and I don't want to. Laura's a woman who never forgives, and I got tired first. Is it possible she knows we are here and means to work off old scores by giving me away? [Breaks into gentle perspiration.] If only I were certain she'd burned my letters—if only Isabel were a woman of the world! But a young girl would be sure to take it au grand sérieux, and she believes in me so. Poor little wifey!

VOICE AT HIS ELBOW—How d'yee do, Mr. Legio?

JACK [inwardly]—Run to earth, by gad—she's got the eyes of a lynx! [Rises stiffly.] Mrs. Sparkler—what an unexpected pleasure!

MRS. SPARKLER—I've been standing by you for the last ten minutes. I hegao to think you intended to cut me.

JACK—You're joking. I'm a little short-sighted, you know.

MRS. SPARKLER—You must be, or you would have recognized me sooner.

JACK [mentally]—Now, what the deuce does she mean by that?

[Awkward pause, in which the two women eye each other curiously.]

JACK [taking the plunge at a rush]—Ah! allow me to introduce you: Mrs. Sparkler—my wife. An old friend of mine, Isabel.

ISABEL—How nice! I'm always glad to meet Jack's friends. Won't you sit down and let me give you some tea?

MRS. SPARKLER—Tha—anks. [Sinks into chair.] I had heard you were here. I hoped we might meet. Really, I believe it was that idea which made me decide to come. You see, Mrs. Legion, I have known your husband so long, it was only natural I

should be anxious to make the acquaintance of his wife.

ISABEL [flattered]—It was very kind of you. Are your rooms in the hotel?

MRS. SPARKLER—Yes, I always stay here; I came last night.

JACK [mentally]—This excessive amiability is ominous; she means mischief. If I could only get Isabel away—but it's dangerous to be rude.

[The ladies fall to discussing chiffons. For fifteen minutes the HON. JACK sits on thorns, with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head.]

MRS. SPARKLER [rising]—So good of you—I bade shopping alone. Your husband won't mind, I'm sure.

ISABEL—Jack, Mrs. Sparkler has offered to drive me into East Street. I know you hate shops; you will be glad of the excuse to remain at home.

JACK [quickly]—You forget that driving in an open carriage so late in the afternoon won't improve your cold. I don't mind taking you in the least.

ISABEL—But surely I'm well wrapped up—

JACK—I'd rather you didn't risk it. If it were a closed carriage, of course I—

MRS. SPARKLER [with triumph in her eyes]—And so it is; you must be thinking of the victoria. If you're ready, Mrs. Legion, we'll start; I told the mao to be round at five o'clock.

JACK—You might ask me to go with you!

MRS. SPARKLER—How I wish we could, but unfortunately it's a single brougham.

[He makes other objections, but is overruled by the ladies, and is eventually obliged to give way.]

MRS. SPARKLER [sotto voce, as he accompanies them to the door]—Do you know the day of the month, my friend?

JACK—The fifteenth. What do you mean?

MRS. SPARKLER—It's exactly a year since you bade me "good-bye." [Laughs harshly.] A coincidence, isn't it, that our next meeting should take place on the anniversary of the date?

JACK [whispering]—You are going to tell her. I knew it. In mercy to her, don't—she loves me!

MRS. SPARKLER [in the same key]—She is not the only woman who has loved and suffered!

JACK—Laura, for God's sake!

MRS. SPARKLER [aloud and viciously]—I beg your pardon, Mr. Legion. Did you speak?

ISABEL—Good-bye, Jack; I shan't be long, dear.

[Exeunt ladies.]

JACK—"Your tenderness would lose half its value to me if I thought—" [Groans.] Will she look at me like that when she returns, I wonder? Poor little girl!—to be disillusioned so soon!

[Same scene an hour later. JACK, in evening-dress, is pacing agitatedly to and fro.]

JACK—Good heavens, what a time they are! This suspense is awful. If only they would come back—if only I knew the worst! That woman was always a vixen—and I nearly married her. What on earth I found in her I can't conceive. She's got the figure of a haystack! And her hair's the most primary red I know.

[He is in the act of consulting his watch for the tenth time in as many minutes, when MRS. SPARKLER enters hurriedly and alone.]

JACK [going as white as a sheet]—Where's Isabel?

MRS. SPARKLER—Buying chiffons! It's all right; I wanted to speak to you, so I discovered I had a telegram to send. Come out here, away from this odious crowd.

[They move into the conservatory, which opens out of the hall.]

MRS. SPARKLER [speaking very fast and tracing the pattern of the rug with the point of her shoe]—Jack, you slighted me, and that a woman never forgets or forgives! You made me care for you; you made me think you in earnest; and then you decided a woman like me was only good enough to flirt with, and you left with an explanation that it turns me hot to recall even now. You were a brute, and I meant that your wife should know all about it. But—I've changed my mind. She's so fond of you, and such a child, and—I don't war with children. It wouldn't be fair sport—like—like breaking butterflies, you know! And—I was like that myself a century ago.

JACK—Laura!

MRS. SPARKLER [rather husky and flushed]—I shall go back to town to-morrow, so you needn't be afraid I shall change my mind. Take care of her, Jack; she's a good little soul. And treat her better than you treated me! Now I must be off, or I shall keep her waiting. Go and have a brandy and soda; you look as if you wanted one. Ha, ha, ha! If any one had told me I could be such a fool! [Exit, laughing hysterically.]

JACK [lighting a cigar and blinking hard]—Her hair isn't such a bad color, after all; and she is right. I am a brute who doesn't deserve his luck!—F. C. Phillips in The Sketch.

Almost Inside Out.

The stomach that is not turned thus by a shaking up on the "briny wave" must be a well fortified one. The gastric apparatus can be rendered proof against seasickness with that stomachic so popular among travelers by sea and land—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It defends the system against malarial and rheumatism, and subdues liver complaint, constipation, and dyspepsia.

LIZZIE BORDEN'S ACQUITTAL.

The following graphic description of the scene in the court-room on the acquittal of Lizzie Borden is from the pen of Julian Ralph, and appeared in the Sun. Mr. Ralph is a brilliant writer, and his accounts of the trial from day to day have excited keen interest:

"The court orders that you be discharged and go."

This is the summary of the last words of the old State of Massachusetts said to Lizzie Borden this afternoon. The suspected witch was in the dock, the fogots had been piled all around her, the cords that were to tie her to the stake were the same that had cut into her flesh and her spirits for ten months and, only an hour before she was set scot-free, the hard-headed district-attorney was flourishing an unlighted torch before the audience. But it took only an hour for the jury to decide that witches are out of fashion in Massachusetts, and that no one is to be executed there on suspicion and on parrot-like police testimony.

"Then the jury said 'Not guilty,' the girl fell as if she was shot. It was more dramatic than anything an actor would have dared to do. If her legs had been moved from under her, she could not have dropped more suddenly. As she fell, tears gushed from her eyes. After that the crowd was rude braving up of the court-room decorum. Yells and cheers burst from the multitude as if it were a political meeting. The uproar ceased, and, as order began to be restored, it was whispered that two of the three judges had cried like the prisoner. That was the end of one of the greatest of modern criminal trials.

Lizzie Borden had cut a great figure in the court-room before her acquittal. She had come in showing every hit of the strain of ten months in the custody of the witch-burners. Her eyes were swollen and her head was kept down as if her spirits were very low. In the middle of the proceedings, according to Massachusetts custom, she was called upon to stand up and plead to the indictments against her. As she rose from her chair, every one noticed that she called to her extraordinary gracefulness a surprising dignity. Ere, with her head held bravely up and with eyes that looked tenderly, and yet firmly, into the faces of her lawyers, she spoke a few words in a clear tone.

"Gentlemen, I am innocent," said she. "I leave my counsel to speak for me." Then she resumed her seat, and the reading of the remarkable charge of the judges to the jury was the next proceeding. It was after that was over and after the jury had presently come back that the climax in the dreadful rôle she had been playing electrified the people. The twelve jurors filed into their box, and this correspondent noticed that every man of them sought out Lizzie Borden with his eyes and looked at her steadily. Had they been going to announce her guilty they would not have done so. She did not look at them. Perhaps she was under too much strain to hear or recognize anything.

"Lizzie Andrew Borden," said the clerk of the court, "stand up." She arose unsteadily, with a face as white as marble.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" said the clerk to the jury.

It was so still in the court that the flutter of two fans made a great noise.

"We have," said Foreman Richards, holdly.

The prisoner was gripping the rail in front of the dock as if her standing up depended upon its keeping its place.

"Lizzie Andrew Borden," said the clerk, "hold up your right hand."

"Prisoner, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the foreman."

Every jurymen stood at right-about-face, staring at the woman. There was such a gentle, kindly light beaming in every eye that no one questioned the verdict that was to be uttered. But God save every woman from the feelings that Lizzie Borden showed in the return look she cast upon the jury. It was what is pictured as the rolling gaze of a dying person. She seemed not to have the power to move her eyes directly where she was told to, and they swung all around in her head. They looked at the ceiling; they looked at everything, but they saw nothing. It was a horrible, a pitiful look, and so it then.

"What say you, Mr. Foreman?" said the gentle old clerk.

"Not guilty," shouted Mr. Richards.

At the words the wretched woman fell quicker than ever an ox fell in the stock-yards of Chicago. Her forehead crashed against the heavy steel rail of the dock so as to shake it. It seemed that she must be stunned, but she was not. Quickly, with an unconscious movement, she flung up both arms and threw them over the rail and pressed them under her face so that it rested on them.

What followed was mere mockery, but it was the well-governed order of the court, and had to be gone through with.

"You, on your oath, say," the old clerk rattled on amid the tumult, "that Lizzie Andrew Borden is not guilty."

"We do," said the foreman.

"So say you, Mr. Foreman?"

"I do," said he.

"So say you, gentlemen?"

"We do," said they all.

"Lizzie Andrew Borden," said the clerk, looking in vain at the empty space where once her face had been, "the court orders that you be discharged of your indictment and go thereof without bail."

Mr. Knowlton, the district-attorney, arose and addressed the court.

"There are two indictments," he said, "against the defendant, charging the same crimes in other forms. In view of the verdict and the jury just returned, I desire to now enter a *not pros.* in the other courts." Then, turning to the counsel for the defense, he said: "I desire to sincerely congratulate you on the result of your labors."

The stern old Roundhead went over and shook hands with ex-Governor Robinson, but paid no attention to the woman he had worked so hard to convict in the zealous discharge of his duty.

Thus ended the famous Borden trial. The rest of the proceedings constituted Lizzie Borden's leave. When her counsel, the fatherly ex-governor, had raised the woman with his arm and her, she freed herself enough to find her hands and head pass swiftly to and fro across her face—her tear-stained, flaming face. Then all her old friends crowded around her. Mr. Holmes was the first to press her hand, and the Rev. Mr. Buck, who was weeping, was the next. When she saw the handsome face of Melvin Ohio Adams, the famous Boston lawyer, she reached out a hand toward him, but he was not enough for this hearty friend, and he took both.

Governor Robinson sat down beside her, and, though she talked to the others, she kept reaching for his hand. Governor Robinson was the first man in all the world to have come to her and spoken holdly and confidently of his faith in her and his ability to secure her freedom.

He found her a desperate woman, and he restored her natural self. She was desperate, because for ten months it had seemed that everything and everybody were against her. After Mr. Knowlton had hully-ragged her for three days, she came to the conclusion that he was all-powerful, that he could do anything, that everything could be twisted against her, and that she was helpless. Governor Robinson came to her like rain upon a desert. His hearty belief in her and his confidence in asserting that he would win her freedom thrilled her with new life. His coming was like a rope thrown to a drowning person. And her confidence was not misplaced. Governor Robinson secured her acquittal, and Lizzie Borden is free.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Walter C. Smith, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, who has this year been presiding over the Free Church Assembly, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I cannot believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away with a bit of mat or rug on your back."

An old lady was accosted in a London street by a well-dressed and refined-looking stranger, who effusively claimed her as a friend. "I really don't believe you remember me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, and the old lady, never doubting that her memory was at fault, confessed that she could not quite recall the name. "Ah! but I have changed it since you knew me," said her interlocutor, gayly, and after a few more lively speeches she passed on, having possessed herself meanwhile of the old lady's purse.

A young woman was recently introduced to Mrs. Croly (says the New York Times) as "sister of So-and-So, the artist." Instantly the exclamation followed: "I should have known the relationship, my dear, by the resemblance. Why, it is positively startling. I never saw two faces more exactly alike in contour and—"

"But Mrs. Croly," interrupted the girl in a meek, small voice, "I am only his sister-in-law."

"Which makes it all the more remarkable," continued the other, without the least embarrassment or hesitation.

Oscar Wilde was introduced at a recent garden-party in London to Mrs. Osgood, of Kneehworth House. In the course of a few minutes' talk (says the Recorder) it was divulged that the lady was on the eve of departing for America. "Going to America?" said Oscar; "dear me; what for, now?"

"To see my husband," was the reply. Oscar stared sleepily at her in astonishment. Dropping languidly into a chair, he said: "Going all the way to America to see your own?" (with the accent on the own) "husband? Dear me! What a lovely idea!"

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Conn., Press, back in the "sixties," arousing the patriotism of the State by his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room, and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."

A few years ago (relates the "Saunterer" in the Boston Budget), the rector of St. Paul's was elected to a Canadian bishopric. He, was a slight, little man, and made but a very small showing when he dressed in the full Canadian regalia, including knee-breeches. When the late Bishop, then Dr. Brooks, saw the newly elevated prelate, he hardly knew what to make of him. His first sight of him was a rear view. Walking up behind the little bishop, the doctor laid his heavy hand gently on the other's shoulder, and, looking down quizzically, said: "Bishop, do you wear pants?"

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee, he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman, in turn, yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said: "Now, until you hand me over my fee, your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say the money was promptly paid.

The refusal of the House of Commons to adjourn over Derby Day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first Reform Bill, after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion, whereupon there

arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derly!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this, he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships, but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

In a recent after-dinner speech, Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, related some anecdotes of stage fright. A young dramatic genius of his acquaintance was persuaded, one night, to try drinking as an antidote. At four o'clock in the morning, he appeared at the lodgings of the friend who had given him the advice. "Well, have you succeeded?" "Alas, no!" stammered the patient; "my legs are drunk, my tongue is drunk, but I haven't lost my self-consciousness." Some years ago Tree himself suffered on one occasion from stage fright. At the end of the first act, when he was "reduced to a state of mental and physical pulp," the author of the piece entered the greenroom. "Well, how did I get on?" Tree asked, hungry for encouragement. Scanning his trembling and perspiring form, the author replied: "I see your skin has been acting, at all events."

The late Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Melanesia, was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section of New Zealand owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was the "bishop who hacked up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face. "My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other, and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and, taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.

The Colorado courts are now considering the application for release from prison of a wretch named Packer, who was indicted some ten years ago for five murders in as many separate indictments. Packer and seven companions left Salt Lake City in the fall of 1872 for the San Cristobal country, in Colorado, to prospect. Two of the party went in another direction, leaving Packer and the five unfortunates together. The larger party ran out of food, and Packer slew his five companions while they slept to keep himself from starvation. When sentencing him, Judge Geary is reported to have addressed Packer thus: "Stand up, you cannibalistic —." The accused stood up. "You man-eating —, can you tell me why I ought not to pronounce sentence of death on you, you cannibalistic —, when there were only eight people in Hinchdale County in 1872, and you ate five of them?"

Patti was to sing on a certain date at Bucharest, but at the last moment she declined to leave Vienna. It was too cold; snow everywhere; she would not risk catching her death of cold. M. Schürmann, the impresario, was in despair, until a brilliant inspiration came to him. Quickly he telegraphed to his advance-agent in the Roumanian capital: "At whatever cost, Patti must receive an ovation at Bucharest Station from the Italian aristocracy. Send me by return the following wire: 'The members of the Italian and Roumanian nobility are preparing to give Mme. Patti a magnificent reception. The ministry will be represented. Processions, torches, and bands. Telegraph the hour of arrival.'" The advance-agent carried out this instruction, and, when the telegram dictated to him over the wires arrived in Vienna, it was handed to Patti with the desired effect. "How charming!" she murmured; "what time do we start?"

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"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.

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| LEAVE | From June 10, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
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| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 7:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento. | 6:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José. | 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:00 A. | Sacramento, Redding, via Davis. | 6:45 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton. | 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. | 6:45 P. |
| 2:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Port Costa. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden, Portland, and Seattle. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 8:15 A. |
| 8:00 P. | Castle Craig and Des Moines via Woodland and Willows. | 7:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:30 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 1:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:05 P. |
| 2:00 P. | Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 11:23 A. |
| 2:30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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When rightly used is invisible.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND FANCY STORES.



The story of "Ali Baba and The Forty Thieves" is one of the finest stories of adventure that ever was conceived and written. It distances its great competitor, "Aladdin," in being simpler and more possible. The genies were in the background in "Ali Baba," but in "Aladdin" nothing could be done without their aid. The hero of the wonderful lamp was like the heroes in "The Iliad"—always so carefully protected by the gods that his own bravery and intelligence did not count at all.

The great events in the career of Ali Baba were thrilling and possible. There is stirring romance about his first sight of the robbers and his discovery of the cave. Hidden among the trees, he watches the long train of laden mules and their forty dark-skinned, bearded drivers go swigging down the path, stop at the wall of rock, utter the mystic words, and before his astonished eyes the solid rock rolls back, and through the aperture he catches a hurried glimpse of all the wealth within, glittering in the light of low-burning lamps.

Then comes in the touch of treachery that makes the plot. Cassim, when asked for the weights, grows curious to know what is to be weighed, and puts a touch of wax on the bottom of the scales. When they come back to him, there is a single gold coin sticking to the wax. And following this comes the tragedy of Cassim Baba—horrible, picturesque, a splendid piece of drama. Cassim learns the mystic phrase, goes to the cave, enters, but, horror!—when the time comes to depart, he has forgotten the two words. The next time Ali enters the cave, he sees before him, dripping blood in the midst of that silent, sumptuous place, the mangled remains of his kinsman.

Ali Baba furnishes the adventurous and dashing part of the story; Morgiana supplies the wit, the cunning, the subtle ingenuity that the Arabian storytellers so highly admired. She is clever enough to circumvent the whole band of forty. When they place the ominous black cross on her master's door, she steals through the city, marking all the other doors. When she has trapped the robbers into hiding in the thirty-nine great earthenware jars, she quietly and skillfully cooks them all alive with libations of boiling oil. Finally, when she has been commanded to dance before her master and the robber chief, she dons her gayest robes and jewels, sharpens her dagger, and, as her brow feet beat softly on the mosaic floor, comes nearer, nearer to the chief, till, in a final outburst of wild movement, she tears the dagger from her belt and buries it in his heart.

Morgiana was distinctly blood-thirsty in the Arabian's story, but the modern adapters of her lurid career have thought fit to transform her into the gentle, faithful, peaceful slave that the lover of extravaganzas has come to know quite well. Morgiana, as understood in Chicago and San Francisco, is a small, rather amiable person, more given to making puns and singing comic songs than to massacring thirty-nine robbers with boiling oil. All, indeed, of the old, fierce, dagger-bearing, robber-slaying Morgiana that remains is her affection for her master, Ali Baba.

The Morgiana of Ida Mülle was short, fat, and not at all vivacious. Miss Plaisted's conception of Ali Baba's faithful vassal includes none of these things. What it does include is a striped frock girded about Miss Plaisted's slender form with a tortuous arrangement of red sashes, a great deal of vivacity and not much voice, quantities of gayety and good humor, and a very clever rendering of that classic gem "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow." We all know that comparisons are odious, but their odiousness is felt only by the person who loses by them. Miss Mülle being a long way off, one may say that, in comparing her Morgiana with Miss Plaisted's, she, of the two, would find the comparison more odious. The Tivoli Morgiana has a wild and unbridled love for gesticulation, but if she would control this and merely be naturally piquant and vivacious, she would give a very spirited and amusing performance of the ingenious slave-girl.

Ali Baba himself, as personated by Miss Sallinger, was a massive, handsome, and unctuous young man in a brown Eton jacket, trunks, and tights. In the first act, Ali, overcome by the troubles that beset the wayfarer in this vale of tears, betakes himself to a secluded spot in a rocky gulch and prepares to commit suicide. Even in this point in his career Ali is calm, flings the rope with pensive deliberation over a large tree-trunk which is conveniently growing at right angles out of the solid rock, and proceeds to suspend himself therefrom on a rope that would break under the weight of an ordinary cat.

He is saved from the humiliation of thus discovering what a weighty personality is his by the entrance of Morgiana, who, in a few burning words, prevails upon him to change his mind. This was the tide in the affairs of Ali, which, taken at the flood, led on to fortune. Not five minutes later he beholds the entrance of the thieves, and not a half-hour afterward enters the cave himself and goes home laden down with gold.

When Ali gets rich, he dresses himself in splendid clothes and becomes a gentleman. In his black and gold costume—the sort of dress pages and kings wear in comic operas—he looks very tall, and fine, and handsome. The betrayal of his secret to Cassim is done in quite another manner from that of the original story. Cassim merely does a little quiet and business-like eavesdropping in the Tivoli version. But the Tivoli muse is a gentle and humane being. Cassim is not killed. Instead, he is shaved. All his red locks are shorn off by a young robber chieftain, who wears a standing collar, a red-satin tie, a Louis Quinze coat, brown tights, long hunting-boots, a continental hat, and a sweeping cloak of the style affected by Italian teetors. This leader of the band has evidently pillaged his wardrobe from many men in many climes.

The scene of the inside of the cavern—where the shaving takes place—does credit to the Tivoli. It is very picturesque, and well arranged, and, moreover, is not overdone. The walls of rough stone are hung here and there with lanterns, which cast a faint lustre on the heaps of treasure that the robbers have piled together in the corners. It is here that Cassim, having filled his pockets with gold, finds himself horribly trapped, and stands shrieking futile phrases at the motionless wall of rock. Mr. Hartman makes the scene humorous and grotesque, as it ought to be in an extravaganza that is as thick with puns as a Christmas-tree with candles. But one can not help wondering why some great composer has not chosen the story of "Ali Baba" as a theme for an opera. What a splendid thing he could have made of this situation!

All through the extravaganza the fine dramatic elements of the original story, with its fierceness and its brilliancy, its richness of color and wealth of incident, come cropping out. Why does not some good playwright make a melodrama on the serious story as it stands in "The Arabian Nights"? A good, absorbing, thrilling play of adventure would be infinitely preferable to these strange hashings of old-time stories and modern burlesques, undying classics and Chicago witticisms, lurid romance and *fin-de-siècle* slang. As the principal humorous figure in an extravaganza, Mr. Hartman had to be funny and grotesque when he found himself locked in the cavern; then, to keep up the humor, the young lady in the Louis Quinze coat, the standing collar, the seven-league boots, and the continental hat, had to come in and shear off his ruddy tresses. But what a scene could have been made of it, if the adapter had chosen to have his adaptation a play, not an extravaganza!

Still, "Ali Baba (Up to Date)" is an extravaganza, and must be taken as such. Viewed from this standpoint, it is clever and a credit to the Tivoli. There is probably no other theatre in the country where so good a performance can be seen for twenty-five and fifty cents. It is rather a pity, from the singers' point of view, that smoking should be allowed in the body of the theatre. To sing in an atmosphere so thickly laden with smoke is death to the strongest voice that ever issued from the human larynx. So the *habitudes* of the Tivoli have no right to complain if the singing of the performers grows harsh and husky. It must take a very powerful voice indeed to stand the wear and tear of nightly warbling through a long score in an atmosphere dense with clouds of tobacco-smoke.

An incidental diversion to the programme was the dancing of the Griffith Sisters. These limber ladies entered to dance music, hopping lightly on one foot while they held the other up against their ears. It was rather startling, for at first they had the appearance of having but one leg each. Later on, when they pirouetted gracefully about in the mazy evolutions of the skirt-dance, this impression was lost in the still more curious one that they had over a hundred, like a centipede. They danced with some grace and a good deal of energetic precision; but the skirt-dance, with its rapid movement and acrobatic twistings and pirouettes, has the defect of so exhausting the dancer that she is breathless and ready to drop from fatigue before the dance is over.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 3d: The Tivoli Company in "Ali Baba (Up to Date)"; Mark Murphy in "O'Dowd's Neighbors"; and "Maine and Georgia."

—THE HAYWARDS HOTEL IS FILLING RAPIDLY with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

—H. C. MASSIE, Dentist. Painless filling. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

—Feverish children and teething babies need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A new comic opera company that is to go the rounds next year will be headed by Laura Schirmer-Mapleson as prima donna.

Charles Frohman has engaged W. J. Fergusson, the Irish comedian, to create a rôle in "Fanny," the new comedy Sims and Raleigh wrote for Johnstone Bennett.

The Bostonians, since they are to remain in New York pretty steadily hereafter, are to send out a "road company" this fall, which will be known as the Knickerbockers.

Augustus Thomas has written for Nat Goodwin a play called "In Missouri," in which the leading character is a South-Western sheriff, small in size but possessed of unlimited nerve.

Courtesy Thorpe, who is no longer with Rosina Vokes's troupe, has formed himself into a stock company capitalized at fifteen thousand dollars, and is to be a star in a new play entitled "Edmund Kean."

The play founded on incidents in the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan which Paul M. Potter is writing for E. H. Sothern, deals with his courtship and marriage with Miss Linley, and presents several characters intended to represent their prototypes in "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals."

The present season bids fair to be a great one in London's theatrical annals. If Sarah Bernhardt holds to her promise, the British metropolis will see the four greatest living actresses—Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Mrs. Bernard Beere, and Ada Rehan—in the same season, not to mention Irving and Terry and the Comédie-Française.

Sarah Bernhardt is to have a theatre of her own when she returns to Paris. Maurice Grau has secured the Théâtre de la Renaissance for her for three years, and she is to open it in the middle of October with a new play, probably by Sardou. The intention is to bring out a succession of new plays written for the golden-voiced tragedienne by the best French dramatists.

Sir Arthur Sullivan began to compose the overture to "Iolanthe" at nine o'clock one evening and had it finished by seven the next morning. This is not the only example of the composer's fast work, for he wrote the overture to the "Yeoman of the Guard" in twelve hours, and, within sixteen days after he received the manuscript libretto of "Contrabandista," he had it composed, scored, and rehearsed.

A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has such a theme as is not generally chosen by Anglo-Saxon dramatists. Its heroine has had a past like that of the heroine of Dumas's "Le Demi-Monde"; but in place of seeking to entrap an unsuspecting man into marriage, she is married to a respectable man who knows her past. But his daughter by a former wife returns to the world from a convent to which she had retired, and she marries a man who recognizes in her step-mother his former mistress. The Kendalls are to preselect it in America.

Jules Massenet, the French composer, declares that he really loves nothing but his cigar. He began to smoke when he was but eleven years old, and composed his first serious work at fourteen. He has a cigar between his lips nearly all the time. He never accepts an invitation if he can avoid it, refuses positively to attend any performance of his own works beyond the necessary rehearsals, and is of an extremely restless, nervous habit. He declares that he composes all the time, and he usually has nearly the entire score of his opera in his mind before he has put a note of it upon paper.

The most-talked-of woman in London just now is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose personal success in the principal rôle of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was greater even than that of the play. She has been on the stage little more than a year, with no previous experience, and yet Pinero chose her to create the title-rôle in his new play, and she more than satisfied such a critical audience as always greets a novelty at the fashionable St. James's Theatre. She is young—apparently about twenty-seven—and beautiful, and her art is likened to that of Sarah Bernhardt. She is related to the Howson family, of which old John Howson was a member.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

DCCX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 2, 1893.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.
Broiled Trout. Parisienne Potatoes.
Squabs on Toast.
String Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Beef.
French Artichokes.
Tipsy-Parson Pudding.
Cherries, Peaches, Pears, and Apricots.
Coffee.

TIPSY-PARSON PUDDING.—Pour over slices of slightly stale sponge-cake wine and water enough to cover. When soaked, drain off. Make a steamed custard and pour over it; ornament with the white of an egg beaten stiff and sweetened, also with drops of currant jelly. Place macaroons around the edge. Serve cold.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

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—EL CAMPO HAS BEEN RE-OPENED AS A FAMILY resort, under the auspices of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, and the handsome steamer *Ukiah* now makes two trips every Sunday from the Tiburon Ferry. It is a pleasant trip, and every arrangement is made for the comfort and pleasure of excursionists.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 184½ Polk Street, near Jackson.

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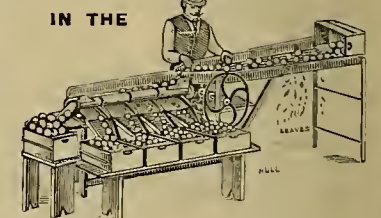
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Which carry it along smoothly until reaching the proper space, it slides into the boxes waiting to receive it. The Roller keeps the Fruit gently revolving until it is perfectly assorted according to size. Gravity no longer depended upon, but perfect, accurate, and rapid grading secured. Write for Description and Price List.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 21, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary. Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

The advertising of one article at a time attracts the special attention of people just then in want of that article, and such advertising is very likely to bring in people who have not been your customers.—N. C. Fowler, Jr.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Ethel—"But you were well off before you were married." Maud—"Yes; but I didn't know it."—*Life*.

Mrs. Bridie—"Did you taste any of that pudding I made for dinner?" Mr. Bridie—"Yes; I tasted it for six hours."—*Puck*.

Mother—"Willie, here is a dose of oil. Come, take it like a mao." Willie—"All right. Where's the whisky?"—*Puck*.

First actor (in tragic whisper)—"Are we quite alone?" Second actor (glancing grimly at the small audience)—"Almost."—*New York Weekly*.

The waiter (as Wigley started to leave)—"How do you like my butto-hole bouquet, sir? Forget-me-onts, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-morning."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Irate but polite person (who has just taken away an umbrella from the social pest in front)—"Permit me, sir, to return your umbrella; I found it in my eye."—*World's Fair Puck*.

"What are those berry chunks of dough doing in that dish of strawberries?" he inquired, suspiciously. "Oh, Henry!" cried the young wife, "I—I made them—they're short-cakes."—*Judge*.

Mother—"Do you think his love for you is unselfish?" Daughter—"Perfectly. The other night he let me sit so long on his knee that he walked lame for ten minutes."—*New York Weekly*.

"It was awfully clever of baby. He had never been told what flowers were, but the minute he saw them he said, 'Bwobs!'" "But what does 'Bwobs' mean?" "Flowers, of course."—*Bazar*.

Higgins—"Oh, see the mao with pink whiskers! Do you suppose a mao with pink whiskers actually gets so he admires them?" Sniggins—"Oh, yes; they grow on him."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Ex-Inver's ways: She (inquiringly)—"Married yet?" He (bitterly)—"No." She (bitingly)—"How surprising!" He (suavely)—"Engaged yet?" She (delightedly)—"Yes." He (revengefully)—"How surprising!"—*Vogue*.

"That young woman who ordered the ice-cream has fainted," said the waiter. "Well, don't you know enough to bring her to?" asked the proprietor. And the waiter went back to the hole in the wall and yelled: "Make it two!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Dr. A.—"Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis?" Dr. B.—"Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly."—*New Zeit*.

Miss Birdie (at the restaurant)—"I do so love Roquefort cheese. By the way, Cousin Harry, what makes these pretty green streaks all through it?" Cousin Harry (who has traveled)—"They are painted, I dare say, by some mild master. Have another cup of coffee?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Love will find the way." Will Getthere—"Miss Hnwe, you know the language of flowers; do you find any hidden meaning in this simple little clover-leaf?" Annie Howe—"A clover-leaf? Let me see. One, he loves me; two, he loves me not; three, he loves me! Oh, Will, this is so sudden!"—*Puck*.

Hobbs—"How are you getting on in your literary career?" Graph (with pomposity)—"Splendidly. I am now collaborating with Scribe, the author." Hobbs—"Is it possible? What part of the work do you do?" Graph (who plays the type-writer for Scribe)—"I put his ideas into readable form."—*Truth*.

The green-eyed monster: "Did you hear about Blake?" "No." "Got all ready to come to Chicago and his wife made him give up the trip at the last moment." "Too bad; what was the matter? Sickness?" "No; she read that there was to be an exhibition of type-writers at the fair."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Caller—"Why are you waving your handkerchief so wildly?" Murilla—"Since papa has forbidden Jack the house, we have arranged a code of signals." Caller—"What is it?" Murilla—"When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means 'Do you love me?' and when I wave frantically in reply, it means 'Yes, darling.'" Caller—"And how do you ask other questions?" Murilla—"We don't. That's the whole code."—*Bazar*.

"Your account of the concert last night," said the musician, trembling with indignation, "omitted all mention of the very thing I wanted to see printed. The violon I played, as I was careful to tell your reporter, was a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the best he ever made." "That's all right," said the editor of the *Daily Bread*; "when Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper, it will cost him fifty cents a line. Good-morning, sir."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—FOURTH OF JULY GOONS. GREAT VARIETY OF fire-works, fire-crackers, flags, etc. Golden Rule Bazaar—head-quarters at 761 Market Street.

—THE MERCHANTS' CAFE AND RESTAURANT, 330 Bush Street. Fine lunches and dinners a specialty.

A FAMOUS SINGING-TEACHER.

Mme. Marchese described by a Former Pupil.

The most famous music-teacher of the age is the Marquise de Castroe, known to all the world as Mme. Marchese. To say that a young woman has graduated with honors from Marchese's school is sufficient to stamp her as a painstaking and capable, if not a great singer.

She is a German by birth (writes Mme. Kate Rilla in the *Jennett Miller Illustrated Monthly*), and married a Sicilian nobleman, the Marchese de Castroe, who was a musician and composer of ability. Two children were born to them; but of these only one, the Barness Popper, wife of a banker, is now living.

Mme. Marchese was a great mezzo-soprano. She herself studied of Garcia, a brother of the famous singer, Mme. Viardot. She made several successful operatic tours, but abandoned the stage finally and went to Vienna, where she was offered the position of first teacher at the Conservatoire. Her methods differed greatly from those employed by previous teachers; but in a very short time she was recognized as a teacher of the highest order. The death of her favorite daughter impelled her to leave for Paris, where she founded the present establishment; and, strange to say, every one of her Viennese pupils followed her.

Mme. Marchese is a woman of unusual brilliancy. She has a splendid education. She is a diligent reader, a profound thinker, and a woman of a clear, logical mind. She speaks fluently and without the slightest accent the English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian languages. She is a woman of tireless energy; she never rests, yet she never seems to be fatigued. She has a splendid physique, and has kept herself well and healthy by taking a great deal of exercise. She employs no assistants, and yet she has more pupils presented to her daily than she could possibly teach in a year; but she is conscientious, she admits only those who have voices that training will help. She prepares all the lessons herself. There is no detail of her vast establishment so small that it is delegated to another. In addition she personally superintends her household affairs, besides giving some time to social duties. Her classes assemble every day at nine o'clock and are not dismissed until one in the afternoon. At two o'clock they are again called together and instruction continues until seven in the evening. But it must be remembered that Marchese's pupils are so far advanced in the study of music and vocal culture that she does not have to devote every moment of this time to watching over them.

There is no one of such importance or of such wealth or influence that the smallest rule or the least important one would be modified in any degree. The first requisite, of course, is that the applicant shall possess a voice. It does not take Marchese very long to find out about this. There are so many names always waiting on the list for admission to the Conservatoire that it may require some diplomacy to be admitted; for only so many pupils can be accommodated in the school, and Marchese often finds some poor girl with a voice that promises well, to whom she makes an extra inducement to enter, either by praising her voice and telling her of its possibility in the future, or by entirely omitting the customary fee of twenty-five francs for each lesson. No pupil is taken for less than this, except it be as above described. It is necessary that three lessons shall be taken each week. No one is received as pupils under any circumstances.

Once having entered the Conservatoire, the pupil begins in the preparatory class, where the voice is properly posed, and the beginner is not permitted to sing anything until the quality and character of her voice are ascertained. The next step is to enter the class where vocal exercises are taught. Then, if she proposes to sing in concert, or is simply studying to obtain a finished musical education, she will enter a class where arias, songs, and romances are studied. Or if she be preparing to sing in opera, she will form one in a class where she will first be taught how to give the precise expression to light airs, and then light operas, arias, and cadoeces. In the last and highest class, grand opera only is studied. The leading female roles in some particular opera are assigned to certain pupils who sing the parts while the remainder of the class listen and profit by the instruction given the participants. It is in this class that the pupil is taught some of the rudimentary knowledge of acting, and also, what is quite important, gesticulation, a feeling of confidence, and ease and grace. In this class the great teacher is seen at her best. Her methods are very positive. If there is no expression in the singer's voice, she unhesitatingly says so. She never sings herself, but she insists that her pupils shall get the proper expression for every note uttered. No favoritism is shown, and those of poor voices that promise well—for lack of proper instruction, perhaps—are given the same opportunity as the more fortunate ones who have begun right. A girl may be a good singer and have a bad voice, and this is what so few American girls will understand. It is noticeable that the majority of French professional singers use their voices well, such voices as they have; on the other hand, Americans and Italians usually have good voices, but, unfortunately for them, their methods are not artistic, and so it comes that Marchese often has a great deal

of work to do to make them appear to advantage in public. It has been said, however, that she can take a girl with a hole in her voice and patch it up. She is a great believer in rest for the voice, and quite often she recommends applicants not to use their vocal chords in singing for at least six months. And, unlike a great many other teachers, she deprecates cutting the tonsils.

There are two classes for the study of grand opera—one for French, the other for Italian. It sometimes happens, if the class is unusually large, a piano accompanist is required, but in most cases Marchese herself plays for her pupils. She never gives private lessons; were she to do so, she could increase her income five hundred per cent. It is so much easier to profit by the instruction given to three or four girls who are studying the same rôles, while, at the same time, it engenders a good-natured spirit of rivalry.

American girls who attend Mme. Marchese's classes are kept busy all the time. When they go to Paris, if they do not understand French and Italian, they must obtain teachers and study the languages; and, if they intend going into opera, another teacher for gestures and acting and grace is required. Great singers are well paid, to be sure, but the public sometimes forgets the amount of hard work they must do and the expense that must be borne before they receive any reward.

To attempt to give a list of the pupils who have become famous after graduating from Marchese's establishment would be but to repeat the names of a large number of the great singers of over a score of years. Of the American girls who studied under Marchese I may include some of the most famous here: Emma Nevada, Emma Eames-Story, Blanche Stone Bartoo, and Sibyl Sanders—may I not say myself? Of the foreigners who were pupils of Marchese are Mme. Krause, who has never left Paris; Mme. Stahl, Gerster, Melba, Trebelli, and De Murska. A great many hundreds of pupils have studied under this brilliant woman and gone from her school to be queens, not of the opera but of the home.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th St. & 3d Ave., N. Y. City.
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PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 10, 1893.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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On another page of this week's *Argonaut* will be found the first published communication from Mr. Charles Nordhoff on the subject of his experiences in Hawaii. Mr. Nordhoff went to the islands as the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He had no instructions except to tell the truth regarding what he saw and to draw from his observations such inferences as would naturally occur to an honest and clear-headed critic. Those instructions he carried out to the letter, and as, on the whole, his conclusions were adverse to the hopes of the nest of conspirators who had plotted revolution in Hawaii for personal objects, he incurred their displeasure and drew upon himself the abuse of their organs on the islands and on this coast. The *Argonaut* is pleased to give him space for a reply.

As light is thrown upon the events of February, it becomes possible to discern the motives of the actors in that drama. There is one dominant interest in Hawaii—that is

sugar. Under the old reciprocity treaty, Hawaiian sugar was advantaged over other foreign sugars in this market to the extent of two cents a pound. When the McKinley tariff placed sugar on the free list, the Hawaiian planters stood on the same footing as the planters of Manilla and Cuba, and it was a question whether that did not mean ruin. In the hope of retrieving themselves, they had the bright idea of seeking annexation to the United States, which would enable them to claim the two-cent bounty which the McKinley Act bestows on native sugar. Numbers of planters, with Claus Spreckels at their head, refused to go into the plot, on the ground that the sugar bounty was sure to be abolished, and, further, that annexation was irreconcilable with the only form of labor that is used in the islands. But the others persisted and allied themselves with the white adventurers who have settled in Oahu in the hope of something turning up. Some of these adventurers are Canadians and Australians; others are Americans who, in obeying Horace Greeley's injunction, have not allowed the ocean to check their western drift; and others, perhaps the most active of the lot, are the sons of missionaries who settled in the islands long ago, and, having no vocation for the priestly calling, have gone into politics and have filled offices under the Hawaiian Government.

It is not quite certain whether these persons really believed that the United States could be dragged into annexing Hawaii. They may have concocted a deep plot for the overthrow of the native monarchy and the erection on its ruins of a government consisting of themselves. They may have had visions of repeating in this hemisphere the history of Rajah Brooke or even Cortez. But their overt acts appeared to aim at annexation pure and simple. They induced the captain of a United States man-of-war to land his marines in support of a rebellion against a power which was in close alliance with the United States. The United States Minister, Stevens, whose performance the *Argonaut* had occasion lately to dissect, was with them heart and soul from the first.

Two alternatives confronted them. Either they would succeed in getting the United States to annex Hawaii, in which case the sugar crop would be worth three millions a year more than it was, or they would supersede the queen, in which event they would control the finances of a nation which has a larger export of produce in proportion to its population than any other nation in the world. Either alternative had pleasing aspects. As Mulberry Sellers says, "there were millions in either." It is no wonder that the envoys of the Provisional Government were in dead earnest and that they enlisted newspaper support in this country for their little game.

Unfortunately for them, they neglected two factors in the case which were controlling. They had taken for granted that the docile Hawaiians would accept their lead without demur and submit to the rule of a dozen white usurpers as cheerfully as they had submitted to a queen of their own race. They misunderstood the Kanakas. They are peaceable, quiet, and submissive; but they showed Messrs. Dole and Thurston very unmistakably that they would not follow their lead. They could not demonstrate actively, for the conspirators had seized all the arms on the islands; but they prepared to meet the tactics of the usurpers with a stolid, silent opposition which was ominous. Planters who have sugar to sell can always buy arms, and the most timid races will fight if they can get a leader. Simultaneously, the notion that the American people could be deluded into interference by the cry of annexation was killed as soon as the New York *Herald* sent an impartial observer to the scene of action. The very first letters written by Charles Nordhoff exploded the fabric of falsehood and trickery which the conspirators had so ingeniously contrived. He made it plain that nobody in Hawaii wanted annexation, except a handful of adventurers who were trying to fill their own pockets; and that if our policy permitted the acquisition of the islands, which is exceedingly doubtful, we could only acquire them in defiance of the protest of their people. He made it impossible for any man of any party to advocate annexation without making himself ridiculous.

The achievement naturally roused the conspirators to fury,

which they have vented on Mr. Nordhoff after the manner of their kind. They have filled their organs with abuse of him. They have traduced his character and impugned his motives. They have credited him with purposes of which he never dreamed. They would have assassinated him at Honolulu, if they had dared. Having tried to bribe him and failed, they have left no stone unturned to break the force of his candid statements of fact; but the only effect has been to raise his reputation as a truthful writer and to make it impossible for Messrs. Dole and Thurston and their friends ever again to gain a hearing in this country on the subject of Hawaiian affairs.

A number of our Eastern contemporaries find fault with the new extradition treaty with Russia on the ground that under it "any person belonging to or having any direct or indirect connection with any political organization or movement, a member or adherent of which might of his own motion make an attempt upon the life of the Czar or any member of the royal family, might lose the benefit of a safe asylum and have to be surrendered to his prosecutor." The writers evidently have in mind the case of a person who had not been accessory to an attempt upon the Czar's life, but was a member of a society one of whose members had committed or been a party to such an attempt. Our contemporaries are needlessly alarmed. In the case supposed, no order of extradition could issue. The law on the subject has been repeatedly laid down by Secretaries of State. One of the clearest statements on the subject was contained in a dispatch addressed on November 12, 1873, by Secretary Fish to Mr. Westenberg. It reads:

"The United States insists that it can be required to surrender a fugitive criminal only upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where he shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime had been there committed."

As in no part of this country could a man be committed for trial on a showing that his uncle, or his cousin, or a fellow-member of a political society had attempted or conspired to attempt the life of another, an application for an order of extradition against a Russian under the circumstances stated would be denied. He could not be extradited unless the evidence of his own complicity were laid before the court.

Whether injustice would be done by denying asylum to this country to a Russian who had come here under a forged passport, is a debatable question. Our contemporaries seem to think that it would, and that it would be harsh to surrender to the Russian authorities a Russian subject who had got into this country by abusing the confidence of our immigration commissioners. Some people might take a different view.

The merits of the new treaty may, perhaps, be best discussed from the standpoint of their working. Our old extradition treaties were concluded at a time when political disturbances were active in many European countries. The persons engaged in these revolutionary movements were often individuals of pure life and honorable purposes. Such men the United States deemed it unfair and impolitic to surrender to the governments they had offended, and, therefore, political offenses were excepted from the crimes which could give rise to extradition proceedings. On this point Americans are still of the same mind as they were in 1842.

But since the invention of high explosives, a feeling has been growing up in this country that we are neither just to ourselves nor fair to our allies if we convert this country into a place of refuge for miscreants who have committed or attempted wholesale massacre and who excuse the crime on the ground that they committed it for political objects. It would be foreign to the scope of a local court in this country to inquire whether dynamite explosions in Russia could effect political reforms; but certainly, in our own administration of justice, we should not acquit a dynamiter on the ground that his real purpose was to reform the law and that his murders were merely an incident of his plan. If that is the view we should take of the case if it arose among ourselves.

to see why we should take a different view because the dynamiter is a Russian.

The object of the new treaty is to prevent the pestilential breed of dynamiters from gaining a foothold in this country. We care nothing about the institutions of Russia. But we know that Russian dynamiters blew up the late Czar, and we are rather inclined to fear that they might blow up some one here, if they happened to hate him as much as they hated Alexander the Second. When Germany and Ireland were in rebellion, nearly half a century ago, there was political capital in espousing the cause of the victims of liberty. We folded in our embrace a good many Europeans whose chief claim to our regard was that they had broken the laws of their own country. We are not so actively engaged in that business as we were.

It is hardly fair to say, as *Harper's Weekly* does, that "the leading republic on earth is hindering itself by treaty to aid the most despotic government on earth to suppress liberal movements set on foot against it." The "leading republic" is not concerning itself at all about Russia or its despotism. All it is doing is to provide that if a Russian shall blow up people in Russia, we shall interpose no obstacle to his being taken back for trial; we shall not listen to his plea that he was engaged in a "liberal movement"; and this not so much because we should be pleased to have him punished for his crime, but because we do not want his sort of people in this country. The new treaty can work no wrong to any honorable Russian. A Russian who is so lawless and so wrong-headed that he thinks he can cure political wrongs by the use of dynamite is affected by it to the extent that under it we will not shelter him from the normal consequences of his crime; but this can not, without straining language and reason, be construed into aiding despotism, or into throwing impediments in the way of political reform in the dominions of the Czar, or into wronging honest Russians of liberal tendencies.

It will be time enough to protest against our new extradition treaties when it is shown that they work injustice to honest men. He who plots murder is not an honest man; he who travels about under a forged passport is not an honest man. It does not lie in the mouth of either to claim admission to New York as though it were one of those cities of refuge where the robber was safe and the murderer was welcome.

The Mohammedans, who already have in their fold about a sixth of the human race, and are making further advances in Asia and Africa which alarm and mortify the far less successful Christian missionaries in those regions, have turned their eyes at last upon the United States as a promising field for effort. The followers of the Prophet do not intend to advance upon us sword in hand, after the fashion of their energetic founder and the enthusiastic caliphs who immediately succeeded him. That method of awakening the unbelieving or indifferent to the beauty of boliness, as it is understood by Islam, went out of vogue some time before Christians abandoned the persuasive thumb-screw, rack, and stake. Indeed, it appears that the Mohammedan purpose, so far as this country is concerned, is not so much to make converts as to remove from the American mind ignorance and prejudice, the first-born of ignorance, as to the religion of the Koran, and thereby to make things more comfortable for Mohammedans who come among us. The evangel of the movement is Mohammed Alexander Russell Webb, who, when United States Consul at Manila, was converted to Islam. He has issued, in New York, the first number of the *Moslem World*, a handsome, twenty-page monthly paper, which will shortly be turned into a weekly.

This organ of the Islamic propaganda is of a cheerful and aggressive spirit. Evidently it will add a new interest to the life of those who make a profession of taking our own faith—which, of course, is the only true one—under their protection. For Mohammed Webb, while pleading for a large toleration of Mohammedanism, plainly experiences a holy joy in going up, pen in hand, against what he calls "church-Christianity." Besides expounding the religion of the Prophet, and seeking, deluded man, to prove its superiority to that enjoyed by ourselves, he gathers together all the seductions, elopements, murders, suicides, and robberies reported from day to day by the secular press in which Christian clergymen have the misfortune to be discovered. Thus, following a learned disquisition on "Mohammedan Literature," delivered by Moulvi Khoda Bukhsh, Khan Bahadur, at the opening of a splendid library which he presented to the public at Bankipore, Mohammed Webb prints many such pleasing bits of information as the appended:

"Rev. Edward Bell, of Long Island City, was incarcerated in the Queens County Jail recently, on a charge of criminal libel made by Mrs. John W. Lee."

"Mrs. Mary L. Bennett has filed an action in the Brooklyn City Court against Rev. William T. Osmund, a Congregational minister of Harrisonville, N. Y., charging him with assault, and asking for five thousand dollars damages."

"Rev. Charles Flaherty, a Roman Catholic priest, was sentenced

recently at Genesee, N. Y., to seven and one-half years' imprisonment for assaulting a girl under sixteen years of age."

"The spectacle of Sam Jones and a Baptist preacher chasing each other, with drawn revolvers, around a Georgia town, is not calculated to inspire the 'heathen' with great reverence for the church-Christianity of to-day."

"Claude Wilson, a young Methodist clergyman, committed suicide at Shawnee, O., on the twenty-fourth ultimo, because the young lady to whom he was to be married declared the engagement off. He called at her house, drew a revolver in a threatening manner, was knocked down by her brother, and then took poison."

This hungry attention to the weaknesses of the sentinels on the watch-towers of Zion must obviously be as exasperating to the brethren as it is offensive to the taste of the educated unregenerate; but Mohammed Webb is not moved to his pain-giving course by sheer wantonness. Ever since his return to his native land, clergymen have been despitely using him, and it seems to be no part of the Prophet's creed to turn the right cheek for another blow when the left has been smitten. The secular press has treated him very well on the whole. He and his mission have been viewed with a sort of amused good-humor by the worldly, but pious men have regarded his advent as a piece of blasphemous impertinence. They hold this to be a Christian country, and do not consider that the invasion of their territory by a Moslem propagandist is a fair return for the appearance of Christian missionaries in Mohammedan lands. Consequently they have cast the *odium theologium* on Mohammed Webb, and he retorts in the chaste style quoted. It is unlikely, however, that any of those whose reason is not satisfied with Christianity will be drawn to Mohammedanism, and if Mohammed Webb is sanguine enough to hope that he will induce Christians to leave the churches and turn Turk, he will be disappointed. It is not necessary to say that the point on which the Moslem missionary has had to suffer the hottest attack has been the sanction which the Koran, like the Old Testament, gives to polygamy. He answers thus:

"Polygamy is not a part of Islam, nor does it mean to the true Mussulman what it means to the Western man. It would be quite as just and proper to say that drunkenness is part of Christianity, because that system allows the use of wine under certain conditions."

There is business as well as piety behind the propaganda. It is represented that a wealthy Mohammedan syndicate is behind it. Schools are to be established for the education of Americans in the Moslem faith, and teachers are on their way hither from India. Webb has, as agent, purchased a building on Twentieth Street, New York, which will be fitted up as the headquarters of the movement. Mosques will be built in due time. A large number of Mohammedans are preparing to emigrate from India to the United States and will form colonies. Webb says he has been in communication with property-owners in Florida and Georgia, where large tracts of land will be purchased. He states, also, that another syndicate of Mohammedans is negotiating to run a line of steamers between Bombay and New York to facilitate the immigration of the colonists.

There can be only theological objections either to the propaganda of which Mr. Webb is the leader or to the immigration that he promises, and the generality of Americans are not deeply concerned about theology. If the newcomers shall be as sober and industrious as Webb pledges, and agree to practice polygamy only after the Christian mode, they will be welcome. On the head of their religious belief, those who may be interested in that will naturally seek enlightenment from other than Christian sources. Unquestionably the Mohammedans, through many centuries, have endured gross misrepresentation at the hands of nearly all writers of our own pure and unmatchable religion. When all Europe was dead under superstition and alive with vermin, the Mohammedans possessed and held in honor famous astronomers and mathematicians, and understood the use of the bath. When Christian kings dressed in leather and laid rushes on the floors of their palatial cabins, and gallant gentlemen and fair ladies used perfumes instead of soap and water, the Moors had noble mansions, with carpets, fountains, and every luxury. The Jewish physicians of Europe, expelled by the church which envied them their fees and substituted miracle-cure for drug and lancet—the same being of the devil—found a hospitable refuge among the Mohammedans of Spain. Cordova had miles of lighted streets at a time when London and Paris were as dark as Milpitas, and as unsafe for the benighted wayfarer as Creede now is or Bodie was. We are in debt to the Mohammedans for many of the comforts and refinements of life. To the Arah we owe our numerals. It was the Crusades that brought the half-savage Christians into contact with the immeasurably superior Saracens, who dissipated the night of illiteracy, superstition, and brutality which for a thousand years—thanks to Mother Church—had brooded over Europe. Mohammedan influence reawakened desire for knowledge and so restored civilization to the Christian world.

These obligations should not be ignored by those who are aware of them, and whatever will spread consciousness of the debt is to be encouraged. Hence Mohammed Webb

and his associates, instead of being assailed as intruders, ought to be kindly and courteously received. The greater the success which attends their proselyting endeavors, the better it will be for the Christian churches. Monopoly is deadening, and nothing could be more efficacious as a rouser of zeal among the brethren than a good, healthy Mohammedan opposition. Therefore, to Mohammed Webb and all emissaries of the religion of one god, of whom Mohammed is the Prophet, salaam! Yea, by that prophet's beard, the coming of these holy servants of Allah does the Christian soul of us good.

Italy's is the latest European government whose needs have pushed it in the socialistic direction. It is reported that in order to obtain revenue, Italy will take the business of life and fire insurance out of private hands and make a monopoly of it. It is estimated that the step will bring in fifty million lire, or ten millions of dollars, to the treasury annually. German example has doubtless had its influence with the Italians. In this matter of governmental life insurance, philanthropy goes hand in hand with official interest. The mass of men in every nation are condemned to poverty by inexorable circumstances and their own incapacity and want of thrift. How to prevent them from becoming a burden on the public when their working days are over is a problem that engages the minds of some of the ablest among Europe's statesmen. From the point of view of the benevolent, who may care nothing for what burdens are laid on the public or whether a government's revenues are ample or the reverse, any practicable general scheme for making provision for helpless age appeals irresistibly. The socialist, of course, has his own reasons for agreeing with the statesman and the philanthropist. In his theory, individualism is a curse and the ideal state a coöperative commonwealth in which the government shall be the only capitalist, the only employer—an almoner so generous that poverty could not exist under its pervasive benefactions.

Most men of heart and judgment, who are not frightened at names, can travel some distance with the socialists. The democratic revolt against royalty and privilege summed up its political philosophy in the doctrine of *laissez faire*. But the world, enlightened by experience, has gone beyond that, and there are now few, except the fortunate and selfish, who think the only proper functions of government should be those of a policeman. The whole tendency of the time in this country, as elsewhere, is toward the extension of the powers of government, since government has ceased to be a divine gift conferred on a king and has become, in theory, society associated to accomplish purposes for its own benefit. No sound reason exists, therefore, why society should not enable men to escape pauperism instead of charging itself, as now, with the care of paupers. If the fear of want can be banished from men's minds by the government, not only without cost to itself but to its profit, assuredly, as a mere business proposition, the thing should be done.

In this republic the people, who are the government, have the power to do what they like. If the restrictions imposed upon them by themselves in the constitution interfere, they can alter the constitution. The government now monopolizes the postal service, and could, were it so minded, monopolize the telephone, the telegraph, and the railroads. Why not life insurance also? With the business in public hands there would be no fear of bankruptcies, the danger of which, under the existing system, renders anxious most of those who seek through insurance to provide after their own death for the wives and children left behind. The enormous sums, amounting to hundreds, even thousands, of millions, accumulated by the companies would be received by the government—doubled or trebled, indeed, for the better security would inevitably multiply policy-holders. Even were the government not formally to monopolize the business by enactment, but simply to establish a bureau of insurance, its superior solidity would crowd out the private companies. Conducted for the public good rather than for revenue, as is the case with the postal service, the cost of life insurance could be greatly reduced from present figures, and classes of men whose scanty earnings now forbid them to guard their families' future would be embraced among the beneficiaries. By means of the endowment, or time-policy, so scaled as to be payable only at an advanced period of life, old age in contemplation would be rid of the terrors of penury. Others, able in their maturity to accumulate a surplus, could be permitted to purchase annuities from the insurance fund, after the manner of investors in the Fonds Perdu of France. In short, with the coöperation of the government, to its own financial advantage, every industrious American citizen could become his own pensioner, as well as an insurer of his survivors against need.

Since the establishment of the American system of government under the constitution, there has occurred only one radical change in the conduct of affairs—that which was wrought through the precipitation of the great Civil War, by

A GAY SEASON IN PARIS.

"Parisina" on the Social Festivities of the Winter—Dinner-Dances and Domino Balls—Novelties Provided by Aristocratic Hostesses.

"I love to have so much on hand I do not know how to get through with it!" said a charming American with whom I was chatting the other night at Mlle. de Bovet's. The secret of a good season lies in this. The devotees of society enjoy being hurried from one entertainment to another, they revel in a whirl, excitement is the salt of life to them. True, they frequently do not confess as much, and often are rather prone to try and make you believe that they are victims to social exigencies; few are so sweetly truthful as my little friend. The present season leaves nothing to be desired on this head; it has been one long succession of festivities since Easter, a perfect tornado of halls, dinners, and receptions, concerts, fancy-fairs, weddings, luncheons, and other functions. To these, of late, are to be added race meets, garden-parties, coaching excursions, picnics; still there is no abatement in the rush of other entertainments, nor will be until after the Grand Prix—the culminating point.

No one yet dreams of country pleasures (it is impossible to include under this head the fashionable gatherings at Auteuil, Longchamps, Bagatelle, La Marche, and Chantilly), and the few who have had their fine dresses packed and their households disbanded have betaken themselves to London, where the same round of pleasures awaits them.

People are at great pains just now to invent designations for their entertainments, and the simpler they are the better. A "tea" is a formula that suggests anything but a full-dress party, yet woe be to the unknowing one who fails to uncover her shoulders or sport his white tie on such occasions; a "tour de valse" is a new name for a ball which many hostesses have adopted. The truth is, every one is desirous of striking out a new line, not only in names, but in other things, also. Very fashionable has the dinner been with cotillon to follow; the fact of the dancing following up coffee and liqueurs gives a new feature to the dinner itself, which is less ceremonious and more numerous, and must inevitably be served at several tables. "Rose dinners" these are sometimes called, because roses of different colors are used to designate the tables, and, also, because none but married ladies are invited. Of course the hostess chooses the hue that suits her best: if she is a *brune*, she will, ten to one, preside at the *Maréchal Niel* table; should she be fair, the *blush-rose* table will have her preference; the busband will be put down to a repast engarlanded with *Jacqueminots* or *Paul Nérons*—being wise, she will not offer a handle to scandal by bidding him sit under a yellow flag. Dinners of sixty or eighty covers have not been uncommon this season. The *richissime* Mrs. Porgès gave one a short time since. There was no room even in her big mansion large enough to contain ten tables, so she had the court-yard covered in, sheets of plate-glass put up round about between squares of old tapestry, and a *velum* supported on trellised arcades. After dinner, the guests retired to the drawing-rooms, an army of servants cleared away every vestige of the feast, and the improvised dining-room was converted as if by magic into a dancing-saloon, wherein Mrs. Porgès—Miss Porgès is still in the school-room—conducted one of those cotillions of which people will talk for nine days.

More than one ambassador was among the guests of Mrs. Porgès, besides some of the best blood in France. When an American elects to take up her abode in a European capital, she is never content until she has got into the very best and most exclusive sets, and it may be said to their credit that nine times out of ten they succeed. There is a golden key that will adapt itself to most locks. Moreover, here in Europe the American exercises a wonderful fascination: she may be ravishingly fair or fabulously rich—in either case, she is sure to conquer. At home, she may be a Republican or a Democrat; abroad, she mostly develops decidedly aristocratic proclivities. Mrs. Ayer is certainly not fair, but she is rich—the world says the mistress of wealth untold—and her parties are patronized by the cream of Parisian society. It must have been a proud day for Mrs. Ayer when she presided, with an ambassador on either hand, and could smile complacently on a galaxy of duchesses. The dinner and dance she gave the other night at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville was quite a quiet affair in comparison. It was a millionaire's fancy to choose to hold it at a restaurant, usually the resource of those whose houses are too small and whose retinue of servants is insufficient.

Mrs. Maxwell Heddle has other claims to the admiration of society, and is reckoned among the most elegant women of the cosmopolitan world here. To be invited to her Wednesday dinners is to be one of the élite; fifty or sixty friends and acquaintances will drop in promiscuously at the bijou mansion afterward for the reception, which is informal in its character. On the last occasion, Maria and Angela Legault and Mme. Ferrari had been retained for the amusement of this "quiet little party." Mrs. Pulitzer has her place, too, in the upper circles of Parisian society; but at her house you meet more Americans and English than French—I say "house," but I mean flat. She is reckoned one of the best-dressed women of the French capital. In a few days she will be steaming across the Atlantic, it being her intention to spend the summer in America. A big dinner officially closed the series of her entertainments, though there has been more than one *petit dîner* since, to which only quite intimates were invited.

These ladies are among the *habitués* of the Duchesse de Pomar's salons. Formerly the duchess spent the best part of each winter in the south; but, thanks—it is reported—to spiritual intervention, she has preferred to remain in the house which contains so many mementos of Mary Queen of Scots. There is no one more hospitable than Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, and both she and the duke, her son, delight in entertaining. Her Renaissance mansion is one of the sights of Paris, and those who do not dance

may spend a pleasant hour examining the rare curiosities it contains, when their tongues are tired of talking on ball nights, or after one of her magnificent dinners, served on antique silver plate. But the duchess is not content to minister to her friends' and acquaintances' pleasure merely, she has also an eye to their mental improvement, and on the Wednesday afternoons of May and June lectures on scientific, literary, and philosophical subjects are held in the big ball-room, which will seat five or six hundred guests. It is quite refreshing to see what an interest the butterflies of fashion take in these lectures, how they flutter like so many doves in their pretty gowns, and after being escorted to their places by the Duc de Pomar—one of the best bred and most affable men in Europe—settle their faces in grave attention to the discourse. Others are beginning to borrow the idea of such lectures, and a descendant of the Comtesse Choiseul—the Vicomtesse de Yanzé—got an eminent journalist to deliver one, the subject of which was the eighteenth century generally and the vicomtesse's ancestress in particular.

Among the more sober entertainments may be reckoned the *soirées musicales*. When the performers are amateurs, they are not infrequently somewhat dreary, especially as ladies and gentlemen whom nature has gifted with a mediocre soprano or tenor are rather apt to give you a little too much of a good thing. I have known this to be the case at the Vicomtesse de Tredern's—a lady whose voice is somewhat the worse for wear. But when a hostess gives you a chance of hearing Albani, she really deserves the thanks and gratitude of her guests. The prima donna, during her short stay in Paris, sang at the Comtesse de Kergolay's and at one or two other places, besides at the British Embassy. The latter, however, was a semi-public occasion, and the guests had to pay thirty francs for the privilege, the concert being got up by Lady Dufferin in aid of the British Charitable Fund. When stars of lesser magnitude only are forthcoming, Yvette Guilbert is the favorite. This *chanteuse* is in daily request, and she trolls out her music-hall ditties in the best houses; even the noble faubourg puts its prudery in its pocket and applauds lustily. But Yvette, like many of her kind, is ambitious, and her success has turned her head. The other evening, she actually attempted an operatic air, much to the amusement of the audience, for voice, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, she has none.

Lord and Lady Dufferin have shown themselves extremely hospitable this season. They have given several splendid dinners to different series of guests—now entertaining the French official and the diplomatic worlds, now the old French aristocracy. Last week the Duc d'Aumale was the honored guest. The embassy address has a rather timid manner and is considered somewhat cold by French society, and her parties lack somewhat of *entrain*. Although there are young people in the family, and the Ladies Hermione and Victoria Blackwood enjoy a dance as well as other girls of their age, the *tour de valse* is not in favor at the embassy. From a scenic point of view, nothing could be prettier than the aspect of the grounds on the occasion of the garden-party given there this week; and yet, in spite of this, it was dreary. When you had made the round of the *parterres*, and partaken of the good things provided for your refreshment in the long dining-room, and admired the floral decorations of the house and veranda, there was really nothing to do. Lord and Lady Dufferin received their guests on the lawn, just beyond the splashing fountain. It was a lovely afternoon, and the sun, slanting through the foliage, touched the dainty dresses of the ladies, who were for the most part attired in the freshest and lightest summer raiment. Yes, it was a pretty sight; but prettiness will pall after a time, and before the last carriage had driven into the court-yard in front, the earlier arrivals had made their exit by the garden gate.

Mme. Adam's receptions this season had a novel feature added to them. In a small theatre lately built on the ground-floor of her mansion, representations of Spanish and Roman plays were given. But, as the auditorium was not large enough to contain all her guests at a time, each one received a special card with the number of a stall upon it for one special night, while invited to the whole series of receptions upstairs. Other hostesses have sought for novelty in different directions. The Comtesse de la Ferrière thought she might safely revive the domino and mask; but, unfortunately, the hall being a charitable affair and tickets on sale publicly, the ladies took fright, and the gentlemen who flocked thither in the hope of passing an amusing evening found themselves alone with hardly any one to flirt with. This was a terrible *fiasco* and created no small amusement. Mme. Duhufe, the wife of the artist, was more fortunate; but then hers was a regular hall, by invitation. All the ladies appeared in white dominos which, while they added to the novelty of the scene, rendered recognition almost impossible. At this party, as at several others that have taken place lately in sets not too mindful of Mrs. Grundy, the little tables at which supper was served were so small they could accommodate only a single couple. I need hardly add that unmarried girls are not invited to entertainments of this description. French chaperons would faint with horror at the bare idea of their charges supping thus tête-à-tête. Heaven only knows what folly might be whispered across a glass of champagne and a plate of *saumon mayonnaise*! No, the girls have their innocent "white balls," to which only young men with matrimonial intentions are bidden, and it is here that many fashionable marriages are arranged. Next month wedding-bells will be pealing from all the churches, for the season, like a proper novel, always ends with marriage.

PARIS, June 9, 1893.

PARISINA.

It is a matter of common occurrence in England nowadays for an auctioneer to sell a castle or an abbey, but it is rare that an entire village comes under the hammer, as will be the case when the historic Aldermaston estate in Berkshire is disposed of at auction soon. This huge property comprises the mansion house, situated in the centre of a fine park renowned for its ancient trees, together with the entire village of Aldermaston.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal, is one of the finest flute-players in the world.

President Cleveland receives from ten to twenty letters a day containing recipes for reducing his obesity.

The King of Denmark is the only European sovereign older than Queen Victoria, who was seventy-four years old on her last birthday.

Paul Bonnetain, the novelist, is making an expedition up the Niger, accompanied by his wife and daughter. When last beard of the party was over a thousand miles from the coast.

General Lord Wolseley, before he would accept a peerage, stipulated that the title should descend to his only child, Frances Wolseley, a favor seldom granted to the English nobility.

The millionaire Baron Hirsch is preparing to make a visit to the Argentine Republic, where, for two years past, he has been striving to establish Jewish colonies, and where he has purchased a good deal of land for colonizing.

When the new Minister to Germany, Mr. Theodore Runyon, presented himself at the court of Berlin with his credentials, he dazzled beholders by appearing arrayed in the uniform of major-general of the New Jersey National Guard.

M. Zola has taken to bicycling, and finds that it benefits him by drawing the blood from his brain. One of its chief advantages to him consists in the fact that his wheel requires such close attention that he can not give consecutive thought to study or composition.

The Duke of Devonshire owns 80,000 acres in Derbyshire, but none in Devon; Lord Derby, some 50,000 acres in Lancashire, but none in Derby; Lord Leicester, 40,000 acres in Norfolk, but none in Leicester. But one-third of the rural estates of the Duke of Bedford, worth \$750,000 a year, are in that county.

When Benjamin Constant was elected to the Academy, a short time ago, the women students at the Julien studios erected a triumphal arch of flowers and laurel before the painter's house, and compelled him to pause beneath it and make a speech. Then, when M. Constant came down the stairway to leave the house, the fair students stood in double line and held palm-branches over his head, making an avenue for him to pass under.

While F. Hopkinson Smith, who is an eminent engineer, a successful artist, and a popular author, was in Louisville recently, he passed a wholesale grocery-store with some friends and became very much interested in a young shipping-clerk, who stood on the sidewalk, marking-brush in hand. "That was the way I began life," said the artist-author; "and, with a marking-brush on a keg of fish, I did my first work in colors."

Dr. Schliemann's facility in languages is noted by a writer who describes the archaeologist as carrying his part, at his own table, in three concurrent conversations in as many tongues. But though many modern languages were at his command, Schliemann conscientiously preferred and used classical Greek. Schliemann's children are more Greek than German or American. His daughter, Andromache, was not long ago married to Leon Melas, son of the then Demarch of Athens.

It is related of Edwin Booth that he was at one time able to save the life of Robert Lincoln. Both men were at a railway station, and Mr. Lincoln had inadvertently stepped on a track in front of an approaching engine. Absorbed in thought, he had not noticed the vicinity of the train, and would have been struck down had not Mr. Booth sprung forward, caught him in his arms, and lifted him almost bodily to a place of safety. The engine was so near that it actually grazed Mr. Lincoln's heels.

Embassador Bayard as a foreign journal saw him: "A semi-spare-built man, somewhat rounded at the shoulders, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, large gray eyes, and rapidly whitening hair, and the finest set of teeth and the most winning smile in the diplomatic service. Indeed, his best portraits fail to convey an adequate notion of the grave charm and air of benignant distinction that marks his handsome face. His manner is of the court courtly, dignified, and polished, yet graciously genial withal; and in this and other respects he is one of the few creditable specimens still remaining of the scholarly statesmen of the high-bred old school."

The foreign minister of the King of Siam, M. Gustave Rolin Jacquemins, is a Belgian, with a curious history. He was intended for the bar, but went into politics, being at one time Belgian Minister of the Interior. Finally he lost his seat in parliament, and then took up the study of international law, in which he became a leading authority. One day he was ruined by the failure of an industrial enterprise and left Belgium for good. He went to Egypt, where he hoped to obtain employment as an international jurist, but he was disappointed. Nothing more was heard of him for some time, when suddenly he turned up at the head of the Foreign Office at Bangkok.

In a prominent Paris shop-window is exhibited a large-sized, full-length photograph of a fat, flabby-looking old man, with expressionless features and closed eyes, seated in an arm-chair beside a fire, and having a carriage-robe thrown over his lap. The vacant countenance, the limp, corpulent figure, the aspect of old age without its venerable characteristics, go to make up a melancholy image of decay. This is the latest likeness that has been taken of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the "grand Frenchman," whose portrait, set in the midst of a group of countless children, used to be on view in every prominent photographer's window a few years ago.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

New York, June 8th.—Last night I went into the Players' Club. It was the eve of Edwin Booth's funeral. A hush brooded over the luxurious club-house. The chair which Booth was wont to occupy was draped. The few members who were there conversed in undertones.

We walked through the rooms, confronted at every hand by some souvenir of the dead man. Here it was Collier's large and imposing picture of Booth as Cardinal Richelieu, as he stands with uplifted finger threatening Baradas with the curse of Rome. There it was a spirited black and white by Thure de Thulstrup—a group in the grill-room of the Players', with portraits of Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, Florence, James Lewis, and a number of others. Next it was his silver mug hanging on its peg in the grill-room, with his name beneath. I wondered if any other man would care to use the same peg for his mug, with Booth's name remaining there. Yet why not? For right over the mantel there is a place where one man has made his exit and another is using his peg, and both names are on the little brass tablets on the wall. They read:

LESTER WALLACK.
E. H. SOTHERN.

But, as Booth was the founder of the club, it is probable that his place will be kept as a memorial.

Booth was not only the founder of the club, but he gave the ground and building to the Players'. Then the books, the pictures, the old play-hills, all were presented by the members. It is a most unique and interesting collection. Portraits of the great actors of the elder time, such as Kemble, Keao, Macready, Siddons, Woffington—portraits of contemporaneous artists—portraits in oils, in water-colors, in pastels—engravings, old and new—fine old line engravings, on copper and steel—etchings, old and new—old play-bills, yellow with age, with faded ink—old play-books—venerable and tattered prompt-copies of plays, with "business" memoranda on the margin—such are a few of the many things that go to make up the unique collection at the Players'.

In the library there was upon the wall something before which hung a decorous curtain. One of our party drew it aside. It was a collection of death-masks. The freshest looking were those of Dion Boucault and Lawrence Barrett.

The same thought occurred to all of us. It would not be many days before that of Booth would figure there as well.

His body was lying in an upper room then, laid out for burial. We were asked if we wished to see it. We declined.

I have refrained even from going to see Booth. On the stage, toward the end of his career, I have looked upon him as a broken man. And so believing, I have kept away. I preferred retaining my impressions of him as he was before mental and physical decay had set their signs before him. So my mental pictures of him as an actor are sharp, and clear, and pleasant.

Correspondingly, I did not wish to see him dead. I preferred to remember him as he was in life. So we went out of the Players' Club into the warm June night, and, stopping as we walked by Gramercy Park, we looked up at the floor where the dead actor lay. The little park is away from the roar and hustle of New York—it was as quiet as a village. There was nothing to disturb the rest of the great actor, as he lay there sleeping under the silent stars.

June 12th.—As a summer resort New York is not attractive. It is, therefore, most extraordinary that such a large number of strangers should seek it in that season. But it is none the less true that it is crowded with them during the dog-days.

In winter, barring the climate, New York is exhilarating. The last time I was here in the winter all the theatres were going, there were two grand opera companies, Fifth Avenue and the park were crowded with bandsome turnouts, and there was even some sleighing, although New York does not compare with Boston in this regard. But in summer the park is deserted, the clubs are empty, all the big houses have closed blinds, the hotels and club-houses are being painted and renovated, and most of the theatres are closed. Those that are open present rather vapid performances, and they are filled with audiences that are more amusing than the plays.

The other evening I went to see "The Prodigal Daughter," at the American Theatre. This is a new play-house, very large and very handsomely equipped. It was filled with a well-dressed crowd. But as the play wore on, they showed their extreme ingenuousness by vigorously bisping the villain!

I have often heard the gallery—that last resort of noble minds—hiss the villain, but I have never before heard that person hissed by the lower part of the house for his moral obliquity.

"The Prodigal Daughter" is magnificently staged. One scene represents the hall of an English country-house, with a fine staircase, suits of armor, ancestral portraits, and young Englishmen in pink and corduroys wandering around with hoiled eggs and cups of tea in their hands, taking one of those English pedestrian breakfasts. Another scene, the exterior of a country-house, with its grounds and trees, is very beautiful. An elaborate set is the exterior of a large training-stable. This is a revolving scene, which, later on, turns and reveals the interior, with the race-horses in their box-stalls. Into this the villain crawls in the night, intending to dose the hero's horse. Fortunately, the villain is foiled. The foiling of the villain is a new departure in melodrama, and seemed to give equal surprise and gratification to the large midsummer audience.

In the last act, the scene represents a race-course. It is

most elaborate. There are the coaches, with swells taking champagne and chicken on top, costermongers taking beer and sandwiches in their carts, and heggars and street-boys taking droppings from hoth. The bookmakers are there, and realism is carried so far that the crowd attacks a "welsber," or cheating hookmaker, and ducks him in a ditch. There are real hurdles and real ditches on the course, by the way, and the ditches are filled with real water. When the hell rings, the jockeys are weighed and then retire, saddles in hand, presently to reappear mounted. There are ten horses entered. The jockey who is to ride Roquefort, the hero's horse, is bribed by the villain to skip, and the hero has to ride the horse himself. This he does, taking the hurdles and ditches in fine style, although one luckless jockey comes a cropper and is hurled over a hurdle and into the ditch.

I do not say anything here about the plot of "The Prodigal Daughter." I think that comments on the plots of plays one has not seen are, as a rule, uninteresting reading. These are merely a few notes on the scenery and stage effects, which are elaborate and striking.

I was in New York in the summer of 1891, and thought then that the theatrical bill of fare was rather poor. But this year it is—with some few exceptions—rather worse. One reason probably is that Chicago has drawn away the best of the shows.

Of the new performances, the best are "1492," at Palmer's; "The Prodigal Daughter," at the American; and "Panjandrum," at the Broadway. There are a number of old favorites running, such as "A Trip to Chinatown," at the Madison Square (which has passed its six hundredth performance); "Adonis," at the Casino; "The Isle of Champagne," at the Fifth Avenue; and "Robin Hood," at the Garden Theatre. Eugene Cowles, by the way, has left the Bostonians and is about to sail for Europe to study for grand opera.

But, after all is said and done, the taste of summer New York inclines toward the "roof-garden" entertainment. There are four of these "gardens" running—the Casino, the Madison Square, the Manhattan, and the American. The entertainments at all are similar—a mixture of tumbling, singing, "musical mopes," and Frenchwomen, who "sing" and "dance," if either term can be applied to their performances.

At the Casino there is a Mlle. Naya who seems to be quite a favorite. She is young, pretty, and wears almost nothing at all. She sings songs which are so frankly erotic that it is matter for wonder that even a New York summer audience can stand them. It is true they are in French, but their meaning is—or ought to be—quite plain.

Mlle. Naya has a mother—a theatrical mother—a mother who is evidently very much like Halévy's "Madame Cardinal." She is said to watch her interesting progeny very closely. This is odd. For a mother to bave her daughter sing songs which would make a longshoreman blush, and then look strictly after her morals, is eminently Gallic.

The only thing to be said in favor of Mlle. Naya is that she does not dance.

This can not be said in defense of Mlle. Rose Pompon, who appears at another of these chaste entertainments, and is called upon the bills a "Chanteuse Excentrique" (*sic.*) Miss Pompon is certainly an eccentric person, although not an eccentric singer, for no one can accuse her of singing. She delivers herself of a number of vulgar ditties in a raucous voice which is a sort of alcohol contralto, and intersperses the stanzas with high kicking. When Miss Pompon executes the "split," leaping into the air and alighting flat, with her legs widely extended, like two J.L.'s, the audience grows enthusiastic; when she is in this position she catches bold of a foot with each hand, and rolls head over—well, not over heels—down to the footlights, the audience becomes frenzied with delight.

As a rule, the performances at the roof gardens, are not only vulgar, but stupid. Still, they seem to be popular.

"Fourteen-Ninety-Two" at Palmer's is a clever and amusing piece of work. It is one of the productions of E. E. Rice, the author of "Evangeline," and Rice's productions are generally good. It is, of course, based on the Columbus idea, with which so much theatrical work is now flavored; but it is treated in a novel manner. The spectacle of Columbus and Captain Pinzon wandering through Madison Square, and then going into the St. James to get a drink, is certainly peculiar. The spectacular part of "1492" is very beautiful, and the variety part is very droll. There is a scene in Union Square in which figure tramps, policemen, newsboys, and singing-girls, and the man who plays the tramp is remarkably clever.

De Wolf Hopper is playing a new piece called "Panjandrum." It is not so good as his last success, "Wang," but it is amusing. He has a strong card in Della Fox, a pretty little creature who was the idol of New York when I saw her in "Wang," and who seems to retain her popularity pretty well.

When I was at Long Branch last, Miss Fox was there, and I remember one day at the Hollywood swimming pavilion a crowd being attracted by the rumor that "Della Fox was going in swimming." She did go in, and took the high dive, while the crowd watched her with hated breath. Since I last saw her, Miss Fox has taken to wearing some remarkably fine diamonds.

Talking of Hollywood, the bankruptcy of John Hoey is not surprising, when one considers what he had done there. The amount of money lavished on that beautiful place is enormous. The vast swimming-tanks, one after another, covered with glass, with plants and flowers on every hand, must have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. It goes

without saying that the people who go to Hollywood can not bathe in the ocean, because it is used for the same purpose at Coney Island. Hence the tanks.

The Casino at Hollywood is of the most gorgeous description. It is a little too gaudy for human nature's daily food, but you can take an occasional dinner there—if you have a long purse. For the dinners at Hollywood are costly, like the appointments.

While on the subject of dinners, I may say that, in my opinion, the Hoffman House *cuisine* is far ahead of that of any place in or around New York. When I was last here, I thought that it was superior to Delmonico's, despite the views of many New Yorkers. My present visit confirms this belief. I have breakfasted and dined repeatedly at both places, and I have never had anything at the Hoffman House that was not of the very best. If you order a simple dish or a Brillat Savarin *entrée*, it is the same. If you order cold roast beef, they will bring you the choicest cut off what is called "the sirloin roast," which includes, of course, the tenderloin. If you order *Croustades de pâté de foie gras*, or *fonds d'artichauts à la provençale*, or *pointes d'asperges grillées au goût de la reine*, they will be as perfectly served as they are toothsome. You pay well for them, but you get the best. On the other hand, I have seen weedy, stinky-looking asparagus served in Delmonico's which would be unworthy of a cheap boarding-house. In a second-rate restaurant this might pass, but in a high-priced place, like Delmonico's, it is unpardonable.

I speak more particularly of the Hoffman House Café, although, of course, the *cuisine* is the same in the various dining-rooms. But in the café there is a certain serious and dignified steward known as Otto, who has lynx eyes for the comfort of guests and a most profound and recondite knowledge of what is needful for the inner man.

I spoke just now of the bathing at Coney Island. There are no bathers there. That extraordinary raree show is just waking up after its winter hibernation. The "barkers" are polishing up their peculiar voices for the summer season; they sing the succulence of their sausages; they woo you to ride on the various crazy "gravity railways," for which there seems to be a demand, as two new ones are going up; they beseech you to enter the wooden elephant, or to go to the top of the 300-foot Eiffel Tower; they stand at the doors of the "variety theatres," where raddled stage sirens, who have sunk even below the level of the metropolitan "dive," caterwaul in cracked voices plaintive ditties about home and mother to lure within the Oshkosh Ulysses.

The last time I was at Coney Island, "Annie Rooney" and "Comrades" sounded sweetly in the ear of the American citizen. This year he is enamored of "The Bowery" and a lovely thing called "Papa won't buy me a bow-wow." One New York actress has created an immense sensation by singing it thus: "Papa kauft mich nicht ein kleine hund-schen," while a male performer has made a great hit by rolling two songs into one and singing it thus: "Papa won't buy me the Bowery." This latter at the Casino.

At the Casino, by the way, there is a performer who is said to be the strongest man in the world. He is called Eugene Sandow, and has just come here from London, where he made a sensation. Sandow is a young and very handsome man, five feet eight inches tall, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. His muscular development is most remarkable. He stands almost naked, with a cloth around his loins, under a calcium light. Great ridges and rolls of muscle stand out all over him. He extends his arms, bolding them out rigidly from his sides, and then moves back and forth his bunches of biceps without moving his arms. His biceps and triceps muscles are most remarkable, while his pectoral, deltoid, and trapezoid muscles are developed to an extraordinary degree. For that matter, so are all his muscles. When he inflates his chest, there appear ridges of abdominal muscle which look like ribs, producing the "wasb-board" effect, as I heard it called the other day at the Harvard training-quarters by one of the athletes who is to row on the 'Varsity crew in the Yale-Harvard race.

Sandow does a number of feats which are performed by all "strong men." Two, however, are not so common. In one, an enormous dumb-bell is carried upon the stage by four men. Sandow seizes it in his right hand, and, using only one arm, puts it up at arm's length above his head. When he replaces it on the floor the dumb-bell is opened, and in the two ends are seen two men curled up, who emerge and walk off the stage.

In the other feat, he makes an arch of his body—the "bridge" known to Græco-Roman wrestlers. Across his chest is placed a wide and heavy plank, forming a "see-saw." Upon this are driven three trained horses, that "see-saw" for several minutes.

Sandow is a muscular marvel.

June 20th.—The best thing to do in New York in summer is to get out of it as soon as you can. So, despite the attraction of roof gardens and theatres, I left New York as soon as I had finished the business which called me there. Some good friends had invited me to spend a few days on their yacht, cruising around the Sound and then to the Yale-Harvard race on the Thames. After their yacht had won a couple of cups in the annual races of the New York Yacht Club, we started for a short cruise, thus: From Staten Island to Larchmont, thence to New Haven, to New London, to Narragansett Pier, to Newport, to Shelter Island, thence back to New London.

We went under tow up through the crowded East River, under the Brooklyn Bridge, and when the yacht shot under that mighty structure, it seemed every moment—although we knew that it was impossible—as if the tall masts were going to snap off at the cross-trees. Such was the illusion pro-

duced by the foreshortening of the bridge's towers when looking upward.

As we passed through Hell Gate into Long Island Sound, the tow line was cast off, and our yacht was soon under sail. As the prow cut the blue waters of the Sound, a vessel approached flying the Spanish colors. By the private signal fluttering from her mast-head, we found it to be the *Susquehanna*, a trim steam-yacht. We dipped our colors as we met, and the *Susquehanna* responded. She was taking the Infanta Eulalia on a cruise as the guest of the owner.

The day we sailed from New York, the viking ship from Norway was lying at anchor in the North River. She is a most extraordinary-looking craft, and is on her way to the Chicago Exposition by way of the Erie Canal. Only a few days before, I had seen the three Spanish caravels being towed up the Sound, also on their way to Chicago by way of the St. Lawrence.

The Sound is a beautiful sheet of water, not lonely like our Western waters. A continual stream of vessels of all kinds is passing constantly—schooner-yachts, sloop-yachts, yawls, schooners carrying lumber, coal, sand, stone, and apparently everything else, tugs towing long fleets of scows heavily laden, other tugs towing big three and four-decked excursion barges, filled with pleasure-seekers, and occasionally a big steam-yacht, so large as to look like an Atlantic liner. In fact, the *Alva*, which I saw at Newport some years ago, was as big as some ocean steamers. The *Alva* belonged to one of the Vanderbilts and was lost last year.

There can be no more delightful experience than yachting in the Sound. The seas are not so rough as in the open ocean; this to those who are not enthusiastic yachtsmen is by no means a drawback. To the enthusiast, sitting up on the weather side, with the deck at an angle of forty-five degrees and the lee rail buried in water up to the hatchways, is unalloyed delight. But to more philosophic persons, a dry ship and a comparatively even keel will serve just as well.

There is another pleasure to yachting along the Atlantic Coast. There are so many places to see. Cruising eastward from New York, there are an infinitude of places at which to stop—Glen Cove, Whitestone, Larchmont, Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Sag Harbor, Shelter Island, Fisher's Island, Block Island, New Bedford, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Martha's Vineyard, Cottage City, Nantucket, Provincetown, Marblehead, Isle of Shoals, Bar Harbor—these are a few which occur to me as I write. All of them are interesting in various ways; not the least interesting are the quaint villages like Provincetown, Mattapoisett, Roslyn, Smithtown, and other places, where the natives dig clams and a salty air hangs around everything.

Of course, watering-places like Newport and Narragansett Pier have their attractions. But all watering-places resemble each other. You see the same bevy of girls sitting around on the verandas. You see the same infrequent young men, whom the sixth-season girls have cut out from the first-season girls. You see the same elderly young men, with gray mustaches, bald heads, very giddy attire, and a look of battered juvenility. You see the same seventeen-year-old kids, with the bored look of suckling men of the world.

The elderly young men, by the way, are very nice to the girls. When I was at Shelter Island, the number of squireless maidens at the Manhansett House was simply appalling. I saw one intrepid youth of about fifty-five taking out ten of them for a sail in a cat-boat. Ten girls! Ten nice-looking girls! Ten girls in ten of the dizziest white rigs, with ten white yachting-caps and ten faces wreathed in smiles. And only one elderly young man to divide up among the ten. Poor girls! But it was nice of him, all the same.

This rosebud garden of girls without any men was in this condition about the middle of June.

June 20th.—It is odd how late the season opens. Even the two big hotels at Brighton Beach, near New York, are not yet running. The Manhattan Beach and the Oriental are both announced to open on June 22d. The watering-place season in the East opens late and closes early. I was at Newport two days ago, and the principal hotel there, the Ocean House, was to open on the following day. It is true that hotels have nothing to do with the Newport season. The people there are either "cottagers" or their guests. Those unfortunate beings who do go to the hotels are tourists or social pariahs. The feelings of one of the Four Hundred sneaking in and out of a Newport hotel are not to be envied.

But, none the less, the date when a Newport hostelry opens is about the same as at other Eastern summer resorts. They all seem to open about the end of June or the first of July, and those that open before are deserted until then.

But much more interesting than the watering-places are the funny little towns. We started once to sail from New London to New Bedford; somebody had said that we ought to go to New Bedford, because it was once a whaling centre. Everybody felt that seeing New Bedford was the correct thing, although nobody knew why. The Oracle, being appealed to, said "of course"; that settled it. So we sailed for New Bedford up Buzzard Bay. Toward sunset we were passing a little cove, and over the trees saw a church spire. We asked the sailing-master what it was. He replied, briefly:

"Mattapoisett."

Not one of us had ever heard of the metropolis of Mattapoisett. Even the Oracle, when appealed to, was obliged with shame to confess his ignorance. So we let New Bedford go, and went to Mattapoisett.

As the yacht swept into the little bay and dropped her anchor, there was an excitement on shore. There was no yacht club-house at Mattapoisett. Evidently few yachts touched there. Our arrival had caused a commotion. Presently boats began to shoot out from the shore. In a few

minutes the yacht was surrounded by craft of every description. The curious Mattapoisett men and maids rowed around, viewing our boat from every point. It was not unlike the arrival of a trading schooner in the South Seas, surrounded by the canoes of the natives.

Soon there appeared, coming from the shore, a curious craft. It looked like a perpendicular float, with a human infant on top. As it neared us, we saw that it was a diminutive skiff, manned by a very fat woman and a baby. The weight of the adipose oars-woman had hurried the nose of the boat deep in the water, while the baby in the stern-sheets was high in the air.

In the morning we drove from Mattapoisett, across a narrow neck of land, through the beautiful New England woods, to Lenox. Here is Gray Gables, where President Cleveland and his charming wife make their summer home. There are a number of celebrities at Marion. Joseph Jefferson, the aged actor, has a cottage there, and Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, spends his summers there. Marion is not so primeval as Mattapoisett—there is a yacht-station there, and numbers of pleasure-craft are to be seen flitting over the waters of Buzzard Bay.

All along the Atlantic Coast are to be found the stations of the yacht clubs. The various clubs are most hospitable to each other, and up on the Massachusetts coast the Boston yacht clubs, for example, place their landings and club-houses at the disposal of their cruising brethren from New York. It is a very great convenience. To arrive at a town where there is a yacht-club landing, float, and steps, spick and span, with a smartly attired sailor-man in charge, a club-house with telephone and telegraph service, and arrangements for holding and forwarding letters, is very much more agreeable than to reach a place unprovided with such conveniences, like Mattapoisett.

When we went ashore at Mattapoisett, we called up New Bedford by telegraph to have our letters and telegrams re-directed. The agent in New York intrusted with the forwarding of our mail, had a pretty hard time. We never knew where we were going. One of our telegrams at Mattapoisett came through something like this: "To Mr. Blank, New York. Repeated from New York to New Haven. Repeated from New Haven to New London. Repeated from New London to New Bedford. Repeated from New Bedford to Mattapoisett. You had better return, as Lowlander has won. Uncle is ill, and I could not place the money. He wants you at his bedside, and your money arrived too late. His condition is not serious, for it was a long shot, and I am sorry, as you would have won big money, but return soon. [Signed] Birdie Hoffenstein-pryppsssst."

The telegraph maiden at Mattapoisett was as much amazed as we were at this peculiar missive. On calling up New Bedford, however, the mystery was solved. There were two dispatches mixed in the shuffle. One member of our party was "playing the races," and had telegraphed a bookmaker to put a pot of money on Lowlander. Another member had an uncle who was ill and a serious sister. Dispatches from these two quarters had produced the result given above. "Hoffenstein" was the bookmaker. "Birdie" was the serious sister. The rest of the signature was probably a telegraphic stutter.

JEROME A. HART.

Physicians explain in an interesting fashion the fact that the electric current, when applied to the tongue, seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and, as their language is exclusively that of taste, they inform the brain that the electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

An American acrobat in Vienna won a queer wager recently. He bet a considerable sum with a Vienna strong man that he could not endure to have a litre of water fall drop by drop from a height of three feet upon his hand. When 300 drops had fallen, the athlete's face became red, and he looked as if in pain. At the 420th drop he gave up, saying that it was impossible to hear the pain any longer. The palm of his hand was swollen and inflamed, and in one place the skin had broken open. Only a small portion of the litre of water had gone to make up the 420 drops.

Johannisburg, in the Transvaal, is a wonderful little town. It is but five years of age, and the inhabitants number forty thousand. It stands upon a gold reef, and upon this reef fifty companies are at work, giving employment to thirty-three hundred white men and over thirty-two thousand natives. The town has gas, water, tramways, and handsome buildings, while for twenty miles east and west the funnels of mining works can be seen.

M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, having been unable to entertain during the past winter on account of his poor health, has decided to devote the ten thousand dollars he otherwise would have spent on entertainments to charitable institutions and gifts to the poor.

The Duke of Connaught is regarded by the queen as more closely resembling his father in personal appearance and disposition than any other of her sons.

The Prince of Wales pays at the rate of \$1,750 a thousand for his cigars. These precious weeds are seven inches long.

OLD FAVORITES.

In Naples' Bay.
My soul to-day
Is far away;
Sailing the Vesuvian bay
My winged boat,
A bird aloft,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erwreathed with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or, down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

By the Passaic.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover,
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle, there I dangle, all the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle, and I dangle, mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the harped and fatal tackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout, so wary grown.
Now I strike him! Joy ecstatic!
Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!
So I angle, so I dangle, all alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trout, observant,
Say to me: "Your humble servant!"
Now we see your treacherous hook!
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle, there to dangle with her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page uncloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle while I angle! Cupid, speak!
—Fitz-James O.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"My Arctic Journal," by Mrs. Peary, the story of her year in the Arctic regions, will soon be published.

The Cassell Publishing Company is in the hands of a receiver, owing to the alleged defalcations of its president, Mr. O. M. Dunham, which are said to amount to more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The business of the company is understood to be excellent, and it is believed that it will be continued. This company is an offshoot of Cassell & Co., Limited, of London, and was at one time its authorized agent, but has no connection with that house now beyond a friendly one.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has reached that happy point of literary importance whereat his dramatic works are "collected." The first edition opens with "Lady Windermere's Fan," which will be published this month.

Mr. W. E. Healey, the poet, is one of the English admirers of Walt Whitman, and is manifesting his admiration by arranging and editing an English edition of his idol's works.

Of two unpleasant forms of literary fraud practiced on a noted French novelist, the London *Telegraph* says:

"M. Alphonse Daudet is justly indignant at the discovery on a book-stall on the quays of a novel in German, called 'Frau Putiphar,' purporting to be the translation of one of his works. The author of 'Sapho' says that there exists in Germany a band of literary pirates, who manufacture novels, not only in the name of M. Daudet himself, but also in the names of other notable French fictionists like Zola, Bourget, Marcel Prevost, and Edmund de Goncourt. Some of the pages in 'Frau Putiphar' resemble extracts from M. Marcel Prevost's writings, and M. Daudet thinks that the pirates must occasionally jumble names, so as to deceive readers. In a publisher's list at the end of 'Frau Putiphar,' there are also advertised books by Zola and Adolphe Belot which these authors have never penned. Curiously enough, M. Daudet has also been the victim of an impostor similar to the reverend gentleman in England who once used to pass himself off as George Eliot. Some years ago, at a dinner given by M. Duclerc, when Minister for Foreign Affairs, an impudent rogue, who was among the guests, coolly gave out that he was Alphonse Daudet, and interested his innocent neighbors at the table by talking of his past literary work and his future plans. With reference to the book 'Frau Putiphar,' it must be added that M. Daudet received a letter from a German publisher, who stated that he had been hoaxed by the alleged translator of the volume, which is now out of print."

A free scholarship in memory of George William Curtis has been established by Mrs. Curtis in the Statoe Island Academy, the money having been derived from the sale of the Christmas edition of Curtis's book, "Prue and I."

Among the recipients of the queen's "birthday honors" are these newspaper men: W. J. Ingham, of the *Illustrated London News*, is created a baronet, while knighthood is bestowed upon John Leag, editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*; Gilzean Reid, first president of the Institute of Journalists; J. R. Robinson, editor of the *London Daily News*; E. R. Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Post*; and John Teoioel, the artist of *Punch*. Dr. Charles Cameroo, owner of the *Glasgow Mail*, is made a baronet.

M. Zola's "Dr. Pascal" brings his Rougon-Macquart Series to a conclusion. His next work will be a philosophical and scientific defense of this twenty-volume series. After that will follow three "great novels," to be called respectively, "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris."

"The Story of My Life," by Dr. Georg Ebers, will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Nathan Haskell Dole, who has been known as a clever translator, is about to make his appearance as a novelist. His first novel, "Not Angels Quite," which will appear immediately, is a story of life in Boston.

Carlyle, when a young tutor at Edinburgh, wrote some essays which he did not in later years desire to see added to his works, and which are valueless to Carlylean students. It would seem that the stuff which an author himself discards might be left to oblivion; but such is not the opinion of a careful Scotchman who is about to bring out in book-form a collection of these essays.

General Lew Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India," is nearly ready for publication. The catastrophe of the book is the assault and sack of Constantinople in 1453 and the entry of Mohammed the Second into Sancta Sophia.

The fourth volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" will probably appear during the autumn. The author deals therein with the years between 1812 and 1830—a period which furnishes many odd and amusing details concerning the customs of our young nation.

The interest in Mr. Watson's work shows no sign of declining, and the first editions of his poems (says the *Bookman*) command high sums, especially in America, where he is having quite a "boom." A London bookseller "received recently from America a commission for a complete set of Mr. Watson's 'first editions,' with instructions to pay as much as two hundred and fifty dollars for the set, if necessary."

The two-volume edition of Froissart's "Chronicles" which Mr. William Morris is preparing to put upon his Kelmscott Press, promises to be among the

most desirable and most welcome of his publications. A book just coming from this press is a reprint of Ralph Robison's English version of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia."

Cherbuliez's new novel, "The Tutor's Secret," which has elicited much admiration abroad, is to be published shortly, by arrangement with the French publisher, in Appleton's Two and Country Library.

It appears that a modest and hard-working bell-hanger from East Anglia was the original cause of "David Copperfield." This worthy man, while at work in Dickens's house, so attracted the novelist by his peculiar sing-song dialect that he resolved to go down to the man's country. Hence a visit to Yarmouth—and "David Copperfield."

Mr. Henry James's new collection of essays to be published in England will bear the title of "Essays in London and Elsewhere." These essays are mostly critical, and include Mr. James's papers on Fanny Kemble, Mr. Lowell, and Pierre Loti.

Mr. Howells has written for a forthcoming magazine a one-act play with the pretty title of "Bride Roses."

The new edition of the works of "Mark Rutherford" awakens new interest in that author. His real name is William Hale White. His father was one of the subordinate officials of the House of Commons; and "Mark Rutherford" himself was for some time in one of the departments of the Admiralty.

Professor G. J. Romanes, one of the most distinguished of the modern scientific men, is also a poet. He has published two volumes of verse anonymously, the first, called "The More Excellent Way," in 1883. The second, entitled "Poems," was brought out for private circulation in 1889. Narrative, memorial, and contemplative verse, with some sonnets, fill these volumes.

Jobo Morley is still engaged on his sketch of Chatham for the Twelve English Statesmen Series, of which he is editor. Only one other volume is now needed to complete the series. This is the one on Edward the First, by Professor Tout, of Owen's College, Manchester, which is already in press.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s Summer Series appears this year in a somewhat enlarged form. The first volume will be "A Border Leander," a picturesque tale of Western incident and humor, by Howard Seely. "The Faience Violin," which Mr. William Henry Bishop has translated and adapted from the French of Champfleury, Fraçois Coppée's new book entitled "True Riches," and a novelette by Mr. Gilbert Parker will follow.

Mr. Andrew Lang has had so much success with his fairy books for children that he is contemplating another volume for next Christmas. This is to be called "The True Story Book."

The recent death of General W. G. Hamley recalls a fact which probably has no parallel in periodical literature. The general and his two brothers were all highly valued contributors to *Blackwood*, and on one occasion the three brothers, in unconscious literary partnership, contributed an entire number of the magazine.

New Publications.

"A Biblical Discovery: Am I a Jew or a Gentile? or, The Created Origin of the Races," by Thomas A. Davies, has been published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Mrs. Falchion" is the title of Gilbert Parker's new novel. As to his other tales, the scene is laid in Canada, and many of the incidents are decidedly dramatic. Published by the Home Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A second edition has been issued of Anne M. Prescott's "Hawaii," a series of sketches in which various features of life in that mid-ocean paradise are painted in roseate colors. Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

A volume of "Lyrics, Idyls, and Fragments" has been compiled from the verses of Joseph H. Armstrong by Norman de Lagutry, who prefaces them with a brief memoir of the young author. Published by the Publishers' Printing Company, New York.

"Summer Clouds," by Eden Phillpotts, an amusing little story of the troubles that threaten the happiness of a newly married couple, has been issued in a new volume of short stories with that title in the Breczy Library published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, New York; price, 25 cents.

Julia and Annie Thomas, teachers of dramatic art, have issued "Thomas Psycho-Physical Culture," a manual which contains some sensible directions for gymnastic exercise, and "Favorite Selections." Published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price: \$1.50 and \$1.00, respectively.

"The Scallywag" is the title—and that is the best part—of Grant Allen's new novel. There are possibilities in a man who has such a *sobriquet*, is the son of a cabman, and becomes the heir of a money-lender, and also in the American girl who wants to marry a coronet; but Mr. Allen has evolved only

impossibilities from them. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Sweetheart Gwen," by William Tirebuck, is "a Welsh idyl," a story that holds one's interest well but derives its chief merit from the admirable manner in which the strange thoughts of a child are reproduced. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Of the four tales in Bret Harte's new book, "Sally Dows and Other Stories," "Their Uncle from California" is about the new civilization in this State; "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp" tells of a woman's work in a mining town; "Sally Dows" is a story of the South; and "The Conspiracy of Mrs. Booker" tells how a woman helped an escaped duelist whom her husband had been set to catch. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Catastrophe in Bohemia" is the first tale in a volume of short stories by Henry S. Brooks. The Bohemia referred to is the artistic Bohemia of London, and the catastrophe is the killing, by a French fencing-master, of a man who is about to elope with the fencer's daughter. The other tales are Western, depicting characters in the mining towns and larger cities of California. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

A girl who has a certain social position and is determined to marry money, that she may enjoy delights from which her poverty bars her, is the heroine of "Lottie's Wooing," by Darley Dare. She lays snares for the properly gilded youth, not stopping at a little thing like a lie or two, and he falls into her net, with results entirely satisfactory to her. It is a story, in fact, in which a fluent and habitual liar is made both attractive and successful. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Vagaries of Sanitary Science," by F. L. Dibble, M. D., is a commendable book on an important topic. An idea of its scope may be gathered from a glance at the chapters in which the author discusses the ancient and modern sanitariums, "The Air," "The Water," "The Soil," sewer gas, cemeteries, public funerals, meat, milk, typhoid and other fevers, boards of health, vital statistics, etc. The subject-matter of these essays has been collected from a wide range of authorities, and it has been thoroughly digested; an index adds to the value of the work as a reference-book. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00; for sale by J. A. Hofmann.

"General Greene," by Francis Vinton Greene, has been issued in the Great Commander Series. It is an excellent work, presenting much of the life of the commander of the Revolutionary forces in the South that has not hitherto been accessible in a single book. Nathaniel Greene's early life is too little known to the youth of the present day, and his biographer has performed a public service in setting it forth and sketching his hero's character so admirably; and the later chapters give a clear account of the achievements of the man who stood next to George Washington in the roll of Revolutionary generals. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Sara Jeannette Duncan, who made a sudden but not evanescent reputation by "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London," has written a third delightful study of social and domestic life in "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib." A *memsahib*, be it known, is the female of the genus *sahib*, and Miss Duncan's book is, therefore, the account of an English woman's experiences while residing in India. She details the most intimate points of household life among the Anglo-Indians, and paints their social peculiarities amusingly but none the less vividly, and her text is fitfully illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The query "What is a gentleman?" is thus discussed in the New York *Sun*: "Etymologically, of course, a gentleman is a well-born man, a man of a family in which there is the inheritance of refinement. That is, he is of thorough-bred stock, as distinguished from the ordinary. Under the social classification of the old aristocracies, a man who bears arms, but has no aristocratic title, is denominated a gentleman. In this country the number of men who could satisfy the requirements of the aristocratic and feudalistic definition of a gentleman has always been few. Nearly all the many millions of immigrants coming hither since the beginning of the settlement of America by Europeans have been people of social grades below the aristocracy of their native countries. Yet the number of gentlemen among them, according to the broader and more scientific definition, has been large. Meantime the old aristocracies themselves have been extensively recruited and invigorated from people of the same social classification who remained at home. In England, more particularly, the aristocracy perpetuates itself with the blood of the democracy, and not a little of that blood is American. Actually, a great part of the present British aristocracy is of no better ancestry, even according to its own definition of good birth, than are multitudes of people in this country. Thus the artificial designation of a gentleman carries with it little real significance anywhere.

"The other definition," the same authority continues, "is of true and intrinsic significance everywhere and at all times; for necessarily a gentleman must inherit the qualities that make him a gentleman. His quality as a gentleman must be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; and all that the polish of education can do is to assist him in giving expression to this essential quality in accordance with the usages of polite society. Neither does a man's satisfaction of the aristocratic definition of a gentleman make of him a gentleman in fact. Gentlemen, by the more aristocratic classification, may be bores in reality, coarse and intrinsically unrefined men. It is not the social place of his progenitors, but the actual quality he has inherited from them, which makes him a gentleman under this profounder definition. The exact qualities which distinguish the gentleman are recognizable rather than definable. The basis of them all is genuineness, self-respect and respect for others, consideration, and the love of truth, kindness, and goodness for themselves. It is doing to others as you would have them do to you, in itself the best definition of the essential quality of a gentleman to which we can point. The gentleman who is a gentleman both intrinsically and by the polish of social intercourse, simply gives more graceful conventional expression to this inbred quality than the gentleman who has the quality but has not acquired the artificial cultivation. That form of gentlemanliness can be obtained by education. It is simply a matter of special training to which he adapts himself quickly, so long as he has the basis on which to build. In this country we see innumerable instances where this inbred and essential grace enables persons to pass rapidly from humble social places to places of high social distinction without stumbling against the strictest conventional requirements of the politer society. Of such people the great mass of the refined and cultivated society of this new country is made up. Of course, since the gentleman is such by birth, by his original constitution, the quality which distinguishes him may be made more perfect from generation to generation. It is the same as in the breeding of horses; but in both cases there is the danger of over-inbreeding in breeding, strength being sacrificed. Instead of solid quality you may produce mere fastidiousness and the sensitiveness which indicates a tendency to decay; yet the law of the transmission of traits applies specially to the breeding of gentlemen."

The following extracts from an ancient account-book give an idea of the style of living in Paris at the end of the seventeenth century. The household of a grand seigneur consisted of an intendant, an almoner, a secretary, an ecuyer, two valets, a janitor, a steward, an officer of the butler's pantry, a cook, a butler's pantryman, two kitchen attendants, a kitchen-maid, two pages, six or four lackeys, two coachmen, two postilions, two carriage attendants, four stable-boys, a "Swiss" or porter, an intendant's valet, an almoner's valet, a secretary's valet, an ecuyer's valet, and a steward's valet. The almoner's salary was \$40, the ecuyer's \$80, the steward's \$100, the cook's \$50, and so on, the entire expenditure in wages of thirty-six persons for one year amounting to \$802. The entire expenditure in food, drink, fuel, and light of thirty-six persons for one year amounted to \$1,907.50. The grand seigneur's table, served for twelve persons twice a day, and kitchen, laundry, fuel, and light cost in all, per year, \$2,376.15. The grand seigneur had fourteen horses for his carriages and sixteen saddle-horses, and their entire cost in feed and treatment was, per year, \$2,117. Thus the maintenance of a well-regulated household, comprising thirty-six servants and thirty horses, cost in Paris in 1700, at the most liberal estimate, about \$7,500. If the grand seigneur was married, the lady had at her service an

ecuyer; a maid, whose function was to do honor to her and be her constant companion; a chamber-maid, who combed and dressed her hair, washed and ironed her fine linen, and repaired her laces; a valet, who was a man milliner; a page, a steward, a cook, a butler, a kitchen-maid, four lackeys, a coachman, a postilion, a coachman's boy, seven carriage-horses, and four saddle-horses. If there were children, there were a governess, a nurse, a preceptor, a valet, two lackeys, a servant for the nurse, and the additional expenditure in wages amounted to only \$493. A gentleman who lived in an inn, and was content with one valet, two lackeys, and a hired coach, if he lived luxuriously, spent \$564 a year.

Given youth, health, and a good bank account, there are few means and appliances for enjoyment that lay beyond the reach of an American woman. For every week in the year some excitement and amusement are provided. *Vogue* lays out this programme for the New York girl: She goes from horse-show to polo ground, from polo to tennis, from tennis to dancing, dining, and racketing at Newport. Thence to long coaching expeditions over hill and dale—then to Europe for "a change and a rest"—back again to another New York season of sumptuous banquets, sumptuous dressing, and absolutely unceasing gratifications of all her tastes and longings, until the circle of the year is completed, and she starts anew in search of novelties and surprises, perhaps in some other quarter of the globe. It is doubtful (the same authority continues) if the women of any other country have as good a time. In England, the very smart set racket a good deal during the London season, about which so much is said and written. But they are always hemmed in by conventionalities, and in their intercourse with men are in deadly dread of "Mrs. Grundy." Not that they are, as a class, more correct or restrained than Americans, or that the code of morals is one atom more strict than it is here, but they believe implicitly in the Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," and, therefore, they take their fun in retirement and invariably forget themselves in the deepest seclusion.

G. A. Sala gives a hint to social strugglers in the story of a lady, with plenty of money and a laudable ambition to shine in society, who found the ascent of the social Avernus somewhat difficult. Acting, however, under the advice of experienced friends, she made a most successful *coup* by always inviting to her receptions a mysterious but dignified personage, whose name appeared next morning in the *Morning Post* as, say, the Archimandrite of Melipotamus. He was very tall, had a long, black beard, his vestments were richly embroidered with gold, his head-gear somewhat resembled a tubular chimney-cowl covered with black velvet, and he never said a word to anybody. For all this, the Archimandrite "drew" tremendously; but to this day no one knows whether he really was a member of the hierarchy of Melipotamus or whether he, his robes, and his chimney-cowl cap were supplied by an eminent costumer at so much per night.

The supercilious young men in Paris (according to an imaginative correspondent), not content with mere boot lasts, have plaster casts made of their legs from the waist down, with the object of keeping both their trousers, their knee-breeches, and even their underwear in proper shape. One youth, with more money than brains, has an entire room of his residence devoted to the reception of some sixty pairs of plaster-of-Paris counterparts of his legs, and nothing is more peculiar than the spectacle presented by this army of fully clothed limbs standing about without any trunk and head.

It must be surprising to the uninitiated to see how soon fashions become generalized in Paris. A "creation," a new fashion, is hardly out of an exclusive house of the Rue de la Paix—hardly out of the work-rooms; it might be said—when you see it copied in the show-windows of the Louvre and the Bon Marché, where it can be bought for less than one-fourth of the price asked by the great *couturiers*. At first the rulers of dress thought that some of their work-people were bribed to give points (says a *Tribune* correspondent), but they soon discovered that the pilfering of ideas took place in the show-rooms instead of the work-rooms: the Louvre and the Bon Marché engaged handsome, distinguished-looking young women, dressed them as if they had twenty thousand dollars a year and were accustomed from infancy to having and wearing the hest, gave them a private carriage, and had them go to the great costumers to order garments "just come out." These afterward served as the models of things which, the week after, you might buy by the dozens. The large shops resort to this means to obtain novelties not only in the beginning of the season, but all the year round; and the *couturiers* have no way of avoiding the sales, for their show-rooms are open to all who wish to purchase and give orders. To be sure, these *couturiers* make most of their creations for authentic princesses and duchesses; but here, also, the shops get the best of them. In society there are women who have unquestioned right to their position and who are not rich enough to compete with those who have both title and money. By some means the large dry-goods shops succeed in getting such women into their employ,

and pay them royally for revealing new things in the way of house, dinner, and reception-dresses. On the first night of a play, you will see men and women in the audience busily drawing in sketch-books. They are artists who are busy taking down the toilets for fashion papers, minor dressmakers, and for all the shops which sell made-up clothes. Their employers have paid for the entrance tickets five and ten dollars, and, besides, pay the artists well at so much an hour.

A somewhat eccentric dinner was given in New York last winter by a lady who was wearing very deep mourning for her husband. The table was decorated in black, purple, and white, the napery, of course, was white, but embroidered with the darkest purple pansies—with the monogram in black. Silver vases, filled with the same dark flower, were at the corners of the table, and the ices and small confectionery were all in violet and white. To make the whole thing consistent, the hostess requested all her friends to wear black, and a guest who presided at the foot of the table—and afterward, by the way, married the hostess—appeared with a broad band of crape around his left arm.

A peculiar freedom of intercourse between the sexes in Chicago after a dinner or on a rout is thus discussed by Julian Ralph in the current *Harper's*: "In one case, the men had withdrawn to the library, and a noted entertainer was in the full glory of his career, reciting a poem or giving a dialect imitation of a conversation he had overheard on a street-car. The wife of the host trespassed, with a little show of timidity, to say that the little girls, her daughters, were about to go to bed, and wanted the noted entertainer to 'make a face' for them—apparently for them to dream upon. 'Why, come in,' said the host. 'Oh, may we?' said the wife, very artlessly, and in came all the ladies of the party, who, it seems, had gathered in the hallway. The room was blue with smoke, but all the ladies 'loved smoke,' and so the evening wore on gayly. The next occasion was in a mansion on the lake-side. An artist and a poet, well known in both hemispheres, were the especial guests. When the coffee was brought on, there was no movement on the part of the women toward leaving the table. No suggestion was made that they do so; there was no apology offered for their not doing so; the subject was not mentioned. There were glasses of 'green mint' for all, and cigars for the men. Then the stories flowed and the laughter bubbled. The queer thing was that there was no apparent strain; all were at perfect ease—the ladies being as much so as the men would have been without them. One of the women told two long stories of a comical character, imitating the dialect and mannerisms of different persons, precisely as a man given to after-dinner entertaining would have done. Once there was a pause and a little hesitation, and a story-teller said: 'I think I can tell this here, can't I?' 'Why, of course, go on,' said his wife. So he told whatever it was, the point being so pretty and sentimental that it was a little difficult to determine why he had hesitated, unless it was that it had 'a big, big D' in one sentence. I have been present on at least a dozen occasions when the men smoked and drank and the women kept with them, being—otherwise than in the drinking and smoking—in perfect fellowship with them. Such conditions are Arcadian."

The aping of mannish attire among American women, following a fancy of their English sisters, has attracted the serious attention of a French commentator, who finds that one of the consequences of this masculine assumption is to destroy the grace and femininity of our conspicuous actresses. "The American woman of the theatre," says this Gallic critic, "doesn't know how to walk, to sit down, or to recline with that languid and cat-like lassitude so charming among the French women. Here they move about all in a heap, like men in women's attire. They act clumsily and are altogether wanting in grace and feminine development." Of course the matter simply resolves itself into a question of taste; whether a "cat-like lassitude" is more to be admired than to "move about all in a heap."

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INNOCENTS ABROAD.

Miss Bisland's Tales of Traveling Americans.

It is fruitless to deny that Europeans have some legitimate excuses for considering Americans eccentric (writes Elizabeth Bisland in the *Bazar*). The rich American is either so cosmopolitan as to have no salient features distinguishing him from the gentleman of other lands, or so aggressively plutocratic that the amusement he awakes is quite unmingled with either pride or pleasure. It is of the American of very modest means, who has made many sacrifices in order to see the treasures of European art, that one is able to recall a thousand delightful and humorous memories.

The best vantage ground from which to single out these delightful types is an American legation in some famous continental capital. One of the most delightful figures that ever drifted through a place of the sort was a Western magistrate of purely local fame, but "judge" by courtesy of the entire community of—let us say—Cherry Creek, Ark. Apparently the slender current of the judge's life had flowed in unison with that of Cherry Creek for well-nigh three-score years before he set out upon his journeys. But in the May morning of youth he had dreamed of such possibilities, and a daily round of thrift and economy, practiced through many decades of monotonous existence, eventually realized the slender sum requisite for the European tour projected by this new Arkansas traveler. The period of his waiting he had beguiled with slow, faithful efforts at self-culture, which even led to the acquisition of a creditable amount of Greek. Thus equipped, and eager-hearted as a boy, he had, at the period of his visit to this particular legation, spent three years in journeying from country to country, acquiring some familiarity with many European languages, including Russian.

"I wanted to talk to the folks themselves," he explained, "and, Lord! they air so pleased when you kin talk to 'em in their own tongue! Why, when I was in St. Petersburg last May, I made out all my washing-lists in Russian, though they warn't long. But I kin tell you, ma'am, when I put down my name and address at the post-office, and did it in Russian, you never see anything like the way they was tickled with it. You b'lieve me, they went round and showed it to every one of the clerks, it pleased 'em so."

The judge, though a staunch Republican, was by nature so courteous that his heart prompted a respectful notice of that peculiar anomaly in this democratic age—a reigning sovereign. To the American Minister he disclaimed any special interest in potentates, but added: "If you think the king would really like to see me, I don't mind calling at the palace and leaving a card for him."

The minister hastened to assure him that his majesty very considerably exempted from this formality most of the foreigners who did his capital the honor of visiting it—a courtesy which in itself he considered all-sufficient. The judge thereupon, being much pleased and relieved to find he had discharged all social obligations of his position, departed in time, to pursue knowledge in other lands, and the end of his financial tether reached, one can imagine his face homeward set and his heart glowing with his one crowded hour of glorious life, that was worth an age without a name on Cherry Creek.

In another foreign capital there arrived one day a party of pretty Texan girls, chaperoned by an elderly spinster. They called at the American Legation on the eye of a hall to be given in honor of the royal family, and the minister's wife kindly invited them to be present. All six faces radiated with pleasure until their hostess added: "You know the etiquette of costume on such occasions is very strict. I hope you have something suitable"—a suggestion that plunged them in gloom, as they had only their traveling-gowns with them. The chaperon, however, was bent on her charges having their ball and their royal meeting, and, after a moment's deep thought, cried, in a burst of inspiration:

"Girls, we might all wear white gloves!"

"Will that do?" asked the five girls in one anxious breath, and the minister's wife, mentally resolving to assume all responsibility for infraction of rules, cordially decided that it *must* do.

At the earliest possible moment the Texas contingent appears, gala attire unmistakably suggested by a bit of the traveling-gowns turned in at the throat, a touch of white tulle, a little posy in each bosom, and white gloves on every hand. Royalty, interested by the unusual costume and the bright, eager faces, amiably suggests a presentation. The court takes the cue, more introductions follow—honor is rendered where honor is due—and exit Texas beaming with excitement and gratification.

In the absence of the American plenipotentiary accredited some years ago to a famous monarch now dead, there arrived three women who announced their desire to see the king.

"Nothing can be easier," declared the secretary in charge. "The king goes to-morrow in state to a religious ceremony at the cathedral. Get a balcony on the route of the procession and you can have an excellent view of him."

"Good gracious! You don't suppose we came all this way to do *that*," cried the trio. "Why, a cat could look at the king that way. No, indeed! We want to shake hands and talk to him."

"Impossible!" declared the secretary. "Such a thing requires a formal presentation. Only the minister makes those, and he is absent."

Nothing dissuaded the three friends on the following morning walked determinedly up to the palace and resolutely demanded to see the reigning monarch. So overwhelmed was the aide-de-camp by the composure and urgency with which the request was made, that he actually carried it to the king, who, infinitely amused, granted it at once.

"We have come a long way to see you," said the spokeswoman, "and we didn't mean to go away till we'd done it."

The king invited them to a seat, and they conversed with him fluently and cordially for ten minutes; at the end of which time they rose without awaiting any intimation from him, and all three shook hands warmly, saying: "Well, we're pleased to have met you, but our time is short and we have a lot of other things to see," and so departed, leaving the king convulsed with merriment.

It is not alone monarchs who are treated lightly by these finely unconscious democrats. In the drawing-room of an Oxford hotel last summer were three women and a small boy engaged in search for a missing guide-book.

"What has Willy done with that Bedekerr?" cried the exasperated mother, and, after the red volume had been restored, threw herself into a deep chair and plunged into its pages, announcing the results of her investigations from time to time.

"Gurrls, there's a two-forty train to Kenilworth, and I guess one day's enough for this place." Then, after a studious interval: "My sakes, gurrls, listen to this! It says you couldn't see all that's to be seen in Oxford in a month. Guess no use our stayin', then—we'll take that two-forty train." And at the aforementioned hour they turned their resolute backs upon the most beautiful and richly historic spot in England.

These memories—odd, amusing, and delightful—of one's fellow-countrymen are endless; but there is room for only one more—the recollection of hearing on the crowded Munich railway platform a soft Southern voice saying: "Honey, don't set down there right in the way; they'll tromp on you."

And of seeing a small girl rise up, clasping to her bosom a cigar-box with a perforated cover. There was something curious about this box, because hurried travelers who came too near it started suddenly away, and regarded the little party of three, an old lady and two children, with undisguised horror. After some space of struggling with the intricacies of that badly spelled and poorly pronounced English which dwellers beyond the Rhine chose to call their German tongue, it was delightful to hear the accents of one's native land, and an excuse was seized upon to make the old lady's acquaintance. She was from Georgia, and knew no other tongue than her own. She was sixty-five years of age, and was traveling for the first time in Europe with her two small grandchildren. She had experienced no difficulty whatever, and, indeed, without a word of German managed to secure for herself on this occasion the best carriage and get her luggage attended to before any one else, by mere dint of gentle, sweet-voiced persistence. The *Teutonic* officials merely shrugged helplessly and obeyed when she said: "No, yo' don't take that bag—yo' bear me! Set it right down there like I tell yo'"—all in tones as soft as rose-leaves.

Another traveler at this moment shied violently away from the little girl's box, from which little serpent-like heads were being thrust, and this attracted the old lady's attention, causing her to ask, gently: "Honey, ain't those turtles of yo'rs hungry?"

"Yes, grandmaw, I reckon they are," said the child. "They ain't been fed since we left Flavrance."

And then the train carried the Georgians and the hungry turtles away.

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A Substantial Savings Institution.

The Union Trust Company, occupying temporary quarters at 228 Montgomery Street until its new building is erected on the lot upon which the old Hibernia Bank building formerly stood, is regarded as one of the most substantial savings institutions in the city. It has a capital of \$1,250,000 and its stockholders comprise many of the most prominent and wealthy men of the State. Dividends have been declared on term deposits at the rate of 5 per cent, per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 4½ per cent, per annum, payable on or after July 1, 1893.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Two weddings of interest to San Franciscans will take place in London this month, the brides-elect being the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, of this city. Both weddings will be celebrated at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, London. The first wedding will be that of Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Mr. Reginald Brooke, late of the First Life Guards, eldest son of the late Francis Capper Brooke, of Ufford Place, Suffolk, England. It has been arranged for half-past two o'clock on Monday afternoon, July 17th. On the following Thursday, July 20th, Miss Louise Ord Holladay will be united in marriage to Mr. Allen E. Messer, of Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Eddy and Mr. Edward Lewis Jacobs will take place at three o'clock next Saturday afternoon at the Church of Our Saviour in Mill Valley. After the wedding, there will be a reception at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Grant, in Mill Valley, from half-past three until five o'clock. Miss Mae Merry and Miss Maud Magee will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frank D. Madison will act as best man.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin will give a dinner-party this evening to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt at Golden Gate Villa in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams gave a bon-fire party on the beach at Santa Cruz last Tuesday evening, and had as their guests Mrs. Henry Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle, the Misses Castle, Mr. Albert L. Castle, Mr. Arthur Castle, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher gave a four-in-hand driving-party to the Big Trees last Monday to sixteen of their friends, returning to Santa Cruz in time for a sumptuous dinner at the Sea Beach Hotel.

A most enjoyable ball was given at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz last Tuesday evening, and it was attended by many San Franciscans. A string orchestra provided excellent music for the dancing, which was kept up until midnight.

Among the ladies who have been prominent at various functions held in connection with the Columbian Exposition are Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. William P. Redington, Mrs. Helen C. Huse, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Eva T. Shaw, and Mrs. Homer S. King.

—THERE IS NOTHING THAT DISTINGUISHES THE character of a correspondent more than the quality of the writing-paper used. This is a fact that ladies should bear in mind and act on. The most perfect display of fashionable stationery to be seen here is at the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They have all the delicate shades that are the rage in the East and Europe and the new sizes of paper and envelopes that are so popular.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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However excellent the form of the advertisement may be and however persistently pushed, it must be placed in a medium which reaches people of the class desired, and the greater the number of readers, the greater the value of the medium.—*New York Press*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Mamie Burling have been passing the last two weeks at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman are passing a few weeks at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander are passing the season in a cottage at Santa Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook have been at Castle Crag for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Fisher Ames and Miss Emma Irwin are enjoying a visit at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker passed the Fourth at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. N. G. Kittle was at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz during the holidays, and returned to the city on Wednesday.

Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have been passing a week at Newport, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cunningham are passing several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry are passing the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, nee Taylor, arrived in New York from Europe, last Tuesday and are expected here next week.

Miss Camilla Asbe passed the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall passed the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown passed the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood went to San Rafael last Saturday to witness the tennis tournament.

Mr. Francis O. Newlands is expected to return from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are rejoicing over the advent of a son in their household.

Mr. A. H. Small returned last Wednesday from a pleasant visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle, Mrs. F. L. Castle, the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle, and Mr. Arthur Castle are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and family are passing a month at Castle Crag.

Mrs. H. S. Crocker has been paying a visit to Mrs. George Mott, at Sacramento.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin returned from the East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge left Santa Cruz last Monday to pass the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pierce, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Pierce, and the Misses Grace and Katie Pierce, of Santa Clara, are at Ben Lomond.

Miss Emma and Lulu Huntsman are visiting friends in Seattle.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelle and Josie Hanlon will leave next Friday to pass a month at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and his son, Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon, are at their ranch in Lassen County.

Mr. Will E. Fisher returned last Wednesday from Santa Cruz, where he passed several days with his wife and family.

Mrs. Fisher will return home in four or five days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon and Miss May Sharon passed the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison passed the Fourth at Castle Crag.

Mr. Robert A. Irving, who has been passing a couple of weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz, will go to the Hotel del Monte next week.

Mr. Edward K. Clarke is at the Grand Hotel in New York city.

Dr. L. Neumann passed the holidays at San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. McLean are staying at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. N. Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy have returned to the city after a prolonged and interesting visit to Chicago.

Mr. Elwood B. Crocker is at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. Henry Williams, Miss Williams, and Miss Blanchard are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill in Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Burgess are expected to return from Santa Cruz on Monday after passing a month there.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center have returned from a visit to Castle Crag.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family are passing the season at Castle Crag.

Miss Millie Siche is passing a month pleasantly at the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz.

Miss Ethel Knox is passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Wieland are passing several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. A. C. Hellman passed the Fourth at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Speckels and Miss Lurline Speckels have been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Miss Della Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, has returned home after a year's course of study at an Eastern seminary. She will return there in September.

in company with her mother, who will pass several weeks in the East.

Mr. Joseph Sloss and Mr. Max Sloss are at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. John Martin returned to her home in Weaverville, Trinity County, last Sunday.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo have returned to the city after a prolonged visit to Chicago. General James S. Clarkson is their guest at their residence, 1533 Sutter Street.

Mr. William B. Carr has returned from a visit to Bellevue, Kern County, and is at her residence, 2534 Washington Street. Mrs. George G. Carr, of Bakersfield, is visiting her.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting are at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. P. McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill have been enjoying a fortnight's visit at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wightman are passing the season at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond passed the holidays at San Rafael.

Mr. Robert Bolton and Miss Lizzie Bolton are passing the season at Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell are passing the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Martin and Mrs. A. W. Moulton, of this city, and Miss Julia Fiske, of Lowell, Mass., have returned from a visit to San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will leave soon to pass the remainder of the summer at Rustic Hill, in Mill Valley.

Mr. Irving W. Mills has returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harry E. Hall has returned from a visit to her parents, General and Mrs. Cosby, at Sacramento.

Mr. H. Morgan Hill, who has been here on a month's visit, returned to his family in Paris last Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Dutar and Miss Sheldon have returned from a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt, Miss Anna Hunt, and Miss Minnie Cole will return to the city on Monday, after passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. James D. Phelan has been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mr. Samuel F. Hughes returned from Napa Valley last Thursday.

Dr. George J. Bucknall is the guest of Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft and Miss Jennie Hobbs have gone to visit Chicago and the Eastern States.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon returned to the city last Wednesday, after passing the holidays at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Judge William T. Wallace has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. Albert L. Stetson left Santa Cruz last Wednesday on the yacht *Lurline* for Coronado, and will remain in that vicinity almost a month.

Miss Helen Walker has been enjoying a week's visit at San Rafael.

Miss Alice Ziska has been having a delightful time at Santa Cruz during the past month. She will return home in a few days.

Mr. Albert L. Castle returned from Santa Cruz last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence passed the holidays in San José.

Miss Laura McDonald went to San José last Tuesday to visit her mother and sister, who are passing the summer there.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Miss Shipman, Captain Dougherty, U. S. A., and Major Charles T. Stanley are expected to return on Sunday from a hunting and fishing trip in Mendocino County.

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy has gone to Chicago, and will visit Canada and New York before returning home.

Mr. F. B. Farnham has just returned from a delightful visit to the Columbian Exposition and Yellowstone Park.

Dr. George B. Somers and Mrs. W. J. Somers passed the holidays at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, left last Wednesday for Colorado Springs, where Mrs. Avery will remain under medical care for about three months.

Mrs. Fred Birdsall and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Colonel Charles Sonntag passed the holidays pleasantly at Santa Cruz.

John N. Featherston passed the Fourth at Wrights, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Alberta Bancroft has returned from Pennsylvania, where she was attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton, who have been passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz, will leave there in a few days to pass the remainder of the summer at their country villa in Mayfield.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Morong, U. S. N., are here from Seattle, and are staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Lieutenant Lissak, U. S. A., returned to Benicia Barracks last Wednesday after passing the holidays at Santa Cruz.

His sisters, the Misses Madeline and Edna Lissak, of Alameda, accompanied him.

Admiral and Mrs. Harmony, U. S. N., are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., was at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz, from last Saturday until Wednesday.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Burton, Inspector-General of the Department of California, is in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned from an Eastern trip.

Lieutenant George G. Gately, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Captain W. E. Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as Indian agent at the Hoopa Valley Agency, Cal.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in New York city.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., are at the Richmond House, in Washington, D. C.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Senator Leland Stanford the following testamentary provisions were made:

The document was drawn by the late S. M. Wilson and is dated November 29, 1886. Codicils were added December 3, 1891, December 28, 1892, and January 25, 1893.

To the trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University is bequeathed \$2,500,000, which sum the will increased to \$5,000,000, in the event that the testator should survive his wife.

The management and control of the remainder of the estate is almost exclusively invested in Mrs. Stanford. The sum of \$500,000 was bequeathed to testator's brother, Thomas Walton Stanford; \$100,000 to his brother, A. P. Stanford; \$100,000 to the children of his brother, Charles Stanford; \$100,000 each to his nephews, and nieces, and his step-niece Gertrude; \$100,000 each to the two children of his deceased brother, Josiah Stanford. The sum of \$55,000 is bequeathed to testator's private secretary, Herbert C. Nash; \$100,000 each to Ariel, Charles G. and Henry C. Lathrop, brothers of Mrs. Stanford. The residue of the estate is left to testator's wife who was appointed executrix without bonds. The value of the estate is estimated from \$55,000,000 to \$75,000,000.

In March, 1893, what purported to be the last will and testament of the late Henry Martin was filed for probate. The document was dated May 16, 1890, and testator's entire estate was bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. May E. Martin. On June 29, 1893, a second will was filed for probate, dated February 23, 1893, a few days prior to testator's death. The contents of this will are as follows:

One-third of the estate was bequeathed to testator's wife, Mrs. May E. Martin, one-third to John Edwile Martin, only son of testator's brother, the late John Martin, of Weaverville, Cal., in grateful remembrance of his brother, and one-third to be equally divided between his brother and sister, William Martin and Miss Catherine Martin, of Maine. William Martin was appointed executor without bonds. The estate is valued at about \$750,000, and consists principally of mines in Trinity County, Cal. The first will was executed soon after the wedding of testator, and the second will was made when both testator and his wife were ill at the Palace Hotel, neither being expected to live. The wife, however, survived. There will be a contest over the wills.

By the will of the late Thomas Whitely the following testamentary provisions were made:

His estate is valued at \$100,000. It consists of real estate in this city and county and in the counties of San Mateo and Contra Costa, and also in New Jersey; money, live stock, shares of stock in various corporations, a seat in the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, and one-half interest in the firm of T. Whitely & Co. The testator bequeathed to his daughter Caroline W. Baker \$15,000, and to his son Henry W. Whitely \$12,000 and his seat in the Stock Exchange. The residue he bequeathed to his widow, Ellen M. Whitely. The widow is appointed executrix and the son executor, both to serve without bonds.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Wilkie. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Organ solo, march, in E flat, Elvey, Professor W. H. Holt; male quartet, "Which is the Properest Day to Drink?" Dr. Arne (A. D. 1765), Messrs. Wilkie, Howland, Hughes, and Nelson; song, "Wandered by the Brook-side," Hine, Miss Edna Groves; ballad, "My Pretty Jane," Bishop, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; violin solo, "Legende," Wienawski, Mr. Frank Hess; songs, (a) "Lullaby," Ethelbert Nevin, (b) "Old German Love Couplet," Meyer-Helmund, Miss Etta Bayly; new song, "My Polly Waits for Me," Daubert, Mr. J. C. Hughes; trio, "Memory," Leslie, Misses Groves and Bayly and Mr. Wilkie; organ solo, "Angel's Chorus," Clarke, Professor W. H. Holt; duet, "The Moon Has Raised," Benedict, Messrs. Wilkie and Hughes. Miss Edith B. Johnson was the accompanist.

The exhibition will be closed after to-morrow (Sunday) for a re-arrangement of the pictures and other improvements.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 175 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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106 Wall Street, New-York.

"A YOUNG MAN MARRIED."

Is a Young Man Married," according to Kipling.

THE PAINTER, 38. THE PAINTER'S WIFE, 23.

In the studio. There is a knock at the door.

THE PAINTER—Come in!

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[entering with a dog under her arm]—What did you want, Richard?

THE PAINTER—Anabel, dear, I'm in rather a hole! Can't get on! It's two o'clock, and Miss Vere hasn't turned up yet, and I thought I'd ask you to come and sit for a moment, just for one of these beads in the background.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Oh, dear, is that it? And I'm so busy arranging about a dress. Wretched girl—she's paid to come! Well, I suppose I ought [sighing]. Where am I to be?

THE PAINTER—But—a—I'm afraid, my dear, that you can't possibly pose for me and nurse that dog at the same time.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[resignedly]—Can't I? [Fondling the dog.] Go along down-stairs, then, a love!—a pet!—a darling!

THE PAINTER—[sarcastically]—When you've quite done—

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—All right, I'm coming! Beggars ought not to be choosers, you know, and I think it is very good of me to sit to you at all, and for one of the heads in the background, too!

THE PAINTER—They're most important. Could you hush in that chignon of yours a little? It is like a bun at the back of your head.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—It tries to look like that. [Modifies it tenderly with one hand.]

THE PAINTER—That won't do.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[decidedly]—It must do. . . . Richard, the frock is going to be quite lovely! Green—daffodil green—with some violet introduced in very small quantities.

THE PAINTER—It sounds bad color.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[contentuously]—What do artists know about color? You can none of you design a chic dress if you try! Well, listen. . . . little rosettes—they are all the rage—here. . . . and here [illustrates freely on her own person]. THE PAINTER—[writing]. Oh, I beg pardon; I forgot. It's so important, for I want it by Saturday. The Markhams have asked us down to Beaupont.

THE PAINTER—[pleadingly]—Must we—

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[pouting]—That is always the way! You are going to make me refuse, for some absurd artistic reason or other. And it's a house I've been always dying to stay in. . . . But it doesn't matter; of course we'll not go. I'm not cross, Richard, a bit; I'm not, really [smiling faintly].

THE PAINTER—Darling, I know what that means! Not cross, but disappointed. We'll go, of course. Perhaps they'll give me a commission to paint the eldest Miss Markham [bitterly].

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Oh, that would be lovely!

THE PAINTER—She isn't. And you forget I am not really a portrait-painter. But no matter. Sit still now, for heaven's sake!

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Pose me again. I've lost it. . . . Oh, you've painted me!

THE PAINTER—[absorbed]—What does it matter?

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—It does matter. You mustn't think this dress is one of your old studio properties, where stains don't count, except as local color. Here, quick; you must do something! Hand the turpentine. [He applies it. The sitting is resumed. There is a long pause.] I say, I'm coming down to have a look, Richard.

THE PAINTER—For heaven's sake, don't! I am just "stating" your nose!

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[piteously]—I must, Richard. I simply ache all over.

THE PAINTER—[with the brutality of the creative frenzy]—I can't help it! Just a minute. [Paints furiously for five minutes, then looks round.] My poor child, how can I be such a brute? You are quite white! Come and lie down a little. [Interlude, in which she lies back and he strokes her cheek.] . . . And you used to be such a good sister—before we were married.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Yes, then; but now it seems such waste of time.

THE PAINTER—How now, dear?

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[shyly]—Well, then, you know, it was the only way I could be—with you.

THE PAINTER—[laughing]—Ah, you were certainly the best chaperoned of girls. And yet, I think, dear old Aunt Mary had an inkling—

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—And used to be so kind, and drop her knitting-pins with a clatter when—when you were—posing—me!

THE PAINTER—And smiled on those ingenuous little pink-scented notes you used to send me by a tall footman, to say when you would spare me half an hour from your arduous social duties? You never came within an hour of when you said, but that was a detail. . . . You had no notion what work was.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—I was very amateurish and silly.

THE PAINTER—You were simply a fashionable young lady, to whom work was a degrading myth and an artist only one remove from the Great Unwashed. . . . I wonder, now, how I dared raise my eyes to anything so dainty and refined! I was enough sort of fellow then, fresh from the Parisian studios and—

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Yes, your clothes always smelled of tobacco and you were rather shaggy and uncouth—but so handsome! You knew nobody, and didn't care to. But I have got you on, haven't I? I think I'm a model wife! That was only three years ago, and now you're a fashionable painter, and an R. A., and a Celebrity at Home—

THE PAINTER—Worse luck!

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—What do you mean?

THE PAINTER—Well, dear—do you think you feel strong enough to sit again now?—it's scarcely one's ideal! One has an ideal, or ought to have. My ideal used to be Art and You. Observe, I put even you second in those days. But now it seems to be You and Society.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Well, Society buys your pictures!

THE PAINTER—It is the least it can do—in exchange for my immortal soul.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Oh, dear!

THE PAINTER—Yes, I know you hate that kind of talk. . . . I'll shut up. [Begins to work very hard.] THE PAINTER'S WIFE—But after all, what have you done so dreadful, Richard? You are a very good man.

THE PAINTER—Oh, no doubt. I pay my taxes regularly; I don't bully you desperately or notoriously cheat my fellow-men. But as an artist!—Well, dear, if you want to know, I paint what are vulgarly called "pot-boilers"—portraits of people that I know from the beginning I can never make anything of. I make replicas—bad artistic form! I let pictures go out of my hands when I know in my heart of hearts that they are susceptible of an infinite deal more work than I have time to give them, and that the people will be willing to go without for the sake of my name in the corner. The worst is, I am quite indifferent. Every artist who has the soul of an artist cherishes a hope that he will paint at least one good picture before he dies. I don't even try. I haven't time.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Something classical, I suppose you mean. Well, darling, you shall paint one dull, ugly, good picture before you die. You shall make it your diploma picture. You haven't done that yet, have you?

THE PAINTER—[sneering]—I've never succeeded in doing one bad enough.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Oh, Richard, don't be bitter. I'm sure you've everything you can possibly want.

THE PAINTER—Have you, dear? That is the question.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Yes, Richard, indeed I have. Everybody said when I married you I should not be happy with you; but I am—I am.

THE PAINTER—Can you truly say so? You good, contented little thing! It is a great thing, after all, to have been able to make one woman happy—quite enough. I registered a vow—you never knew—I swore I would not marry you to drag you down, that I would work till I dropped to enable you to live in the way you had been accustomed to. To give you the good things of this world I would devote my blood, my strength, my heart, my energy—and then what was over I would give to the perfecting of my ideal life. There was none over, that's all! But, at least, you are content; you did not want a great man for a husband. We live in a house of the most approved pattern; you have lovely dresses to clothe your beauty in; you can know anybody in the world you choose; you can give splendid dinners and go to court; and, among other comforts, you have a husband who adores you. I hope that item counts a little?

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[sweetly]—Yes, above everything.

THE PAINTER—But you must have the other things, too. Here, I'll let you off now. Come down and kiss me, my Vivien!

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—[kisses him]—Oh, how you smell of turpentine! And you will come to my "At Home" this afternoon, won't you? It makes it go so much better.

THE PAINTER—What, now, dearest—in the spring-time of the year, when every ounce of daylight is valuable, and only a fortnight off Sending-in Day?

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—Ah, do, dear. I like it.

THE PAINTER—The men don't.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE—What do I care? . . . Well, then you will? Five o'clock—promise! Take a holiday for once [goes].

THE PAINTER—[thrusting his brushes into a vase with a clash]—For always, I think. [Passionately.] An artist ought never to marry! It's been said before!—Black and White.

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FROM THE TENDERLOIN DISTRICT.

How a Gay New Yorker had Fun at the Fair.

A New Yorker from the Tenderloin District took in the Chicago fair recently, and during the course of the afternoon managed to imbibe stimulants in such quantity and variety that he soon acquired that tired feeling. It may have been this fact (says the *Sun*) that suggested to the New Yorker the advantages of taking a "gospel chair" for his further excursions. He ordered the divinity student propelling his chair to wheel him to the Midway, where, if anywhere, he would be certain to find New Yorkers or San Franciscans, or some one not afflicted with a solemn melancholy. Each time he stopped he caught sight of the depressing and disapproving countenance of his chair pusher, and each time he requested his attendant to cheer up, and assured him on the word of a veteran rounder that things were not so bad as they seemed, after all. But the divinity students who operate the chairs smile only when they are wheeling girls, and the Tenderloin delegate, when he reached the Midway Plaisance, dismissed his chair, and took a sedan chair, whose carriers, though unchristian Turks, were the most smiling rascals on the grounds.

With these to bear and cheer him, the New Yorker made a triumphal parade of the Midway. He sampled every kind of drink known to civilized and uncivilized man; in the German village, he sent a request to the band-master to play "The Cat Came Back"; in the café of old Vienna, he informed the orchestra-leader that he wouldn't mind singing "After the Ball," if the orchestra would accompany him; and he nearly precipitated a riot in the Dahomey village by wanting to buy a three-year-old pickaninny from its mother, a battle-scarred Amazon. In the streets of Cairo, he made both his chair-bearers ride on camels, while he led the procession on foot, unfeelingly informing the delighted Egyptians that "There Never Was a Minute Little Willie Wasn't In It." When he once more rode in state in his chair along the main street of the Midway, he found a new source of amusement, which caused all the trouble. He tossed some pennies in front of an approaching chair, and the bearers in front of his own and the approaching chair each slipped the leather straps off the handles of the chairs so suddenly to scramble for the coins, that the New Yorker and the old lady in the other chair were both nearly pitched out of their front windows. That was lots of fun, and, after explaining to his own bearers that there would be pennies left for them and they need not scramble, he, in turn, had every chair he passed for some time suddenly dropped, to the astonishment of their occupants, while the bearers scrambled for small coin. Of course this resulted in warning from the guards, and, at last, one guard informed the New Yorker that he was under arrest.

"All right, old man; just tell my men to carry me to the guard-house," explained the Gothamite, and the procession moved on.

Then it was that he saw in another chair a sleek, smooth-faced Ohio parson traveling along by his side. He hailed the parson, and both got out of their chairs.

"Why, doctor, I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed the New Yorker, grasping the other's hand.

"You have the advantage of me," said the parson. "Isn't this my old friend, Parson Smith, of Morristania?"

"No; I'm Parson Smith, of Lima, Ohio."

"Pardon me—great resemblance. And you and I look quite alike, too. Curious, isn't it?"

The New Yorker had edged around toward the parson's chair. The guard, of course, had only seen his face before that.

"You may take my chair, doctor, if you are going any distance. Your men look beastly tired, and I'm only going up the road a bit."

He gently pressed the good man into his (the New Yorker's) chair, slipped some money into the carriers' hands, gave them a knowing wink, and off they trundled the parson to the police-station, followed by the innocent guard, while that wicked New Yorker lost himself in the Cairo theatre, where he blissfully slept while the horrified parson was explaining to the sergeant the trick by which he was landed at the station-house on a charge of being "drunk and disorderly."

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Between slices of thinly cut white bread spread a mixture of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs, and cream sauce. Stamp out in round, oval, square, or oblong shapes. Butter the tops. Sprinkle on one-half the number of sandwiches, finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve, and on the other half parsley and white of egg chopped very fine. Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A primitive scene recently took place (says a writer in the New York Times) at one of those summer boarding-houses which verify their advertised promise to keep guests cheaply. During the clattering removal of chipped plates before dessert, a besmudged maid appeared in the kitchen doorway and recommended: "All keep your spoons!"

The old fashion of favoritism is well satirized in a story told of M. Bignon, a person of very little learning, who was made royal librarian by King Louis the Fifteenth of France. When the news of this appointment was brought by Bignon to his uncle, M. d'Argenson, the uncle exclaimed: "Good, nephew! Now you have an admirable opportunity to learn to read!"

Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a tedious and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention, to a tedious and uninteresting speech from a counsel learned in the law. Presently he made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the counsel in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words: "PATIENCE COMPETITION.—Gold Medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable Mention, Job." His peroration was wound up with as little delay as possible.

In one of the Sunday-schools at Olympia is a little Chinese boy who takes great interest in the proceedings. When impressed with the propriety of bringing a nickel to put in the contribution-box, he promptly responded; but, as he parted with it, he asked: "What fo?" The teacher replied: "It's for Jesus, my dear." The second Sunday the same question and the same answer. The third Sunday the same; but now the little Celestial's eyes opened with earnestness, as he further asked: "Jesus allus bloke?" The reply of the teacher is not recorded.

About the time of the American revolution the French commander, De La Motte-Piquet, met, as he left Quiberon Bay, two American vessels which saluted him. He replied, according to ministerial instructions, with nine salutes of cannon, an honor to which the ships of the American Republic were entitled. The English ambassador immediately asked an explanation of the French minister, De Vergeoes. De Vergeoes replied, good-naturedly and as if he had hardly given the matter a thought: "Perhaps it was the echo of the salute that you gave to a Corsican war-ship when the klog, my master, regarded Corsica as a rebel, as your ruler very well knew."

Judge Kellen was for many years police judge of St. Louis. An old Irishwoman was often before him in consequence of her too great fondness for whisky. One Monday morning she was called up, and the clerk read the charge: "Mary O'Brien, found drunk in the street." "What plea do you want to enter, Mary?" said the judge. "Well, yer honer," said Mary, "I'll not be pladin' at all to that charge; it's too general; it don't say what strate." The court had the charge amended, after inquiring of the policeman who made the arrest what street he had found Mary on, and good-humoredly let her off with a small fine as a compliment to her knowledge of pleading, acquired by her long experience in his court.

A story is told of a New York woman who became afflicted with the mania for change, and finally succeeded in persuading her husband to sell their house and to try a new neighborhood. He reluctantly placed it in the hands of a real-estate agent; and one morning, shortly afterward, his wife came into his room to a state of great excitement, with a newspaper in her hand. "I have found the very thing that will suit us!" she exclaimed; "do go at once and see about it before some one else gets ahead of us!" The poor man, thus adjured, hurried through his bath and dressing, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and arrived in a breathless state at a house-agency mentioned—only to find that the attractive advertisement referred to his own house.

Some years ago the late Prince Adolf zu Schaumburg-Lippe—whose family is the richest house in Germany—and the other princes who belonged to the South German Bund, had a meeting at Frankfort-on-the-Main, when they were entertained in a most sumptuous fashion by the towns-people. After

dinner, the princes were sitting together over their wine, when the door opened and a small, old man entered, at whose appearance all the royal personages, except Prince Adolf, arose and saluted him in a friendly manner. The Kurfuerst of Hesse, on seeing that the Prince remained seated, went up to him, and said: "Dear prince, do you not know the gentleman? That is the Baron von Rothschild." "What does that matter to me?" answered Prince Adolf; "I don't owe him anything."

The favorite horse of the Chinese Emperor Tsi having died through negligence on the part of the master of the horse, the emperor, in his rage, would have run that functionary through with his sword. The Mandarin Yent-se, however, parried the blow, saying: "Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die." "Well, then, tell him what it is." "Listed, you scoundrel," said the minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes which you have committed. First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor had intrusted to your safe-keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse." "Let him go," interrupted the emperor, who understood the lesson; "I pardon him."

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute-books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rehear the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'iot."

Dr. William George Ward, the eminent theologian, was much disturbed at the congratulations his friends sent him upon the birth of his first son. They made him seriously angry. "I have been for years," he said, "doing valuable intellectual work at Oxford and in this place which few men have the knowledge or ability to do, and no one ever wrote to congratulate me. I have a son—a thing any man may do—and I receive fifty or a hundred letters of congratulation. It is intolerably absurd." It had always been the habit in the Ward family, if two relatives differed strongly, to arrange not to be in speaking terms. Dr. Ward was once asked how much he had known of his father's first cousin, Sir Henry Ward. He replied quite gravely: "I only saw him twice—once as a boy, when he came to see my father, and then again I had an interview with him about a matter of business soon after I came into my property. We arranged at the end of it not to be in speaking terms," quite a superfluous arrangement, as Sir Henry Ward lived at that time in Ceylon, of which he was governor, and, in fact, never came again to England for a prolonged visit. Dr. Ward and his brother Henry had been estranged for a year or so, and one night they met at the Haymarket Theatre. Each of them had for the moment quite forgotten the quarrel, and friendly greetings passed, and a talk about the play. Next morning came a letter from Henry Ward. "DEAR WILLIAM: In the hurry of the moment to-night, I quite forgot that we had arranged to meet as strangers, and I write this lest you should misunderstand me, to say that I think we had better adhere to our arrangement, and I remain, dear William, your affectionate brother, HENRY WARD." Dr. Ward replied: "DEAR HENRY: I, too, had forgotten our arrangement. I agree with you that we had better keep to it, and I remain, your affectionate brother, W. G. WARD."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From June 10, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 7:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento. | 6:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San Jose. | 1:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:00 A. | Sacramento, Redding, via Davis. | 6:45 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton. | 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. | 6:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Port Costa. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave, Niles, and San Jose. | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 8:15 A. |
| 8:00 P. | Castle Creek and Dunsmuir via Woodland and Willows. | 7:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Felton, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:30 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San Jose, Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San Jose and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:25 P. |
| 2:00 P. | Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 11:23 A. |
| 2:30 P. | San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San Jose and principal Way Stations. | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San Jose and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon):

| | | |
|--------------|-------|-------------|
| SS. Colon | | July 13th |
| SS. San Juan | | July 24th |
| SS. Colima | | August 3d |
| SS. San Jose | | August 14th |

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

| | | |
|---------------------|-------|---|
| Peru | | Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M. |
| City of Rio Janeiro | | Thursday, August 10, at 3 P. M. |
| City of Peking | | Thursday, August 31, at 3 P. M. |
| China | | (via Honolulu), Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3 P. M. |

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M.

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Belgic.....Thursday, July 13

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu), Tuesday, August 1

Gaelic.....Tuesday, August 22

Belgic.....Thursday, September 21

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICK, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29, July 5, 14, 19, 29, August 3, 13, 28, 28.

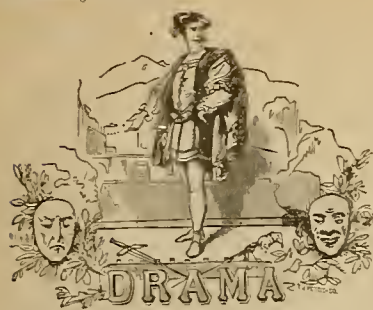
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, June 4, and every fifth day thereafter, for Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo, and Newport (Los Angeles) every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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The fiction-writers of all countries have their ideal heroines. The German, the French, the Spanish, the English have shown us what they considered the ideal woman—the novelists of each country all keeping to the national type, merely varying their pictures with the slight depths or pallor of color that their own individual temperaments suggest.

The English, with the ideality and sincerity which make them great poets and poor artists, have formed their ideal, which never varies and has never changed since the days of Shakespeare. Their great heroine is what some one has called the Alruna-wife type—the calm, fair, submissive, obedient, faithful, gentle, home-loving, domestic woman. She is of the kind commended by King Solomon in the last chapter of Proverbs—"she seeth well to the ways of her household." She has neither enterprise, energy, nor resource; but she is a serene and faithful creature—of the sort that has been called "the dog-woman type," who suffer uncomplainingly, endure bravely, and acquiesce meekly.

The English fiction-writer has never been untrue or swerved in his devotion to this fine and steadfast creature, who, if she is not always fascinatingly interesting, is always to be depended on and trusted in. She was the ideal woman that Shakespeare glorified. She reached her apotheosis in Imogene, the one perfect example of a blind trust, an unshakable confidence that is without the slightest touch of the ridiculous. She was portrayed in other aspects as the sweet and pensive Viola, as Desdemona, as Rosalind. There is even a good deal of her in Beatrice, the dark and debonaire.

All the great fiction-writers have bowed before her shrine. Fielding showed his appreciation of her in drawing with singular, tender care his Sophia Weston—"that delicious girl," as some one has called her. Richardson, with a less artistic spirit, went laboriously to work to produce his picture of her in Pamela, hardly a figure worthy to stand in the great galaxy of heroines, but still a humble member of the noble army. Dickens prostrated himself before her and signed his everlasting devotion by creating a throng of Agnes Wickfields, and Esther Summersons, and Florence Dombeyes. Thackeray, a realist to the finger-tips, who could see and draw men as they were, could not be drawn away from his faithful adherence to the great type. He contributed his dearly beloved and bitterly condemned Amelia to the throng of representatives. And he loved this weeping, plaintive, tender, helpless creature as Balzac loved Eugénie Grandet and Victor Hugo loved Cosette.

Even in their stage heroines, the English could not desert the national type of perfection. The Alruna wife is nearly as prominent a figure in their plays as in their ovels. The ancients loved her from Shakespeare and Ben Jonson down, and the moderns love her from Arthur Henry Jones to Jerome K. Jerome. She is the gentle, and simple, and unfortunate Letty of "Saints and Sinners" and she is the noble and faithful wife of the drunken husband in "The Silver King." In the ooe, she is shown in the days of her callow youth and ignorance; in the other, Mr. Jones draws with conscious pride the picture of her as a woman, matured, tried by every misfortune, the sport of a cruel destiny, yet uncrushable, supported by an undying faith in a reprobate husband, and ready in the last act to welcome him back with tears of joy.

Nine out of ten of the average English melodramas call upon the old, reliable favorite to carry off the honors of the heroine's place. She is seen as a married woman, trusting, affectionate, confiding, and loyal, in Haddon Chambers's "Idler"; she is seen as a young girl of exactly the same stripe in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful." Boucicault gave her a favor of rich Irish wit and put a drop of warm Irish blood into her veins, and gave her color and fire; but the Colleen Bawn and Art O'Neil are just the same as their English sisters, save for the charm of humor that their Irish author could not help dowering them with.

Even Sheridan, an Irishman, a wit, and an artist, could not get away from the great type. He was too much an artist, too intensely humorous, delighted too keenly in the *comédie humaine* to be content to dress up the old lady figure and give it the choicest ebullitions of his wit. He bowed to the public demand for the colorless Young Person as a heroine, and put Maria in "The School for Scandal," and, in Cora, gave to "Pizarro" a leading lady mildly sentimental enough to please the adherents of lukewarm tradition. But Sheridan was un-English enough and artist enough to love the heroine who is human, alive, brilliant with vivacity and humor. The drawing of the character of Lady Teazle is more like the

work of a Freochman than of an Englishman. It is a realistic study of character, rather than a presentation of an ideal figure. Sheridan liked to paint figures from life, not from fancy. His principal followers among the latter-day dramatists are Pinero and Oscar Wilde, both of whom have the realistic tendency and both of whom are largely French in their sympathies and points of view.

The French dramatists, who are artists first and public educators and elevators second, have always striven to present heroines who will be interesting and effective and sometimes natural. They are not particularly fond of the ideal type. When they do introduce the gentle, dove-like heroine into their plays it is to stand in contrast to the always interesting, if not always respectable, leading lady—as the young girl is introduced to contrast with the adventuress in Emile Augier's play. Dumas was particularly fond of this sort of accentuating of his two pet types—the ingénue and the adventuress. They enter hand in hand into most of his plays—the former always as aggressively ingenuous as the other is aggressively unconventional.

Dumas's ideal heroine was the lady with the past. We have her in most of his plays, always seen by the glare of the gas-light, always exquisitely dressed, always beautiful and witty, always, as he himself expressed it, a number of the society which he compared to the speckled peaches. In his faithful adherence to this type, he showed as little originality as the mediocre English dramatists in their unswerving devotion to the Alruna wife. Now and then he tried to make a little excursion into society which was not entirely composed of the speckled peaches of his own allegory, but the fascinations of the gallant and gay heroine were irresistible, and he always came back to her. Suzanne, Denise, Camille, L'Étrangère, with their good clothes and their bad morals, were the one type that he could and would depict.

Among the regular visitors at Vauxhall Gardens, toward the close of the last century, was Sir John Dineley, so well known for his matrimonial advertisements. It was his habit to attend here on public nights twice or three times every season, when he would parade up and down the most public parts; and it is said that whenever it was known that he was coming, the ladies would flock in shoals to the gardens. In spite, however, of his persistent efforts to gain a rich wife by advertisement, he died a bachelor, an inmate of the poor knights' quarters in Windsor Castle in 1808. Here is one of his advertisements taken from the *Ipswich Journal* of August 27, 1802:

"To the angelic fair of the true English breed, worthy notice: Sir John Dineley, of Windsor Castle, recommends himself and his ample fortune to any angelic beauty of a good breed, fit to become and willing to be the mother of a noble heir, and keep up the name of an ancient family ennobled by deeds of arms and ancestral renown. Ladies at a certain period of life need not apply. Fortune favors the bold. Such ladies as this advertisement may induce to apply or send their agents (but no servants or matrons) may direct to me at the Castle, Windsor. Happiness and pleasure are agreeable objects, and should be regarded as well as honor. The lady who shall thus become my wife will be a baroness and rank accordingly as Lady Dineley, of Windsor. Good-will and favor to all ladies of Great Britain. Pull no caps on his account, but favor him with your smiles, and peans of pleasure await your steps."

It should be added that, though his "ample fortune" was moonshine, his title was genuine and not a sham.

Victor Hugo's dissertation on "le bug-pipe," the national instrument supposed to be dear to the Scot, his delightful mention of a famous Scotch "head-land," known to the natives as "Première des Quatre, First of the Fourth," his English manners and customs in "L'Homme qui Rit," culminating in the Ollendorffian dialogue concerning the Wapenlatte—these are typical instances of the way in which Frenchmen understand our ways and our language. Lord David Dirry-Moir, mingling with the mob of Wapping under the "humble, but expressive," nickname of Tom-Jim-Jack, though lord of the three estates of Hornbe, Gaudraith, and Hell-Kerters, is the kind of British nobleman one might see in a nightmare—the names have such a queer, fantastic suggestion of possibility, while manifestly impossible. Lord Clanchair, again—how delightfully Scotch in intention, and how grandly burlesque in reality! *Clan* is so Scotch, *Charlie* so Jacobite, the two together so absolutely incredible a combination!

The Camdeoo and Atlantic Railroad Company has hit upon a novel scheme for refusing passes over the road. When an applicant for dead-head privileges enters the office, instead of receiving the desired pass, he is gravely handed a card on which are printed the following Biblical quotations:

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers, xx., 18.
"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges, iii., 28.
"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum, i., 15.
"None shall ever pass."—Isaiah, xxiv., 10.
"This generation shall not pass."—Mark, xiii., 30.
"Though they roar, yet can they not pass."—Jeremiah, v., 22.
"So he paid the fare and went."—Jonah, i., 3.

Almost the sole hereditary trade in the United States is that of the deep-water pilot. At most of the important seaports, pilotage has been confined for generations to a few families. The Delaware pilots congregate at Lewes, where they have lived these many generations. To be a deep-water pilot in Delaware is to be a man of consideration, with houses, lands, and portable goods ashore, a snug home, a well-clad family, and local honors of various sorts.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 10th: The Lyceum Company in "Americans Abroad"; the Tivoli Company in "Ali Baba (Up to Date)"; and "Maine and Georgia."

Eugene Cowles's visit to Europe to cultivate his voice will keep him there three years. He goes over in August, and is to sing in concert in London before proceeding to Italy.

Jimmie Powers, the farce-comedian, is ambitious, and has just purchased from Nat Goodwin the American rights in "Walker-London," a comedy in which J. L. Toole has been appearing continuously for two years past in London.

The Tivoli announces "Indiana" for early production, but it probably will not be seen for some time yet. "Ali Baba (Up to Date)" has proved extremely popular, and there is no reason why it should not run for several weeks if an occasional change is made in the songs and specialties.

Patti is now at Craig-y-Nos Castle, studying the new opera by Signor Pizzi, which she will produce during her tour of the United States next winter. The opera is entitled "Gabrielle" and the scene is in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. In the first act Mnie. Patti plays the part of a nun.

Anton Rubinstein will spend the next few months in his villa, near St. Petersburg, where he is at work on a new Biblical opera, "Jesus the Christ." Rubinstein told a reporter recently that the opera would have no religious character. He is working upon the composition very leisurely, and has set no time in which to finish it.

Daly's new theatre in London has one of the handsomest curtains ever seen in that city. It is of rose-crimson silk, brocaded with gold and silver threads, and cost five thousand dollars. The stalls of the theatre are upholstered in crimson and gold brocade, the dress-circle seats in purple and silk brocade, and the draperies of the private boxes in blue, silver, and gold brocade.

The insertion of lies in farces and comedies for the purpose of advertising is a new and dreadful development in the drama. The New York *Sun* notes that two young actors are allowed to advertise a certain brand of cigarettes, another actor calls attention to a wine that is used in a dinner scene, and another probably gets free board for puffing a New York hotel in a most uncalled-for manner.

The horrible rumor is started by a Chicago paper that Ada Rehan is bow-legged, the assumption being based on the fact that women visitors in the Montana Building were seen to gaze upon the silver statue of Justice with giggling contempt and have been heard to declare that if her limbs continued upward in the directions indicated by the portions showing beneath her gown, she would have the outline of an equilateral triangle poised on its apex.

The Lyceum Company, which is to appear on Monday night in Sardou's new comedy, "Americans Abroad," comprises the following actors and actresses: Herbert Kelcey, Georgia Cayvan, W. J. Lemoine, Effie Shannon, Charles Walcott, E. J. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Fritz Williams, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Eugene Ormonde, Charles W. King, Charles Robinson, Bessie Tyree, Augustus Cook, Madge Carr, Annie Leland, Vaughn Glaser, Little Annette, and some minor people.

Dr. Carver, who used to be a dentist in San Francisco and has been graduated to the stage after an apprenticeship as a crack shot, had a "tank drama" last year in which a mounted horseman and his steed fell together from a breaking bridge into a river. It was a great card, and now he has gone it one better by substituting for his single horse and rider a six-horse stage-coach filled with passengers. They fall into a tank measuring fifty-one by twenty-nine by ten feet.

Annie Howe—"Mamma told me not to encourage him, and I always obeyed mamma." Violet Blue—"And yet you were coaxed to him in three days?" Annie Howe—"Yes; fortunately he isn't the kind of a fellow who needs encouragement."—Puck.

A New Location.

For many years The Wilshe Safe and Scale Co. have been located on California Street, near Front, but as more desirable quarters were needed, they have leased and moved to the large and commodious store, No. 6 California Street, near the junction of Market, being on the main thoroughfares of the city, where they will carry a full line of fire and burglar-proof safes and the Buffalo Scales of all kinds. The reputation of these goods is well known all over the coast, and they stand second to none.

LUCILE & STONE, FORMERLY IN THE WHITE House building, have removed temporarily to 128 Post Street until their new rooms opposite are completed, and are selling millinery at greatly reduced prices.

H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Painless filling.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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Second Week! A Meritorious Success! The Oriental Spectacular Extravaganza.

ALI BABA (UP TO DATE)

A Dream of the Arabian Nights Realized! A Royal Treat for the Little Ones! The Talk of the Town!

Next Opera—Indiana

Popular Prices—25 and 50 cents

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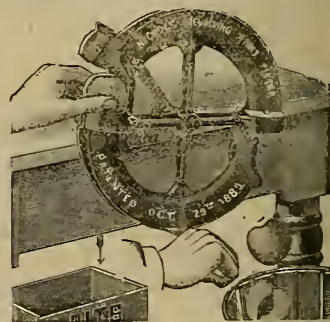
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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

The man who does not find advertising profitable, generally finds business unprofitable.—N. C. Fowler, Jr.

GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO.
MANUFACTURERS.
BANK OFFICE
AND
CHURCH
FURNITURE
638-640 MISSION ST.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In that particular: "She is a perfect Juno."
"Yes, her husband is always crazy about somebody else."—*Life*.

Faith—"Bah! What's the use of a girl getting married?" Hope—"Why, to let people know that she can, of course!"—*Puck*.

"What has become of Squibb, who used to be the leader in all your local enterprises?" "Dead. He was cannonized during the Fourth of July celebration."—*Truth*.

Asken—"What kind of a fellow is Dumleigh?" Tell—"Well, Dumleigh is a fellow who, if he were to think twice before he spoke, would lose the use of his voice."—*Puck*.

Snooks—"What makes you so glum? You say her father did all he could to hasten your suit." Sledge—"You do not seem to realize that I was in the suit at the time."—*Truth*.

At Chicago: First Philadelphia man—"Having any fun?" Second Philadelphia man—"Fun? I don't think I'll ever go back. Didn't go to bed last night till eleven o'clock."—*Puck*.

In Chicago dialect: "To-morrow is the Fourth of July," said Mr. Lakeside. "Yes," replied Mrs. Lakeside, musingly; "the day that this country got its divorce from England."—*Puck*.

Lord Stonebrake—"Let me see, we were talking about those two American beireesses." Lord Overdraft—"I know we were; but, for heaven's sake, don't let us talk shop any more!"—*Puck*.

Proprietor—"Didn't I see a Chinaman come out of here as I came down the street?" Drug-clerk—"Yes, sir; he wanted a prescription for dyspepsia, and I sold him a box of 'Rough on Rats.'"—*Puck*.

He—"How many bridesmaids are you going to have, dearest?" She—"None." He—"Why, I thought you had set your heart on it." She—"I had; but from present indications the girls I want will all be married first."—*Life*.

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Barlow, on the evening of the fire-works display, "the stick on our finest and largest rocket is broken, and we can't replace it." There was a moment's silence, and then a voice from the dark piazza suggested: "Use Cholly."—*Bazar*.

Callow—"What did you think of the Infanta's husband?" Benthair—"Oh, I don't mind a married man playing second fiddle—most of us are used to that. But I'm glad that the orchestra to which I belong don't give many public performances."—*Puck*.

Julia—"How did the Meringues' dinner pass off?" Hattie—"Delightfully! And the male contingent was a decided success. It's such a pleasure to converse with experienced men of the world. Why, three were divorced and the other two Keeley cures."—*Puck*.

"I wonder," said one of the loungers, "what was the origin of the swallow-tailed coat?" "It is my idea," said the grizzle-whiskered man from Montana, "that they was cut that way in the first place to make it handy for a man to git his gun."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Prosecuting attorney (in the murder trial)—"Did you notice anything peculiar in the appearance of this man?" Algy—"Ya-a-s, sir." Prosecuting attorney—"Ah, you did; and what was it?" Algy—"Aw, his twosahs weren't cweased, ye know."—*Detroit Tribune*.

The heiress—"Yes, when I don't wish to accept certain men's attentions, and they ask where I live, I say in the suburbs." Mr. Selfsure—"Hal! Hal! Excellent! But where do you live, Miss Brown?" The heiress—"In the suburbs, Mr. Selfsure."—*Life*.

Old lady (to druggist)—"I want a box of canine pills." Druggist—"What is the matter with the dog?" Old lady (indignantly)—"I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman." Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence. —*Boston Home Journal*.

"Miss Lovely," said he, earnestly, "you have noticed these missing-word contests. I know. Well, I have one that I want you to help me with. The sentence is, 'Will you be my —?' Can you supply the missing word, dear one?" "Yes," said she, meaningly; "'sister.'"—*Truth*.

Getting some profit out of it: Lichtenstein (to customer who has merely purchased a stamp)—"Don't you want noddings else? No gollars, no shirts, no gloadings, shoes, bats—no noddings?" Customer—"No; this stamp is all I require." Lichtenstein (anxiously)—"Say, mister, vil you let me lick th' stamp?"—*Puck*.

Mrs. Hogan—"An' fwy isn't the old mon a-workin' now?" Mrs. Grogan—"It's a invintor he is. He has got up a road scraper that does the work of fivoe min." Mrs. Hogan—"An' how minny min do it take to r-run it?" Mrs. Grogan—"Six. It will be a great thing fer givin' imploymint to the laborin' man."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative. A standard remedy for constipation.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Poet Set Right.
"Worth makes the man,"
The poet much mistakes;
Worth makes the woman—
The man he merely breaks.
—*Kansas City Journal*.

Burns at the Fair.
Gin a guardie meet a body
Comin' through the fair,
Gin a guardie slug a body,
Dare a body care?
Ilka guardie has a sahre
Strapped upon his hip;
Gin ye like to see him draw it
Gie the guard some lip.
—*Chicago Tribune*.

Financial Stringency.
The cashier took a hungry girl
About the fair for lunch;
And next day nineteen different banks
Went skyward in a bunch.
—*World's Fair Puck*.

A New Grim Destroyer.
"Rough on rats," and gasoline
Are taking a vacation,
The while the folding sleep machine
Doth decimate the nation.
—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Quicker than Poison.
"I'm tired of life and its deceit,"
His voice was sad; his eye was dim,
"I'll ask the next man that I meet
If it is not enough for him."
—*Washington Star*.

A Parent's Suspicious.
Where was my wandering boy last night,
The boy that I sent to bed,
The boy that was once my joy and pride?
I fear he climbed out on the shed.
—*Minneapolis Journal*.

A Hayseed Query.
He asked the waiter in accents sweet,
When his power of speech he found,
"Does the wind that blows in from the street
Make these fans go round and round?"
—*Puck*.

She's There.
The gallus girl reporter is a-doing of the fair,
With note-book in her hand you will find her everywhere.
And all its varied glories forth she'll eloquently set
In the "Special Correspondence of the Beaville Gazette."
—*World's Fair Puck*.

The Summer Girl's Version.
If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the busiest day of all the summer year;
Of all the summer year, mother, the busiest day to me,
For I'm to be queen o' the sea, mother—I'm to be queen o' the sea!
And pack my reticule, mother, and put the things in place;
And get my little year's bathing-suit—it's in my thimble case—
And put it where I'll find it—in the watch you gave to me,
For I'm to be queen o' the sea, mother—I'm to be queen o' the sea!
And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him to be brave;
That when he waves his hand to me I'll be beneath the wave;
He'll drink his sour mash at home, and sadly think of me,
But I'll have a mash at the sea, mother—I'll have a mash at the sea!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The safe, or treasure-rooms, of the leading transatlantic steamers are interesting structures. They are so artfully concealed and contrived and so strongly built that, with a single exception—that of a Pacific liner carrying gold-dust on a long voyage—they have never been robbed. In some vessels these safe-vaults are placed amidships, in some aft; but they are always at the bottom of the ship, below everything else, and practically right on the keel. The room is generally some eight or ten feet square and high, and built of iron plates three or four inches thick, and it is furnished with such a formidable array of locks, bolts, and bars as to strike dismay in the hearts of even the deftest and most experienced burglars.

In England, the civil service and government examinations require the vertical or upright form of penmanship, because of its greater legibility than any other form of writing. This form is more quickly learned and rapidly written than the sloping hand and saves space on paper—which, however, is not a needed economy in these days of cheap paper. The battle between the two systems has not been carried on in England alone, but in Germany, France, and Denmark. Dr. Toldt, professor of anatomy in Vienna, states that vertical writing, from the anatomical and physiological point of view, is the only correct method.

There is a large factory in a small town near Chicago, employing about one hundred workers, which is given over to the manufacture of articles from waste animal blood. At certain seasons of the year this unique factory uses quite ten thousand gallons of fresh blood per day. It is first converted into thin sheets by evaporation and certain chemical processes, and afterwards worked up into a variety of articles, such as combs, buttons, ear-rings, belt-clasps, bracelets, etc. Tons of these articles are sent to all parts of the world every year.

Several thousands of hair-pins, in many styles, have been recovered from Pompeii.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
IF YOU ARE NERVOUS,
And cannot sleep, try it.

DCCXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 9, 1893.

Purée of Green Peas.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Green-Corn Tamales.
Green Peas. Broiled Tomatoes.
Roast Veal. Potato Croquettes.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Apricot Ice. Orange Cake.
Coffee.
Fruits.

GREEN-CORN TAMALES.—Take the corn, remove the cob carefully without breaking the leaves from the bottom, then grate the corn and pass through a fine potato-masher; spread this thickly upon the corn-husks, and in each corn-husk place some small pieces of rich chicken, plenty of red chili pepper, salt, two olives rubbed with garlic, and two raisins; a very small piece of salt pork may be added; roll all nicely in the corn-husks, tie the loose end, and steam for one hour.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in tin.

The entrance of Prince Ferdinand and his bride to the Hungarian capital was very much in the nature of a carriagemaker's exhibition. They rode in a coach drawn by six horses decked out with ostrich plumes and other circus-like fixings. Behind them trailed twelve or fifteen of the magnificent equipages that the prince bought in Vienna just before his marriage. The princess appeared in the Bulgarian national costume and looked as if she had just been picked off a Christmas-tree. Prince Ferdinand had himself arrayed in gold braid and medals until he outshone the president of a schütztenfest.

"Did you ever play poker with a stammering man?" asked a man quoted in the *Indianapolis Journal*. "No? Well, I did last night, but I'll never do so any more. Just imagine, if you can, a man's feelings when he has put up a big, fat bluff, and sees that stuttering friend on the other side of the table pick up his cards, and hears him say: 'W-w-w-e-l-l, I g-g-g-u-e-s-s I'll-g-u-e-s-s I'll p-p-p-a-s-s.' I tell you, the strain on a man's nerves while he is waiting for the verdict is something awful."

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe.

Too Many
To print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Burden Eagle brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

—Feverish children and teething babies need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

USE ONLY

MURRAY & LANMAN'S



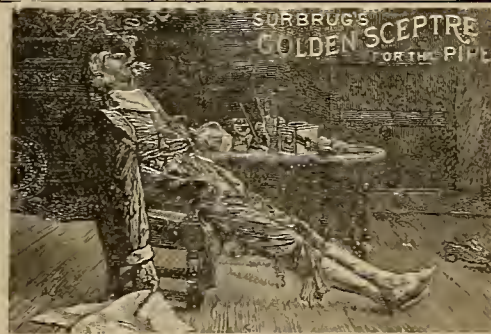
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Dividend Notices.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Whoever gives out advertising should, from time to time look at the papers in which it is inserted, although he may have a capable and faithful agent to do the actual work, and some one in his establishment from time to time verifies and checks the returns. He will find that from some forms he is not getting satisfactory results. The design as he wrought it out is good, but as copied into a thousand newspapers, some displaying very little taste, the result is far from admirable, although every word is inserted and some attempt is made to follow his copy. It then becomes his duty to devise other advertisements, using the former only when its due effect can be given. It is useless to expect ordinary workmen to do uncommon things, or to evince much taste. For them, notices must be devised which will stand ill-treatment. If it therefore is seen by the results that the design is mangled or impossible of general execution, it is better to abandon it and try another.—*Printers' Ink*.



IF YOU ARE A PIPE SMOKER

WE WANT YOU TO

-TRY-
GOLDEN SCEPTRE

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send you receipt of 10c, a sample to any address. Prices, 1 lb., \$1.35, 1/2 lb., 40 cts. Send for catalogue. M. BLASKOWER & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 225 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463.

Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from \$2 to \$10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,
29 Post Street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,276,486 60
January 1, 1893.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Agency of The Bank of California
Boston.....Tremont National Bank
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of The Bank of California
Chicago.....Union National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Australia and New Zealand.....Bank of New Zealand
China, Japan, and India.....Chartered Bank of India,
Australia, and China

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis,
Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland,
Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg,
Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania,
Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai,
Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Lloyd Tevis, Oliver El-
dridge, Leland Stanford, James C. Fargo, Geo. E. Gray,
W. F. Goad, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:

GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE,
Cashier; J. H. Strohbridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F.
H. Green, J. M. Haven.
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general bank-
ing business transacted.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
CITY OFFICE: GENERAL OFFICE:
504 Montgomery Street. 401 Montgomery Street.

London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

THE FICTION OF BICYCLE "BESTS"

Is realized when you know that it takes years of expe-
rience and study to build a reliable Bicycle.

RAMBLER BICYCLES

Are the result of experience in

14 Years of Bicycle Building.

EACH ONE GUARANTEED.

Ask any Rambler Agent
for Catalogue or send
Stamp to

Gormully & Jeffery
Mfg. Co.,
CHICAGO, NEW YORK,
BOSTON, WASHINGTON.

LOG CABIN BAKERY !



BEST BREAD IN THE WORLD

Families find our Home-Made Bread
BETTER and CHEAPER than that made at
home AND PATRONIZE US.

We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and
Berkeley.

Main Offices—400 Hayes St., San Francisco.
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.
Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.



ANDREWS' UPRIGHT FOLDING BEDS

Office and School
FURNITURE,
OPERA and CHURCH CHAIRS.
C. F. WEBER & CO.
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.



HAVE YOU TRIED

Bohemian Club Mocha and Java Blended Coffee?

IT'S A WHOLE BREAKFAST IN ITSELF.

ROASTED, NOT GROUND

— PACKED ONLY IN —

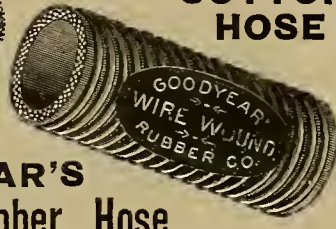
2 1/2 lb. Sealed Cans, Net Weight, \$1.15 each
5 lb. “ “ “ “ \$2.00 each



RUBBER HOSE !



COTTON HOSE !



GOODYEAR'S

Gold Seal Rubber Hose

BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

R. H. PEASE, Managers. Goodyear Rubber Co. 577 AND 579 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO
S. M. RUNYON, Will open a store in August at 73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Or.

The STANDARD AMERICAN TYPE-WRITER,

CHAS. E. NAYLOR, Agent,

No. 19 Montgomery St., Lick House Block

— DEALER IN —
TYPE-WRITING SUPPLIES.

KNABE PIANOS

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all
other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter
Street, San Francisco.



HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send
\$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 1681b St. & 3d Ave., N. Y. City.
DISTRIBUTERS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST: ROOT & SANDERSON, 122 Market St., San
Francisco, Cal.; and KLAUBER & LEVI, San Diego, Cal.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled
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that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an addi-
tional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

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|--|--------|
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| The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail..... | 6.00 |
| The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail..... | 6.00 |
| The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail..... | 6.00 |
| The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail..... | 0.30 |
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Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom
we do not wish to interfere.

PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.



HOTEL

PLEASANTON

San Francisco,

COR. JONES AND
SUTTER STS.

M. E. PENDLETON,
Proprietor and Manager.

You can find quiet, pleasant, nicely furnished rooms, near the best restaurants, principal stores, theatres, etc., at the

GLEN HOUSE,

236 Sutter, nr. Kearny and Market Streets.

Pasturage for Horses.

The undersigned has a grass farm of 216 acres, at Corte Madera, Marin County, 12 miles from San Francisco. Thoroughly watered in every field.
It is completely sheltered from the winds and is a most desirable place for the pasturage of stock.

It is thoroughly provided with spacious and elegant barns, which are filled with hay of the best quality.

Horses stabled and taken care of at night and fed with hay during the entire season when it is wet or windy.
Experienced men will take charge of the stock.

For terms of pasturage apply to the Golden Gate Stables at 24, 26, and 28 Golden Gate Avenue.

Farm house, partly furnished, on the same place, with orchard and vineyard, to let.
Apply to FRANK M. PIXLEY.

PELTON WATER-WHEELS,

PELTON WATER-MOTORS,

Rife Hydraulic Engine.

PELTON WATER-WHEEL CO.

121 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.

143 Liberty Street, New York.

Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or a bilious attack.

RIPANS TABULES

Promote Digestion, Regulate the stomach, Liver and Bowels. Purify the Blood, and are a Positive Cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

Ripans Tabule take the place of an Entire Medicine Chest, and should be kept in use in every family.



Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Price, - - Two Dollars.

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
10 Spruce St., New York.

Matured Mountain Wines.

The Ben Lomond Wine Co.

114 1/2 McALLISTER ST.

Can supply Families, Clubs, and Connoisseurs with the finest brands of aged Hook, Burgundy, and Claret (grown in their own vineyards in the Santa Cruz Mountains), in either glass or wood, at prices according to age, delivered free in San Francisco.

GERMEA The Monarch of Breakfast Foods THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS

The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXIII. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 17, 1893.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at 27 King William Street, West Strand. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 125 Fifth Avenue. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Some attention has been given in these columns to the comparatively recent development of the country north and south of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast, and the possible effects of that development upon this city. San Francisco has so long enjoyed a position of commercial and social supremacy on this coast that the people of this city are apt to indulge themselves in a self-complacent thought that that position is impregnable. But it has been lack of competition rather than any preëminent capacity on the part of San Francisco that has brought about and hitherto maintained that state of affairs. To-day, formidable competition is growing up both to the north and in the south, and it is well to face the situation squarely and to consider the measures necessary for success in the coming struggle.

Other things being equal, ocean commerce will be attracted to those points where the natural facilities are best, and transcontinental commerce will naturally come to

the shipping centres; and, at the same time, transcontinental facilities will naturally supplement the physical advantages of the seaport in the development of its commerce. On the Pacific Coast the natural facilities point out Puget Sound and San Francisco as the shipping centres. Between these two points is Portland, a city of great wealth and energy in proportion to its size. Portland will probably always be a great inland distributing centre; but in the competition for ocean commerce it must remain at a disadvantage on account of the Columbia River, with its long, tortuous channel and the dangerous bar at the mouth. The greater part of the ocean trade must be turned to the north or the south and find an outlet through Puget Sound or San Francisco Bay. Which of these two points will secure the greater part of this trade of Portland and the surrounding country of Oregon will depend upon the energy displayed in securing it and upon the preparations made for handling it.

San Francisco has no such natural advantages that the trade will come here of necessity, and the northern country is already well equipped industrially. Four transcontinental railroads now end at Puget Sound; San Francisco has but one. The Canadian Pacific reaches navigable water at Vancouver; the Great Northern touches Puget Sound at Everett and branches north and south, finding good harbors at Fairhaven, Seattle, and Tacoma; the Northern Pacific has its western terminus at Tacoma; and the Union Pacific has completed its surveys and located its road to the same city. By sea the communication is not less complete. Vancouver has steamship lines to Japan and China, the Sandwich Islands, and Australia; and Tacoma has a line in operation to Japan and China, and another organized to secure a share of the Hawaiian trade.

In natural resources the back country that these cities must draw upon is not inferior to California. Its agricultural resources are extensive, and, as yet, hardly a step has been taken toward their development. For manufactures, there are iron and coal in abundance; and the lumber supply is more extensive than can be found elsewhere in the same area in the United States.

Such a competitor is by no means contemptible, and the superior size of this city will be of small avail in the struggle that must come. San Francisco is to be retained in the position it now occupies, not by complaining of the facilities for commerce we now have, but by putting forth every energy to increase and multiply those facilities. Competing railroads will come here just so soon as it is made manifest that the traffic will guarantee a fair return on the investment, and not before; increased facilities by sea will be secured by creating business for steamers to carry, and this will be accomplished by the construction of more railroads opening up new territory and giving increased facilities to the territory already opened up. The effort must be made in both directions. A merchant of this city recently called attention to the mutual advantages that would result from extended trade between this city and Australia. Owing to the differences of seasons, the goods that sell here in winter would find a market there during our summer, and summer goods would be sold there in winter. California now has but a small share of the Australian trade; systematic effort would divert a large part of it in this direction. This is but one of the directions in which an effort should be made. Business will not come here of its own accord; the merchants must reach out for it and secure it in the face of the most active opposition.

Not the least interesting portion of the newspapers of New York is that which describes the efforts of the benevolent to better the condition of the women and children of the poor. It is the good fortune of San Francisco that it has no pauper class and that the heat is never so trying that fresh-air excursions are necessary to preserve children in health. In New York, before there were any such excursions, the mortality among the children of the working-class was enormous. It has been greatly reduced since they came into vogue. Several of the daily papers give such excursions in the course

of the season. *Life* and the *Tribune* collect "Fresh-Air Funds," to expend in this way at regular intervals. The *Herald* collects through subscription, and spends \$10,000 a year for ice for sick children. The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor gives a series of ocean outings, and St. John's Guild—an Episcopal charity—has been particularly active in this direction. It maintains two hospitals, one on the seaside, and one afloat. At the latter, 43,584 patients were treated last summer. Attached to the floating hospital are salt-water baths and spray baths. Last year the spray bath was towed into the Lower Bay and 5,466 exhausted women and children were refreshed with spray baths. Trips are now made to the bath-house from New York daily, carrying 1,400 persons. Persons who are disposed to spend \$250 in good works can hire it, and fill it with 1,000 women and children, each of whom gets a bath in pure, sparkling sea-water.

This is as noble a charity as the Bloomsbury Hospital for Sick Children, in London, which treated 22,564 patients last year, 294 of whom were under two years of age.

Though we have no pauper class, and the summer heat here is not exhausting, as in the East, we have some seventy or eighty thousand children to whom an outing in the country would be not only a pleasure but a preservative of health. The late Mr. Lick left a large sum for public baths, which, so far as the public know, may be fulfilling their purpose; one never hears of them. But it would be a graceful thing for some of our rich people to charter a steamboat on a Saturday and send a thousand poor children for an outing on Angel Island. Grown people, young men, and young women, have periodical picnics throughout the summer. But the poor little waifs who have no money, and whose parents are too busy to look after them, seldom have a chance of enjoying such luxuries. A picnic which was lately given under the auspices of a daily newspaper was crowded with eight or nine hundred newsboys and their friends; the little chaps seemed to regard it as a foretaste of Elysium. Why should not our millionaires, who must be distressed to find opportunities of usefulness, make a regular business of giving a Saturday picnic to children who need fresh air and can not afford to procure it?

Setting sentiment out of the question, it is a good deal cheaper for a city to furnish poor children with fresh air and a bath than it is to treat them in hospitals when they are sick. There are several spots on this peninsula and on the islands in the bay where free public baths might be established for children. It would not cost much to charter a tug on Saturdays to carry them back and forth. A few hundred dollars would erect sheds for dressing-rooms and a like sum would supply bathing-clothes for the girls and caleçons for the boys. Doctors will state how many sick children such a system would cure without drugs or treatment, and how largely the physical constitutions of both sexes would be improved and strengthened.

We are so selfish that all our public improvements are designed for the benefit of adults; few people ever think of the children—especially the children who go about in rags and acquire habits of using coarse language because well-behaved boys and girls will not associate with them. In point of fact, it is for these little excrescences on society that we should care. Men and women can take care of themselves and provide all the comforts and enjoyments they need. But the street arab is helpless. He can not get to the country because he can not pay his fare. He can not enjoy himself at the park because, while he is there, he is obliged to behave himself, and that is just the thing he has not learned to do and does not want to do. Give him a chance of joining a free picnic, with a free bath and a free sandwich and orange thrown in, and he will be in the seventh heaven; it is odds he will come back a gentler and a better boy.

Sound sociology dictates that crime and disease should be attacked in the cradle. It is too late to undertake to treat them when they have taken root in the system. Many of the diseases of which adults die, plant their seeds in infancy; the intelligent physician will presently make it

business to detect them and apply a remedy when they are amenable to treatment. As human society ripens, the field of precautionary therapeutics will widen, and the range of chronic disease will diminish. The practitioner will rely less on the contents of his drug-bottles and more on the sanitary effect of fresh air and cleanliness. Instead of futile endeavors to cure consumption when the patient is losing flesh and his pulse is increasing its beat, he will treat a child for incipient phthisis before the existence of the disease has been suspected, and he will treat him mainly by giving nature a chance to effect a cure.

The world has seen many revolutions in Paris; but it never saw one which was caused by a refusal of a party of *cocottes* to use the traditional fig-leaf. Yet the *émeute* of the first week of July seems to have been due to such an incident. It occurred at a ball which was given several weeks ago. Four ladies, evidently of the class which is seen at the Paris *brasseries*, appeared at this ball in a costume which defies description, unless it be said that it was no costume at all. According to Zola's "Curée," ladies of the imperial court not infrequently appeared at fancy and masked balls in such attire; everybody remembers the Princesse Mathilde's repartee: "J'en ai un qui est bien plus joli en dessous." But it seems that revelations of charms which were tolerated at the Tuileries are not allowable at the School of Fine Arts. At least that is the interpretation which Senator Berenger puts on the chapters of the code concerning public morals. He was confirmed in his view by the Eleventh Correctional Chamber, which sentenced the preadamite figurantes to a month's imprisonment, to be undergone when the Chamber chooses.

The event may be considered from two points of view. It proves that while the utmost license prevails in art and letters in France, there is a limit to the exhibition of the female form in the flesh. That form may be portrayed on canvas or in the pages of the comic papers so liberally that the late King of Holland would have declared he could ask no more; travels in the forbidden land may be described by Catulle Mendes with a pen so graphic as to be unctuous; to these departures from pure taste, the law makes no objection. But when experiments are made *in corpore vili*, the Eleventh Correctional Chamber steps in and requires that Phryne shall throw her cloak over her rounded shoulders.

It may be observed, too, that French taste has taken a long step—backward or forward, as you will—in the last forty years. Just about forty years ago, Gustave Flaubert published "Madame de Bovary." It was seized by the Anthony Comstock of the period, and the author was placed on his trial for writing an indecent book. He escaped; but the escape was close. The public prosecutor read to the jury the passages about the drives through Rouen and the confidences in the darkness of the *basse-cour*; those worthy men confessed that they listened with pain. Now, "Madame de Bovary" compares with the popular novels of the present realistic school in Paris as a tender young lamb compares with a strongly scented he goat. It is not a book which could be recommended for general perusal in a girl's boarding-school. But it is almost prim when contrasted with poor Maupassant's "Bel-Ami." If such a work were deemed worthy of prosecution forty years ago, while the current novels of the day escape in our time, we are bound to infer that the digestive organs of the French have acquired enormous strength since the palmy days of the empire; and the philosopher is tempted to ask whether the march of license is likely to continue, and whether it will end in such spectacles as the Rev. Mr. Kingsley describes in "Hypatia."

The little row in which the art-students indulged possesses no political significance. Boys will be boys, and Paris boys will fight with the police at least once in their term. But the adoption of the fig-leaf as the badge of their order seems to imply a curious perturbation of the scholastic intellect. Our common mother adopted the fig-leaf for the preservation of her modesty. Now it seems to have been chosen as the symbol of a society which insists on its right to exhibit immodesty in defiance of the police.

It is comfortable to reflect that realism in art is making little progress in this country. Honest people set their faces against Bouguereau's nymphs just as emphatically as their ancestors turned Boucher's Graces to the wall. At Chicago, "The Adulterous Woman" has been supplied with a red curtain in order that the chaste maidens of Kentucky shall not behold her and blush, and some of the French studies from the nude have been hung so high that no one can inspect them in detail without the aid of an opera-glass. This, in the opinion of *paterfamilias*, is just right. Who shall gainsay him? The student of art, male or female, must draw from the nude, and the lesson involves no sacrifice of delicacy. But what has Mary Jane to do with the opulent contours of the leader of the Amazons, and why should she concern herself about the exquisite perfections of the young lady who broke her pitcher on the way to the well?

The most modest people in the world are the pious Cath-

olics of the Province of Quebec. Residents of the banks of the St. Lawrence make their living by sailing or rowing boats up and down the river. Yet not one of them in twenty knows how to swim. When the reason is asked, the questioner is told that the priest has forbidden the boys to appear before each other in a state of nudity.

The truth is, the modesty that blushes at the nude is purely a matter of custom. Offense is invariably given when an exhibition of physical charms is made in the presence of people who are not habituated to so great a revelation. The students say "our artistic liberty is menaced as well as our pleasures." Therein they are at fault. While they study the nude in the *atelier* or exhibit it in the salon, they are unmolested; but when they take the "life model" out of the artistic surroundings in which she belongs and thrust her, still unadorned, upon the general public, they offend the popular sense of decency and constitute themselves a nuisance which *paterfamilias*, Mary Jane, *et id genus omne* have every right to expect their paid police to abate.

The terrible fire on Monday at the World's Fair Building has again drawn attention to Chicago, though few coincide with the Presbyterian ministers at Pittsburg, who declare that the disaster was a judgment from God for opening the doors of the show on Sunday. What concerns rational people more is the question whether other buildings are likely to take fire and to cause deaths among visitors.

The financial question is always of interest. The *Argonaut* has compiled the following balance-sheet from the reports furnished by the managers:

| DR. | |
|---|--------------|
| To construction account: | |
| Debitures..... | \$4,500,000 |
| Stock subscriptions..... | 5,600,000 |
| Chicago Bonds..... | 5,000,000 |
| United States Souvenir Coins..... | 2,000,000 |
| | \$17,100,000 |
| Expense account: | |
| Before May 1st..... | \$3,000,000 |
| May..... | 600,000 |
| June (estimated)..... | 525,000 |
| July-October (estimated)..... | 1,800,000 |
| | \$5,925,000 |
| | \$23,025,000 |
| CR. | |
| By admissions to July 5th..... | \$2,396,380 |
| July 5th to October 31st (estimated)..... | 5,646,300 |
| By concessions..... | 4,000,000 |
| By salvage of buildings..... | 1,000,000 |
| By stock subscriptions and Chicago bonds which will be written off..... | 10,600,000 |
| | \$23,642,680 |

According to this *pro forma* balance-sheet, there will, on October 31st, be a balance of six hundred and seventeen thousand dollars to the good, which will be increased if the receipts from admissions exceed the estimates, which are based upon the assumption that the present rate of attendance will continue, and will be diminished if they fall short of them. It is plain that, in any case, both ends will meet, and that the Fair Company will be able to meet its debenture bonds and to repay the two-million loan made by Congress on the condition that the fair should be closed on Sunday. This is a good deal better than was expected a month ago. It is hoped and believed that the receipts from admissions in September and October will show a large increase over those of the preceding months, partly because the weather will be cooler and partly because, as the time approaches for the fair to close, an increased number of people will want to see it.

If these anticipations are verified by the event, Chicago will have good ground to congratulate herself on the enterprise. She undertook it in defiance of the warnings of the most experienced showmen and the most level-headed financiers in the country. It was common talk that it would break down for want of funds. New York was quite confident that the Windy City had bitten off more than it could chew. If, now, the fair closes with no greater loss of money than that for which the city of Chicago and the stockholders were prepared when they subscribed to the undertaking, it will be a feather in the cap of our Illinois friends.

We may learn much from their experience, if the project of a winter world's fair is realized in this city. The present estimate is that an expenditure of half a million will enable us to open the doors. It is generally thought that this is an under-estimate. The Chicago buildings cost, with repairs, eighteen millions of dollars; and though it is not proposed to erect such palatial edifices here, the difference between eighteen millions and half a million is wide. Again, no fair in the world was ever got under way for the sum of money reckoned in the original estimates. If we start out with an estimate of half a million, we shall be lucky if the exhibits are housed for less than a million. Suppose the half-million now called for is all subscribed, paid in, and expended, and only part of the work is done, how shall the other half-million be raised? The fair buildings might be sold to the city in advance of their completion for a city museum and gallery of art. Such an institution is badly needed. Every stranger who comes here expresses his surprise that we have no comprehensive collection of the remains of the fauna, and flora, and the fossils of the coast. There is no such

collection anywhere on either coast of the Pacific, and the materials to fill it are equally abundant, interesting, and instructive. An act of the legislature would be required to enable the city to levy a tax for the purpose of defraying the cost of the building; but if San Francisco were willing, the rest of the State would assent, and we have rich men who would discount the future proceeds of such a tax.

The Democratic party has got itself into a plight from which nothing but Divine Providence or blind luck can rescue it. It is faced by two questions that it is pledged to settle, neither of which it has the capacity to deal with. Opposed to monometalism, it yet renominated Grover Cleveland, known to be an extreme opponent of silver. For that act of expediency, at the expense of consistency, the party finds its punishment in a Congress and a President at the opposite poles in their financial beliefs. The Democracy walked into this trap deliberately, and no sympathy is due it in its distress. In the matter of tariff, however, the Democracy is entitled to the respectful commiseration of all kind-hearted people. Although Democrats always have been, and still are, divided on this question, many of them in all sections of the country being sound protectionists, the party, as a party, has since 1887 been committed to what amounts practically to free trade. And it was Grover Cleveland who so committed it by his special message in that year, when his powerful mind, approaching political economy as a new study, became enamored of the outgivings of Mill, Smith, and other British expounders of the broad, philosophic doctrine that all nations should be made tributary to manufacturing England by admitting her wares free of annoying and profit-reducing duties. Carried away by the enthusiasm which his discoveries in a field till then unknown had engendered, the Democratic President declared for free trade, and the Democratic party, being hard pressed for an issue and obedient to its inspired leader, followed suit.

The Chicago convention of last year, recognizing that Cleveland's renomination was inevitable, adopted a platform which it naturally thought would fit him, and bound the party to wipe out the Republican protective tariff and substitute one for revenue only. It now appears that between 1887 and 1892 Mr. Cleveland continued the study of political economy which he began after his election in 1884, and was led to modify the conclusions which moved him to pronounce for free trade. But throughout the campaign he concealed knowledge of his progress toward correct opinions. Being a smart politician who wanted to be elected and who perceived that the events at Homestead and general discontent among the working classes had for the moment swayed the popular mind against the established American policy of protection to home industry, he held his tongue. It is in the nature of the average partisan to seek assiduously for arguments to prove his party right and to close his mind to facts which tell for his opponents. Five years of free-trade drum-beating by the Democratic press had really inspired the great body of the Democratic party with an ardent hatred of protection, and when Cleveland's election was announced, they shouted in triumph, with never a doubt that the era of free trade would be inaugurated as soon as the new President could take his seat and summon Congress in extra session. Mr. Cleveland wanting office and declaiming against the iniquities of McKinleyism, and Mr. Cleveland in office and confronted with the dangers of disturbing the settled business conditions of the United States, are two different men. Five years' observation and thought have caused him to know a good deal more about the tariff than he did when he first sat in the White House, an enthralled kindergarten learner. And it has now become plain that the financial situation must take precedence at the extra session next month, and it is sure to set the House and Senate and the President by the ears that the tariff will not have much chance of a hearing. By his refusal to exert himself to carry out the pledge of his party's platform and his own implied promises, Mr. Cleveland has agreeably surprised the Republicans, while astounding and chagrining all free-trade Democrats. He is justly accused by the latter of bad faith in politics and personal stultification. However, the welfare of the country is of more importance than Mr. Cleveland's individual honor, and it is to be hoped that he will remain loyal to the new lights on the tariff that shone upon his mind prior to election, but the reflection of which he hid from his trustful constituents under the bushel of his prudence.

Irremediably rent in twain on the silver question and betrayed by the President on the tariff, the national Democracy is in a state of mind sufficiently inflamed to presage violent civil war when Congress shall meet. The assumption, also, by Mr. Cleveland of imperial power—his calm arrogation of the right to decide which laws he shall execute and which laws shall remain dead upon the statute book—will not be allowed to pass without notice, even by a Democratic Congress. The manner in which he has broken his oath of

office by nullifying the Geary Law undoubtedly amounts to usurpation and presents an impregnable technical case for impeachment. However, Mr. Cleveland, in this clear refusal to perform his sworn duty, is hacked by the sentiment of the Eastern pulpit, and the Mugwumps, and that large portion of the press which yields to the influence of both. According to their conception of the situation, he is doing wrong that good may follow, and in the face of such a sentiment, admittedly powerful, it is not probable that any serious attempt will be made to bring him to justice. But the masses of the American people, though they may control few pulpits and have scant access to newspapers, think and vote. They understand the Chinese question and are alive both to their own interests and those of the republic. The party which nominated and elected President Cleveland will be held to account for his conduct. The Geary Act incident has put it to death, so far as national elections are concerned, on the Pacific Coast.

In November last the Republicans, overthrown, stunned, and hewidered, wondered if the hour of their party's dissolution had come. They had but to wait. Grover Cleveland has set the sun in the heavens for them again.

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| June 27—Suicide. | Frederick T. Van Pelt |
| June 27—Suicide. | Unknown, from <i>Encinal</i> |
| June 28—Murder. | Mrs. Griffes |
| June 28—Murder. | James T. Bruce |
| June 29—Jail-break. | George Sontag, etc. |
| July 1—Murder. | James Caveney |
| July 2—Murder. | William Pascoe |
| July 2—Suicide. | Mrs. Dr. Conradt |
| July 3—Murder. | David McCarthy |
| July 3—Murder. | Otto Pope |
| July 3—Murder. | James Carter |
| July 3—Suicide. | Robert Hamilton |
| July 4—Suicide. | Unknown, from <i>Piedmont</i> |
| July 4—Accidentally shot. | Eunice Anderson |
| July 4—Accidentally killed. | Rose Rogers |
| July 5—Murder. | Robert Ogilvie |
| July 5—Murder. | George Arbanasin |
| July 5—Suicide. | Millie A. Reilly |
| July 9—Murder. | Charles R. Hagan |
| July 10—Vitriol. | Charles Stenzel |
| July 11—Suicide. | Charles Russell |

This city has had its news rather highly spiced during the past few weeks. Even the most *blasé* readers of the daily press can hardly complain of *ennui*, for, besides the details of the crimes presented above, some of which were peculiarly atrocious, they have been regaled with accounts of the trials of Heath, St. Clair, and Mrs. Laphame, besides innumerable minor crimes. These waves of violence seem to recur at irregular intervals, as if there were a condition of the atmosphere when the microbe of murder is present and afflicts people with an irresistible impulse to kill. Whatever the cause, the recent paroxysm has been a peculiarly violent one, and it may well make us pause to consider whether some measure of prevention may not be applied. It is a theory of penology that the death penalty deters from the commission of such acts of violence. But, during these periods of criminal activity, a meotal condition is indicated that sweeps away all thoughts of consequences. There is a state of mental disease that for the time shuts out all impulse save the thirst for blood. It is partly this fact that has led certain students of penology to advocate the abolition of the death penalty. The experiment has been tried in Michigan. Forty-six years ago capital punishment was abolished, but the result has not been what was expected. In 1887 and 1888, the number of murders in Michigan was one hundred and seventeen; in 1889 and 1890, one hundred and twenty-four; in 1891 and 1892, one hundred and twenty-nine. True, this is not a large number in a population of two million, but there is a steady increase, and some of the murders have been peculiarly atrocious. Finally, when a life convict, sentenced for the murder of his mother, killed one of the keepers in the prison, the people realized that additional murder entailed no additional penalty on a man already sentenced for life, and a bill was introduced in the legislature reestablishing the death penalty. The passage of this bill will leave Rhode Island and Wisconsin as the only two States where life imprisonment is the supreme penalty.

The remedy would seem to lie in another direction. The criminal law at present throws every safeguard around the accused. It is a survival from the time when the people and the sovereign were arrayed against each other and the criminal courts offered a powerful means of oppression. The innocent, who fell under the displeasure of the sovereign, were menaced as well as the guilty. The jury was then the only part of the legal machinery that offered a safeguard to the people. But to-day the criminal courts represent the people in their organized capacity and not a ruler antagonistic to their rights and liberties; they are society's instruments of defense against the enemies of society. The jury system, no longer the only safeguard of liberty, is, in practice, often a potent factor in defeating society in its efforts to bring criminals to justice. The penalty for crime is too uncertain to be an effective restraint to the criminal.

There should be more certainty and less technicality in the administration of criminal justice. The innocent should be given every opportunity to prove their innocence; the guilty should be deprived of their excessive opportunities to escape. The removal of criminals is necessary to the welfare of society, and this is as important a consideration after the crime has been committed as is the impending penalty a restraining influence before its commission.

But there is a consideration superior to this. The prevention of crime is far more important than its punishment. The elimination of criminal instincts and tendencies should receive more attention. There must be something wrong in the social community where acts of violence are so frequent as they are here. California is no longer a frontier community; the machinery of government is efficiently established, and the legal redress of wrong is always possible. There is no longer any necessity or excuse for taking the law into one's own hands and substituting personal violence for the regular process of the courts. In the list of twenty-one acts of violence recorded above, drink entered as an element into six of the ten murders, and was probably a factor in the accidental killing; two are attributable to desperate criminal instincts, and revenge was the impelling motive in three cases. The seven suicides are indicative of the light estimation in which life is held. The side entrances of saloons have received considerable attention of late, and these institutions are undoubtedly potent promoters of minor immorality. Yet the influence of the private room is traceable in only two of the above cases. The problem of prevention may well receive the scientific, rather than the sentimental, attention of those interested in the welfare of the race.

A lady, whose literary ability and industry have given her some reputation and provided her with a good livelihood, writes to the *Argonaut*, in sorrow rather than in anger, charging it with want of sympathy for women who, either from inclination or need, have let go their hold on man's supporting arm and assumed the responsibilities of an independent career. Such an accusation shows how even a bright mind may be clouded by the partisanship of sex. For women who do things, the *Argonaut* has only that admiration and esteem which capacity and self-reliance must always command from the intelligent; it is for that much larger class of women who do not do things, but talk about them and lay the blame for their non-performing lives upon interfering man, that we have no esteem and little charity. Such women, aflame with desire for distinction, but condemned by nature to intellectual barrenness, are one of the characteristic pests of the time and the worst enemies that fruitful women have, since it is the barren who make the noise and succeed too often in having themselves accepted as the type of the independent woman. Ah! women, like ah! men, are commonly too busy and too sensible to gad about to sex conventions, and experience no wish for the notoriety that is to be obtained by the cheap and easy methods of singular dress, free lecturing, and printed appeals to their sisters to cast aside the corset and so free themselves from the tyranny of man, who, as is well known, invented the corset and by his crafty machinations has imposed its use upon the physically inferior sex, to the end that female slavery may be perpetuated.

The infallible sign by which the sterile-brained, incapable woman may be identified is this queer notion that men are hostile to her because of her sex. It is not true, in this country at least. Here the field of endeavor is as fenceless to women as to men. Millions of women support themselves unhelped in the United States. That so few of them rise to conspicuousness in their rivalry with the stronger sex may be in some small measure due to traditional prejudice operating externally, but the prime cause is explained by results. There are great actresses; but, though we have many female doctors, where is the great physician or surgeon in skirts? The public schools are taught by women, and co-education is the rule in our colleges. Where are the eminent female professors? Books, telescopes, and the sky are as easy of access to one sex as the other, but the world waits for the astronomer in petticoats and bangs. Women write novels as well as men, but the departments of history, philosophy, and physical science contain no works on the high shelves that have been contributed by women. In painting and sculpture there is no sex barrier. Where are the paintings and statues of female genius? Who forbids women to be architects, engineers, or financiers? Why, when the press bids for clever pens, does American journalism exhibit no first-rate female journalist? How is it that the world's most renowned dressmakers are bearded, and that only men are truly great as cooks?

If we accept the verdict of results, the conclusion, however distasteful it may be to feminine pride, is indicated that woman's inferiority to man extends beyond the physical. Her frame will forever debar her from equal participation in the rough work of life and the fighting, and her brain, which, like her body, is lighter than her brother's, would

seem by analogy to fix her to a secondary mental place. But analogy is not always a safe guide. The exceptional woman, who does not plead her sex but goes into the competitive strife as an individual, becomes steadily a more frequent phenomenon. Whether it is well or ill, self-maintenance is being imposed upon women in modern civilization. Of course the majority will always be wives, mothers, and housewives; but those who are forced by necessity or impelled by ambition to a separate existence are a growing army, already formidable. The last census shows that there are 1,500,000 more females than males in the United States. It is obvious that under the monogamic system this vast concourse of superfluous maids, despite their sighing, must go unwed. In New York city there are 20,000 more women than men and in Brooklyn 17,000. Massachusetts has 105 women to every 100 men, and in most of the older States an almost equal disproportion is discovered. In the newer States the figures are reversed, of course. California is so fortunate as to have 100 men to 75 women; but this happy condition of things is matrimonially deceptive, unless the Chinaman shall come to be regarded here, as among the fastidious Sunday-school teachers of the Eastern cities, an eligible *parti*. In Nevada there are 100 men to 56 females; but then there are few women who would not rather work for a living than marry in Nevada. Necessity and custom being in combination to create and multiply the *feme-sole*, new avenues of employment for women are being constantly opened, and in course of time the old notion, already greatly weakened, that it is man's proper business to be the bread-winner for both sexes will probably disappear. Evolution, in which environment is so powerful a factor, will doubtless produce eventually a race of women incalculably more efficient than the women of the present. When girls shall be trained for business and the professions as they now are for the marriage market, men will encounter in them competitors of a different stamp altogether from those of the present.

But in the coming era of industrial equality there will be no "women's congresses," no eager-eyed, trembling-lipped, querulous, and slightly disheveled, self-elected leaders of the sex, calling on them continually to unite for enterprise and conquest. If woman is to win her place as a "man among men," so to speak, it will not be as a woman, but simply as a human being fitted for the work she wants to do. The formation of a steamship company by St. Louis women, to apply a movable deep-sea keel to flat-bottomed river steamers and operate between that city and West Indian ports, is excitedly hailed by the professional, convention-attending champions as a sign of the dawn of woman's independence. It is anything but that. When women become competent exploiters of inventions and owners of steamship lines, they will exploit and invent, not as evangelists of the gospel of their sex's rights, but as men now do those things—to make money. That is to say, they will care nothing for the sex of their business associates, but everything for their ability and financial standing. Mrs. Hettie Green and other moneyed women who have a masculine turn for affairs do not ask lower interest on a mortgage when it is taken on a woman's property than when on a man's. And they foreclose as vigorously in one case as in the other. The trousers on a harassed debtor no more appeal to the sympathies of the male capitalist than do the skirts of the female non-payer to the true business woman. To that hard-hearted state must the ladies come if they would enjoy the noble privilege of being men's equals.

Pending the arrival of the millennium, when every woman shall be earning her own living, carrying her own purse and latch-key, and be in all things free from man's dominance, patronage, and protection, there are practical duties imposed by the needs of this transition period. The human race must not be permitted to die out, and even the most rebellious and denunciatory of delegates to the Woman's Congress can not deny that man, though a tyrant and a brute, must be given recognition in this department of usefulness. Some women will be obliged to consent to become mothers. Fortunately, heaven has so arranged matters that pretty girls, generally preferred by men for wives—such is their blindness to the superior attractions of Intellect—are usually not unwilling to sacrifice themselves for the good of the cause. Pretty girls, therefore, constitute the hope of the race in this world's fair crisis, and we trust that few of them will be lured by lectures and selfish ambition to prefer mathematics to matrimony, literature to little ones, or a business career to the humbler work of establishing and gracing a happy home, however discreditable that obscure work may seem in the eyes of the ladies of the congresses, who would rather have on their knees a newspaper containing a complimentary mention of themselves than the fattest baby in the world.

In our editorial comment on the Hawaiian situation last week, the statement crept in that an attempt had been made to bribe Mr. Nordhoff to suppress the facts. Mr. Nordhoff writes to say that no attempt was made to bribe him, and the correction is gladly made.

THE TOSS OF A PENNY.

How Seth Davison Twice Disregarded the Mooition of Fate.

At this point the road forked; which branch led to the town?

The man felt it mattered little; all roads led alike to wretchedness—for him. People in the towns eyed him askance and denied him labor; those in the country did the same. The latter, it is true, afforded him hedges and a barn occasionally in which to sleep; but generally he was refused food in either. Such as he, possibly, had traveled that highway so often that the fibres of the comfortable farmer-folk's hearts had grown hardened; and therefore the man had journeyed the entire day without a taste of bread.

Irresolutely now he stood; which branch led to the town and possibly employment? The hand in his pocket closed about a solitary coin, an old-fashioned copper cent which he had found one day by the roadside—his "good luck" penny, as he called it, from which he must not part.

"I'll toss," he said, gravely, gazing up to the sky as if for assent—"I'll toss."

Fate had no place in his mind, no place whatever. Something higher than that, he felt, would direct the coin's descent. Since the day when he had left his North of England home to better his fortunes in far-off America, and had found there no betterment; since a chain of adverse circumstances had lost him home, wife, employment, and, finally, ambition; since then, the stern, inexorable tenets of his Calvinistic forefathers had become more deeply rooted in his mind. All evil was of God's sending, and must be borne. Why, then, should he appeal? So, in his ignorance, he had stumbled on, doggedly journeying ever down hill.

Almost apathetically then he watched the descending coin. "Heads to the right, tails to the left"—so he had decided. Heads!

True to his nature, the man besitated. Irresolution, the desire to be ever "trying" something other than the business in hand, had, in a measure, been the cause of his life's misfortunes.

"Heads to the right"; yet, notwithstanding, the man turned deliberately to the left, and trudged on, with no other purpose than to reach an avenue of trees, whose grateful shadows pleased his weary eyes.

"I might lie down a bit under 'em," said he; and, with no thought of destiny, on he went into the shadows.

The pangs of hunger renewed themselves. Before his mental gaze was conjured up a savory supper—steak, white bread, cheese, and ale. Painfully he swallowed the gathering secretions which the thought brought to his previously parched mouth, and, lifting his head like a famished wolf, a bowl, rather than a cry, broke the stillness. Only that one cry, then, with bowed head, he stepped within the shadows. The light of the setting sun, filtering through the overhanging branches at that moment, fell upon a glittering object almost at his very feet. The man stooped to pick it up. A wild cry broke from him as he sprang erect again. The object was a gold ring, with a brilliant setting; not only a ring, but a hand—a man's hand, nerveless, marble white, cold. A dead hand!

After that cry of affright, he parted the bushes, which grew upon this side of the road in a wild tangle and from which that ghastly hand protruded. There, face upward, with staring eyes and distorted features, lay a man from whose temple even yet the dark drops fell, sullenly adding to the pool in which the lifeless head rested.

"It's nae long," shuddered the on-looker, "since the murder was done—foreby it be murder," scrutinizing, as he spoke, the ground near for any signs of a weapon. A sharp stone presently rewarded his search, whose pointed cone glowed with red carbuncles—liquid drops like those exuding from the dead man's temple.

The hungry creature's eyes traveled to the glittering ring. Was not the man dead? Had he need further of such a bauble? Would not the next comer rifle the body, possibly even should he be a minion of the law? Well-fed, well-clothed, to them it would be only a ring; while to him—again that cry, like a famished wolf, rent the stillness.

Another moment and the dead man's hand lay upon his chest; but no ring flashed back its rays to the peeping sun, no watch reposed in the fob, no bank-notes remained within the large leathern wallet found by him some distance from the prostrate body.

"He will need them nae more," said the man as he stepped into the road again. "It was elected I should come this way, nae doubt—nae doubt."

The dews of fear and horror still hung upon his brow; with a trembling hand, he removed his hat and passed his right hand across it. A livid line from one blood-stained finger marked its careless course. He was feverish, trembling, but the thought most uppermost was that tempting one of a juicy, hot steak—hot, in mind you, not a cold bit that you would fling to a dog, but hot, savory, delicious; and the cheese! and the ale!

"Thanks," he said, still with his head uncovered—"thanks," half-reverently, half-deprecatingly, not glancing upward; "the turnin' point has come for me, helike. The weariest day must have its end at last, I've heard say, but I nae like the manner o' its turnin'."

The thought of his "good-luck" penny at that moment crossed his mind. He had forgotten to pick it up after disobeying the self-instituted oracle. Should he go back for it? His walk had brought him into the open path, unshadowed here by trees, and he paused for a moment, still with hat in hand, half-determined to retrace his steps, secure the penny, and then take the path to the right.

"Nae," he said; "I'll go on. I'd a-past my luck had I listened to it," and he turned his face the way he had chosen from the start.

A man advanced from that direction absorbed in thought,

and instinctively, though the path was wide, Seth Davison shrank toward the friendly screen of the wayside weeds.

The man glanced at his blood-marked brow and noted his agitation, but passed on, though, after a pace or two, he turned and gazed after the sorry figure.

For some reason—which we can understand—Seth was standing still, gazing after him likewise.

That body! Was it possible it could be seen through the bushes? He had had no thought of its being found for days—ah! why should he shudder? why should he search for a stream in which to wash that stain from his hand? why should he turn cold and hot by turns—why?

While standing at that fork of the road he had vaguely wondered if anything could add to his wretchedness, but as he ate his supper that night and slept for the first time for months in a clean bed, that dead man's face seemed to mock him; that watch in his waistcoat pocket seemed to burn a hole in his flesh. A spectre, with a hand on which glittered a ring, dangled above his pillowed head a mysterious object, shadowy, horrible.

His dreams followed his waking thoughts, and in them that object was made clear.

It was a noose!

"It's clear as the day, Mr. Podgers—clear as the day. Who else could have committed the murder, I'd like to know?"

A score or more of wiseheads about the court-house wagged in assent, desiring for themselves the same information.

"Wasn't the man seen," continued the first speaker, "very near the spot where the body lay hidden? Didn't Farmer Wood see blood on his face and hands? Wasn't the dead man's effects and money found on his person? What better evidence do you want, Mr. Podgers, I'd like to know?"

"I know, I know, thee has put the question strongly, Friend Harkness," replied the Quaker, mildly, "and according to the evidence before the coroner, but—but—"

"But what?" impatiently.

"I have been greatly impressed by the man's manner and countenance, Friend Harkness. Wretchedness and cruelty may not ever be companions. Mercy and—"

"Bah!" was the contemptuous rejoinder from every listener as they filed into the court-room, anxious, as one of them expressed it, "to be in at the death"; in short, to hear and see the closing scenes of the drama which had stirred for many weeks the country round.

It was not a cruel face, nor a wicked one, upon which the curious stared, that face which they denominated "the prisoner's." Only a weak one, now that the beard had been shaved from the receding chin, exposing also the nervous twitching of the not unhandsome lips.—The shrinking, humble expression of his blue-gray eye told against him—"a hang-dog look," many were pleased to call it. They all marveled at his composure on this, the last day of the trial. Yesterday it had been hesecching, the day before that indifferent, yet at all times pathetic, with that indefinable expression which long suffering lends to a countenance not marred by excesses.

But then, can not a depraved heart lie under a mask of surprised innocence? Surely, said hench, bar, and jury alike, and Seth Davison was doomed.

As he listened to the summing up of the prosecution, he felt himself stirred with astonishment at the boldness with which he must have deliberately killed the man, simply to possess himself of that ring, and watch, and a few bank-notes. The attorney's eloquence brought something like a smile to his lips—a veritable smile of amazement.

"See," cried out one to another, "the villain smiles!" And many shuddered at the man's depravity.

The counsel for the defense replied feebly. He felt the earth crumble beneath his feet as he spoke.

Brief was the judge's charge to the jury. Not a shadow of doubt remained upon his own mind of the guilt of the prisoner. His agitation upon his meeting with Farmer Wood, his shrinking as though he would hide himself among the weeds, evidenced a guilty heart as clearly as did that livid mark across his brow—and, well, the jury had no need to follow the charge closely; in their own minds the man had been guilty from the start, and so they found him, after a brief withdrawal.

Then the stern voice of the judge commanded the prisoner to stand up. Had he anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him?

Mechanically Seth Davison stood staring down at his hands, seeming for a moment neither to hear nor see anything. Then a few words escaped his lips in a hoarse undertone, as though communing with himself.

"I have this to say—I was hungry. The man lay dead. I should have taken the road to the right. I went to the left. It was so elected. He was murdered with a stone—"

The judge absently turned in his hand the identical stone, stained with the life-blood of the murdered man.

At that instant a laugh, wild and mocking, astonished and shocked the court.

"It's mine—mine—mine!" cried a voice in tones which paralyzed all there assembled, and a man darted forward and wrested the stone from the judge's hand. "It was with this I struck him, the Shylock! the usurer! He held my note and meant to ruin me. I hated him—hated him—"

He fairly shrieked the words, glaring in his fury from the shrinking judge to the silent spectators.

"Aye, that he did," whispered several of the latter to one another; "it's at sword's point they have been this many a year. John Greer was a hard one to deal with, and was for pressin' poor Wilbur to the wall."

"The man is not responsible for what he says," sneered the prosecuting-attorney; "he's mad."

All question was set at rest the next moment when the self-accused displayed exultingly a number of blood-stained

papers belonging to the dead John Greer, among them his own note, uncanceled.

With dramatic gestures and frenzied speech, he described that meeting upon the highway, the taunts of his creditor, the murderous blow, the final concealment of the body after securing the note—that note which John Greer had withdrawn from the wallet and flaunted before his very face.

It was plain to all that the man's naturally feeble intellect had succumbed at last to the horror of his fatal deed, and so Seth Davison, half-suspected, stepped down from the prisoner's dock, a free man once more. One only of the throng that pressed about him had no congratulations to offer. The gallows might better have strangled a victim than that his legal acumen should be proved at fault.

"A vagabond, a beggar," muttered the prosecuting-attorney, "accustomed, no doubt, to culpable actions. It is a pity he escaped. One roamer the less—that would have been all."

Seth Davison had but one request to offer. The judge smiled as he returned him the "good-luck" penny which a zealous officer had found in the road.

"Had I minded the turn o' its face, your honor," said the simple fellow, "I'd a turned to the right, you know," with which words he hurried out to greet the fresh air again.

The next day found him upon the outskirts of the town.

"It's not here I'd care to bide," he thought, wandering along a rather unfrequented road, and he fell to musing as he walked whether he had gained anything by his unexpected release. He had dreamed more than once of that dangling noose, and had grown accustomed to the thought of meeting his end in that way. It would be soon over, and then—he'd feel hunger no more, nor cold, nor the loss of everything that makes life worth the living.

"Seth Davison!"

A voice, strangely familiar—a woman's voice—called him from the open doorway of a cottage near. Her face, as he advanced toward her, puzzled him by its familiar lines as well.

"You need shelter and food," she said, abruptly, bending upon him her keen black eyes. "Are you willing to work for them?"

"Work for them?" His tone was enough, without the gleam of hope in his eyes.

"You will be paid just wages," she said, coldly, at the same time shrinking from him; "and—"

He understood! She had seen him as he stood before the judge, accused of murder. She had taken compassion upon him, doubtless, and, in a state of bewildered happiness, he entered upon a new existence.

Day after day he was haunted with the question of where he had seen that face before. Not in the court-room. Upon no woman's face had his eyes fallen there; he was sure of that. And then—a new, sweet hope began to dawn in his soul. Surely it was something more than interest which filled her eyes, those eyes which at times seemed to mark his every movement. Rest and peace had come to him, lending something of dignity to his plain face and once uncertain steps; could it be that another happiness was to be given him, that life after all was to have for him a moiety of sweetness? A home, a wife, a place in the world? The thought stirred in him a feeling of tenderness—yet—yet—why should her glance so often fill him with uneasiness?—why should he shudder sometimes at the touch of her hand?

"What is to be, will be," he thought one day. "If I'm elected to happiness, it'll come! I'll toss," with a laugh. "Heads for happiness—so here goes!"

The copper turned in the air, fell, and rolled to some distance. He took one step toward it when a voice, her voice, called to him from an open window.

"I'll look at it to-morrow," thought Seth, hastening into the house; "belike by that time I'll have nae need to question it—who knows?"

And in truth before the close of that day Seth Davison found himself clasping this woman's hands within his, and stammering something of his happiness and hopes of a future linked with hers. Even then he felt her shrink from him, and the coldness of her manner froze any tender epithets which might have lingered upon his lips.

That night above his bed hovered that spectre again. But the hand from which dangled the noose was not a man's hand. The long, slender fingers must surely belong to a woman.

With the morning light came other fancies, a happy realization, indeed, of the changed condition of things. With a smile he thought of the lucky penny. "It's heads, of course," he said, seeking it. "It's elected that I shall know peace and happiness at last."

He stooped.

It was not heads!

"You lie," he cried, angrily, grinding with his heel the bit of copper into the earth. "I need you nae more. Luck is here, and come to stay. Had I minded you before, I'd nae ha' found this refuge. The power of evil and not of good turns ye, so lie there where you belong."

That evening, with drawn curtains and by the light of the cheerful fire, Seth Davison talked of the future, laid plans, and dreamed dreams. The pale-faced woman beside him answered neither by smiles nor words. A strange light shone in her black eyes, and the nervous twitching of her hands betokened suppressed emotion.

After a silence of some moments, she asked, in a strained voice:

"Have you nothing more to tell me of the past—the near past?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Tell me again of how you found that body upon the road—that body of John Greer—and how you felt, and—"

"Not to-night," he interrupted, with a shudder; "let me forget it if I can."

"Can not you confide in me?" she said, with honeyed

sweetness; "it will make no difference in my feelings toward you, even had you killed him—the robber, the usurer!" Seth Davidson frowned, then laughed.

"Wilher, the madman, had already done that," he answered, "else I would not be here to-night, so comfortable and happy."

The woman arose, walked once or twice hurriedly across the room, then, returning, leaned over the back of his chair. One hand rested upon his shoulder, the other held something behind her.

Seth Davidson threw his head backward and gazed, with a smile, into the wild eyes above him.

"The mere mention of that dreadful affair always excites you," he said.

"Tis never out of my mind," she answered. "Confide in me. Let there be no secrets between us. Tell me *you* killed John Greer."

"You talk like a mad woman," he cried, angrily—"a veritable mad woman."

With a quick movement and a laugh which turned his blood to ice, she passed over his head that object which she had held concealed behind her. With muscular fingers and strength lent by madness, she tightened it about his throat. "A noise!" he gurgled; "my God!"

Tighter, tighter! The strong man was like a babe in the woman's hands. Into his staring eyeballs she gazed and laughed mockingly.

"My brother never killed John Greer," she hissed; "it was you—you!"

Her brother! The choking man stirred convulsively. He knew now where he had seen that face so like hers; eyes in which burned that strange light; that smile so vague and chilling.

"He never killed him," she went on, as in his struggle the chair revolved and revolved; "it was an evil spirit that compelled him to make that confession. He is not mad, and he never killed John Greer—never—never—never!"

The figure in the chair by now had ceased to struggle, was no longer conscious of her ravings.

"I acted my part to make you confess, but you wouldn't—you wouldn't. You were destined for the noose, and you have it."

Over and over again she shouted the words; and thus, a while later, they found her, with foaming lips—Phoebe Rhodes, the widowed sister of the murderer, Wilher.

NORA KINSLEY MARBLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1893.

Boys of good character, who have no physical defect and who can read and write fairly well, are admitted into the United States navy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. Between fourteen and fifteen years, a boy must measure 4 feet 9 inches in height and weigh not less than 70 pounds; between fifteen and sixteen, 4 feet 11 inches and 80 pounds; between sixteen and seventeen, 5 feet 1 inch and 90 pounds; and between seventeen and eighteen, 5 feet 2 inches and 100 pounds. They must serve till the age of twenty-one as boys and junior seamen, and, after that age, they rank as seamen or petty officers. They are now allowed a sum of \$45 for outfit. To discover the exact number of petty officers on board a fully equipped ship (says a writer in *Harper's Young People*) is by no means an easy task; but, at all events, the number of these minor prizes is encouragingly large; while still higher up, as the final goal of the common sailor's aspirations, are the substantial berths of the four warrant officers—held by the boatswain, the carpenter, the gunner, and the sailmaker—whose pay and privileges are the same as those of the junior officers. The pay of boys enlisted as third-class apprentices is \$9 a month; the next promotion, to second-class apprentice, brings \$10; the next, to first-class apprentice, \$11 a month. Further on we have second-class seamen apprentices, with \$19 a month, followed by first-class seamen apprentices, with \$24 a month, these two grades corresponding respectively to ordinary seamen and able seamen, or simply seamen, whose pay is also \$19 and \$24 a month. It can thus be seen that a first-class seaman apprentice and an able seaman get each the respectable sum of \$288 a year, which is \$128 in excess of the highest sum paid to a first-class seaman in the British service, the only other navy in the world worth consideration on the score of pay and promotion. There is, besides, the daily ration of thirty cents, which runs through the ship from the apprentice to the commander, for, strange as it may appear to some people, Uncle Sam distributes just the same fare to the officers as to the apprentice, and that, too, only when on sea duty. There are no other allowances whatsoever made to the officers; they have to furnish all their own mess equipments and everything else.

The beautiful pink and bronze pearls from Wisconsin are becoming very scarce. The pearl-bearing Wisconsin streams have been practically fished out, as they have been out of almost all the waters in this country where pearls have been found in any considerable numbers. European fishers open the shells with an instrument that does not destroy the animal inside, and if no pearl is found it is put back into water. The American pearl fisher destroys ruthlessly, and in two or three years he has thrown himself out of a job. There is hardly a State in the Union where pearls are not or have not been found, and one of the finest in the world was taken from the Passaic River at Paterson, N. J. This gem, valued at \$2,500, was worn in the crown of Empress Eugénie. Several of the Wisconsin pearls have been valued at a thousand dollars each.

His Imperial Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias, has brought suit against the owner of the tugs which drew the canal-boats that bumped into the Russian man-of-war, *Dimitri Donskoi*, and sank her steam-launch while she lay in North River, N. Y., during the Columbian naval celebration.

OLD FAVORITES.

God.

(The following ode on God, by the Russian poet Derzhavin, is said to have been so greatly admired by one of the Emperors of China that he ordered it inscribed on silk in letters of gold and hung in the chief room in his palace.)

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God;—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er:
Being, whom we call God—and know no more!

In thy sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure, none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high.
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First Chaos, then Existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art and wert, and shalt be glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning and the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them?—Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
Suns of lighting systems, with their joyous beams?
But Thou to those are as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water to the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublime thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness; is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too:
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The claim of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This cloud
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source—to Thee—its Author—there!

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And wait its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good—
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.
—Translation of Sir John Bowring.

Bishop Julius, when he went up to lay the last stone of the spire of Christchurch Cathedral, New Zealand, was accompanied aloft by a workman in a bucket. Three-fourths of the way up, the hoisting machinery stopped. The bishop had just begun a prayer when the rope started again. The stone was placed and they returned to earth, where the stoppage was explained. The amateur photographer fiend, anxious to snap a picture of a bishop going heavenward, had tipped the man at the gear to stop hoisting.

A Kansas man says that the value of farms went up, on an average, a thousand dollars apiece in his State last year, in consequence of the successful crops. This year, in consequence of the general dryness, the same farms have fallen away in value by about the same amount.

Fatness in women is regarded as a mark of beauty in the Orient. Since their advent in the fair grounds as sedan-chair carriers, the Turks have had a good deal to do with fat women, and they have revised their esthetics.

THE FLIGHT FROM GOTHAM.

"Flaneur" discusses the Annual Summer Hegira from New York

—Where People Go and Where they Don't Go—

Fashion in Summer Eastern Resorts.

Window after window in the fashionable quarter is closing its eyes under summer shades, and gorgeous furniture is wrapping itself for a comfortable sleep under brown Holland blankets. For everybody who is anybody is taking flight to the country-places, to lands where the waves and mountains meet, and in their train a good many nobodies troop.

In the old days when Plancus was consul, we drifted to Saratoga and Newport, the Catskills and Long Branch. We went in droves, the millionaire cheek by jowl with the bankrupt, the woman of fashion touching elbows with the honest dame who made her own dresses. At given seasons, you could meet everybody at Congress Hall or at the West End; it was not till you returned to town and encountered everybody there, too, that you realized how extensive your acquaintance was and how wide are the confines of society. Even in those old days the inconvenience of promiscuous gatherings was felt. Members of the Union Club did not enjoy dining at the same table with gentlemen who were experts at the Indian-juggler feat; the fair Gwendolen objected to dance with her shoemaker. The feeling is as ancient as Horace.

Of late years there has been an endeavor to put the various classes of society into separate pens. Saratoga and Long Branch have fallen into the hands of the Jews and *hoi polloi*. There are good drives and snug places at the former where a gentleman can lose a couple of hundred and no one be the wiser; there is no better bathing-place in the world than Long Branch, and some good roads to try trotting stock on. They are always full; there are hops every night, at which pretty girls are on exhibition in light marching order; at some of them there is no danger of starvation. But, as McAllister says, sadly, "the society is very mixed." Those who object to the progeny of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, with their battle-axe noses and their propensity to occupy three chairs on a balcony when seats are scarce, hardly consider either place a realm of pure delight.

A more popular spot, though in much the same line, is Narragansett Pier. This is a place which has sprung up within a few years. There are, perhaps, a score of hotels there, several hundred cottages, and a casino. They are frequented by artists, merchants, lawyers, brokers, musicians, and persons in every vocation in life. The scene at the beach, about high noon, when the bathers come out of the water and restore exhausted nature with a Manhattan cocktail, is quite exhilarating. Fancy a thousand pretty women in gala dress, all giggling together and sharpening their knives for the lone bachelor who gets into their corral! The trouble with Narragansett is that the scarlet woman of Babylon can not be kept out. She dresses so simply and is as demure as any vestal virgin; thus she forces her way into hotels which are temples of propriety, and down come the public morals with a crash. At the leading hotels, clerks are engaged expressly on the ground of their extensive acquaintance among the *demi-monde*; but the new generation of Aspasias would deceive the very elect. Their behavior is far more subdued than that of some merry dames who are like Caesar's wife, or some frolicsome spinsters whom a lion would not bite. And yet they exhale with each breath the bacilli of corruption, and the married men who pass them drink poison from their eyes.

Young men and young ladies who desire to have a real good time, to flirt in all propriety, and to feel that there are no lepers in the dining-room, go to Bar Harbor. That is a bathing-place where the water is too cold to bathe in, a fashionable resort where everybody wears flannels of the simplest make, and a spot which is so difficult to get at that no one would think of going there except from an inflexible purpose. Yet it is fairly full every summer with agreeable people, and it is safe to say that more honest flirting goes on there than at any other watering-place in the country. The woods and the rocks afford the most seductive nooks for quiet spooning. It is the easiest thing to get so thoroughly lost that no gentleman of feeling could avoid the duty of holding the lady's hand, especially as there is no one to see. The air, too, is impregnated with the phosphorus which makes the girls of Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard so tender and melting. After two weeks at Bar Harbor, the coldest stone of a girl can not deny that she is open to conviction.

Of course the queen of watering-places is Newport. But that is intended exclusively for the sublime class to which the marquis belonged who said that God would think twice before he damned a person of his quality. The Newporters own their cottages—snug little boxes, with fifty spare bedrooms each, furniture imported from Paris, bronze gates made to order in Italy. The cottagers never visit any one at the hotel. They keep to themselves and suffice for themselves. They are not seen in the morning. It is supposed that the sun and wind would heighten their complexions. At half-past four in the afternoon the great bronze gates swing open and ladies appear in the most marvelous toilets, driving the most marvelous carriages at a slow, professional gait up and down the avenue. When they are all in line, they heggar the most florid pictures of royal processions. In no part of the world are so much beauty, and fashion, and style, and proof of wealth displayed in a single cavalcade.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1893.

France is soon to adopt an interesting innovation in the postal-card system. The cards will be issued in the form of check-books, with stubs. The sender of the postal-card can make memoranda of its contents on the stub, and can have this stamped at the post office before the card is detached, so that a verified record of the correspondence can be kept.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

How Master Fournier Found a Letter, and then Found the Reply.

The fishing fleet had set out early in the morning. The atmosphere was very clear, and the boats could still be seen in the distance, strung out in a long line across the horizon, between the Criel beach and the Pointe de Cayeux. Out there they seemed to ride more easily than when they left the harbor.

A few sailors' wives, children, and old men still loitered on the jetty, all in excellent humor, for with such weather there should certainly be a fine haul of fish. The sea was admirably blue; but, lashed by the wind, it broke into little waves, which rushed, white-capped, toward the shore.

"Do you see it yet, mamma?" asked a little fellow who had stayed away from school that morning in order to see his father start with the fleet.

His mother had a marine-glass—a luxury that her neighbors envied her; but she was a good-hearted woman, and loaned it to any who wished to follow the course of the vessels that had carried away husbands, brothers, and sons. In such clear weather as this, if they could not distinguish the men, they could, at least, make out the gigantic numbers on the sails.

Mme. Fournier took her son up in her arms and held the glass before his eyes.

"T. 672," he read aloud; "they are casting the lead."

He would have remained a long time watching his father's sloop as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, but his mother led him away. They must go back to the house to their work.

They loitered along the harbor, which had lost its animation, now that its fleet of fishing craft was gone. On the side toward the town a few small boats were waiting till the sea went down a little before venturing out, and on the other side half a dozen ships were discharging their cargoes of coal and taking on phosphates.

Mme. Fournier stopped mechanically in the middle of the quay to look at a fine English three-master, the *Harding*, which came every week with a cargo of coal. A sailor leaning on the rail of the ship saw her and waved his cap gayly to her. She turned away and hurried up the Rue de la Falaise to her home.

Two hours later the loungers of the Rue de la Falaise were greatly surprised to see Master Fournier, the owner of the fishing sloop T 672, hastening angrily homeward. He had not entered the house before his neighbors had run to learn the reason of his sudden return.

Why had he come back? It was that way they had of leaving port, with all sails set, whatever the weather, which was known all up and down the coast as "Tréport sailing"—a custom that nothing can induce the Tréport fishers to abandon, despite the fact that it has often caused such accidents as that which had overtaken the *Saint Laurent*, T 672. Her back-stay had broken, and Fournier had had to come back to port for repairs. These were already under way, and, once he had his men at work, he had come up to see his wife a moment.

"Your wife—she has gone out, but she will be back directly."

He thanked his neighbors, and sat down to await her return.

He was pouring himself a glass of thin wine from the pitcher he had drawn that morning before leaving; when he noticed the inkstand open on the table and the pen beside it, still wet with ink. It was his son's pen and inkstand, but as the little fellow never wrote during the day, he concluded that his wife must have been writing. Almost at the same moment, he noticed a letter in the blue vase on the mantel, and, without thinking, he opened it and read:

MME. FOURNIER: I love you, more than I can tell. I implore you to set a time when we can meet. You are free—your husband is gone. HARRY EVANS.

"My God!" cried Fournier, "Harry Evans!"

He knew him well, this handsome English sailor of the *Harding*, who had already ruined more than one home in Tréport—a tall fellow, as tall as Fournier himself, fair, with the complexion of a girl and tender blue eyes. He sprang up, to rush to the quay and strangle the Englishman, when he heard his wife returning. Evidently she had answered that insulting letter, and she would tell him what answer she had given. He trusted his wife.

"I hurried back," she said, as she came in. "I heard of the accident as I was doing my marketing."

As she laid the purchases she had made on the table, he had time to thrust the letter back into the vase. He would wait for her to speak.

Mme. Fournier continued to busy herself with her household duties. He watched her, and he found her still young, browned like himself, almost as tall, gracefully poised on her pointed sabots, and with a waist still slender. She wore a new skirt of red stuff and a trim gray jacket; at her throat she had a brooch that he had given her on her birthday, and in her ears were the golden ear-rings that had been his wedding gift.

From time to time she looked at him with a smile; she was not surprised to see him looking sombre after the accident. She did not say anything about it, for she had given him her advice on the subject long ago and it was the sole matter on which they disagreed. His father had taken his sloop out in that fashion, and the son would always take his out in the same way.

"Wife, have you nothing new to tell me?"

"Nothing, my dear husband."

His face contracted as with a sudden pain. His wife, thinking it due to chagrin at the accident, kissed him tenderly. He pressed her to him with unaccustomed force. Never, even in the fiercest tempest, had he suffered as he suffered now. Suspicion, entering his simple, loyal heart, ravaged it terribly.

"Well, good-bye. I am going to the harbor. We shall

go out with the next tide, if the backstay is repaired. Good-bye."

She accompanied him to the end of the street, and bade him farewell with so frank an eye that he asked himself if it were possible that such a woman could lie.

He was about to go to the *Harding* when one of his sailors saw him and came after him. Compelled to return to his vessel, he had time to reflect. A sudden fit of rage, a fight, would prove nothing, and he would never know the truth.

So he calmly watched the work of reparation, which was coming on apace. At two o'clock his wife brought him his luncheon; at five, his son came to kiss him good-bye; and that evening he set sail again, after having seen the *Harding* leave Tréport for England. But the crew of the *Saint Laurent* said to one another: "There is something wrong with the master."

The following Saturday, after a terrible tempest, the fishing fleet returned to Tréport, laden with a fine catch of fish. Master Fournier looked quickly to see if the English three-master were at the quay, but she was not there. Disembartering, he learned that the *Harding* had gone down in sight of Spithead, and that all on board had been lost.

Harry Evans, then, was dead. His wife alone knew the truth; he would not dare to question her; he would never know the truth—he would doubt her always!

From that time every one in Tréport remarked that Master Fournier had grown taciturn; they asked his wife the reason, but she replied evasively that she did not know.

Her husband's sadness made her very unhappy, but she grew more tender to him than ever, she sought to anticipate all his wishes—but he had no wishes, he never complained now. His sailors found him rougher than before and more avaricious. He often returned to Tréport on Sunday morning and left again the same evening, without a night's rest.

One week he came back on Tuesday, and the news spread that the *Saint Laurent* had brought back the corpse of a drowned man. According to the custom of that part of the coast, Master Fournier had given orders to return to port, losing his catch of fish, in order to bury the dead.

Accompanied by two of his sailors, he made his deposition before the commissioner, and the latter had him sign the declaration that "the body of a drowned man had been recovered by the *Saint Laurent* at a point fifteen miles south-south-west of Spithead, the head having almost disappeared and the arms reduced to the bones; measuring five feet ten inches in height; dressed in a blue woolen shirt, trousers of gray cloth, and neckerchief of red cotton; no papers, no marks to establish identity; supposed, from the place of drowning, in default of other evidence, to have been one of the crew of the *Harding*."

Early the next morning, a funeral procession traversed the village and bore to the little church the remains of the unknown sailor found by the *Saint Laurent*. Behind the coffin walked the sailors of the *Saint Laurent*, their master at their head, and behind the men came the wives or mothers of the sailors.

The religious ceremony was brief but respectfully followed, and the unknown dead was conducted to the cemetery by the great family of sailors of Tréport, who honor themselves in thus honoring the remains of others. A special fund is supported by them to defray the expenses of such ceremonies.

"Get yourselves ready," announced Master Fournier to his men; "we go to sea directly."

He and his wife remained at the cemetery while the trench was being filled. When they raised their eyes, they saw the sea lying at rest under a leaden sky, and all objects, the quay, the beach, and the harbor, seemed softened by the mist that enveloped them. It was a day of infinite calm, filled with the gentle melancholy that men of the sea feel when the sun goes down.

Fournier led his wife to a little knoll, a few paces away from the cemetery. He wished to speak with her without witnesses.

"Wife," he said, "do you know for whom you have come to pray?"

She trembled and pressed her husband's hand. She had never seen him so solemn.

"The man we have just buried was Harry Evans—wait!"

Mme. Fournier turned pale. Her husband tendered her a paper, stained as if with water.

"Wife, I have doubted you. My punishment is to accuse myself of it. I read the letter he dared to write to you—and I have been very miserable. The other night, when this drowned man was found, I alone searched him. I could not show to others, not even to the commissioner, the only paper he had on him, in a little bag of oiled silk. The water had dimmed it a little, but I have read it nevertheless."

It was the answer written to the handsome English sailor by Mme. Fournier.

SIR: I love my husband—that is the sole answer I can make to your letter. I shall say nothing to my husband, for he would kill you. Never come here again.

"Wife, do you forgive me?"

"Oh, my poor husband, how you have suffered!"

From that day Master Fournier grew young and gay again; but nothing can keep him from going out with all sails set.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Pierre Sales.

The earth's motion has an appreciable effect upon artillery fire, deflecting the projectile from a straight course. Firing from north to south, there is a divergence of projectiles to the left, due to the earth's rotation, and firing due north, the divergence is to the right. The extent of the "pull" varies at different points on the earth's surface and with projectiles fired at different speeds and elevations. In England, a deflection of five inches is found to occur with the projectile of a twelve-pounder in a four-thousand-yard range.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Gaekwar of Barodu, now en route to the White City, has an income of \$7,500,000.

The Prince of Wales rarely goes to bed until two o'clock in the morning, and is invariably down again before nine o'clock.

Kaiser Wilhelm has conferred upon William Steinway, the great piano-maker of New York, the cross of the Order of the Red Eagle.

General Dabney H. Maury is said to have declined a salary of thirty thousand dollars per annum from the Louisiana Lottery Company.

Mr. Goschen, English Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the son of a German, who started business in a small way in England and made a success of it. Mr. Goschen is rather proud of his humble origin.

Signor Mascagni is at present in London, and has been rehearsing. He is of an excitable nature and keenly enjoys merriment. He has a love of gorgeous raiment, and occasionally is dressed in a brilliant scarlet coat.

No woman fears a mouse more than Lord Roberts—whom Queen Victoria recently decorated—dislikes a cat. His nervous sensibilities are such that he can detect a cat's presence when unable to see it, and he is ill at ease until the animal is removed.

The late Admiral Tryon, who went down with the *Victoria*, was a direct descendant of Governor Tryon, the colonial governor of New York during the Revolutionary War, who assisted at the burning of Norwalk, Conn., and watched the conflagration from a neighboring hill.

Jules Verne is an officer of the Legion of Honor. The decree conferring the decoration on him was signed just two hours before the fall of the empire. His "Around the World in Eighty Days" has brought his publishers two million dollars and himself correspondingly large royalties.

Apropos of the elections, the following story is characteristic of the Kaiser. Inspecting recently Professor Bega's model of the monument over Kaiser William the First, his majesty pointed to one of the emblems, inquiring, "What is that?" "A ballot-urn, your majesty," was the rejoinder. "A what?" reiterated the emperor; "away with it!" And away it went.

Emperor William gets up at Potsdam and is in the saddle by six o'clock, rides sixteen miles in to Berlin, and then out to his review-ground, the Tempelhof, where he reviews from eight o'clock till one, or even later. At two o'clock he dines, and in the afternoon attends to state affairs. He is more lax, however, in this department of his imperial duties than in the military, which is his special interest.

Scott Hayes, the youngest son of the late ex-President Hayes, has gone to Cleveland as the general manager of an electric company. A year ago he entered the employment of an electrical concern in Cincinnati, where he mastered the business in every detail. Although ex-President Hayes left a large fortune to his children, all of them have maintained themselves in business since they have attained their majority.

Though now forty-five years old, England's great cricketer, W. G. Grace, is maintaining his high reputation by his excellent work with the bat this season. Up to the present time he has scored seven hundred and seventy-eight runs in first-class matches, with an average of forty-five. Such a record would be noteworthy in a younger player, and in the veteran who has been guarding a wicket almost for a generation it is extraordinary.

Don Melchor Almagro, who died in Madrid a few days ago, was the most brilliant speaker in the Spanish Cortes, with the exception of Castelar. He was born in Granada in 1848, as the son of a well-known lawyer. He became a famous member of the bar of Granada while still a young man, and joined the Republican party. He entered the Cortes first in 1879. He was extremely popular with all parties, and was commonly called the "coming man." An eloquent eulogy was pronounced upon him by Sagasta.

The young Duc d'Uzès, who died a little while ago in the African jungle, was remarkable more for being the son of the best-known woman in France than for any achievement of his own. He was chiefly distinguished in Paris as a spendthrift. The duchess is a granddaughter of the Veuve Clicquot of champagne fame, and much of her enormous income has its source in the historic vineyards. She lives in splendid state in an old Bourbon castle in the Forest of Rambouillet, where she has the most luxurious stables and dog-kennels in the world. In all kinds of aristocratic sport—in the breeding of dogs, in driving a four-in-hand, in following the hounds, and even as an amateur circus-rider—the duchess has no peer among her sex. She has been very active, also, in royalist politics, and more than any one else contributed to the expansion of the Boulanger "boom."

From Madrid comes news of the bankruptcy of the widowed Duchess of Santonio. The late duke was a hatter in Madrid, and made a large fortune in a tobacco monopoly in Cuba. He married late in life an extremely quarrelsome woman. No children came from this union. The duke had, however, an illegitimate daughter. She was a beautiful girl, and married a man named Mitjens. The old man installed them in a mansion in Paris, formerly owned by ex-Empress Eugénie. On their only son, Jack, was centred all the affection of the aged hatter-duk, who, upon his death, a few years ago, left him the greater portion of his enormous property. The widowed duchess was cut off with a small legacy, which she has squandered. Jack, through the kindness of the Queen-Regent, has now become the second Duke Santonio, and is married to one of the Murietta girls, whose brothers are frequent visitors to this country.

AN AMATEUR CIRCUS.

"Sibylla" describes the Famous Cirque Molier in Paris—Gentlemen Acrobats and Clowns—The Women who Ride, Fence, and Dance.

The last flourish of trumpets of the Parisian season has been sounded by a fête which is as essentially Parisian as it is fashionable, the double representation which takes place annually at the Cirque Molier, and which for ten years has been, even more than the Grand Prix race, the veritable signal for the closing of summer fashionable life.

The history of this circus is interesting: M. Molier is a sportsman who takes as much pleasure in circus-riding as others take in painting or in music. In order to follow out his passion at liberty and to keep his horses at hand, he built stables and a circus-ring under a large shed, at the gates of the Bois de Boulogne, in the Rue Benonville. Then he added a house for himself and gave himself up quietly to his favorite occupation.

A few friends, devoted like himself to athletic exercises, went to ride in his ring, to fence, and to exercise on the trapeze, so that from one thing to another, and without premeditation, M. Molier found himself one fine day at the head of a real circus troupe composed entirely of amateurs.

These friends were first, *primus et princeps*, Count Hubert de la Rochefoucauld. Well-made, nimble, supple, he had always had a great taste for gymnastics, and one day he determined to amuse himself by imitating Léotard; by force of energy and work he succeeded in so doing, and from that moment, vaulting and other athletic exercises became the great occupation of his life to such a degree that he had a room in his *hôtel* in Paris and at his château at Choisy transformed into a gymnasium. The other members of the troupe were Dr. Laburthe, who threw weights, jumped hurdles, and boxed; M. Vavasour and the Count de Vis-sacq who fenced; and Messrs. de St. Michel, Reivet, Pantelli, Moreau, and Van Huysen who were wrestlers and acrobats; the painters Gerbault and Adrien Marie, remarkable in pantomime, juggler's tricks, and as clowns. Other young men became members and led each other on by reciprocal emulation to such perfection in circus work that a day came when M. Molier conceived and realized the idea of giving a public representation, by invitation, of course. It had such a success that since then he has renewed it annually with new attractions—trained animals, dogs, and geese, and exercises and eccentricities of all kinds. It has become a true circus, with a complete *personnel*, for, as in Paris it is the creed "to belong to something," it is the ambition of all the fashionable youth to belong to the Cirque Molier.

The company is entirely composed of gentlemen, comprising the ticket-receivers, the ring-master, M. de Sainte-Marie, the manager for addressing the public, M. de St. Aldegonde, and M. Martel, the under-manager. The ring-men, who are dressed as clowns or as equestrians, and who hold up the hoops and the poles, who rake the ring, or arrange themselves in file as the artists enter, are gentlemen as well. The equestrians are dressed with a scarlet cap, short brown coats with a knot of blue ribbon on the shoulder, white knee-breeches, and top-boots.

The feminine element is not wanting in these representations, but, as may be supposed, in spite of the fact that certain horsewomen ride with masks, it is not women of society who furnish the contingent. Perhaps this will come with the progress of our days, now, since the Duchesse d'Uzès drove her own four-in-hand mail-coach from the Place de la Concorde to the races at the Croix de Berny.

But at present the women riders are professional, like the Baronne von Walkberg, an Austrian and a baroness in imagination, but whose talent for *haut-école* riding is well known; Mlle. Georgette, strong and fearless, who rode this year dressed in the costume of a Sicilian brigand; Mlles. Blanchetti, Pia de Veriane, remarkably clever and graceful; Mathilde Chevalier, an admirable fencer; and the clown, Miss Campbell—or else they are dancers who, having taken a taste for riding, have become M. Molier's pupils, and who do bare back exercises on a horse galloping, jumping through rings, and other feats of prowess, or else dance on the tight-rope.

You can imagine how much the administration of his circus must occupy M. Molier. Always up at six o'clock in the morning, he visits his stables and then rides. From being a remarkable horseman, he has become a professional trainer and jockey. He is obliged to possess for certain exercises circus horses that have an even and quiet gallop, which no circus will sell under three thousand francs. He has to keep them in form and to exercise them constantly.

For his personal use, he trains superb thoroughbreds for *haut-école* work, who are so full of fire that the public is often asked not to applaud during certain difficult exercises for fear the animals will take fright and shy. It takes from six to eight months' daily training to teach a horse not to make a false movement in his Spanish step or in his cadences to the tune of a slow waltz or mazurka.

It is true that M. Molier gives but one double representation a year; but as the exercises are changed each time—whereas professional circus-masters give the same bill during a whole season—it can be imagined how much work it necessitates. He must arrange the rehearsals and overlook the work of his troupe. He has women pupils who rehearse their vaulting through hoops, etc., on a horse—who are secured by a rope in their belts, which is passed through a pulley fastened to the roof, and he is obliged to hold the end of the rope with a firm hand in order to pull up the horsewoman in the air in case the horse makes a false step.

Then he must maintain order among his troupe, the members of which have the vanity of artists and the susceptibilities of amateurs; he calms rivalry and turns emulation into the common good—in a word, he assumes all manner of moral responsibilities, which are not the least of his tasks; and, therefore, he scarcely ever leaves his arena, especially

during the spring months, when he is preparing for his representation.

He watches over everything, arranges everything, and is never a moment inactive. During the rehearsals and exercises he wears a *négligé*, composed of a flannel shirt, an English jockey-cap, and gray trousers. A curious detail: he hardly ever exercises in boots, except before the public; and were it not for his master-like air, the distinction of his person, and his long mustache, you would take him at first sight for one of his groomers.

It is needless to say that the *entrée* to these amusing representations is eagerly sought after by the members of fashionable Parisian society. By removing the partitions which separate the circus from the billiard, fencing, and saddle-rooms, and by putting benches wherever it is possible to place them, only three hundred and fifty to four hundred persons can be seated, and a good third among them can see but little and what they do see is at the price of indescribable heat and amid such a crowd! Ladies climb by a ladder even up to the top of the circus; men find places where they can, and are generally repulsed from them by a smiling *commissaire*, who says to them, with an engaging air: "Monsieur, for a lady, if you please."

The rooms in M. Molier's *hôtel* are transformed into dressing-rooms for the artists, the stables serve as issue. A hog's head of "coco" is placed in the drawing-room, and it is an amusing sight to see the fashionable women in exquisite toilets and the men in dress-coats go to drink it, as though at a fair, for the aristocratic throats, made thirsty by the frightful heat and dried by the clouds of dust from the ring, do not disdain this popular beverage.

As I have said, M. Molier gives a double representation a few days apart. The first, a sort of general rehearsal, "is offered"—that is the formula—"to artists," which, being translated, means to women of the *demi-monde*. At the second fête, only ladies of society are admitted; the masculine guests are divided between the two *soirées*. They jokingly say that at the latter representation the feminine public has as bad manners as the tone, on the contrary, of the first is good. To tell the truth, however, when the majority of the guests of the first evening have gone, M. Molier's friends, as well as *ces dames*, remain, and at the supper, which is more than gay and is often prolonged until daylight, with diversions of tricks and of dancing, the latter make up for having behaved so well during the representation.

On the second day, the women who are present may manifest their enthusiasm during the exercises alone, and they bestow most flattering applause to the gentlemen acrobats and riders. The Count de la Rochefoucauld, above all, exceedingly handsome in his green-silk tights, carries off the majority of the votes.

There are some Puritanical persons who veil their faces and condemn these amateur acrobats. But no one minds, and every year M. Molier's success increases, as last night's representation proved.

We must first speak of M. Molier, who presented two superb trained horses, Allah and Frispuet, the last a Persian horse. A wonderful dog, trained by Mlle. de Belval; a *pas de deux* 1830, danced by Mlles. Nys and M. Marcotte; and some capital fencing by Mme. Marguerite Gautier (not Dumas's famous heroine); and, finally, the "Game of the Rose," by Mlle. Gautier, De Marcigny, and the Count X. The representation terminated by two most amusing pantomimes.

M. Molier will now take a well-deserved rest during the summer, and his troupe will disperse to the four quarters of the globe, like the rest of the Parisians, for their *villégiatura*. As to himself, he has so seriously assumed his rôle of circus-master that he has had a saltimbanco's wagon built and most luxuriously fitted up, drawn by four handsome horses, in which he spends his summer, driving about over hills and valleys much to the astonishment of the rural populations through which he passes.

PARIS, June 14, 1893.

The famous Palace of the Popes on the Vatican Hill, adjacent to the Basilica, or Cathedral Church of St. Peter, is the largest group of buildings occupied as a stately residence that exists in a habitable condition in any country of Europe. It comprises twenty-two court-yards and eleven thousand rooms, large and small—including the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the Loggia and Stanze, decorated, respectively, with the frescoes of Michel Angelo and of Raphael; the chapel of Nicholas the Fifth, with Fra Angelico's paintings; the four rooms of the picture-gallery; the Museum of Antiquities, divided into seven different galleries; the library, consisting of five great halls, filled with fifty to one hundred thousand books, besides many other rooms for archives and other manuscripts; the armory, the Etruscan Museum, the Egyptian, the Museum of the Catacombs, the manufactory of mosaic, the mint, and other departments. The apartments in which the Pope himself lives are very simple. The Vatican is rather a cluster of connected houses, forming a small, closely built town, than a single edifice. It was built at different periods, from the time of Gregory the Eleventh, who chose it in preference to the Lateran, when the popes returned from Avignon, in 1377, down to the eighteenth century. By an act of the Italian legislature in 1871, the Vatican and Lateran palaces and the villa of Castel Gandolfo, on the Alban Hills, are left forever in the undisputed possession of the popes.

When Buffalo Bill's Indians get through their work in Chicago in the afternoon, they like nothing better than to repair to a merry-go-round near their camp and revolve to the music of a bad hand-organ. The passer-by stops to see the show, for the bucks and squaws are in their full panoply of feathers and paint. Most people would get enough fun by riding horseback three or four hours every day without wanting to ride on wooden horses afterward; but, then, you see, real horses have no band-organ attachments.

THE PROGRESS OF DECENCY.

Wherein We are Nearer to Godliness than Our Ancestors.

The young girl of the period, whether a society belle or a dreamy student, is sometimes tempted to think that this is, after all, a rather coarse and plebeian age, and that if she had been born a French marquise under Louis Quatorze, for instance, it would have better suited her. The way to undeceive her, suggests T. W. H. in the *Bazar*, is to let her read a little in the real history of the periods that seem so fascinating. For instance, that curious manual of good manners, "Les Loix de la Galanterie," first published in 1644, takes pains to point out that people of really refined habits will go sometimes (*quelquefois*) to a bathing-house in order to make the whole body clean, and will take the trouble to wash the hands every day with soap, adding the advice to wash the face also about as often (*presque aussi souvent*). It was Marguerite de Valois, that picturesque sinner (daughter of Catharine de Medicis, and wife of Henry of Navarre), who is recorded as once saying to a lover, without apparently displeasing him: "See these fair hands; although I have not cleaned them for a week" (*encore que je ne les aye point descassées depuis huit jours*). "I will wager that they are far whiter than yours." Throughout the whole literature of that period it is spoken of as an exceptional charm in a woman to be personally neat (*fort propre*), and attention is often called to the fact that, before a tender meeting between lovers, each takes a bath. The fact unquestionably is that the standard of physical neatness in the most brilliant period of French history was such that a refined woman of to-day could no more tolerate it than she could endure the habit, which then prevailed, of taking up neat in one's fingers; or the mode of hair-dressing, which was to build up the natural hair with powder and flour into an edifice three feet high, that remained untouched for months together.

And this absence of the common decencies, physical or moral, extends through all that picturesque society of the French court, that *ancien régime* which Taine has tried so hard to bring back into respectability. What a varnished barbarism was all that period of Louis the Fourteenth, with its coarseness, its wrangling royal mistresses, its royal follies! There never was a more entertaining autobiography than that of Mlle. de Montpensier—called "Le Grand Mademoiselle"—the granddaughter of Henry of Navarre and the first cousin of Louis the Fourteenth. She was the ranking princess in dignity at the court of this king and the richest princess in Europe, and she had many superb and heroic personal qualities; but there is something terrible yet ludicrous in the utterly tainted atmosphere in which she lived. Thackeray's "Four Georges" is not a more pitiless revelation of a society which prided itself on its loyalty, on its grandeur of style. Even in the virtue supposed to belong to aristocracies, of superiority to mere money, it was lower than the worst periods of pecuniary scandal in any modern republic. Indeed, there could be no such scandal where everything was for sale, from the virtue of a woman to the sword of a man. Always ready to make profound obeisance before a morally worthless king, these courtiers were equally ready to steal from him his mistress if they dared, or to defeat his enterprises if they had opportunity. Cardinals sold their nieces for money or power; Frenchmen fought against Frenchmen, under great names like Condé or Turenne, and always with some selfish end in view. Places at court were more thoroughly a matter of bargain and sale than in the worst period of misgovernment in any American city, and with the difference that this last never really has popular approval and is always brought to retribution in the end. Money was so openly used that Cardinal Mazarin on one occasion distributed presents to the court, under the name of a lottery, to the extent of two hundred thousand dollars. High-born ladies would come to Mademoiselle and ask the privilege of being her lady of honor, explaining that they could sell such a place for so much, such a title for so much, and become very rich out of the proceeds. The Princess Palatine wished to marry Mademoiselle to her cousin, Louis the Fourteenth, through influence with Cardinal Mazarin, but demanded three hundred thousand crowns for the achievement; and Mme. de Choisy, who represented the princess, said: "My husband can be your chancellor, and how happy we shall be! The princess will be your *surintendante*" (agent), "with a salary of twenty thousand crowns. She will sell all the places of your household. . . . The king will be of age in a fortnight, and a week after you shall be married." The marriage fell through, but this was its proposed basis; nor was it anything unusual.

Mademoiselle afterward describes how M. and Mme. de Navailles were disgraced for being among the few decent people about the court—the husband had dared to remonstrate with the king about his disgraceful amours; the wife, who had lived in the royal palace in charge of the infant prince, had put a grating on her windows, through which the king had been used to steal in to see one of his mistresses. So they lost their high places at court; but Mademoiselle says: "The disgrace did not ruin them, for they sold their places well. The Duc de Chaunes bought that of commander of the light horse; the Duc de St. Aignan, the government of Havre; and the place of lady of honor was bought by Mme. de Montausier, who held it until her death, and was much better fitted for it than her predecessor, as well as for taking charge of the dauphin. She was a person of great good sense and of excellent manners, and much superior to an employment involving the choice of milk, of nurses, and the jargon of the nursery." Here we see transferred by money, at one stroke, the command of troops, the government of an important seaport, and the care of the royal heir. How slight, compared to this, appear the Panama scandals and the pillagings of Tweed! At the worst, these are evils growing out of the perversion of enterprises good in themselves—as the administration of a city or the construction of a great commercial thoroughfare; whereas, the old French method was the direct sale of perquisites created often for the express purpose of being sold.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

General Lew Wallace's new romance, in two volumes, "The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell," will be published in August. Advance orders call for a first edition of fifty thousand copies. General Wallace has been engaged upon this story for nearly eight years. It makes a bigger book than "Ben-Hur," there being nearly five hundred pages in each volume.

The demand for Lucy Larcom's poems had never been so large as it was just before her death, and since that time a further increase has been noticed.

There is said to be a good deal of historical as well as personal interest in the autobiography of Dr. Ebers, which the Appletons are about to bring out. He has had experiences in connection with revolutionary and educational movements in Germany which make entertaining material.

Says *Die Wiener Mode*, in an article upon the wealth of French writers:

"Alexandre Dumas, the elder, received immense sums from his theatrical pieces and novels, and his works still assure a good income to his son. It was the first production of 'Henri III' which changed the fortunes of that writer. On the day before the production, he was a subordinate official in the service of the Duke of Orleans, and content with his annual salary of two hundred and forty dollars. On the following morning, however, he was the lion of the time. He sold his manuscript for twelve hundred dollars. Dumas, the elder, would have died a millionaire many times over had it not been for his tendency to waste money. The younger Dumas has earned much less money than his father, although he had the advantage of making his debut with a famous name. The first one hundred productions of 'The Lady with the Camellias' brought him 'only' four thousand dollars. But from that time on his income increased rapidly. For instance, he received twelve thousand dollars for the right of translating 'Franchillon' before it was presented to the theatre-goers a single time. Victor Hugo left one million dollars, not including the value of his works. The works produce an annual income of ten thousand dollars for his heirs. Victorien Sardou owns a princely palace in Marly-le-Roi, and has a princely fortune to support it. The beautiful home of Zola, in Medan, as is well known, has cost the owner millions of francs already, and requires an immense income to keep it up. The countrymen of Medan, by the way, get as much from Zola as possible. A pound of peas, for instance, can be purchased for thirty sous, but Zola pays often as high as three francs for it. But all these large incomes are exceeded by that of Georges Ohnet. His 'Forge-Master' has been a gold-mine for him. In 1885 it was estimated that the revenue from the novel and drama bearing that name was more than one hundred thousand dollars."

Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" is actually in its two hundred and seventy-fifth thousand, and her "Channings" is in its one hundredth thousand. Her other books taper down the list from the sixtieth thousand to nothing less than ten thousand.

There is to be a new edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" prepared, with quantities of notes, by the distinguished folk-lore, Joseph Jacobs, and Robert Steele, the editor of "Mediaeval Lore."

Thomas Nelson Page has arrived in Richmond, Va., after a three weeks' wedding tour. He will purchase an estate in Virginia halfway between Richmond and Washington, with the expectation of living there during the summer and spending his winters in the national capital. Mr. Page has just completed a dramatization of "Polly," his famous little story, and Daly has accepted it for stage presentation. He is now at work on an essay on Virginia for a Christmas magazine.

Captain Charles King's method of writing his military stories has been set forth by himself in *Lippincott's Magazine*. His literary work is done in the intervals of instructing a battalion of cadets. He said:

"When I get a new chapter or a fresh thought, which sometimes comes while attending to my military duties, I go to my quarters after leaving the field and talk to my phonograph as long as I have the inspiration. The tubes are sent down to my type-writer, and in due time are returned for my revision. The use of the phonograph is a new experience for me, and a pleasant one. I find it easier to dictate to than a human being. I used to write entirely with my own hand; but it was laborious, for if publishers want your matter, and they want it fast. For instance, I wrote 'Laramie' and 'Between the Lines' while I was furnishing my house, and between hanging a picture and moving a piece of furniture I would write a little now and then upon the first obstacle I could find to hold my paper. I penned as high as six thousand words in one day in this way; it was a terrible exertion, but one book paid for furnishing my home."

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written a story with the suggestive title of "Her Dying Words." It is to appear in an August magazine.

The editors of Mr. Astor's English magazine have secured a story from the pen of Mme. Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins," for publication at an early date.

Shortly after the publication of the clever detective story entitled "An Artist in Crime," the publishers received a good many letters inquiring whether the

name appearing on the title-page was a *nom de plume*. The *Critic* learns that this is not the case. The author is Dr. Rodriguez Ottolengui, a New York dentist. A new book of his, "A Conflict of Evidence," has just appeared.

Of the list of best books published in the *Revue Bleue* of June 31, the *Nation* says:

"It shows in a striking way how French intellectual sympathies have a front almost identical with the front of the country. The *Revue*, in answer to its request for the names of the 25 best books, received and collated 764 lists. But among the writers credited with the largest number of votes appear 18 Frenchmen and only 6 foreigners, not counting the Bible, the authorship of which is at present unsettled. The relative importance given to both French and foreign authors may most conveniently be studied in the list itself, which is as follows: Victor Hugo, 616 votes; Molière, 563; Shakespeare, 476; Racine, 475; La Fontaine, 466; Musset, 426; Corneille, 401; Goethe, 393; Voltaire, 388; Pascal, 373; Lamartine, 351; Homer, 346; Old and New Testament, 331; Montaigne, 300; Cervantes, 288; Michelet, 287; Balzac, 256; Dante, 246; Renan, 246; La Bruyère, 245; Flaubert, 240; Bossuet, 239; Rabelais, 237; Daudet, 214; Virgil, 207. Of Hugo's works, the 'Légende des Siècles' seems to be most in the thoughts of these list-makers; of Shakespeare, 'Romeo and Juliet'; of Goethe, 'Faust'; of Corneille, 'Le Cid'; of Renan, 'Vie de Jésus.' Besides the rather circumscribed literary interests exemplified in the list itself, the position of the Bible is significant."

Eugene Field has written an introduction for the book entitled "First Editions of American Authors"—a volume which gives dates and places of publication, the size and number of pages, and publishers' names.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," will be issued in book-form in the autumn, with sixteen illustrations by Gibson.

Since she began to write novels in 1865, Florence Marryat has produced sixty works, the last of which is "Parson Jones," a work soon to appear in London. During the same period she has often spoken from public platforms and written for newspapers.

Dr. Nicoll, who edits the very successful *British Weekly* and the *Bookman*, was the discoverer of J. M. Barrie. The *Critic's* "Lounge" tells the story thus:

"Dr. Nicoll was very anxious to get some one who could 'write in an entertaining manner on Scottish ecclesiastical subjects,' and he happened to see an unsigned article in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* that struck him as being 'very brilliantly written.' It was a caricature of a Scotch assembly. Dr. Nicoll immediately wrote to the editor to ask if he could get the writer's name. The editor, in turn, consulted with Mr. Barrie; and the latter came down to London to see Dr. Nicoll, and entered upon an engagement to write an article for each issue of the *Weekly*. This connection was kept up as long as Mr. Barrie remained in journalism. Part of the 'Auld Licht Idylls,' the whole of 'When a Man's Single,' also of 'An Edinburgh Eleven,' and a considerable part of 'A Window in Thrums' appeared in the *British Weekly*."

Of Marion Crawford's works, the sale in this country is much larger than in England, the proportion being, it is said, about three to one.

Lady Isabel Burton has not been discouraged by the doubts of her husband's friends as to her ability to write a biography of him. She is about to publish such a biography, not in one, but in two ponderous volumes of about six hundred pages each. The work will have many illustrations, including divers full-page portraits.

A volume of "Poems of Home," by James Whitcomb Riley, with illustrations by E. W. Kemble, will be published in the autumn. Many of the poems have never before been issued in book-form.

The superstitions of the negro race furnish a foundation for the tale which Mrs. E. L. Brown, wife of a colored clergyman, has written for a forthcoming magazine.

New Publications.

"Godey's Illustrated Souvenir Guide to Chicago, the World's Fair, and New York" is published by the American News Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Nance," a story of Kentucky Feuds, by Nanci Lewis Greene, has been issued in the Library of Choice Literature published by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Edwin Booth," by Laurence Hutton, the latest issue in the Black and White Series, is Mr. Hutton's recent contribution to an Eastern periodical and is illustrated by seven interesting photographs. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"Stories of the South," the third dainty volume of short stories from one of the magazines, contains "No Haid Pawn," by Thomas Nelson Page; "How the Derby was Won," by Harrison Robertson; "Aunt Fountain's Prisoner," by Joel Chandler Harris; and "Tirar y Soult," by Rebecca Harding Davis. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New

York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"All Along the River," by Mrs. M. E. Braddon, is the story of a young wife who is left alone in Cornwall while her husband, who is twice her age, goes to India with his regiment. She is not long alone, however, for a titled tempter with an outlandish name appears, and then the trouble begins that hurries her to an early grave. The novel is much padded, and has little to recommend it. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

One could almost regret that the Ibsen fad has not taken root in this far Western land, for without such an education it is impossible to enjoy to the full "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen," by F. Anstey. It contains four parodies, founded on Ibsen's plays of "Rommersholm," "Nora," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Wild Duck," and an imitation, "Pill-Doctor Herdal." The text is exceedingly good, possessing Anstey's best qualities of humor and polish in a high degree, and the illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge are also very clever. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A House-Hunter in Europe," by William Henry Bishop, is an entertaining book. The author writes in a pleasant, chatty vein, and his experience in setting up his lares and penates has been unusually varied as regards locality. At first he tells us about housekeeping at Cherbourg and Versailles, and then in Paris; thence he goes down into Provence and presently to Cordova, Seville, Madrid, Salamanca, and other Spanish cities; next he traverses Mediterranean France; and, finally, he tries the various cities of Italy. The book is carefully indexed, and will doubtless prove useful to Americans of moderate means who are going abroad to reside. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

John Kendrick Bangs, who contributes much of the cleverest *vers de société* and epigrams that appear in current periodicals, has written a very amusing tale in "Toppleton's Client." While it is in no sense an imitation, it reminds one in manner and matter of Anstey's "Vice Versa." Toppleton is a New York chappie, who represents an American law firm in London, and to him comes as client a ghost, whose corporeal part had been stolen by another spirit. Toppleton not only fails to recover the desired body, but is himself robbed of his material part by the wily thief, who, thereupon, has a gay time in his new young body in New York, while Toppleton enjoys the aristocratic life he leads in the sexagenarian body of Lord Barncastle, of Barnford. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

The initial volume of the Distaff Series—which are written, put in type, printed, bound, and otherwise prepared for the public exclusively by women—is "Woman and the Higher Education," edited by Anna C. Brackett. In a general introduction, Mrs. Blanche Wilder Bellamy tells how the series is to be made representative of the work of the women of the State of New York in periodical literature; the editor provides a brief preface; and then follow these essays: "A Plan for Improving Female Education," by Mrs. Emma Willard, 1819; "Female Education," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury, 1831; "The Collegiate Education of Girls," by Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar, 1880; "A New Knock at the Door," by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Runkle, 1883; "A Review of the Higher Education of Women," by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, 1889; "The Teaching of History in Academies and Colleges," by Professor Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar, 1890; and "The Private School for Girls," by Miss Anna C. Brackett, 1892. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"Many Inventions" is the title of Rudyard Kipling's new book of short stories. There are fourteen of them in all, and several have never been printed before. The first tale is "The Disturber of Traffic," an extraordinary study of madness and a very funny story, for which an Eastern magazine paid Mr. Kipling twelve hundred dollars. "A Conference of the Powers" details the conversations of a party of British subalterns, who open the eyes of a famous novelist to the fact that a soldier's life is not without dangers even in these piping times of peace. "My Lord the Elephant," "His Private Honor," and "Love-o'-Women" are narrations of the soldiers' three, Mulvaney, Orheris, and Learoyd. "The Finest Story in the World" is a striking tale, founded on the idea of re-incarnation. "A Matter of Fact" tells how three newspaper men actually see a deep-sea monster more wonderful than the sea-serpent, and yet decide that it is available only for fiction. "The Lost Legion" and "In the Rukh" are Indian tales. "Brugglesmith" is a very funny story of an adventure with a very intoxicated and ingeniously malicious man. And so they run on, humor and tragedy mingled in a wholly delightful *melange*. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

Wherever we meet the American woman (says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*)—and we meet her everywhere, in the ranks of the English peerage and of the highest European aristocracy, as well as in more modest conditions—we are struck with that marvelous adaptability in which wise men see the sign of the superiority of a race or of a species. It is revealed notably by that good humor with which she accepts the numerous petty annoyances that every change of medium implies and which put the best characters on trial. She submits to them without effort and criticises them without bitterness; she is, further, prepared for them by her education, and does not expect to find everything easy. Then the necessity of manual labor does not seem to her like a degrading condition; at most only one or two generations separate her from the time when her grandmother kneaded the family bread in the primitive settlements. These stories are familiar to her, and the lessons deduced from them are not discouraging or humiliating. She is the daughter of a race of immigrants who have become a great people through work, energy, and determination. She has in this at her command a whole treasury of traditions from which she draws, not without pride. We might say, in listening to these stories, that we were hearing one of those *grandes dames* of the past century—*émigrées* and poor—telling, with pride, in their memoirs, how, to supply their wants, they worked in London or in Germany, utilizing their accomplishments and their correct taste and making trimmings and embroidering robes with their own aristocratic hands.

Three weeks ago a high-stepping horse showed its paces in Hyde Park in the shafts of a vehicle on two wheels, driven with great *dan* by what the Parisians would call a clubman. On the perch behind, holding on by the straps, swaying under the lurches of that high-stepper, the *fin-de-siècle* Bailly, Jr., attracted more attention even than the clubman. It was a woman—a woman in petticoats, got up not in the least masculinely, and standing behind her master, much as a parlor-maid might at dinner. She had nothing to do but stand, and she stood. It seemed as if the people in the park had nothing to do but stare—and they stared. As so exhibition, the thing was a success of eccentricity.

So rapid has the pace become in Europe (a writer in the *Tribune* declares) that the length of the period as well as the extent of the outward manifestations of mourning is now reduced to a minimum. "The classes" in Europe are encouraged by the example set by their reigning and princely families who, in proportion as their constitutional power diminishes, endeavor to counterbalance its loss by increasing their social influence. Court mourning never extends over a few weeks. The Duchess of Devonshire, one of the principal leaders of English society, did not hesitate to entertain large and very jolly house-parties in the country for the shooting within six weeks after the death of her son, the Duke of Manchester; while the fair young Duchess of Sutherland was taking part in private theatricals in London before the end of the third month after the demise of her father-in-law, the late duke. The matter attracts little or no attention, and any real display of grief would be regarded in the great world of London as either due to eccentricity or else to affectation. The so-called "deepest mourning" is no longer considered good form in Europe, and crape has dropped out of fashion, being now only used for draping buildings and monuments or for shrouding the lighted lamps of the vehicles figuring in the funeral cortege. No one would ever dream of taxing either the Empress of Austria or the Princess of Wales with indifference to the death of their respective sons, yet each has been content to mourn her offspring without crape, either in the shape of a veil or as trimming to her dress. The result of this has been that widows, especially when young, dispense not only with crape, but also with the characteristic cap and long streamers.

Nothing is more truly artistic (says the *Ladies' Home Journal*) than the simply outlined oval of the perfect female form. It is but slightly depressed at the waist, the hips are as wide as the shoulders; there is not an angle from top to toe. It is as different from the outline of the fashionable "well set up" woman, with her squared shoulders and angular hips, as a horse is from a camel. We call the high-belted Empire dresses artistic, because they preserve this oval better than the longer-waisted shapes. The nude figure has no belt-line. When the weight rests equally upon the feet, and the body is held upright, the smallest measurement of the waist is about where the modern belt is placed. But let the body bend to one side, and the point of intersection of the hip and side-muscles will be over an inch above the former belt-line. This is why field-laborers, even to the sleodrester young girl, are short-waisted. For hygienic reasons, the belt should never be placed below this point; and by thus shortening the straight under-arm seam by an inch, the beauty of the uncorseted waist is materially aided.

Up till quite recently it remained the fashion among the members of the Faubourg St. Germain to marry

at midnight. It was considered more *chic* and aristocratic than a daylight wedding, owing to the fact that the midnight ceremony could only be celebrated by a special dispensation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, which costs money and influence to secure. When the kings of France held their court at Versailles, the bride and bridegroom were called upon to present themselves, on the day following their wedding, to the king at the royal supper hour, and the bride was usually invited by the sovereign to be seated by his side on a *tabouret*, or stool, while he was eating his supper in solitary grandeur, this being regarded as her *début* at court. On the following afternoon, a sort of state bed was prepared for her in one of the salons of the royal palace, and, after she had taken her place thereon in a reclining position, the entire court filed past her, each member offering his or her congratulations. The marriage ceremony and all its attendant pomp and vanity have undergone great modifications since those days, and the tendency is more and more in favor of unostentatious weddings. The elaborate banquets and breakfasts have been replaced by a mere collation and huffet, and whatever brilliancy there remains is reserved for the so-called *soirée du contrat*, which precedes the marriage by several days. It is at this *du contrat* (a most elaborate function) that the marriage contract is signed in the presence of all the relatives and friends of both families and that the exhibition of the presents takes place.

Among the questions asked by the committee appointed by Congress, with a view to reforming the public service, is one in relation to the age of clerks. Every person in the departments has been furnished with a list of questions inquiring into the date of appointment, number of relatives in office, age, etc. Some of the chiefs have had the curiosity to make a study of the answers given by their lady subordinates. There is no way of tripping those recently appointed, but for the old-timers a record is extant which has been produced for comparison. It is found that ladies who, some eighteen or twenty years ago, upon the date of their introduction to office, declared themselves in the thirties, are now within the forty limit. One woman who, in her own handwriting, declared that she was thirty-five years of age, and secured her place as a soldier's widow twenty years ago, is on record under the present investigation as being but forty. When her attention was called to this discrepancy, she flew into a passion and told the head of her office that he had better mind his own business. When the gentleman tried to convince the lady of uncertain age that it would be to her interest to tell the truth, she so far forgot herself as to characterize him as an impertinent puppy.

James Payn has been calling attention to the fact that in the most popular novel ever written, "Robinson Crusoe," there is not a petticoat. In Robert Louis Stevenson's books there is scarcely the rustle of a skirt, and in all his books women are subordinated to the mutual interest of man and man. The same thing is true, too, only in a less degree, in the stories of Conan Doyle. Nor does J. M. Barrie give them their accustomed place. Plainly women are going out. On the stage there are the same indications of woman's waning power to interest by virtue of her sex. In "Men and Women" the serious interest of the play lay exclusively with the men. In the "Lost Paradise" women were scarcely more important. In "Lady Windermere's Fan," despite the title, the men had the best of it. In "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" and in "Alabama," the women were scarcely more than feeders to the men—a place they have rarely been called before to fill in art. Opera clings more closely to the traditions of the past. Yet in "Siegfried" it is only in the last act that a woman is permitted to have any voice in all that is going on. Painting could scarcely be expected to keep such rapid steps, for painting is not so dependent on human interest, and the clothing and furbelows of women furnish the painters with those opportunities that man can never offer. In the Fine Arts Exhibition at Chicago, the notable portraits, with the exception of those of Courtois and Doucet, are of men—Renan, James Gordon Bennett, Pope Leo, Bismarck, Von Moltke. It is before these the crowds linger.

The European, if a monarchist, will often speak disrespectfully of his monarch; but (says a writer in the *Bazar*) it is like the levity with which clergymen speak of the Scriptures, being based on the profoundest security of faith. The Englishman can crack jokes about the queen, because he would die in her defense; but the American can speak of her with a certain subdued reverence, because at heart he cares absolutely nothing about her. He longs to see her as he longs to see a powdered footman or a parish beadle; she is a part of his trip to Europe. He would like to receive a flower from her hand just as he would like to have a tassel from the cap of an Arab sheik, or a stone from the Chinese wall. It would be ticketed, perhaps, as the most interesting number in his whole museum of traveling memorials. Yet this very fact classifies her at once as a mere curiosity. The emotion not only has in it nothing in common with what used to be called loyalty, but it is the direct antipodes of loyalty. That emotion is not reached until we have it in such pictures as that exhibited lately by a reverential artist in one of the

Berlin galleries—a late German emperor, in full military uniform, lifted up and carried to heaven by winged angels in the full angelic undress.

American heiresses need have little fear of bogus Italian counts (writes Stirling Heilig from Palermo), for the same reason that there is no imitation Italian wine—the real article is too cheap. The possession of a title in Palermo gives nothing great of itself; but its indispensable accompaniment is a carriage, horses, and driver in livery. To maintain these on an income of next to nothing a year, it is often necessary to eat macaroni and thick soup for a regular diet, do a great part of one's housework in gloomy, faded apartments, and sit about in old clothes all day long, to await the magic hour of three p. m. The mother and daughter don their finery, the carriage is driven to the door, and it begins—the long ceremonious drive to La Favorita and the Giardino Inglese. There is one ingenious method of keeping up your coachman to Palermo. In other times, before so many of the higher families became impoverished, a habit had grown up for families to send their carriages, empty, to the funerals of hrother nobles, even though they were at feud. Each coachman was given the equivalent of five francs as an honorarium by the mourning family. It was nothing, then. Today, it is like the bread of life. At each rich man's funeral, a hundred empty carriages appear. Each of the hundred coachmen collects his five francs which custom has imposed, and these windfalls must form the greater part of his remuneration. He, too, goes through a transformation at three o'clock each afternoon. In the morning, he may be a shoemaker or a barber. In the afternoon, he is a flower of aristocracy, in blue and gold and glossy black, erect, grave, *blond*, but watching furtively from the corner of his eye the aged rich folks in the carriage promenade beneath the palms and cypress-trees. From which will come his next five francs? This haughty procession to La Favorita, which often deceives the stranger, does not represent the rich and living nobility of Sicily, and their struggles to keep up their state are not pathetic. They have been as they are now for generations, pretentious and self-satisfied.

Some Englishwomen, says an exchange, keep up their long gloves by a ribbon garter, huckle and all. Any woman would pay a fair price for a glove-suspender which would be pretty, keep her glove up, and relieve her from the necessity of continually stretching her arm out and tying up the long wrist. No one knows the discomfort, the nervous, irritating effect of that always-slipping glove who has not had to wear it.

There is in Washington a professional hair-dresser who makes a comfortable living while Congress is in session. It is an easy matter to get the name of the politician from Miami, Ind., or Waterloo, Ia. A note is sent to his wife, asking permission to show her a more becoming way of arranging her hair. Some comprehensive hiot is volunteered, with a mild compliment. The letter is marked "personal," a verbal answer is requested, and in eight out of ten attempts the New York hair-dresser gets an answer to call. Oddly enough, it is the husband who urges her claim; he wants his wife to look like other women. At home she was all right; but in cosmopolitan life she is something of a fright, and, although he depises himself for the thought, he is ashamed of her. In an hour's time the hair-dresser puts a new face on the woman from the woods. She may not use an inch of false hair, but she wields a crimping-iron in a way that takes years of farm-life from her appearance. The troubled, shy, old face is not made ridiculous; instead of curls, the iron-gray hair is cleaned, brushed until it is fluffy, crimped enough to ripple and look three times its own quantity, and then it is dressed. Instead of the long, iron-wire hair-pins, little shell pins are used, and the coils are so lightly caught that the wondering Hoosier wife reckons it will not be long before they all drop out. Women who refuse to have their hair cut into a bang are provided with a false front; but in every instance the transformation is admirable. The bill is sent to the congressman, and it is cheerfully paid.

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THE WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA.

A Rough Sketch.

Australian women aspire to the freedom and independence of American women and stand in awe of the presence and traditions of English women. The result (writes Julia F. Nicholson in the *North American Review*) is a character molded by conflicting influences reflected through the colored medium of Australian conditions.

Transition stages are rapid in Australia. The twilight flits across the hills and plains, and, ghost-like, disappears. The *naïveté* of childhood slips away before short frocks lengthen into long gowns. It is daylight or darkness, infancy or womanhood here. Before the English girl has outgrown childish delights, the Australian is a woman in miniature, self-conscious, self-confident, not easily abashed, with eyes that long since have ceased to look out upon the world with wonder. In a short skirt, with a plait down its back, young Australia imitates its elders, flirts, falls in love, and, sometimes, reads and writes funny little love-letters in all seriousness. Very youthful, very innocent all this in its way, but the way itself strikes one as just a little precocious. Like her brother, the Australian girl has a say as to what she learns, where she goes, what she wears. In fact, she brings herself up under easy supervision. Grown to womanhood, the glitter and glamour of life already tarnished in her sight, she is without reserve, possessed of few illusions and less sentiment. She has arrived at a very good opinion of herself. So far as circumstances permit, she pleases herself in the choice of a husband or a course in life. But with all her liberty she does not enjoy the recognized freedom and independence of the American girl.

The social code is slightly confusing. For an unengaged girl to go to the theatre or for a walk alone with a man would be scandalous, but at a dance she may wander about dim gardens and verandas with a new acquaintance, and it is quite another thing. She marries at any age short of middle age, but it is not into greater freedom, as Frenchwomen do, but into bondage, after the most approved British fashion. Family cares and household duties absorb her; servants worry her. Accomplishments are neglected; dancing goes to the wall; for reading there is no time. But should domesticity fail to engross her and the giddy whirl of society sweep her away from home, the household becomes a scene of disorder. Perhaps this is why the average domesticated Australian becomes so uninteresting after marriage. Her life narrows down, she seldom shares her husband's interests, her conversation fluctuates between scandal and servants' delinquencies, fashions, and the children. Unless a fashionable woman, she no longer troubles to be pretty or charming, and it is unusual for her to keep herself *au courant* of passing events and the questions of to-day, or to give more than an occasional glance at a newspaper.

Though pretty, tall, and well-formed, the Australian is not graceful. Her feet are seldom small, her hands rarely beautiful. Moreover, she does not dress well. Her toilet has none of the *chic* of the Parisienne's, little of the sobriety of the Englishwoman's. Overdressed or dowdy, she produces the impression of having not only little taste, but no artistic sense of the fitness of things. Stylish and elegant women are to be seen more frequently in Melbourne than elsewhere. Nevertheless, dress is dear to the soul of an Australian, and much is spent on it. Down in the lowest social grades it plays an important part. The Australian hugs the idea of equality, and, believing in uniformity of dress as the visible sign of equality, often sacrifices actual comfort to obtain fashionable clothing. An Australian family makes a brave show on holidays. There may be bare feet and rags in the house, but there are cheap feathers and gloves in the street. Here the vanity of the race peeps out and hatred of apparent social distinctions, for vanity is stronger in the Australian woman than ambition, just as indolence is more inherent than energy. She is clever but not intellectual, accomplished oftener than highly educated. To be able to play the piano is regarded as a sort of *cachet* of distinction, not to play it as a lamentable sign of neglected education. Tact is natural to her, also a quick sense of perception. With ready ease she adapts herself to circumstances, catches the cue of her *entourage*, and continues to produce a favorable impression. With a cheerful disposition and mercurial temperament, the serious side of life scarcely appeals to her. She exacts neither obedience nor due reverence from her children, and without being specially religious leaves the responsibility of their future very much to Providence. Thus a spurious sort of independence loosens family ties in Australian households. Though hardly capable of strong feeling and deep, passionate attachment, the Australian is affectionate and in manner hospitable, friendly, and, sometimes, sympathetic. Strangers to-day, to-morrow you are intimately acquainted. In friendship there is no tentative stage, but a plunge in *medias res*.

By her speech the Australian betrays her origin. *Bay* is pronounced *bai*; *say*, *sai*. Sometimes there is a nasal sound in the voice. Often there is slang on her lips, not the slang of society merely, but of the stock-yard, the camp-fire, and the stable. It may be heard in the drawing-rooms of society, for polished

manners are not found as a matter of course in prominent places. Here men and women are shaken like dice in a box; chance decides the throw. Culture and refinement may dwell in the humblest homes and the veriest plebeianism amid luxury. Australia is the land of many grotesque contrasts and some unique social surprises.

Some new anecdotes of Murger, made public in Paris the other day, indicate that the author of "Life in Bohemia" knew a great deal from personal experience of the privation and penury he depicted in that famous book. For the manuscript itself, from which the publisher made a fortune, Murger received only fifty dollars, most of which he had drawn in advance in *picayune* sums. Many of the Bohemians who frequented the cafés of the Latin Quarter with Murger died of actual starvation. Of those who lived on to become famous were Theodore de Banville, Baudelaire, Champfleury, Bonville, the painter, and Auguste Vitu, the dramatic critic. When Murger died, Mme. Dinohau, at whose café he used to dine, lamented his loss, not because he owed one hundred and sixty dollars for dinners, but because his death caused a vacancy at the table.

Baron Achille Paganini, of Parma, some time ago exposed the face of his famous father, the violinist, to the view of one of his guests, the violinist Ondrick. The countenance of the dead violinist was found to be in a perfect state of preservation. It seems that the Bishop of Nice refused to permit the interment of the violinist's remains in consecrated ground, because Paganini had neglected to receive the ministrations of a priest at the time of his decease. It was not until five years later, in 1845, that the Pope gave the desired permission, and during the interval the embalmed body lay for a long time in the hospital at Nice.

M. Séverin Lambert, a *juge d'instruction* under the empire, died recently in France. His career had a sudden and hitherto unexplained ending. He had every chance of advancement, when, during a criminal prosecution, the prisoner escaped, and he was suspected of connivance in the disappearance. The man was being tried for robbery and murder, and made no denial, adding that he was the illegitimate son of his victim, a middle-aged woman. Upon hearing his name, the judge recognized him as his own son, the fruit of his early misdeeds. M. Lambert at once resigned.

The telephone is now used by deep-water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head, he can speak into the 'phone, and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work, for reporting progress or receiving instructions, is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord.

The little children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are having dancing-lessons from Mrs. Wordsworth—a wonderful woman. Born quite blind, it was not until she was eight years old that she was able to see at all; but an operation gave sight to one eye, and she is now as quick with that one as most people would be with four.

Edgar Scott, of Philadelphia, son of the late Thomas Scott, will visit Sweden and Norway this summer in his yacht. On reaching the age of twenty-one in August last (says the *New York Tribune*), he came into an income of one million dollars, and this will be doubled when he is twenty-five.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair. Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

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Mme. de Lesseps, wife of "le grand Français," can write equally well in French and English. She is collecting her husband's private papers and correspondence, and proposes, it is said, to write a book explaining and defending his course in regard to the Panama Canal.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Mr. Reginald Brooke will be united in marriage on Monday, July 17th, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, London. On the following Thursday, Miss Louise Ord Holladay and Mr. Allen E. Messer will be married at the same church.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Eddy and Mr. Edward Lewis Jacobs will take place at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon at the Church of Our Saviour in Mill Valley. Miss Mae Merry and Miss Maud Magee will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frank D. Madison will act as best man. There will be a reception after the wedding at the residence of Mrs. George F. Grant, mother of the bride, in Mill Valley.

The engagement is announced of Miss Minnie Weil, the sister of Mrs. Walter M. Castle, to Mr. Louis Hirsch.

A delightful affair was given in San Rafael last Thursday evening in the form of a surprise to Mr. Louis Sloss, who on that day attained the seventieth anniversary of his birth. An elaborate dinner was served and the evening was most enjoyably passed. Only relatives were present, but there was quite a large number of them.

The Haywards Lawn-Tennis Club will hold its first annual championship tournament at the grounds of the club in Haywards on August 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th. Some valuable prizes will be contested for. Entries will close on July 29th.

By the will of the late John R. Jarboe, the following testamentary provisions were made:

Testator bequeathed his entire estate to his widow, Mrs. Mary H. Jarboe, who is appointed executrix without bonds. The deceased left two children, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe and Miss Mary Catherine Jarboe, for whom he made no provision. The value of the estate is in excess of \$100,000.

— EVERY ONE WHO MOVES IN SOCIETY CIRCLES is obliged to use visiting-cards, and no one should use a card unless the name is printed from an engraved copper plate. The old style of card printed from type is obsolete, and should never be used. The majority of society people here obtain their visiting-cards from Sanborn, Vail & Co., whose establishment is on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They employ the most experienced engravers, and keep their patrons properly posted on the latest styles of cards, while their prices are extremely reasonable.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

In Ruts.

Many people keep right on year after year using the same old baking powder, not realizing that now-a-days there is something better and healthier than alum or ammonia mixtures.

Quick people know Cleveland's baking powder is up with the age; that it does not contain a particle of alum or ammonia, and is better than any such compound can possibly be.

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An advertisement is and always must be an invitation from the advertiser to the whole or part of the public at large. If the advertiser makes it more than an invitation and carries his urging beyond the province of suggestion, he simply wastes from a half to the whole of the money he puts into it.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

NOTICE.

The offices of

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from a year's absence in Europe and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page are enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad have left Santa Cruz and are the guests of the Misses Delmas at Mountain View.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan is here from Chicago on a week's visit. He will leave on Tuesday for Seattle.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Eva T. Shaw have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. J. L. Moody and the Misses Moody have returned from Castle Crag. They will go to Del Monte in August.

Mrs. Otto Favre and Miss Jennie Cheesman are at Castle Crag.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy left last Wednesday to visit the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are passing a few weeks at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are occupying a cottage at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Beth Sperry will go to the Hotel del Monte late in July for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Cunningham, and Miss Mary Scott are making a prolonged visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Adam Grant is passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and the Misses McNutt have returned from a month's visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and the Misses Mamie and Olive Holbrook have returned from Castle Crag, and are at their villa in Menlo Park.

Miss Claire Ralston will soon return from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Miss Carrie Taylor returned from the East and Europe last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Center were the guests of Colonel C. Fred Crocker at Castle Crag on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre have returned from an Eastern trip, and are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan are at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has been passing the week at Pescadero.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager have returned from Alaska.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered and Miss Mollie Wethered left last Saturday to visit Castle Crag.

Miss Alice Mullins, who has been passing several weeks at San Rafael, has returned to her home, 1809 Gough Street, where she will remain until the latter part of August, when she will go to London, visiting the Columbian Exposition en route.

Mr. Horace Davis returned from Chicago last Saturday. Mrs. Davis and Mr. Norris Davis will travel through the East for a couple of months before returning.

Mrs. George Hyde, Mrs. Bayard Smith, and Miss Mamie Hyde have been passing the week in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes have left Santa Cruz and will pass the remainder of the season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, the Misses Loughborough, and the Misses Zane have returned from a two months' visit at San Rafael.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas left Santa Cruz last Saturday after a prolonged visit there, and are now at their villa in Mountain View.

Miss Mamie Deane has returned from a month's visit at Chicago.

Mrs. Will E. Fisher and family have returned from a month's visit at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Haines have returned from Chicago and are occupying their cottage at Belvedere.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold left last Thursday to pass about three weeks at Tallac on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll and the Misses Carroll are enjoying a visit at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Miss Nellie Greenbaum is visiting Mrs. I. N. Walter at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Graves and Miss Graves are passing the season near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and family, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, and Miss Forman are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith will soon close Suashine Villa at Santa Cruz to make an Eastern trip.

Judge F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have taken a cottage at San Mateo for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger have returned from a month's visit at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Pierce have returned from Castle Crag and will pass the remainder of the season at Del Monte.

Mr. N. K. Masten and the Misses Masten have returned to the city, after passing several weeks at the Hotel Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. McLean returned on Friday from an enjoyable visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Conte and the Misses Ella and Susie Le Conte are passing a few weeks in Sausalito.

Miss Gertrude Goewey has returned from a prolonged visit at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are at Castle Crag.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, who are visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica, will return home in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton and family left Santa Cruz last Monday to return to their villa at Mayfield.

Mrs. Charles J. Keeney and Miss Ethel Keeney are passing a month at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt, Miss Anna Hunt, and Miss Minnie Cole have returned to the city after passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson have returned from Humboldt County, and are occupying their cottage, Craig Hazel, at Sausalito, where they will remain until winter.

Miss Alice Ziska has returned from a month's visit at Santa Cruz.

Dr. George J. Bucknall returned to the city last Monday after a two weeks' visit to Del Coronado and Santa Monica.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have returned from Santa Cruz, where they have been passing several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield have returned from a two

months' visit to Chicago and New York, and will pass the remainder of the month in San Rafael.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at San Mateo.

Mrs. John Boggs, Miss Alice Boggs, and Master F. H. Boggs are passing the summer at the Seashore House, Old Orchard, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King were visiting friends in Rhode Island last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine have returned from their home at the San Joaquin ranch, in Orange County, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum.

Miss Louise E. Plum has returned from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Signor G. B. Galvani has returned to the city, after passing five weeks near St. Helena.

Mrs. Charles W. Currier left the city last Saturday for a three weeks' visit at the home of her parents in San Luis Obispo County.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Crane will pass this month at the Geysers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Emeric have gone to Wehler Lake for a few weeks. Miss Lorena Barber is visiting friends at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Volney Spalding returned from Japan last Thursday.

Mrs. J. L. Lilienthal and her sister, Miss Alice Gerstle, will leave to-day for a month's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Wilfrid E. Chapman returned from England to New York a week ago, and is en route to this city.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold have returned from Europe, and are at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton has returned from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown at Eschol in Napa Valley.

Miss Mabel Love has returned from a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley at their ranch near Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood and Miss Greenwood have gone to Chicago, en route to Europe. Mr. Fred H. Greenwood will soon leave to join them. They will be away about a year.

Mr. Robert A. Irving returned to the city last Thursday after passing a month at Santa Cruz and Del Monte.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has been elected president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Lieutenant T. B. Mott, Second Artillery, U. S. A., is now stationed at West Point.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Waco, Cal.

Lieutenant N. J. K. Patch, U. S. N., now on leave of absence from the *Charleston*, is in East Somerville, Mass.

Medical-Director Albert L. Gibson, U. S. N., has taken charge of the United States Medical Hospital in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Gibson, who is passing the summer with her sons on the coast of Normandy, will not join her husband before the end of November.

Lieutenant R. H. Nohle, First Infantry, U. S. A., has sailed from New York for Europe. He will go through Northern Africa to Tunis. His detail has been extended one year, so that he will return next year to resume his duties as military instructor at the St. John's Academy, at Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on special duty in connection with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

Major Charles Bentzoni, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is absent on sick leave, was in Chicago last week.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the *Argonaut* mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

The German Emperor frequently has a week's retirement from the bustling world, and hides within the depths of the forest of Prockelwitz, where a small cottage is his abode, nestled beneath a splendid oak, with forest around him for miles. There, while the dew is on the forest, he starts forth gun in hand, with a brace of dogs and a sturdy forester, and at four o'clock he is at the best spot for sport. Then his majesty hangs away till eleven, when he wends his way homeward to his cot, eats and sleeps a while, after which he puts his signature to all the documents which require it and have been duly forwarded to his lonely retreat from Berlin.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland (says the *Ladies Pictorial*) can claim a distinction other than that of her recent unpleasant experience in Holloway, for she is one of the few women who have seats on the disreputable board of a public company. Report has it that she displays very considerable ability in the management of a coal-mine, owned by a company of which she is a self-appointed director.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is said to have many young men friends than any man in the country. He says witty things to the young fellows, pats them on the shoulder, and makes comrades of them. Occasionally he will indulge in a flight of conversational natrany that fairly captivates his hearers.

Charles Moncky, still living in Kings County, N. Y., invented the "monkey" wrench. He sold his patent for two thousand dollars.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Goodman—"Is Dr. Thirdly a powerful preacher?"

Deacon Hicks—"I should think so! 'Bout every fourth week we have to have the pulpit repaired."—*Truth*.

Stranger (who has lost himself on the West Side)—"Can you tell me where the Chicago are playing ball this season?" *Citizen*—"Nowhere, sir! Nowhere!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chairman congressional committee—"What excuse have you for not giving the Indians what they deserve?" *Reservation agent*—"The law doesn't permit us to kill them."—*Puck*.

"Oh, would I could take this beautiful gold with me when I die!" exclaimed the miser, fanning the shining heap. "It would only melt if you could!" remarked a listener.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Mr. Gbount—"All my money can not give me health, doctor!" *Dr. Bolus*—"Na, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value, nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence."—*Truth*.

"Some of those people who are dealing with old Wodkins will take a tumble after awhile, or I miss my guess." "What's the matter with Wodkins?" "He sells hammocks."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"The short story seems to be quite the fad nowadays," said one clubman to another. "I should say so. It seems to me that nearly every man I meet stops to tell me how short he is."—*Washington Star*.

Jinks—"I can't understand how shipwrecked sailors ever starve to death." *Filkins*—"Why not?" *Jinks*—"Because I just came over from Liverpool and I never once felt the least desire to eat."—*Puck*.

"Alderman Blynn tasted terrapin for the first time the other night." "What did he say? Did he like it?" "No. He said it made him feel as if all his teeth had dropped out while he was eating it."—*World's Fair Puck*.

"By the way, bishop, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren' and never mention the women in your sermons?" "But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other." "Oh, but, bishop, not in church!"—*Life*.

Oldby—"When I play whist with a girl, I can always tell when she holds the ace of trumps." *Newman*—"How?" *Oldby*—"I tell her that when she holds it her lover is thinking of her, and then I watch to see if she blushes as she picks up her cards."—*Truth*.

"What's Bill Jones takin' so much time thumpin' that one trunk around for?" asked one railway employee of another. "S-s-sh! Don't bother him. He's enjoyin' himself. That's the first trunk marked 'glass' that has come his way in a month."—*Washington Star*.

Lawyer for the plaintiff (to his client on the witness-stand)—"And now, Mrs. Van Rooster, explain the nature of this loan of five millinn dollars you made to the defendant." *Fair client*—"Really, you will have to excuse me for the remainder of the day. I have an appointment with my milliner."—*Puck*.

First author—"You look hurt." *Second author*—"I am." *First author*—"What is wrong?" *Second author*—"That miserable editor looked over the last manuscript I took him, rubbed his fingers down the worn edge of the sheets, and then asked me, absently, 'What's its circulation?'"—*Vogue*.

First young man (at seaside)—"I have met a good many amateur photographers, but I never saw none quite so devoted to the fad as you are." *Second young man*—"I never take photographs." *First young man*—"Eh? Then why do you carry that detective-camera about with you all day, week in and week out?" *Second young man*—"Because when the girls see me coming, all the ugly ones run away and all the pretty ones stay."—*Exchange*.

Caller—"Say, want a petrified man?" *Museum manager*—"Indeed I do, right off." *Caller*—"Well, I can do the petrified man act so no one will ever guess it." *Museum manager*—"You won't do. I don't want any fake. I want a genuine, living, petrified man, not an imitation." *Caller*—"Nobody'll know the difference." *Museum manager*—"I don't want him for exhibition. I want him for cashier."—*New York Weekly*.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

"When are those girls playing four-handed pieces on the piano?" "One of them is the daughter of the hostess." "And her accomplice?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure.

CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin cures of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG CO., Boston.

45—"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and only skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,
With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

SEA BEACH HOTEL,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast.

Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address
JOHN T. SULLIVAN,
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RHEUMATISM

Gout
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Blood and Skin Diseases
Nervous Disorders

CAN ALWAYS BE CURED AT

Byron Hot Springs

The WATERS and BATHS
Have Cured
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C. R. MASON, MANAGER

BYRON HOT SPRINGS CALIFORNIA

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

W. H. ROOT,

Laramie, - Wyoming

Importer, Exporter, and Dealer in

Living Wild Animals

Birds and reptiles, buffalo, elk, deer, and all other living animals for sale—car lots a specialty; we both buy and sell; write us if you wish to purchase or dispose of any kind of animals; specialty made of prairie-dogs and other small animals; buy a magpie, they heat a parrot for talk and appearance; hunting parties guided and outfitted complete for big game; satisfaction guaranteed. References furnished and required. Ask for what you want.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, Wyoming.

ALUMINUM ALLOY

COMPOSITE

Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Ten per cent. added to cheap iron-grate mixtures gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton.

Book of Government Official Report and other indisputable testimonials from Foundrymen free.

The Hartsfield Furnace and Refining Company

NEWPORT, KY.

Branch Offices and Depot—Judson Mfg. Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England; Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome, Ga.; Geo. Orenshaw, Henderson, N. C.; D. W. C. Carroll Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Frank D. Espy, New York; Foundry Supply Co., Boston, Mass.

THE U. S. Government Chemists
have reported, after an examination of scores of different brands, that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, of highest leavening capacity, and superior to all others.

A GIDDY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Jack Batchelor and I were great friends; we were as thick as thieves; we were members of the same club, we had chambers on the same floor in Vellum Buildings—we were both barristers, you know, but neither of us had ever held a brief. I didn't know very much about Batchelor, but I liked the man. I would have lent Batchelor five pounds without security; I mean it; upon my soul I mean it (it was Pumper who spoke, as we sat smoking).

Batchelor went away for a little run upon the continent two summers ago; I saw him off. You must be very fond of a fellow when you take the trouble to see him off. From the moment I saw Jack Batchelor off until yesterday I hadn't clapped eyes upon him. He let his chambers to another fellow, and his name was painted out; he took his name off the books at "The Chappies," as our club, the Science and Culture, is vulgarly called. Jack Batchelor dropped out of my life; but yesterday I met him once again. A very fashionably dressed little woman was on his arm; a distinctly pretty little woman—fair, fluffy, sentimental-looking, blue-eyed. She was so pretty that people turned round to look at her; I did for one, and as I did so I caught Batchelor's eye. At first he favored me with a furious scowl; then, as he recognized me, his face broke into a smile, he stopped, he shook hands, he introduced me to the pretty little woman as Mrs. Lightfoot, and then he asked me to dinner for the same evening at seven.

"You must dine with us, Pumper," he said; "seven sharp." He thrust a card into my hand.

"If you don't come, I'll never forgive you, Mr. Pumper," said the lady. "Jack's always singing your praises." And then she favored me with a smile—an arch, merry, intoxicating smile that caused my heart to palpitate for full a quarter of an hour.

And then Batchelor hailed a cab. "We are in a tremendous hurry, old man," he said. "Ta-ta, till seven," and he handed the lady that he had introduced as Mrs. Lightfoot into the cab, and before I knew where I was, they were gone.

"Good gracious," I thought, "here's a mystery. I hate mysteries. 'Come and dine with us.' Perhaps she is his sister, keeping house for him; or of course that's it. He's a lucky fellow, is Batchelor! Charming little woman!" I thought; "her sweet smile haunts me still." Then I was guilty of an extravagance. I went into Millers and bought an eighteenpenny button-hole. I was in love, sir—over head and ears in love—with Batchelor's sister; and I bummed "Queen of My Heart" all the way to Chelsea, where Batchelor lived. I had spent the afternoon in having my hair cut. I had an hour with a female manicure, who trimmed and polished my nails and pulled the hairs out of the back of my hands with a pair of tweezers; it cost me a guinea; but it was cheap at the money, for I was over head and ears in love with the blonde little woman whom I supposed to be Batchelor's sister.

I took an hour and a half to dress, and my fifth tie hardly satisfied me. When I arrived I was shown into Batchelor's drawing-room by a trim little maid.

There she was, on a low chair, looking lovelier than ever; she was wearing a great spray of Marsechal Niel roses, and she welcomed me in the kindest possible manner.

"My husband has been singing your praises, Mr. Pumper," she said.

Her husband! I have a mystery. Then I thought that I had fathomed it. I am an ingenious man. Batchelor had evidently come into money; he had taken the name of Lightfoot—it was all as plain as a pikestaff.

"Mrs. Lightfoot—" I began.

"Mrs. Batchelor, if you please," said the lady, with a silvery laugh.

I was dumfounded; he certainly introduced her to me as Mrs. Lightfoot. But before I could recover from my surprise, the door opened and the delicious little vision of Bond Street sailed into the room.

"Sisters—twins, evidently," I thought, attempting to grasp the situation. They were as like as two peas; you couldn't tell 't'other from which. "Hang it," I thought, "Batchelor must feel as if he were married to both of them."

"I'm so glad you've come," said Mrs. Lightfoot—"so glad, Mr. Pumper."

She put me at my ease at once. I felt as if I had known her all my life; the cup of my happiness was full to overflowing. And then Batchelor came in, and we had a capital dinner and were as jolly as sandboys. After dinner he explained things.

"Pumper," he said, "the very day after I parted from you two years ago, I met Mrs. Batchelor and her charming mother. I fell in love with them at once. Mrs. Lightfoot's a pretty woman, as you see; but, in widow's mourning, she's absolutely irresistible. I met them at Dieppe. I followed them to Trouville. I was determined to propose at once, but I couldn't make up my mind; like the ass between the two bundles of hay, I hesitated. Should it be Angela or Angelina. I could never get either of them alone, that was my difficulty. Angela hated solitude, and, of course, being Angelina's mother, it was her duty to look after her. Fortune favored me at last. I went into the hotel garden one evening, and I found Mrs. Lightfoot, buried in thought, gazing on the beauties of the summer night. I made up my

mind at once; I would propose in form. But she mightn't care for me, Angela's grief might be too recent; I would be ambiguous; I would leave a way of retreat open—should it be so, I would at once ask for the hand of Angelina. "Mrs. Lightfoot," I said, sentimentally, seating myself at her side, "this is a vale of tears! Do you never, my dear madam, do you never," I said—and I lowered my voice to an amorous whisper—"think of—um—ar—marriage?"

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor!" she replied, and there were tears in her voice, "my recent loss—"

"You mistake me, my dear Mrs. Lightfoot," I said, taking the cue at once; "it was in reference to your charming daughter that I spoke."

"Angela gave a little start of surprise as I said the words."

"Your charming daughter," I continued, "Miss Lightfoot—may I say Angelina?—has inspired me with feelings that are more easily imagined than described. If, I went on, 'the devotion of a lifetime—'"

"Say no more," burst in Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot—I am a woman of impulse; my first instincts never mislead me. You love Angelina, Mr. Batchelor? She is very young; she is not seventeen. Bless you! may you be happy!"

"I married Angelina within a month, Pumper. I'm well off, so's Angelina, so's Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot; and then my troubles began. My mother-in-law is atrociously good-looking, as you have seen. She threw off her mourning on our wedding day; she's a creature of impulse, as she told me; she flirts outrageously; my whole time is occupied in preserving my good-looking mother-in-law from the consequences of her own flightiness. She persists in going everywhere. I have to stay up at dances till four o'clock in the morning, because Angela—I mean Mrs. Lightfoot—declares that I am her natural protector, and it's my duty. I have to be continually threatening with personal violence fellows who persecute her with their attentions. Men propose to her on the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all; and she refers them to me, as though I were her father. It's more than flesh and blood can bear, Pumper, and I'm sick of it."

"She's a very charming little woman, Batchelor," I remarked.

"Of course she is," said Batchelor, sulkily; "a great deal too charming. That's a very expensive button-hole," said Batchelor, his face lighting up with a sudden smile. "By Jove! Pumper," he continued, as I blushed to my ears, "you are—yes, of course you are—you are her latest victim. My dear old man," he cried, grasping my hand affectionately, "there's a wealth of love about my mother-in-law sufficient to render the rest of your monotonous and ill-spent life deliriously happy. We understand each other; let us join the ladies at once."

We did join the ladies. Within ten minutes Angelina and her husband had left the room; within a quarter of an hour Angela was my affianced bride.

"Yes," said Pumper, with a fatuous smile, as he bade me good-bye, "this day month, I shall be Batchelor's father-in-law."

All I've got to say is that Pumper is a very plucky fellow.

C. J. WILLS.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the digestive organs, the stomach, and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint, and nervousness are conquered by it.

The Queen of England is closely guarded by detectives every moment of her life. When she proposes to ride abroad, the information and the probable route that she will take are at once announced to her special police by the equerry on duty, and at certain points all along the road that she will travel, police are stationed and the roads carefully watched. All kind of queer people, lunatics, cranks, and adventurers seek to gain her majesty's attention, so that the utmost precaution is necessary, in order to preserve her from constant annoyance, if not from actual danger.

Crying Babies.

Some people do not love them. They should use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect infant food. A million American babies have been raised to man and womanhood on the Eagle brand. Grocers and druggists.

—THE HAYWARDS HOTEL IS FILLING RAPIDLY with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—Feverish children and teething babies need Sterdman's Soothing Powders.

THE OLD CAMP-FIRE.

By Bret Harte.

Now shift the blanket pad before your saddle back you fling,
And draw your sinch up tighter till the sweat drops from the ring:
We've a dozen miles to cover ere we reach the next divide,
Our limbs are stiffer now than when we first set out to ride,
And worse—the horses know it, and feel the leg-grip tire—
Since twenty years ago, old friend, we sought the old camp-fire.

Yes, twenty years! Lord! how we'd track its incense down the trail,
Through halm of hay and spice of spruce, when eye and ear would fail,
And worn and faint from useless quest we crept, like this, to rest,
Or, flushed with luck and youthful hope, we rode, like this, abreast.
Aye! Straighten up, old friend, until the mustang thinks he's nigher,
Through looser rein and stirrup strain, the welcome old camp-fire.

You know the shout that would ring out before us down the glade,
And start the blue-jays like a flight of arrows through the shade,
And sift the thin pine-needles down like slanting, shining rain,
And send the squirrels scampering back to their holes again.
Until we saw, blue-veiled and dim, or leaping like desire,
The flame of twenty years ago—which lit the old camp-fire.
And then that rest on Nature's breast, when talk had dropped, and slow
The night wind went from tree to tree with challenge soft and low!—
We lay on lazy elbows propped, or stood to stir the flame,
Till up the soaring redwood's shaft our shadows went and came,
As if to draw us with the sparks, high o'er its unseen spire
To the five stars that kept their ward above the old camp-fire.

Those sentinels whose tranquil watch half-soothed, half-shamed our sleep,
What recked we then what heats or men around might lurk or creep!
We lay and heard with listless ears the far-off panther's cry,
The near coyote's snarling snap, the grizzly's deep-drawn sigh,
The brown bear's blundering human tread, the gray wolves' yelping choir,
Beyond the magic circle drawn around the old camp-fire.

Well, well! we'll see it once again—we should he near it now;
It's scarce a mile to where the trail strikes off to skirt the slough.

And then the dip to Indian Spring, the wooded rise and—strange!
Yet here should stand the blasted pine that marked our farthest range;
And here—what's this? A ragged swale of ruts and stumps and mire:
Sure this is not the sacred grove that hid the old camp-fire!

Yet here's the "blaze" I cut myself, and there's the stumbling ledge,
With quartz "outcrop" that lay atop, now leveled to its edge,
And mounds of moss-grown stumps beside the woodman's rotting chips,
And gashes in the trampled soil, that gaped with dumb red lips.
And yet above the shattered wreck and ruin, curling higher—
Ah, yes!—still lifts the smoke that marked the welcome old camp-fire!

Perhaps some friend of twenty years still lingers there to raise
To weary hearts and tired eyes that beacon of old days.
Perhaps—but stay; 'tis gone! and yet once more it lifts as though
To stay our tardy, blundering steps, and seems to move, and lo!
Whirls by us in a rush of sound—the vanished funeral pyre
Of hopes and fears that twenty years burnt in the old camp-fire!

For see beyond! The prospect spreads, with chimney, spire, and roof—
Two iron bands across the trail clank to our mustang's hoof;
Above them leap two spider-threads from blackened tree to tree,
To where the whitewashed station speeds its message to the sea.

Rein in, old friend! The quest is o'er. The goal of our desire
Is but the train whose track has lain across the old camp-fire!—
The Pull Mall Magazine.

For Sunstroke.

USE HORSFORD'S ACIO PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. L. ZURKER, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

Mlle. Isch, the young telegraph-operator in Tiflis, with whom the second son of the Czar, Grand Duke George, has fallen in love, is said to be a beautiful girl. She is the last descendant of one of the oldest noble families of the province. She is poor, however, and was obliged to earn her living. She chose telegraphy and became the head of the Tiflis station.

Ripans Tablets cure biliousness, dyspepsia, and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

It is very difficult

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take"—this trouble is not experienced in administering



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FR.

QUINA LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC,

CONTAINING PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND A RICH CATALAN WINE, used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

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COWDREY'S

Deviled Ham

HOW TO SERVE

FOR BREAKFAST—Prepare an omelet and spread a layer of the Deviled Ham between its folds.

FOR LUNCH—Cut loaf-bread into thin slices, butter to suit taste and spread with Deviled Ham.

FOR TEA—Upon well-toasted bread spread a layer of Deviled Ham and cover with scrambled or dropped eggs.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts." E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

Don't Kick! Country merchants should not complain of dull times, but consult J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Ill.

One feature of the advertisements of today forms an agreeable contrast to the advertisements of a generation ago. It is the evident sincerity in which they are written and the consequently greater confidence the searcher after information can repose in them. That the advertising page is becoming one of the most interesting pages of the daily newspaper is one of the striking proofs of the growth of intelligence and refinement among the people.

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.

Exhibit any 25c. Soap. Ask your dealer for it. Full size sample, 12 cents. Beware of imitations.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co. 84 Adams Street, Chicago.

BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS

For Printing and Wrapping, 401-403 Sansome St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterwards, meeting the poet, the lord chief-justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal; but as to much of it, I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it." Browning replied: "If a reader of your calibre understands ten per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

In a small company, the functions and exhibitions of the Grand Army of the Republic are under discussion. Mrs. X—, whose domestic experience has not been happy, looks and remains reticent. "What! don't you believe in decorating the graves of the ex-soldiers?" demands one of the convives. "Oh, yes, indeed!" responds the lady; "why, there is one ex-soldier's grave I would just dearly love to decorate." "Then why in the world don't you do it?" "Only because the man is not dead yet—he is my husband."

A London critic once went all the way to Manchester to see Beerbohm Tree play "Hamlet." It was agreed that he should lunch with Tree after the performance, and so he did. Tree was mightily disturbed because his guest made no reference to the play. So, as the guest was departing, Tree followed him through the door and called to him as he descended the stairs: "Oh, I say, old man, what did you think of 'Hamlet'?" To this the departing guest answered: "Wonderful play, old man—most wonderful play ever written."

One day, shortly after the late Adam Black, founder of the well-known publishing-house, began business as a bookseller, a suspicious-looking man came stealthily into the shop, and, leaning over the counter, whispered into his ear: "I've got some fine smuggled whisky, which I'll let you have at a great bargain." "No, no," said Mr. Black, indignantly, "I want nothing of the kind; go away." The man, evidently not believing in the sincerity of this righteous outburst, leaned over the counter again and whispered: "I'll tak' Bibles for't."

Attorney-General Hendrick, of Kentucky, prides himself on the fact that he rose from a farm-laborer to his present place of dignity and honor. He was telling some friends in Frankfort the other day of his early struggles and called in a negro who was passing to attest the veracity of his statements. "Brother Bradley," said he, "is an old-fashioned blue-gummed negro and a boyhood friend of mine, by whose side I have worked many a day in the corn-field. Wasn't I a good man in the corn-field, Brother Bradley?" "Oh, yes, sah," said the darky, "you was a good man for a fact, but you sutnly didn't work much."

Some months ago the *Marion* was off the Chinese coast taking coal. A high Chinese mandarin called on board and was received by Commander B—, who offered him cigars, champagne, etc. In leaving the ship, the mandarin, while on the deck, gave a good look around. "Ah, commander, I see you have still got the old guns?" "Yes," replied the other; "still got them." "They are very big," said the Chinese, smiling. "Yes; very big." "In fact, they look much bigger than the new guns." "Yes, rather," said the commander, who did not like the talk at all. "Oh, I see—I see," said the mandarin, in a very sarcastic way; "you have got them for the moral effect!"

Ex-Secretary Lincoln, while United States Minister to England, wished to get into Westminster on the occasion of a special service there. Archdeacon Farrar had told Mr. Lincoln to go to the east door of the cathedral to avoid the crowd and to inform the usher that he was the American minister, so that he could be conducted at once to the archdeacon's pew. When Mr. Lincoln sent in his name and title the usher came out and said, with surprise: "For gracious sake, how many American ministers are there?" It seems that several gentlemen of the cloth had each deftly made his way into the church by informing the usher that he was an American minister.

An old lady, traveling on the London Underground road and finding that the train was approaching a station, said to a man who sat at the farther end of

the compartment and was her only fellow-passenger: "Would you kindly tell me, sir, what is the next station?" "Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply. "Then, would you mind, sir, when we arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?" "With pleasure," was the cordial assent. "You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and I have to get out slowly and backward, and when the porter sees me getting out, he shouts, 'I look alive, ma'am,' and gives me a push in from behind—and I've been round the circle twice already."

Colonel John Hay happened to be in Chicago at the time of the great fire. Shortly afterward, while seated in the parlor of a hotel, he noticed two persons whispering and glancing at him. Presently one of them crossed the room and said: "Are you Mr. Hay?" "Yes," replied the colonel. "You wrote 'Little Breeches' didn't you?" was the next inquiry. "Yes," responded the poet. Upon that the man returned to the place where his friend stood, and bringing him back, presented him solemnly to Colonel Hay as "Mr. M. Kaigins." Colonel Hay received the new-comer politely, though he had never seen or heard of him before. After a short pause, the first man said, in an impressive manner: "Mr. Hay, shall we soon have the pleasure of seeing the great fire embalmed in verse?"

Mrs. Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's mother, once hit off a very clever but extremely garrulous and persistently talkative official by saying that he was essentially a clever man, but he ought never to be allowed to talk; he should be used as a dictionary, and consulted when required. This man was once a guest at a dinner in company with Sir W. W. Hunter. The conversation began by being general, but the Lahore talker and Sir W. W. soon monopolized it. A duel or a dialogue suited neither, and at last Sir William said down the table: "Excuse me one moment, Mr. —, and allow me to finish my remark." And Mr. — did so; but the remark lasted until the company rose from the table, and Mr. — never had a chance of getting in another word edgewise.

An Italian prince, who had a Sicilian cook, was once traveling to his provincial estates (says the *Bazar*), taking with him his cook, together with his entire kitchen force, without which, so fond was he of the delicacies they were wont to prepare, he rarely if ever traveled. At a point where the narrow path along the precipice turned the angle of a projecting rock, the prince, at the head of his long cavalcade, heard a shriek and the splash of a body falling into the torrent far below. With a face white with horror he pulled up, and, looking back, exclaimed: "The cook! the cook! Oh, do not tell me it is the cook!" "No, your excellency," cried a voice from the rear: "it is Don Prosdoccio." The prince heaved a sigh of intense relief, then said: "Ah, only the chaplain! Thank goodness!"

In administering punishment in the navy different penalties carry with them reduction to a lower conduct class. Of these there are four, the fourth being the lowest, and one placed in it is deprived of shore leave for a period of three months. For some breach the executive officer of the United States ship *Juniata* found it necessary to place a man on the fourth class, who decided to try to obtain a mitigation of his sentence. With this object in view, he sought and obtained an interview with the executive officer, when the following conversation ensued: "Well, L—, you wanted to see me?" "Yes, sir, I did. I wanted to know, Mr. B—, why you put me on the fourth class?" "Ah, you wanted to know why I put you on the fourth class, eh? Well, I'll tell you, L—, I put you on the fourth class because I hadn't a fifth class to put you on. Now go forward." He went.

Self-Praise.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others, no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable product made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR LADIES FINE SHOES NOTHING IS "Just as good" AS



THE BEST TO GET. AS BLACK AS JET.

Containing OIL it softens, preserves, and gives the leather a lustre like new.

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MADE BY LIEVRE, FRICKE & CO. SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL SHOE DEALERS SELL IT.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

—THE ONLY LINE RUNNING— SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

DENVER AND PUEBLO TO KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS.

Connecting with Direct Routes to CHICAGO, THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

The Only Line Reaching the Celebrated ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS.

A. J. DE RUSSY, Pac. Coast Agent, 132 California St., S. F. H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK: Britannic.....July 26th.....Pittsburgh.....August 23d Teutonic.....August 2d.....Teutonic.....August 30th Germanic.....August 9th.....Germanic.....September 6th Majestic.....August 16th.....Majestic.....September 13th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From June 10, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Oden and East. | 7:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento. | 6:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Hayward, Niles, and San José. | 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José. | 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:00 A. | Sacramento, Redding, via Davis. | 6:45 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton. | 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Hayward, Niles, and Livermore. | 6:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Port Costa. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Napa, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Oden and East. | 7:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 8:15 A. |
| 8:00 P. | Castle Craig and Dransmuir via Woodland and Willows. | 7:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:30 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:25 P. |
| 2:00 P. | Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove. | 11:23 A. |
| 2:30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon):

SS. Colon.....July 13th
SS. San Juan.....July 24th
SS. Colima.....August 3d
SS. San José.....August 14th

Note.—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Peru.....Saturday, July 22, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, August 10, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, August 31, at 3 P. M.
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight and Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.
Belgie.....Thursday, July 13
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 1
Gaelic.....Tuesday, August 2
Belgie.....Thursday, September 21
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Gen'l H. R. Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29, July 5, 14, 19, 29, August 3, 13, 18, 28.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, June 4, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Fort Los Angeles, Redondo, and Newport (Los Angeles) every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Is the inevitable result of using

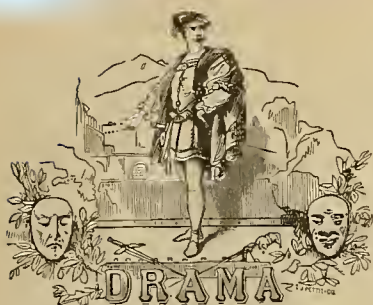
A Pretty Face

Pozzoni's COMPLEXION Powder.

SAFE. CURATIVE. BEAUTIFYING.

When rightly used is Invaluable.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND FANCY STORES.



"Americans Abroad" was written for production in this country and for production by Mr. Frohman's troupe. Once before, M. Sardou had written for the American stage. "Frou-Frou," though it was first played in Paris, was really sold to Miss Agnes Ethel before its completion, and the author had considered her strong points in drawing the character. When he wrote "Americans Abroad" and draped his personages, we are told that the gifted Frenchman had a mental analysis of Mr. Frohman's troupe before him. He wrote it with an eye to what Miss Cayvan could do, and what Mr. Lemoyne could do, and what Herbert Kecey could do. At least, that is what we are assured and required to believe. The piece has not yet been played in Paris, though it ran all last winter in New York; this is a departure from custom which no playwright less famous than Sardou would venture on. As it is, the Paris critics will have something to say on the subject. "Americans Abroad" can not be played in Paris as an original work. It will have to be produced as a warmed-over play "from the American," as "Hamlet" is produced as a warmed-over play "from the English." In the matter of opera, Paris audiences do not object to receive second-hand works from Italy; if they hissed "Lohengrin," it was not because it was second-hand, but because it was German; but when it comes to a comedy, and a comedy written in French, the boulevardiers will have to turn over a new leaf if they applaud it after it has been thumbed at all the theatres in a foreign country.

For that matter, they may console themselves with the reflection that M. Sardou's Americans are not Americans at all, but genuinely French. Mr. Lemoyne does not explain this, as in the like case Bottom takes pains to do; but the fact is patent to the most limited understanding. Miss Cayvan is a French girl under an American name. Florence Winthrop has obviously been brought up at Paris; the fragrance of the convent in which the petals of her young heart gradually unfolded hangs round her still. Jessie Fairbanks might be from Chicago; there is no limit to the capacity of the Windy City to produce weird creations. But Gilbert Raymond and Richard Fairbanks are unmistakable flowers of the asphalt. It is astonishing that a man who can do one thing well should insist on trying another thing which he can not do at all. M. Sardou has spent forty years in drawing stage Frenchmen and stage Frenchwomen, and he has attained perfection in his conception of the task. Occasionally, in pursuit of novelty, he has undertaken to paint medieval Italy or the lower empire; he botched the work, as Walter Scott botched the picture of the Crusaders; but as no man lives who could get up in the parquet and say: "That's not the way we felt, and acted, and talked at Constantinople a thousand years ago," his caricature passes muster as serious art.

That a French girl, seeking to test her lover's disinterestedness, should feign poverty and take to painting pictures, is within the range of social possibility; but if an American girl of fortune, living in Paris, were to attempt such a thing, the whole colony would be chattering about it before the end of the week, and there would be a dozen different accounts of the "romantic episode" in the *faits divers* of the papers. M. Sardou pleads that if you tie him down to commonplace, his wings can not soar to heaven. So much the worse for the wings; he had better cut them off and use them for dusts. The stage need not portray the dull features of life, but it must confine itself to features which are possible. Now as always, the Horatian law is supreme; art must reproduce nature under penalty of not being art. And it is not reproducing nature to make a lady do that which she could no more do in real life than she could stand on her head on the peristyle of the Madeleine.

The typical American gentleman—Gilbert Raymond—is no more of an American than Chris Buckley. He is not even a Frenchman of the real, every-day world. He is a stage Frenchman who struts through life, mouthing sentiments which are a cross between "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Amadis de Gaul." If he was honestly smitten with Florence, why did he not say so like a man and take his chances of a rejection, instead of going round mewling and sniveling because she had money? Impetuous youths are all the time marrying rich girls, and it is right and proper they should do so, to equalize things. In real life no young man, unless he is an idiot, objects to a girl who is otherwise suitable, because she has an income which will meet the demands of the butcher and baker. To require that he should do so is like suggesting to the admirer of a pretty girl that he should suspend his attentions

until the girl has made things equal between them by cutting off the end of her nose.

M. Sardou is an old man, and in his day he has given pleasure to two generations of play-goers, for which their successors should be grateful. But he is largely responsible for the artificiality of the contemporary French stage. In the comfortable house which his royalties have enabled him to occupy near Paris, he probably lives like other people, eats the same dinner and breakfast, wears the same clothes, plays with his children in the same way, reads his paper, and forms the same proportion of sound and unsound judgments as his neighbors; but when he writes a play he evolves out of his inner consciousness a set of beings who are like nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. What is the good of this? Is this art? Is there not dramatic material in real, flesh-and-blood life? There was a Frenchman who believed there was—that was Scobie. Is it impossible to tread in his footsteps? Will modern theatre-goers be satisfied with nothing short of the monstrously exaggerated comic masks of Aristophanes and Plautus? Sardou, Dumas, and their imitators have conceived an unreal world, in which the personages in their pieces live, and move, and have their being; the laws of this world are not the law of the real world, and consequently spectators who draw their philosophy from the lessons of the stage arrive at curiously incorrect conclusions. People in this country stood aghast at the monstrous phenomena of the Abbeille trial. A French author, occupying in France a position analogous to that filled by Mr. Howells here, received twenty thousand francs for writing a pamphlet to urge the conviction for murder of a man who had slain the destroyer of his domestic peace; the judge suspended the trial in order to lay a copy of the pamphlet before each jurymen and to give him time to read it. All this seems to us, with our notions of fairness, so infamously improper that we all feel like verifying the fact. But when you start out in an artificial road, you never know where you will fetch up. Sardou and his friends have educated the French to discard the rules of common sense. When they go jogging through the world, you can never tell where they will turn up, but you may be sure it will be where they ought not to be.

It is observed that Mr. Frohman is commended for his enterprise in securing the *premieres* of a play by Sardou. Sober thinkers will doubt whether that is much to be proud of. There is not one play by Sardou which inspired its hearers with high thoughts or noble aspirations, or which rendered the least service to humanity. It would, perhaps, have been better for France if he and Alexandre Dumas had never lived; they are largely responsible for the rottenness which Zola exposed in "La Débâcle." In private life a French gentleman is just like other gentlemen—level-headed, modest, considerate; but, as an aggregate, Frenchmen exhibit a strain of weak and bad blood for which observers are puzzled to account. May this not be the fruit of a long course of false teaching on the stage?

Nothing of all this hypercriticism occurred to the audience which filled the theatre on the first representation of "Americans Abroad," until the ticket-taker was forced to hang out the jubilant sign, "Standing Room Only." It was one of those bumper houses, full of well-dressed ladies and good-tempered men, which delight the heart of a manager. And certainly people got the worth of their money. It was worth the price of a ticket to see the pretty, pleasant face of Miss Cayvan once more, and to watch the transitions from joy to gloom, from happiness to despair. Miss Cayvan is a cross between the emotional actress of the period and the finished comedienne who converts the stage into a lady's drawing-room. She is admirably supported by Herbert Kecey, the beau-ideal of the well-bred man of the world, who makes love as if he meant it, yet who would rather die than rant or squirm as some stage-lovers think it necessary to do. As for Mr. Lemoyne—who at times recalls John Gilbert, at others Charles Fisher, at others himself when in his youth he could play the passionate lover and outdo Lester Wallack as a gay Lothario—it is difficult to speak of him without reverential emotion. He is so supereminently good, and he has so long been supereminently good, that we wonder what we shall do when he is gone, and we can only hope that sad time is in the far, far distant future.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 17th: The Lyceum Company in "The Gray Mare"; the Tivoli Company in "Indiana"; and "Our Boarding-House."

Among our industrial and frugal English forefathers it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all our law proceedings.

It is only a few years since George Meredith permitted himself to be photographed for the first time, and now he has allowed his friend, the artist Watts, to paint his portrait.

General Nelson A. Miles was a clerk in a Boston store and familiar with a yardstick before he took hold of a sword.

STAGE GOSSIP.

In the second act of "Indiana," during its forthcoming production at the Tivoli, the sisters Griffith will introduce some pretty dancing.

Loie Fuller having been sued by the Russian manager because she refused to enter the Czar's domain on account of her mother's illness, it has been declared in court that she has been guaranteed a yearly salary of twenty thousand dollars by the manager of the Folies Bergères.

During the present season in London, Sir Augustus Harris pays the Comédie Française fifteen hundred dollars a night for its performances at Drury Lane. But he is not losing anything by it, as the nightly receipts have more than once overtopped that figure by two thousand dollars.

Bernard Dyllyn, "the boycotted baritone" who struck a chorus-girl in the face while in Corinne's burlesque company, is now in London singing a song called "The man who broke the book-maker who broke the jockey who broke the girl who broke the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo."

Lord Travis Pelham Clinton Hope announces in the London papers that he would like to realize cash on his valuable collection of paintings. This is interesting in view of the fact that he takes a great interest in May Yohe, and her venture in "The Magic Opal" at the Lyric cost thirty-five thousand dollars, and her appearance at the Trafalgar Theatre cost another ten thousand.

Louise Inogueny is so well satisfied with the results of translating Dumas's "Demi-Monde" for John Stetson that she has contracted to have a new play translated by September. The original on which she is at work is Casimir Delavigne's "Louis XI.," in which figure the two little princes and crooked Richard of York. The original is in couplets, but Miss Guiney's version will be in blank verse.

Pretty Edna Wallace is not going to burn her boats behind her, now that she has become Mrs. DeWolf Hopper No. 3. She has not secured a cancellation of her contract to appear with one of the Frohman companies next autumn. And meanwhile, she is to take Della Fox's place in "Panjandrum," commencing on Monday night, while that sprightly young woman goes to Europe for a rest of a month or two.

Curious folk are actors. When the rumor that Burt Haverly had married Laura Bigger reached the New York Rialto, it was received with high scorn as a press agent's concoction. But when Haverly reached New York and was seen to deposit money—amount not stated, but quite immaterial—in a savings bank, they accepted it as confirmation of the rumor stronger than Holy Writ. They can not imagine why a single actor should want to save money.

Audran's comic opera, "Indiana," is to be sung at the Tivoli on Monday night, with the following excellent cast:

Indiana Greyfaunt, Tillie Salinger; Nan, Fanny Liddiard; Lady Prue, Grace Vernon; Lady Maude, Carrie Roma; Annetta, Marie Griffith; Madge, Irene Mull; Aubrey Dayrell, George Olmi; Matt-o-the-Mill, Ferris Hartman; Philip Jervault, Philip Branson; Sir Mulberry Mullit, M. Cornell; Peter, Thomas C. Leary; Captain Hazard, Fred Royden; Parker, J. P. Wilson; Giles, George Harris; Dick, Frank Kiddle; Eric, Edward Torpi; Cosmo, Fred Kavanaugh; First Keeper, H. A. Barkalow; Second Keeper, William Strachan.

Henry E. Abbey has a large contract on his hands. He will have the spectacle "America" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this winter, and has also engaged a grand-opera company to sing there, intending to run the two performances on alternate nights. But the operatic artists object strenuously. Edward de Retzke writes: "It grieves us very much to think of the awful possibilities of such an inappropriate sandwich," and Emma Eames and Mme. Melba decline to share their dressing-rooms with serpentine-dancers, female acrobats, or other freaks. It will take all Mr. Abbey's diplomacy to straighten matters out.

Announcement is proudly made of the fact that "A Trip to Chinatown" holds the American record for continuous performances, with a total of 610 representations. This is not so remarkable, when one considers that the players and the songs and specialties have been changed very frequently during the run, the farce-comedy serving merely as a vehicle for vaudeville work. With "Adonis," which was played 603 times, the case was much the same. But a record that means something is that of "Hazel Kirke," with 486 performances, and, greatest of all, "Our Boys," in London, with 1,362.

The Queen of the Belgians is passionately fond of music; she is a fine pianist, a finished performer on the harp, and has composed an opera called "Wanda." The king, on the contrary, detests music, and, whenever a piano is opened, he vanishes from the room.

Queen Victoria has a large and peculiarly shaped hand, and wears a 7½ glove.

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Dentist. Painless filling.
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—THE RE-OPENING OF EL CAMPO AS A SUNDAY family resort will take place on Sunday, July 16th, when a grand concert will be given. The boat leaves the Tiburon ferry at half-past ten and at one forty-five.

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MISS BOLTE, Principal.

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Term begins Wednesday, August 16th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

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For catalogue address the Principal,

MISS ANNA HEAD, Berkeley.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mme. Julie Rosewald,

Violin,

Vocal.

Will resume the duties of their profession on Monday, August 7th. Will be at home, 922 Geary Street, on Thursday and Friday, August 3d and 4th, from 2 to 4 P. M., to arrange time for pupils and new applicants.

H. B. PASMORE,

Teacher of Singing and the Theory of Music

Will resume teaching on July 25th, at his residence 1424 Washington Street, near Hyde.

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ABOUT WRITING PLAYS.

How It is Done and its Rewards.

The relations between the writers and the purchasers of plays have been changed from what they used to be (says a writer in the *Sun*). The old-fashioned way of buying plays was to pay one thousand dollars down and a royalty if the price was higher. Mr. Marsden, who wrote a number of plays for Lotta Crabtree and others, used to get one thousand dollars down and a fixed royalty of about one hundred and fifty dollars a week, until five thousand dollars had been paid to him, when the play became the property of the purchaser. Messrs. Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, and David Belasco nearly make up the list of those men who get sums far in excess of that for their work. These are the men who will not write for star performers, who will not permit the fixing of any limit (except that of their work's staying power) to be put upon the amount they may earn, and who insist upon being paid with a percentage of the gross receipts at the box-offices. The reason that they will not write for stars is that the life of a play so written is much shorter than that of plays that contain no "star part," and its earning powers are limited in other ways. A star is quick to lay a part aside in most cases, because the people want to see him in a new part, and when he does lay a part aside, the public will tolerate no other actor in it.

Belasco and De Mille's star play, "Lord Chumley," is as good a piece as "The Wife" or "The Charity Ball," which were plays written for stock companies, yet "Lord Chumley" has been on the shelf for two years without earning its author a dollar, while the other two plays, in the hands of road companies, are still coining money. An author who writes for a company with no star part in his play produces something that will bring him royalties as long as it has drawing power, and not only can its life be prolonged in this way, but it can be played by as many companies as the managers choose to send out, so that one such play may be acted four times in as many different places on one night.

The Frohman contracts are the newest innovation in the relations between writers and managers, and are calculated to have a powerful effect in the development of the American drama. Charles Frohman began the new system with Sardou, Bronson Howard, and others. Instead of insisting upon a decreasing percentage as the amount of the box receipts increased, he offered to give these writers a larger royalty with the growth of the box receipts. That is managed in this way: It is agreed that during an average business of five thousand dollars a week at the box-office the author is to receive, say, ten per cent., but the percentage, or royalty, is to increase with the swelling of the box-office receipts, until, with the reaching of eight thousand dollars, the author might get twenty per cent., and on all above eight thousand dollars twenty-five per cent. Of course it is only a very great success, like "Shenandoah," that gives an author an acquaintance with such possibilities. In the case of the play of "Shenandoah," there were weeks of business so large that the author received as much as twenty-five per cent. of the tenth or eleventh thousand of dollars that were taken in at the box-office. It is said that Mr. Frohman's idea in establishing this course was that thus he would get the enthusiastic work of the author—the best that was in him. Mr. Howard, already a rich man, was thereby tempted to put in two years of work on "Aristocracy," hoping for another prize such as "Shenandoah," from which he made nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

These figures apply only to what may be called the first-chop men in the play-writing profession. The others are still working away at the old rate. The great bulk of the plays of the day are written on the twenty-five-dollars-a-night or one-hundred-and-fifty-dollars-a-week basis as of old. The only gain that has come to the average playwright has been through the extension of the limit of their total earnings to ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

Taken altogether, the number of men who have demonstrated ability as playwrights is very few, and the moment one of them makes a hit he is in great demand. It is said of a libretto-writer in New York city that he has six comic-opera and burlesque librettos in use this season, and that each is worth one hundred and fifty dollars a week to him, so that he is earning nine hundred dollars a week. He works very hard. Some of these manuscripts date from last season, but he has to throw off three or four new ones each year. Without intending any classification or commenting on the ability of the men who are named, the class of writers who are in demand in this way are Sidney Rosenfeld, Harry B. Smith, J. Cheever Goodwin, Mr. Donnelly, and Mr. Clay Greene. This group contains brilliancy as well as mediocrity.

All rules are made to be broken, but a rule in play-writing is never to let a word be spoken that is not to the purpose of the play. Apart from mere jokes, every spoken word must tend toward the development of the plot, and even the jokes must move along with the action of the play. A breach of the rule is illustrated by "Captain Lettarblair." It is a mere hodge-podge of jokes, bright sentiments, and crisp sentences, with no connection with one another and not strung upon any thread, but loaded

upon the star. In a measure this proves the rule, because the purpose of the piece is simply to concentrate attention on the star, who fills the stage most of the time and is all there is to the play. Mr. Sothern being popular, the play is a success.

But a perfect illustration of good play-writing is seen in "Jim the Penman," that very successful work which Sir Charles Young hawked among the English managers for years before he could find one who would produce it. The plot in that piece develops bit by bit, incessantly and most artistically, from the time the curtain is first raised. No one says that the gentlemanly hero is a forger, but the audience first suspects it, then comes to believe it, and at last knows it. Playwrights all agree that it is a model in its way.

Book-writing and play-writing are different things. Literary men who write delightful dialogue—such as distinguishes Howells's literary farces, for instance—utterly fail when they attempt a play that is meant to be acted. In an acting play, every sentence must have its climax, its emphatic point, and that must always be at the end of the sentence, with every other word leading up to it. Here is a fine old Bowery line, for instance:

"By heaven! if that be a fact, I will have revenge!"

A literary man might write it very differently, but he would spoil it for the stage if he did. For instance:

"By heaven! I will have revenge, if that is a fact."

This working up of effects from a simple beginning to a well-considered and emphatic end is the secret of the whole art. Every sentence must be so constructed, every dialogue scene must be similarly developed—everything must be cumulative in effect, from the general scheme of the play down to each scene and each sentence. It has been found that audiences often modify a play in trifling ways after it is written. The rule with a successful writer is to stop a dialogue when it reaches an effective point, but it often happens that the audience applauds something just ahead of that line. In such a case a good manager will cut out the next line, since it is lost in the applause and may as well be thrown away. It is not quite true that the development of a play goes on from beginning to end. In the modern four-act play the dramatists aim to increase the tension and strengthen the effects up to the climax of the third act. The fourth act is used as the natural winding up or satisfactory rearrangement of relationships after the full development of the plot. It usually runs to comedy.

The number of acts in a play are decided upon first, but the selection is easily made, and is in a measure governed by current fashion and stage necessities. The first thing a playwright does is to write out what he calls his "scenario." This is the story of the play. He might write out a short narrative for submission to the manager or actor who is to buy it, but that is not the scenario. This rough draft that is called by that technical name is the story of the projected play, and is written out as it will be played, except that there need be no idea that the characters are to speak the words that are then put in their mouths. Some dramatists write their scenarios in dialogue, and some in the third person, while others mix up the methods—telling the story of a scene in narrative form, and then finishing with a dramatic dialogue indicative of the final situation. This scenario must be very full in detail, even to the exits, entrances, movements, tableaux, and the intent or substance of what each character is to say. The scenario ought to be, and usually is, at least double the length of the finished play that is to grow out of it. It ought, in fact, to contain all the things that may possibly be used in the play that is projected, and that are to be afterward weighed, and tested, and debated, until one by one the greater number are dropped and the accepted ones form the drama.

Ordinary plays are written in three months; but—and here comes the difficulty in the way of making the great profits that lie in the business—the extraordinary ones are, and ever must be, painfully slow creations. To produce a pretentious play, carefully written, a year of work is not a day too much, and some of the best American successes have consumed three years of hard and continuous labor in the hands of Mr. Bronson Howard.

An actor or manager will often do better than a literary man of genius. We often see their work and say that it is a mass of patch-work, of old, stage-worn situations; that it is not original. That is true; but such a cobbler of dramatic wares knows what takes and what has always succeeded with audiences. The original man of genius, who does not know what will go, writes a far better thing, from a literary point of view; but, as the actor would say, "it does not get over the foot-lights."

Miss Olea Bull, daughter of the famous violinist, has decided to go on the stage, and will make her debut with the Barnet Opera Company in "Prince Pro Tem," at the Boston Museum next September.

The Pope's handwriting is clear, delicate, and upright, and is more the caligraphy of a poet than that of a churchman.

Princess May believes in palmistry, and is a proficient in reading the lines of the hand.

DCCXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,

July 16, 1893.
Ole and Tomato Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce, Parisienne Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Green Peas.
Roast Chickens.
Carrot Salad.
Brunswick Cream, Raspberries.
Fancy Cakes, Fruits.
Coffee.

BRUNSWICK CREAM.—Soak half a box of Knox's Gelatine in one quart of milk ten minutes; place over the fire and let come to the boiling point. Add eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and stir until it is a thick custard. Remove from the fire and let stand five minutes. Stir in the well-beaten whites of six eggs and a wine-glassful of brandy or sherry. Put in mold and set on ice.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

Moldy Mike—"By all th' saints, has yer lost yer mind? Wot you carryin' that saw fer?" Ragged Robert—"It's all right. I stop at bouses an' offer to saw some wood fer me dinner." Moldy Mike—"You'll be expelled from the Travelin' Gentlemen's Union." Ragged Robert—"No, I won't. After dinner I tell 'em I can't work till I file me saw. They lend me a file an' tell me to go way off where they won't hear me filin'. Most any saloon will give a drink fer a good file."—*New York Weekly*.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has completed its new building on the southeast corner of Sansome and California Streets, and is now occupying offices there. The building is a magnificent structure and one of the handsomest examples of modern architecture in San Francisco.

As an expert with a rapier, there are few men in Europe who can equal Sir Charles Dilke.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new regime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.



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THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 2, 1893.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Saturday, July 2, 1893.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

The strongest interest is taken in those advertisements whose salient features can be taken in at a glance. An intelligent public quickly rebels against those advertisements which are one piece of humbug, or those weary arrays of diluted facts, or trashy, hollow-sounding, descriptive matter. Some advertisers seem to be too fond of their literary children to cut off any part of what they believe to be their fair proportions, but which outsiders, not being so infatuated, treat as mere superfluities, disfiguring oftentimes the whole. Help is needed in two directions to produce a perfect advertisement. An eye for effect is needed, so as to insure the advertisement being made the most of as regards display; then a clear, deep insight is necessary in order to make the announcement so telling as to convince those inclined to disregard it, while at the same time it does not raise hopes which only have time to broaden before they are permanently shattered.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The past week has been marked by an increase rather than a diminution of the financial flurry. The situation has been most acute in Colorado, where the anxiety caused by the probable repeal of the Sherman law for the purchase of silver and the consequent shutting down of the silver mines has resulted in a panic. The flurry which has swept over this country is one of the most extraordinary in history, because it is not attributable to the ordinary causes that precede panics. The Sherman law has been generally blamed for the present situation; but such blame is excessive and ignores the fact that all financial conditions result from a multiplicity of causes. A recent writer enumerates the various causes as follows: excessive floods and crop-damage to wheat and cotton during the spring of last year, the Home-

stead and Buffalo strikes and riots, the threatened invasion of cholera, the business depression always incident to a Presidential election, the uncertainty as to the result of the tariff changes, the financial situation in Europe causing large shipments of gold from this country, the collapse of the Whisky Trust, the discovery of gross mismanagement of the Reading Railway, the financial condition of the Treasury, and the failure of the Cordage Trust. To these causes must be added the silver problem, the Australian failures, and the closing of the hanks of India to silver. It is clear that none of these elements in themselves would cause widespread financial disaster. Some of them resulted in decreased production and diminished speculation, which would tend to prevent a panic. But all of them contributed to shake public confidence, and in modern industry confidence or credit represents a large proportion of the capital invested.

Another instructive feature of the present situation is the position that the hanks occupy. Approximately complete figures reported by Bradstreet's show that 175 hanking institutions of all kinds failed during the last six months, with liabilities placed at \$43,200,000. This represents 2.8 per cent. of the total number of failures during that period and 25 per cent. of the liabilities. During the corresponding period of last year the hanks formed six-tenths of one per cent. of the failures in number and 15 per cent. in liabilities. Among the more extensive failures—those in which the liabilities exceeded \$100,000—the hanks formed 28 per cent. in number and 32 per cent. in liabilities. During the corresponding periods of the three preceding years the average was 11 per cent. in number and 20 per cent. in amount. From this it follows that the strictly mercantile institutions—manufacturing and commercial—form a smaller proportion of the whole than usual, and that the financial storm centre is in the hanks.

These two facts—the causes of the flurry and the prominence of the hanks—both point to one conclusion. The trouble has been caused almost exclusively by lack of confidence. Some stringency was anticipated some time ago, and the business world was prepared for it. Credits were not unduly extended and there was comparatively little speculative activity. When confidence was shaken, however, the people flocked to the hanks to withdraw their deposits, and the banks, though in many cases perfectly solvent, were unable to realize on their securities in time to meet the run. The strong condition is shown by the fact that, in all the failures during the first six months of this year, the assets were sixty-one per cent. of the liabilities. During the corresponding period of last year, the assets were only fifty-one per cent., and during the last fifteen years they have ranged from forty-six to fifty-six per cent. From a purely business point of view, therefore, there has been less cause for a panic this year than at any time since 1878.

In ascertaining the cause of the present troubles we point out the remedy. When a financial panic has been caused by undue extension of credits and overspeculation, there must be a period of contraction and liquidation. But this is not the case in the present instance, and all that is needed is to restore confidence. The financial institutions of New York applied the proper remedy when they issued the clearing-house certificates, thus releasing the money usually required for settling clearing-house balances. This enabled the hanks to extend their credits. Five of the principal hanks appeared as free lenders, with the result that money fell from seventy-three per cent. to the normal rate of six per cent! In this city the action of the hanks has been exactly the opposite. They have restricted credits rather than extended them. Were the conditions for a panic present here, the result would be disastrous; but, fortunately, the lack of confidence seen elsewhere has barely touched San Francisco. The only result of hoarding is, therefore, to restrict business operations and to make the depression more real here than it is elsewhere. The further result will be the longer time required to recover from it.

The first noteworthy application of the new tax on inheritance will be made in the case of the will of the late Governor

Stanford. For that law the Argonaut feels itself somewhat responsible, as it was at the suggestion of this paper that the author of the bill took up the subject and adapted the New York statute for use in this State. The law does not affect lineal inheritance. No tax is payable by children or their descendants, parents, husbands or wives, brothers or sisters, adopted children, or corporations exempt from taxation by law. It merely applies to collateral inheritance, which does not affect the immediate kin of the deceased. Such inheritances are to pay hereafter to the State a tax of five per cent.

This is probably the first step in the direction of a revision of our fiscal system, designed to make property liable to taxation contribute its quota at the moment of its transition from one hand to another; that is to say, at a time when it practically has no owner who can complain of the burden of the tax. There is as to all property an instant of time when no one can claim to be its practical possessor; that is the instant when the dying man has no further concern with matters sublunary, while, on the other hand, the rights of his heir have not begun to exist. At that instant, the moribund can hardly be said to own anything, and his successor's claims are as yet inchoate. It is a matter of indifference to the dying man whether he dies possessed of half a million or of only four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the heir can not complain of a windfall of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the ground that it should have been half a million. It is on this principle that the legacy duties which are levied in most countries are based; it is rather remarkable that we should have waited till now to adopt them in this country and that we should have been so timid in the matter that we merely taxed inheritance which was collateral.

As the struggle for existence becomes more bitter in this country, people will grow more impatient of the burden of taxation, and efforts will be made by classes to shift it from one set of shoulders to another. It will then be remembered that none of us have anything more than a life interest in what we own. By conventional usage, a man's property descends to his son. But the son has no natural right to it. In a purely natural society a chief's belongings were hurried with him, or burned, or handed over to his tribe. In the artificial society which has existed ever since history began death effects a conveyance of the property of a deceased to his heir; but the conveyance is a mere matter of usage and does not rest upon logical reason. As a matter of abstract principle, no man has a right to the property of another man because of the accident of his paternity.

The idea may be considered in its practical aspects. Taking this country alone—simply because we know more about it than we know of foreign countries—no one can fail to observe the tendency of property to accumulate in few hands through the operation of the law of inheritance, and no one can be so blind as not to discern the evil effects of such aggregations of wealth. It is a mere question of time when the people at large will have to begin to barricade to protect their liberties from the assaults of a plutocracy. No more effectual or fairer way of resisting the tendency can be devised than an exhaustive tax on inheritance. No one could justly complain of such a tax, for to the decedent who can own nothing it must be a matter of indifference whether the State or an individual comes into possession of that which was his; and the presumptive heir can not argue that he is wronged by being kept out of property which he did not help to earn and to which he has only a conventional claim. The title to all the property in the world lapses with the deaths of those who possess it. If a law should take the ground that, when those deaths occur, the property must escheat to the State, but that the State would forbear to assert its rights on payment by certain hereditary claimants of one-fourth the value of the estate, it is hard to see who could complain; and under such a law no other form of taxation would be needed.

Congress will convene in extraordinary session on August 7th, "to the end that the people may be relieved, through legislation, from the present and impending danger and distress." It is the "financial situation" to which the Presi-

dent points as the cause of the pervading distrust and apprehension: as the sole cause of the great loss and damage, of the threatened crippled condition to merchants and manufacturers, of distress and privation to farmers, to working-men and wage-workers. It is commonly interpreted under the call, therefore, that the only purpose and object of the called session is to provide such legislation as shall relieve the money stringency which prevails consequent upon the peculiar status of silver in financial aspect. The cause of "the present perilous condition, which is largely the result of the existing financial policy," Mr. Cleveland finds in past unwise laws—giving the inference that these certain "unwise laws" are a relic of unrepealed legislation under the preceding Republican administration which succeeded to his own former occupation of the executive office.

The chief object of the President is the prompt repeal of the Sherman law. The contention of the silver men is for the free coinage of the silver dollar of 412½ grains, and they insist that before the Sherman law shall be repealed there must be assured free silver coinage or an equivalent. To this the gold bugs object, and Mr. Cleveland is a pronounced gold bug. A platform pledge of the Democratic party demands the repeal of the tax upon the issues of State banks, to restore them to circulation upon equal basis with national bank-notes. The conflict in Congress will be between the advocates of these respective ideas. So far as concerns existing laws relating to silver and the financial condition, they have stood unamended and effective from 1890, and were the same at the time of Mr. Cleveland's election as now. Practically, the financial stringency, business stagnation, and prevailing distress are not directly attributable to these laws, neither did they impel President Cleveland to call Congress in extraordinary session. The larger element of his own party and the mass of the people demanded and expected an early extra session called immediately following his inauguration last March. Not until within the past two months was there expression from Mr. Cleveland of his intention to call an extra session, notwithstanding the implied pledge of his party platform and the pressure of leading Democrats in every section of the country. Within these two months, the general understanding, derived from unofficial utterances of Mr. Cleveland himself, was that the extra session would be called for September, either early in the month or late, but the exact date was undetermined. During March and April, the impression was that no extra session would be called; that President Cleveland saw no reason for anticipating the regular session of December. Yet these alleged "unwise laws" were in existence all the time.

It was the shutting down of coinage of silver in British India that caused President Cleveland to proclaim the call of the extra session to meet August 7th—a month in advance of the earliest time before expected. The existence of "unwise laws" had previously no apparent effect upon Mr. Cleveland, although failures had occurred, unprecedented in number and amount of capital, of moneyed corporations, of manufacturing establishments, and of business houses in all parts of the country, and of national and private banks. During the same period the export of gold to Europe was without parallel and the gold reserve in the United States Treasury had for the first time fallen below the ordained \$100,000,000, with millions of silver bullion, uncoined and unused, stored in the Federal Treasury. Silver was depreciating, public confidence was weakening. Exports had decreased about \$170,000,000 below the previous year; imports had increased more than \$108,000,000; and there was a balance of merchandise trade with Europe of nearly \$100,000,000 against the United States. The Democratic cry for free trade, and the anticipation of the repeal of the protective tariff and the substitution of a tariff for revenue only, disastrously affected manufactures and industries at home.

Gold and silver do not of themselves produce; money can not be planted and grow to yield as natural products for manufacture and consumption, for commerce or trade. It simply accommodates and is an equivalent for exchange. Money produces no revenue for the support of government; it only supplies the uses of commerce and industry, of trade and labor. The yearly revenue required for the support of our government is upward of \$250,000,000. This must come from customs duties, excise, and internal tax, or other direct tax, as upon incomes, etc. The tariff of customs duties on importations is now the principal means of providing this revenue. Free trade will destroy it; the "tariff reform" of the Democratic platform will reduce it to inadequacy. The tariff is also the mainstay of commerce, of home manufacture, of domestic trade, and of industry and labor. It draws from the importations of foreign countries the revenue necessary to the support of the government, and relieves the American people of internal and direct tax, besides the protection it assures to home products, industry, and labor; it promotes home activity and prosperity. It is the prospect and fear of the withdrawal or loss of this common protection, incident to the re-

duction of the existing tariff and the substitution of Democratic "tariff reform," which has mainly wrought the distressed condition of the country and increased the prevalent inactivity. The called extra session of Congress may relieve the situation by wise and essential legislation to a better sound-money basis and equal currency; but this will relieve only present distress in financial affairs. The greater need is the reestablishment of confidence and security with regard to revenue ample to the support of the government, and this can be obtained only by wholesome tariff legislation, discarding the idea of free trade; by the re-assurance of protection and the maintenance of adequate customs duties. In this no "unwise laws" will be found. The people will not be satisfied with legislation singly with regard to silver and its ratio with gold. The revenue must be provided for, and the tariff is the chief factor in this provision. The repeal of the Sherman law, the return to sound bimetallic money, the preservation of par currency, and the restoration of confidence in our financial interests are required; but above all, for the welfare of the whole country, is necessary the sound adjustment of the tariff, with ample rightful home protection.

Now that girls are going in everywhere for higher education, it is interesting to observe what it costs. A young man of good family generally expects to spend at Harvard from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year; this allows nothing for the expenses of the vacation season, but covers suppers, cigars, and sprees in Boston. At Cornell, boys constantly go through college on \$400 a year, and there are promising students at the Stanford University or at Berkeley who do not spend much more.

There is not so much difference between the sums spent by girl students and by young men. At Wellesley and Smith, parents are told that they must reckon on an expenditure of \$500 a year for each student; the Vassar girls generally reckon on \$800 a year, and the girls at Bryn Mawr on \$1,000, or even more. Of course the girls save what the boys spend for cigars and creature comforts. They are also relieved of extravagant expenditure for dress, as elaborate dressing is not encouraged by the college authorities; but as every female college gives a ball or two in the season, while receptions and dinners are not uncommon, a girl who can afford it can get through a good deal of money at the milliner's before she graduates.

At Vassar, which is a type of the high-class college, the charge to resident students is \$400 a year. This includes tuition in all college branches, board for the whole year, including vacation, and washing. Text-books and stationery are supplied at wholesale market prices; medical attendance costs \$1.50 a day; music and painting \$100 a year extra. At Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr, the women's colleges, board during vacation costs from \$6 to \$8 a week. Without board or lodging, Vassar costs \$115, Wellesley \$150, and Bryn Mawr and Smith each \$100. The lowest charge for mere tuition is paid by the "Coeds" at the Berkeley University, and only by those who are non-residents of the State. Some colleges have cottages on the grounds; these are preferred by the students to the common dormitories and command higher prices; a room is often taken by two girls, who share the expense and thus live more cheaply than in the college.

It has been the rule that each girl shall decorate her room according to her fancy, and this often adds \$100 to the expense of the course. But so many girls leave their pretty belongings behind when they graduate that a freshman often finds her room completely outfitted even to lamps, rugs, and arm-chair. The household duties exacted of students vary at the several institutions. At Vassar and Bryn Mawr the students are waited upon by colored maids; at Smith a girl must make her own bed; and at Wellesley she must take her turn in waiting on table.

One of the chief items of expense is theatres, concerts, and lectures. Where the colleges are near New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, the girls are encouraged to attend at reasonable intervals, and tickets and railroad fares mount up to a considerable sum each season. At Christmas, too, girls whose parents live in the country and who like to spend the holidays at home, must make a liberal allowance for travelling expenses. But the largest item, after board and tuition, is dress. Vassar gives two grand balls every season. Commencements are dressy everywhere, and they are followed up. At Wellesley, the reception of the freshmen by the sophomores is a grand fête, and the junior reception is scarcely less exacting. At Smith, the sophomores entertain the freshmen in October, and a grand ball is given on Washington's birthday, to which men are invited. What these cost in the matter of toilet depends on the taste of the wearer. A girl who lately graduated at Wellesley told a reporter that she had spent just fifty dollars on her dress in her senior year. On the other hand, a girl who went through Vassar told a friend that a student at that institution required

a good winter suit, and in the spring a similar gown of lighter weight. Three or four dinner-gowns, which might be worn at club parties, and three gowns for recitations would, she thought, complete the trousseau.

The idea is prevalent among college authorities that the art of dressing is an accomplishment which higher education should not neglect. A girl owes it to herself and her friends to make herself as pretty as she can, especially as a becoming toilet need not be excessively expensive. Cheap stuffs often look as well as those which empty the purse, and some born dressmakers can cut and fit as well as Worth himself. It seems probable that a college girl, who knows something of the art of dressing, can supply the wants of her toilet for one hundred and fifty dollars a year, even including the gymnasium-suit, bathing-suit, and tennis-suit.

The proportion of young girls who can go through a college course of four years is small. Few have perseverance enough, and the daughters of fathers who can afford to spend four thousand dollars on finishing their children's education are apt to grow impatient of the restraints of college life and eager for social freedom before their junior year is ended. Aspirants for higher education are more frequently found in families which can not afford it. They can derive consolation from the thought that the utmost a college can teach is how to learn; young people who are really equipped for the battle of life have acquired the equipment after they leave college. There was once a young man who took the highest prize for Latin at a crack university. After graduating, it fell to his lot to prepare a treatise on a subject which required a minute knowledge of canon law. That law is stored away in books written in Latin, and not very pure Latin. The graduate who could construe Tacitus and Juvenal at sight found that his learning was of no use to him. When it came to finding out what his author had really written, he had to study his Latin all over again.

But the association of bright young female minds can not but tend to ripen and sharpen them all. It is not the woman who has read the most books in the most languages who is the best educated woman of her day. It is rather she who has thought most deeply on the books she has read, and compared conclusions with others as bright as or brighter than herself. To sustain life we must eat; but if we can not digest as well as eat, the food will not nourish, nor will it be of the slightest use.

When the comic history of the United States is adequately written, the Populist movement will come in for a deservedly large share of attention. There is in the soulful outpourings of these self-made statesmen an element of the ridiculous that is irresistible. In the Opera-Bouffe State, where Peffer, Simpson, and Mrs. Lease so ably sustain the leading comedy rôles, there is the *motif* for a comic opera that might well engage the pen of W. S. Gilbert. What could be more appropriate as the theme for such a work than the recently conceived plan of reorganizing the militia of Kansas to the end that it may become an effective adjunct to the People's party during the troublous times that arise during the progress of an election? Everybody who knows anything at all, knows that the Populists always win at the ballot-box, and that their apparent defeat at times is simply the result of the malevolent use of capital in debauching the election officers. What could be more proper than to employ the citizen soldiery to prevent such defeat of the will of the people?

Kansas offers the theme for a comic opera; but Chicago, with its outlying districts commonly known as the State of Illinois, furnishes the material for a farce comedy. The legislator from Texas, whom Mr. Hoyt has immortalized, is by no means so humorous a conception as is the German gentleman who now occupies the executive chair in Illinois. In the most serious manner he rises to explain that the judge who tried the Chicago anarchists was corrupt, that the jury was mentally incompetent, and that the newspapers which, with diabolical malevolence, attacked the elevating institution of anarchy were venal. In all this harrowing spectacle of evil and mental weakness, Governor Altgeld stands forth as the one pure and omniscient being. Upon him devolved the duty of setting the world right, and he enters upon his task with a self-complacent seriousness that reminds one of John T. Raymond in his best moments as Colonel Sellers. What with the World's Fair and Governor Altgeld, Chicago has a powerful combination; but for a single attraction in the line of absurdity, Colorado may now claim the record. The spectacle of Governor Waite climbing to the summit of his little straw heap and hurling defiance to the world, reaches an altitude of absurdity that has never been excelled. While the rest of the world is seriously discussing the problems of finance, this disciple of the cap and bells comes to the front only to raise an empty laugh.

This froth of discontent forming the Populist movement, which sees nothing but injustice in the inevitable consequences of its own ignorance, would be dangerous were this government not so admirably adapted to withstanding just

such attacks. The American is peculiarly given to running, after political nostrums, and the State governments offer him an opportunity to test his theories under limitations that reduce the disastrous results to a minimum. The people of California can afford to be amused at the vagaries of the Kansas statesmen so long as the laws of Kansas have no force in California. The non-residents of Rhode Island may gaze with equanimity upon the efforts of the single-tax advocates to use that unfortunate little State as the dog upon which to try their medicine. There are centres of political imbecility, like Kansas, and, fortunately, the imbeciles legislate only for their own unhappy locality. Through experience and bitter experience they will in time learn to appreciate their own mental defects, but, in the meantime, their chief value must lie in their capacity for inspiring laughter.

The hat is being carried round for two projects, as to each of which it is said that it would prove a cure for the commercial dullness in San Francisco. One is the Midwinter Fair, which we are told would cause such an influx of Eastern people that California would fatten on their drippings; the other is a project for the construction of a rival railroad from Stockton to Bakersfield. Smooth-tongued and voluble gentlemen are admonishing their fellow-citizens that they must subscribe to these undertakings, under penalty of never getting out of the present slough of despond.

Both enterprises commend themselves to public approval. The Midwinter Fair would certainly attract a great many people to San Francisco and would prove an excellent advertisement for our winter climate. The people who came to see it would spend money here, and some of them, after inhaling the pleasant breeze of the Pacific and admiring the Christmas flowers in the park, would come again and again. It might do something to draw a good class of settlers to the State. On the other hand, the construction of a parallel line of railroad in the San Joaquin Valley, upon which Mr. Leeds and his traffic association insist, would, of course, be an excellent thing for the valley, and for its outlet, which is this city. Experience shows that, in a fertile country, railroad lines should not be more than thirty miles apart. Fifteen miles is as far as a farmer should be expected to haul his grain in wagoons to a shipping point. The San Joaquin Valley could very well support another line of railroad, and, if it did, a new country, which is now unproductive for want of transportation, would begin to contribute wheat and fruit to the output of the State. As a matter of theory, both projects are admirable and deserve the support of the people.

Whether the fair and the road, or either of them, are likely to restore activity to business and to promote the movement of merchandise is another story, and the answer to that story can not be given until we ascertain the real cause of the present dullness. We have more miles of rail under operation now than we had three or four years ago when business was fairly active, and it can hardly be said that the present dull times have been brought about by the want of a public show. We have had on this coast a good many shows of one kind and another, and they have drawn crowds; but it has not been observed that they created business activity after they were over. People came here to see the Knights Templar and the Veterans, but the merchants did not report an increase in their sales. If a midwinter fair were opened in the park, those who could afford it would flock from all parts of the coast to see it; but, having spent a couple of days in admiring it, they would go home without having started the wheels of business.

It is to be feared that the cause of the existing dull times lies deeper than the surface. It is not fully accounted for by the absence of attractive shows or by a shortage in railroad mileage. A truer reason for it can be found in the pains we have taken to reduce our labor supply and to impart an artificial value to labor. California is suffering because we have not labor enough to develop our resources and because the labor we have is quoted at so high a price that it can not be used economically. We are not increasing the output of any of our staples—wheat, fruit, wine, wool, or barley; and we are not increasing it because we have not sufficient labor to do so. Our entire supply of labor is consumed in the present acreage of fruit and grain; no more land can be planted to wheat or set out in fruit-trees till we can get more laborers to take care of them. In the rural districts, the land-owner has to run after the laborer, and is glad to engage him on his own terms. We have no more products of the earth to sell than we had five years ago; and the consequence is that our capacity to consume has not increased, while a portion of the business which used to be done here has gone to Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle.

This is, of course, the work of the labor unions, which are engineered and run by the most ignorant members of the community. In the wild hope of maintaining an artificial value for labor and of excluding competitors in the labor market, these demagogues have prevented immigration and checked the tendency of capital to engage in public improve-

ments. It costs about twice as much to build a house here as in Kansas City; hence people who have money find it to their interest to place it there, or in other similar Eastern towns, rather than here. The unions stand in their own light by driving capital from the place. They make business dull by killing enterprise, and then they complain that times are hard and the demand for labor light.

It is to be feared that the demand will grow still less, and the rate of wages will fall still lower before people come to their senses. It will take another turn of the screw to teach people that they can not violate the laws of political economy with impunity. If we had an adequate supply of the only kind of labor we can hope to get, we might be producing 25,000,000 gallons of wine instead of 15,000,000; 50,000,000 bushels of wheat instead of 35,000,000; 2,000,000 boxes of raisins instead of 1,000,000; and easily twice as much green fruit as we are now shipping to the East or canning. If we thus increased our product, business would be active, and there would be a brisk demand for every branch of labor. The members of the labor unions would be working six days in the week instead of four, and they would not live in the daily dread of losing their jobs altogether. But in the mad idea that they can establish a monopoly, they exclude the labor which alone can keep trade alive. They kill the goose which lays golden eggs, and then they wonder that the nest is empty.

The thing will probably go on until a climax is reached by a repetition of the days of 1878, when it was necessary to give workmen a dollar a day to prevent riots. Our working class has intelligence enough to anticipate the inevitable.

The appearance of the State of South Carolina as a whole-sale and retail dealer in choice intoxicants is one of the most curious phases that the prohibition movement has assumed. Since it has been established, by the failure of the various prohibitory laws, that prohibition does not prohibit, there have been numerous compromises and substitutes suggested. True, the prohibitionists amuse themselves and others by nominating and voting for candidates at the various elections, but the more practical and more rational opponents of the liquor traffic content themselves with urging some less radical measure to restrict excessive indulgence. Local option and that compromise with the devil, as the strict prohibitionists characterize high license, are most familiar, but other schemes that involve less departure from present methods have been suggested. Rev. Dr. Rainsford, for instance, has proposed the church saloon. He considers the rum-seller even more blameworthy than the unfortunates who indulge to excess their taste for strong drink, and urges more effective control over the traffic by connecting the saloon with the church and putting none but churchmen on guard. The idea is startling, and perhaps on that account has found few advocates outside of the reverend doctor.

Another plan, and that from which the South Carolina scheme was developed, made its appearance in Sweden in 1865. A private company undertook the control of the entire liquor traffic of Gothenburg. They agreed to conduct all the saloons, to compensate those already in business for being deprived of their occupation, and to pay all profits, above a certain fixed percentage on the capital, into the municipal and provincial treasuries. During the first year, under the new system, the number of arrests for intoxication decreased from 2,070 to 1,424. The amount of liquor consumed did not decrease for ten years; but since that time there has been a steady diminution. The financial report for 1889 showed that, after paying \$20,000 as compensation to former dealers and retaining six per cent. on the capital, the company paid into the public treasury \$282,000. A modification of this plan, the city government being substituted for the private company, has been tried in certain cities of Montana and in Athens, Ga.

The circumstances attending the passage of the South Carolina law are not a little amusing. It originated with Governor Tillman, a loud-mouthed demagogue with just enough insincerity in his denunciation of the capitalist class to have become the idol of the farmers in that State. He was elected by the farmers' vote over the regular Democratic nominee, and at the end of his term triumphantly re-elected. He had just entered upon his second term when the Prohibitionists nearly succeeded in getting a bill through the legislature. It had passed the house, and was on its passage through the senate. Tillman had steadily opposed prohibition; but the "dry" men were too strong for him to venture a veto of the bill, and his own constituents would desert him should he sign it. In this dilemma a friend explained the Gothenburg system as in force in Athens, and Tillman prepared a bill on those lines. It was substituted for the prohibition measure and successfully passed.

By this law the entire liquor business of the State is under the direction of the board of control, consisting of the governor, comptroller-general, and attorney-general. They appoint a commissioner who purchases all liquor to be con-

sumed in the State and sells it at fifty per cent. advance to the local dispensers. The chemist of the South Carolina University must test all liquors and certify them to be pure and unadulterated before they can be delivered to any local dispenser. The liquor business in each county is under the direction of a local board of control appointed by the State board. The local dispensers are appointed by the State board, but, before appointment, must secure the signatures of a majority of the freeholders in the district affected. This is the administrative side of the law; the prohibitive or temperance side is equally strong. The State commissioner, members of the county boards of control, and local dispensers must all be total abstainers; the dispensaries are to be open only from seven in the morning until six in the evening; no liquor may be consumed on the premises; and no purchaser may make more than one purchase during the day. Before any dispenser may make a sale, he must receive from the purchaser a written request stating the name, residence, and age of the person for whom the liquor is to be purchased. And if the dispenser is not personally acquainted with the facts, there must be a certificate indorsed on the request, signed by some trustworthy person, to the effect that the person desiring the liquor is not a minor or a drunkard.

This law, which it will be seen borders very closely upon absolute prohibition, went into effect on the first of this month. In order to satisfy the "wet" element, Governor Tillman has declared that nothing but the choicest liquors shall be sold, and the provision requiring analysis by the chemist of the State University was introduced to this end. But so far, in practice, it has amounted to practical prohibition. It has been found impossible, in most cases, for would-be dispensers to obtain the necessary signatures of freeholders. Very few dispensaries have been established in the State, and in Charleston there is not a single place where liquor may be purchased. This has naturally pleased the Prohibitionists; but how their opponents will like it remains to be seen. The drinking class laid in a supply from the stocks of former dealers before the law went into effect. When these private stocks become exhausted, Governor Tillman is apt to experience some of the difficulties of enforcing radical legislation. These difficulties may not arise, however, for in a preliminary skirmish in the courts this new and extraordinary law has been declared unconstitutional.

One of the most touching incidents of modern times occurred at the celebration held by Tammany in honor of the nation's birthday. That modest band of patriots has not permitted the Fourth of July to pass during the last one hundred and four years without inviting the Democracy of the land to gather along the borders of its "great spring" and imbibe Democratic enthusiasm while applauding the words that fall from the lips of the various sages—a genus of which that party is peculiarly prolific. As was natural and very proper, an invitation was extended to Cleveland, and he replied with one of his characteristic letters. In the course of the letter, the following sentiment occurs:

"If those who now celebrate the anniversary of American independence guard against the sordid struggle for unearned wealth that stifles patriotism; if they exact from public servants the strictest accountability in the performance of public duty; if they insist that there should be honesty, and truthfulness, and cleanliness in politics; and if they refuse to encourage expedients that endanger the foundations of sound national finance, those who follow us will joyously celebrate the day in centuries yet to come."

We can imagine the deep interest with which this sentiment was listened to by Mr. Richard Croker, to whom the letter was addressed, and the hungry braves who are still wondering when the loaves and fishes are to be distributed by the self-sufficient gentleman whom they helped to elect. We may now expect to hear of Tammany resolving to celebrate the Fourth of July in future as the day when St. Cleveland voiced their views as to practical politics.

The Chinese colony that centres around Mott Street, in New York, is afflicted with a profound melancholy. Even the first rude shock of the Geary law produced no such dismay as this later development. For years it has been the custom of these Celestials to take an annual outing, when they enjoyed the innocent pleasures of a country life accompanied by the fair daughters of civilization who teach them the mysteries and the beauties of the white man's religion. But this year the Sunday-school picnic has been abandoned. And the fair young teachers are disconsolate, while pearly tears course down the yellow cheeks of their almond-eyed pupils. The trouble was precipitated by the supersensitiveness of the Chinese consul at New York, who intimated that, in the present state of public opinion regarding the exclusion act, too much mingling with American women might cause trouble. The advice was prudent, and the decision to abide by it was wise; still one can not but sympathize with the disappointment of the sentimental young ladies and their yellow-skinned charges.

DOROTHY'S UNDERSTUDY.

How She Solved the Riddle of Barry Markham's Life.

One day, many months before Dorothy left the stage in the abrupt manner which used to ruffle the manager so afterwards, she had come walking into the office leading a smaller and much more untidy little girl than herself by one grimy hand.

"Here's my understudy, Mr. Phillips," announced the little actress, "and her name's Katherine." And, though the manager had stormed a good deal and declared he would not stand it, Dorothy's word had stood, and Katherine became her veritable shadow. Where the small actress had found her, no one ever discovered, but judging from the ragged little frock which scarcely covered her plump body, and the dust-filled curls, it must have been in some alley, far removed from the fashionable quarter of the city. But between Dorothy herself and her foster-mother and dresser, they soon turned the smaller child into a clean, sweet, big-eyed girl. Inside of a week she knew every one in the company, including the pets of the women; inside of a month she could go through her lines in "Fauntleroy" with the best of them, and with an astonishing grace and ease. Undoubtedly the little ragamuffin either possessed talent herself or else had inherited it from her relatives; and, having shown that talent, she dropped into the company as naturally as if she had been acting since she wore long dresses.

When Barry Markham, that elegant, *blase* young man who condescended to grace the stage with his distinguished presence—these were the comedian's sarcastic words concerning him—joined the Fauntleroy Company, every woman in that aggregation said in her inner heart she would bring him to her feet; for added to a most enchanting manner and bearing, there was an air of delicious mystery about him which was really quite irresistible. No one knew anything definite of him, though the Old Woman whispered once or twice to the Leading Lady that she knew he must be a real swell, running away from something; and the Advance Man, who dropped back once a week to have a game of poker with the First Heavy, was half-way sure he had seen him through the window at an "upper-ten" reception. But this was mere guessing; the facts were only these: He never smiled; he never gossiped with the others; he dressed well, but tastefully—something the others did not; he played the Earl as if his life depended upon his success; and he took life very, very seriously. The one thing which made him seem real and tangible to the other men was that he drank a good deal—night-drinking, too—though he never got too much; but although he asked them to join him, whenever they happened in the same place, it was with the air of a haron paying for the wine for his tenants. All in all, he was a charmingly handsome and thoroughly delightful mystery.

Until he saw Katherine for the first time. Then he became a veritable puzzle. He met her one afternoon as he was stumbling along the abominably dark and noisome alley leading to the stage-door, and, for a moment, the tall, serious actor stood staring down at the little girl as if he had seen a ghost. To be sure, she was anything but ghostly, being quite as plump and rosy as when Dorothy had brought her into the company; and the yellow hair, which needed no addition when she "went on," tumbled about her pretty face in a very attractive and material manner; but the actor continued to stare, until it occurred to him that he was blocking the way and that possibly the little lady, who was waiting so patiently with the sweetly childish smile upon her sunny face which made every one her friend, might want to go on. With a hoarse "I beg your pardon," he took off his hat gravely and stepped aside. She looked up at him quite as gravely and said: "Thank you, sir," as she passed. After which he wandered down-street toward his hotel, and went by three saloons without stopping in one. Which undoubtedly proved the disturbed condition of Mr. Barry Markham's mind.

From that day forth he was a different man. He drank less, he talked more; he took to haunting back-alleys and streets—after he had learned Katherine's very limited history—and he conversed with all the inhabitants of these unsavory portions of the city who had reached the middle mile-post of life. Every day saw him "doing the slums," as the others said; but, from his drawn, sad face when he returned from his trips, it was evidently not for the pleasure he found there. If what he learned there made him sad, however, he made up for it when he came back, for once near the little girl who had interested him so, he forgot his troubles, whatever they were, and warmed his cold heart in the sunshine of her happy smiles. And it would have taken a cold and hard heart, indeed, to withstand the straightforward, confiding little ways with which Katherine went to him. Nothing could frighten or disturb her, seemingly; nothing seemed had or unpleasant to her pure heart; and once her faith was grounded in her new friend, which was soon the case, nothing on earth could have uprooted her conviction that he was the best and kindest man in the world. Before he had been with the company two weeks, she had given him her full faith and love; and, in turn, she had crept into his heart and filled it so thoroughly that all the combined charms of the ladies of the company could not have usurped a corner of it—a fact they soon became aware of. The calm, self-possessed Markham loved little Katherine as if she were his own daughter.

"She reminds him of some one," said the Advance, one evening during the performance, when he had returned from a trip with the road-company which Mr. Phillips sent out the first of the season, "and it is either that his lady-love married some other fellow and this is the child, or else his sister ran away and went on the stage and deserted her youngster. That is my opinion, understand; I never could have got anything out of him. Never saw such a close-mouthed man in my life; but, lordy, ain't he fond of the kid! Why, it's a fact that when he plays Earl to her Little Lord, and she

puts her arms around his neck, I've seen him tremble, from here—gimme a match, Jim."

Then, as the flashy young man lighted his cigar, he continued, between puffs:

"I'll bet he's way up in G, too, when he's home. Saw some of his clothes t'other day; and, by thunder! they had one of these here—what-you-call-'em?—crests or coat-of-arms on 'em—old family, you know. He's been a blood, you hear me whispering. And Katie's as good as a gold-cure for him; d—d if he'll take a drink of ginger-ale, now!" Whereat the speaker laughed delightedly, and nudged his friend between the ribs as Markham passed them on his way to the stage.

A month passed, and closer and dearer to each other grew the strangely matched pair; they took long walks about the city; they went to the "Zoo" together; they even had a drive in a beautiful carriage with two horses, and the driver clad in some one's cast-off livery, now and then; and they were very, very happy. The tall, handsome young man and the smiling, sweet-faced little girl were very fond of each other, and the company wondered why—and took it out in wondering.

Matters came to a crisis one afternoon soon after Dorothy took her peremptory departure. The manager was in anything but a good temper, owing partly to that affair and partly to the new play now being gone over, and which seemed determined to go wrong from the first. The cast had started out being slow, and when he stormed, as he always did when angry, they became sullen and indifferent. Markham was late—off on one of his slumming tours, said the Leading Man—and when, to cap the climax, Katherine forgot her lines completely, and could not remember them when angrily prompted by the manager, Mr. Phillips lost control of himself entirely, and, plunging at her, he struck the troubled, patient little face a cruel blow with his open hand.

"Take that, you little fool!" he cried, with a curse, while the others stood staring at him in incredulous astonishment; "you haven't brains enough to live! Get off the stage, I tell you, and don't you come back till you can say those lines from first to last, do y' understand? And if I catch you—"

He stopped suddenly, and his unpleasant face grew fairly livid; standing in the wing was the towering form of Barry Markham looking at the manager in such a way as to make him shiver.

With a little cry of love and trust, between her sohs of pain, Katherine ran to him with outstretched hands, and, stooping, he gathered her into his strong arms and held her closely to him. She laid one soft cheek, still red with the mark of the manager's heavy hand, upon his breast, and began kissing the hand she loved so much and which held her tightly now. One of the women pressed her handkerchief to her eyes quickly and looked away. For a minute Markham held the loving baby to him, and then he put her gently down upon a pile of grass-mats in the wing. Then he shook off the big top-coat he always wore, stripped his gloves quietly from his hands, and, laying them all down beside Katherine, he crossed the stage to where the manager stood. For the first time he spoke, and his voice, though low and calm, fell upon Mr. Phillips's ears like the ring of cold steel.

"Put up your hands!"

The manager turned a shade paler and started to speak.

"Put up your hands!" said Markham a little louder, doing so himself. The manager, hardly knowing what he was doing, doubled his fists and held them in front of him. The next moment he was staggering across the green stage-carpet as if he had been shot. He was a powerful man, and, with a roar of rage, he recovered himself suddenly and hurled himself upon the actor. But Markham had been a gentleman and an athlete, and he was ready for him. One—two—three blows only, but so terrifically scientific were they, so entirely square and hard, that no more were needed. The manager fell against the back-drop in a senseless mass, and Markham, with a grim smile, picked up his coat and hat and put them on again. He turned to the others, as two silent stage-hands carried the bleeding manager to the nearest dressing-room, and said, slowly:

"I sincerely beg the ladies' pardon for this disgraceful scene, but it was quite unavoidable. I have just learned this afternoon that my—my wife is dead, and that Katherine, as I had hoped and prayed, is my daughter. That is all."

He turned, and, taking the little girl into his arms once more, he howed to the others, and picking his way through dust-covered piles of rope and tarnished finery, past worn-out drops and broken furniture, and into the little alley where he had first met the little one who was clinging about his neck now and smiling through her tears again. As they passed under the dim light which flared and danced in its wire cage above the door, he stooped and pressed his lips again and again to those of his baby; and, though she knew he was happy, there was something like tears in his eyes, and his voice trembled a trifle when, a moment later, he called a cab to take them to the hotel.

You have seen Markham and his daughter play "Fauntleroy?" Then you have seen the best Little Lord and the most natural Earl on the stage, for the love they show for each other, toward the end of the little play, does not have to be acted at all. EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1893.

The interesting fact is shown in the emigration and immigration returns of Great Britain and Ireland for last year that, while the native population is leaving in hundreds of thousands for this country and the British colonies, there is a considerable influx of immigrants into the United Kingdom, coming for permanent settlement. Last year 210,042 British and Irish left their homes, the great majority, 150,039, coming to the United States. In the same period 22,137 aliens, from the continent of Europe, arrived in the United Kingdom "for permanent settlement."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Mandolinata.

The night is still, the windows are open.
The air with odor is sweet;
Hark! Some one is humming the mandolinata
Along the open street.
The mandolinata! Ah, me, as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world with your gentle presecence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.

How we jested together, and hummed together
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affectations
That ended in laughter long;
How oft in the morning beneath your window
I framed it to boisterous words,
And heard from within your sweet voice answer
With a flute-toot like a bird's.

And you opened your shutters and sang, "Good-morning,
Ah, troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I shouted, "O lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay;
Ah, hasten, ah, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm coming,
The lady is coming to thee!"
And then you drew back in your chamber, laughing—
Ah, who were so foolish as we!

Ah, me! that vision comes up before me—
How vivid, and young, and gay,
Ere death, like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, glad and happy,
And gentle of thought and heart,
Ah, who would believe you were mortally wounded?
So bravely you played your part.

We veiled our fears and our apprehensions
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a cough, a sudden spasm,
Betrayed the inward pain.
In the midst of jesting and merry laughter
We turned aside to sigh,
Looked out of the window, and all the landscape
Grew dim to the burning eye.

Aod at last, one pleasant summer morioiog;
When roses were all in bloom,
Death gently came with the wandering breezes,
To bear your spirit home.
Aod all that was once so gay
Was still and calm with a perfect sadoess,
And you had passed away.
Through the casement the wind is moaoiog;
Oo the pane the ivy crawls;
The fire is faded to ashes,
And the black broad broken falls;
The voices are gone, but I linger
Aod silence is over all;
Where ooce there was music and laughter,
Death staods in the empty hall.
There is only a dead rose lying,
Faded and crushed on the floor,
Aod a harp, whose strings are broken.
That love will play no more.—W. W. Story.

A Vision.

The hour of Hesperus! the hour when feeling
Grows like memory, and the full heart swells
With pensive pleasure to the mellow pealing
Of mournful music upon distant bells;
The hour when it seems sweetest to be loved,
And saddest to have loved in days no more.
O love, O love, O lovely land of yore,
Through which, erewhile, these weary footsteps roved.

Was it a vision? Or Irene sitting

Lone in her chamber, oo her soowly bed,
With listless fingers, loiteringly uoknitting
Her silken bodice; and, with beoded head,
Hidieg to warm hair, half-way to her knee,
Her pearl-pale shoulder, leaoiog oo ooe arm,
Athwart the darkness, odoroo aod warm,
To watch the low, full moon set, peosively?

A fragrant lamp buroed dimly in the room,
With scarce a gleam in either looking-glass.
The mellow moonlight, through the deep-blue gloom,
Did all along the dreany chamber pass,
As though it were a little touched with awe
(Beioeg oew-come into that quiet place
Of such a quiet way) at the straoege grace
Of that pale lady, and what else it saw—

Rare flowers: narcissi; irises, each crowned;
Red oleander blossoms; hyacinto
Flooding faint fragrance, richly curled all round,
Corinthiao, cool columnar flowers on plioths;
Waxen camellias, white and crimson ones,
And amber lilies, and the regal rose,
Which for the breast of queen full-scorful grows;
All pinnated in urns of carved bronze;

Tables of inwrought stone, true Florentine—
Olympian circles thronged with Mercuries,
Minervas, little Junos dug in the green
Of ruined Rome; and Juno's owo rich eyes
Vivid on peacock plumes Sidonian;
A ribboned lute, young Music's cradle; books,
Vellumed and clasped; and with bewildered looks,
Madonna's picture—the old smile grown wan.

From bloomed thickets, firefly-lamped, beoeath
The terrace, fluted cool the oightingale.
In at the open window came the breath
Of many a balmy, dim blue, dreaming vale,
At intervals the howlet's note came clear,
Fluttering dark silence through the cypress grove.
An infant breeze from the elf-land of Love,
Lured by the dewy hour, crept, lisping, near.

And now is all the night her own, to make it
Or grave or gay with throngs of waking dreams.
Now grows her heart so ripe, a sigh might shake it
To showers of fruit, all golden as beoems
Hesperian growth. Why not, on nights like this,
Should Daphne out from yon green laurel slip?
A Dryad from the ilex, with white hip
Quivered and thronged to hunt with Artemis?

To-night, what wonder were it, while such shadows
Are taking up such shapes on moonlit mountains,
Such star-flies kindling o'er low emerald meadows,
Such voices floating out of hill-side fountains,
If some full face should from the window greet her,
Whose eyes should be new planetary lights,
Whose voice a well of liquid love-delights,
And to the distance sighingly entreat her?

—Owen Meredith.

Great Britain owns half the ocean ships of the world.

A STUDENTS' ORGIE.

"Parisina" discusses a Students' Ball that Created a Revolution—
The Costume, or Lack of It, that Caused the Row—
A Side Light on Parisian Morals.

It is a time-honored custom with the architectural students, that of "the procession of the bust" at the close of their annual competition in modeling. If you ever happen to be in the neighborhood of the institute on that day, you may see a group of young men, in garb more artistic than fashionable, cross the court-yard of that venerable pile and take their way to the wharf below the Quai Voltaire; those who walk at the head of the little procession carry a plaster bust on their shoulders, while the others follow shouting and singing studio songs. When they reach the edge of the wharf, the bust is raised aloft and then hurled into the river.

The bust—a somewhat rude work of art—is fashioned into the features of the man who happens to be in odium at the time. (What a curious epitome of the social and political history of Paris the list of the last twenty busts must compose!) This year the man whose effigy now lies a crumbling mass of plaster at the bottom of the Seine is Senator Bérenger, nicknamed by the students "Père La Pudeur." I doubt whether this worthy legislator's name will suggest anything to an American reader, though possibly he may have heard of the very humane law to which it is attached, by which prisoners who are purging their first offense may profit to the exclusion of "old hands." More probably it will bring to mind the venerable ballad-writer whose songs bygone generations of students used to sing.

But Senator Bérenger, after deserving the blessings of young culprits and others who, while not habitual ill-doers, have made themselves amenable to the laws of their country, has excited the anger and disdain of the pupils of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts by the course he chose to pursue with respect to the last "Bal des Quatre Zarts"—the annual students' ball of the "four arts," namely: painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture. You must know that this gentleman is chairman of the League Contre la Licence des Rues, and as such thinks it incoherent upon him to keep an eye open generally, and to make himself the apostle of virtue and decency, not only in the streets but elsewhere; not disdaining—so say his adversaries—to admit back-stair evidence of the same. Doubtless, from a general point of view, he is an extremely meritorious individual; but students have a code of decency of their own and do not brook interference with their pastimes and pleasures.

The "Bal des Quatre Zarts" took place some months ago at the Moulin Rouge; but it had its denouement only this week before the correctional court, and, little talked of at the time, just now it affords the *chronique scandaleuse* of the week. And, thanks to Senator Bérenger's energetic interference, the public is initiated into details of which otherwise it might always have remained in bappy ignorance, and all Paris is discussing the affair.

The ball was not a very reputable business; still, it is possible to admit that the promoters had an artistic end in view. From what one learns, the Oriental and historical pageants which constituted its greatest attraction were arranged with great taste and composed living pictures, rich in coloring as well as effective in grouping. Every year hundreds of square yards of nudities are placed before our eyes at the Salons, and no one troubles about the matter, though, of course—as the judge very sagely remarked—it is not quite the same thing "when the figure is a living, smiling woman and not a painted image on a canvas." But from the artist's standpoint, the difference is not so great, the painted form moves him, perhaps, more than it would another man, whereas he has long since ceased to look upon "the model" as a woman like others. Familiarity breeds contempt.

The fuss made at Chicago over the "Last Days of Babylon" has brought Rochegrosse's picture into recent notoriety, and you will probably agree in considering that the costume of blue bead net-work worn by one of the recumbent figures was hardly a proper covering for the charms of Mme. Royer—familiarily known as Sarah Brown—who actually had her nether limbs clothed in the guise in which she "posed" that particular hour before the artist. True, she was reclining in a palanquin, and one of the spectators admits to have mistaken her for a wax figure, so immovable did she appear in her plastic beauty! The *donzelle* and her three companions who appeared before the court to answer the charge of indecency brought against them, declared, without a shade of embarrassment, that they saw not the slightest harm in assisting at a festival in a garb in which they pose daily in studios before a hundred pupils.

Naturally Sarah Brown, whose fame as a model of perfect form has reached the outer world, was scanned by many curious eyes as she sat in the dock. She was very fashionably and elegantly attired in a pleasant harmony of red and black, and the exquisite fit of her bodice showed off to good advantage the perfection of her form. Another of the quartet, Yvonne—such is the name she bears in the Quartier—also figured in the famous pageant, riding astride on a white ass, and the judge, in admonishing her, declared that her position only "emphasized the incongruity of her costume," which seems to have consisted of a long diaphanous garment and a knot of red and yellow ribbon. Mlle. Deuves acted the part of Eve, enveloped in a cloud of gossamer, which one of the witnesses describes as a mosquito net.

The trial attracted crowds of people into court, and many amusing rejoinders were elicited during the examinations and cross-examinations of the culprits and the witnesses. One of the latter, a journalist, on being asked to give his opinion, acknowledged he was so tipsy he could not remember anything about it (which did not, however, prevent his publishing a glowing account of the festivities the next morning). The only feature that really impressed him was a Diana, with a crescent in her hair. Some one else, cross-examined on the question of the costume worn by Clotilde Lavalley,

was certain "she had her stockings on!" But even those who appeared for the prosecution were unanimous in praising the artistic side of the show, and every one declared the whole thing was gorgeously and beautifully got up. "Caran d'Ache," the well-known caricaturist, said he saw nothing shocking or indecent; of course the dresses were "rather low, but you see those every day in the most fashionable drawing-rooms," a hard cut at the ladies of society, which I hope they will take as a lesson. Even the commissary of police, who was there in an official capacity, declared that he had noted nothing particularly immodest. "For five years it was my duty to superintend the opera balls, and what I saw at the 'Bal des Quatre Zarts' can not be compared to what goes on in the National Academy of Music on ball nights," and he explained how "La Goulue," getting up on the platform and beginning to dance in a somewhat outrageous fashion, was interrupted by the stewards of the ball, who told her she would be turned out if she continued. This *professeur du grand écart* conceived a grudge against them for this, and, funny enough, appeared as a witness for the prosecution.

The principal point at issue is, was the ball public or private? M. Guillaume, the pupil of the Academy of Architecture, who is the principal defendant as he was the chief organizer of the pageant, explained that the entertainment was a strictly private affair, and that, beyond a few invitations sent to the press, to friends, and others, the spectators consisted solely of the pupils of the art-schools. But "La Goulue" affirms she got four cards given to her and distributed them among her *petites amies*.

Possibly the reader may be curious to know whether Senator Bérenger was included in the list of invited and whether he was an eye-witness of these goings-on. Not so. Two individuals, who had not the courage of their opinions, for their letters were anonymous, wrote to inform him of the danger done to public morality on this occasion. In denouncing the "Bal des Quatre Zarts," M. Bérenger declared he could not have believed what his informant told him, had he not subsequently been edified by the sketches of it that appeared in the *Courier Français*. Of course the artist was summoned as a witness, and his examination was among the most amusing incidents of the trial. When asked if his sketches were exact representations of what he saw, he replied: "Well, I should be surprised if they were, for I did them out of my own head; they were an inspiration."

On the whole, public opinion is rather on the side of the students. Every one chooses to think it necessary that young men in general, and art-students in particular, should sow their wild oats, and very few are anxious to see M. Guillaume and his comrades punished for what may be considered a harmless exhibition of youthful folly. We can not tell as yet what the decision of the court will be, for the affair has been adjourned for a week. Even the substitute drew his conclusions mildly, and was of the opinion that the principal defendant should benefit by the Bérenger law. As for Maître Lagasse, M. Guillaume's counsel, you may be sure he spoke with derision of the "League of Old Gentlemen" who have not hesitated to place a young and promising artist in the dock and make him run the risk of fine and imprisonment, which, however short, would deprive him for a time of his civic rights. "Evidently," he said, "the 'Bal des Quatre Zarts' was not so municipal an affair as the ball of the Hôtel de Ville; but M. Bérenger has done wrong to denounce some very innocent amusements, the principal fault of which was to belong to another generation. He was not invited; why did he risk his elderly eye by peeping through the key-hole?" And so on and so on.

Possibly the fact that another affair, of much greater import, came before the court about the same time may induce the judges to be lenient. The other day an unfortunate girl was prosecuted and condemned for immodest behavior at a feast given by a merchant, whose name does not transpire, and who bet that he would invite three hundred women to dinner and that more than half that number would come. It appears that he treated two hundred and sixty of the scum of society at Lemendelay's. Well, the least said about it the better. He paid, and no tales were told. Only some one stole the girl's clothes while she was sunk in a drunken sleep, and so she had to be handed over to the police, whereas the rest of the company got away scot-free, including "the gentleman" and his friends. Mme. Severine, who is always ready to take the part of the poor and wretched, has written a scathing article on the subject, and wants to know if there is justice in the land, and if "pigs" are to be allowed to hold their "porcine orgies" in the midst of a civilized city, when poor "little rabbits" are sent to jail after having been mulcted of their finery and left naked and penniless, to pay for others' misdeeds. Now here is an occasion for M. Bérenger and the members of his league to distinguish themselves; but, perhaps, they are more eloquent in denouncing the misdeeds of wayward youth than those of sober middle age.

PARIS, June 30, 1893.

In Buda-Pesth lives an old tailor whose business it is to mend uniforms. His great wish when he was young was to serve in the army, but he is so diminutive in size that he was refused. To get over his disappointment he became an army tailor, and began to collect military relics, of which his little house is so full that there is scarcely any room left for himself and his small wife. Archduke Eugen discovered him some time ago, and told the aged Field-Marshal Archduke Albrecht about him. When he went to Buda-Pesth recently the two archdukes visited the tiny tailor together, and made him tell his story and show his treasures. It was the happiest day of his life, and Archduke Eugen's order of a uniform delighted him hardly less than the Archduke Albrecht's sending him his photograph and a purse of gold.

When Courtois, the inventor of the celebrated Perigord pie, died, it was said he had killed more men than fell in Napoleon's battles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William Astor Chanler, the American explorer, has just made his first contribution to the geography of a hitherto totally unknown part of Africa. During his last voyage of exploration, he started from the mouth of the Tana River, in East Africa, and for sixty-five days visited a region that had been wholly unknown to explorers.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild of Paris has now only one eye. In the course of a hunt which he gave on his estate in France last fall, one of his guests accidentally shot him in the eye. Although the best specialists in Europe tried to save the organ, it was found impossible. The eye was taken out a few days ago. It was feared that the sight of the other eye would be impaired.

A famous subject of the Sultan of Turkey died a short time ago in Adrianople. He was Hadshi Achmed Izet Pasha, Governor-General of the Black Sea province and a great protégé of his sovereign. It was his custom, when obliged to give his hand to a Christian, to wash it upon withdrawal in the presence of the guest. Further than this, if any part of his clothing happened to touch the "white-faced foreigner," the offending garment was never worn again.

The most interesting undergraduate at Cambridge University, in England, is a young Hindoo named Kumar Shri Ranjitsinbji. He distinguished himself when he entered Trinity College, three years ago, at the age of eighteen, by passing all of the "little-go" examinations at once, and last year at cricket he scored the remarkable total of 2,409 runs, with an average of 54. In the score were eleven centuries. He is a slender fellow, with less than the average Englishman's amount of strength.

Half a dozen Americans must have recognized in the Chailly-en-Biere of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Wrecker" the little village of Grez, fifty miles from Paris, on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where Stevenson lived twelve or fifteen years ago, along with his cousin and double, also Robert Louis Stevenson. They were distinguished by the artist colony and its hangers-on as Bob and Louis. The cousin was an artist, while the novelist of to-day wrote for the British and Scotch "heavies."

It is related of Henry Irving that having once sat through a performance of "Richard III." by Richard Mansfield, he went behind the scenes and by invitation visited the actor's dressing-room. Mansfield was exhausted by the exacting conditions of the rôle; but was revived by the appearance of Mr. Irving, for he was sure that the English actor had come to offer some words of congratulation. But all that Irving did was to slap Mansfield playfully on the shoulder and say, in the theatrical Irving way: "Aha, you sweat!"

Admiral Sir George Tryon passed his youth at Bulwich, in Northamptonshire, where the Tryons have lived since the days of James the First. Sir George's father was a typical squire of the old school and a famous horseman. His mother, a sister of the first Baron Kesteven, greatly influenced the character of her boys, entering into all their pursuits and being no ordinary hostess. Fond of horses, and dogs, and of sports, George Tryon and his brother were leaders of the young men in the county, and their subsequent successes have been watched with keen interest by the rustics of Northamptonshire.

Thomas Watts was for many years one of the most valued officials of the British Museum. His family owned a large public bath in London, and it was said that he often sat there, "at the receipt of custom," reading many books and learning many languages, including Chinese, Icelandic, Russian, Hungarian, and Welsh. Once in a while he would visit the reading-room of the museum, and he asked continually for Russian books—few of which the institution possessed. At last, in consequence of his appeals, the authorities sent for a quantity of Russian books for the library, and when they arrived, discovered that there was nobody in their service who could catalogue them. Watts volunteered to do the work; the offer was accepted, and the task was performed in so admirable a manner that he was straightway appointed an assistant.

For thirty-two years Mr. Joho Delane, the great editor of the London *Times*, reached his office at half-past ten P. M. and left at four A. M., just when the first printed copy issued from the press. About three A. M., the maker-up stated the amount of matter, and Mr. Delane, without looking at this mass of one hundred columns, indicated, from memory, what had to be added to or cut out, paragraph by paragraph and almost line by line. At four o'clock he went home, took a light supper, went to bed, and rose about noon. He lunched about one P. M., dispatched his correspondence, received calls, went out about four o'clock for a ride on horseback, went to his club, dressed for dinner, dined nine times out of ten at his club or in town, took a glance at what there was to see, and, wherever he might be, took leave at a quarter-past ten and went to his office.

Probably no American, in a private capacity, has ever established himself in London in so short a space of time as W. W. Astor has done. How he acquired the *Pall Mall Gazette* is past history. The discipline of the office could not be excelled in any government establishment. Mr. Astor is always there, and, as a rule, sees a proof of the first edition. It is said that he knows each day the exact financial condition of his journalistic properties. Of the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Astor is practically the editor-in-chief. In addition to this he contributes to the letter press. One of the interesting features in connection with Mr. Astor's descent on London is that, outside a little charmed circle, his name is absolutely unknown. Beyond a few curt paragraphs, the press have taken no notice of him, and this in the face of his having bought one of the oldest and best-known of London papers and taking an active part in its management.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

New London, July 1st.—The Valley of the Thames to-day is green and brown. Yesterday it was crimson and blue.

When the race was rowed between the Harvard and Yale crews yesterday, the river and the beautiful valley through which it winds were aflame with color. On the hills were thousands of people, on both the New London and Groton sides; on the west bank of the river the observation train wound in and out upon its curving track, looking like a brilliant snake; down the last mile of the course were anchored on the port and starboard hands row after row of beautiful yachts, sail and steam; at the finish were grandstands, erected on the shore, and the big suspension-bridge was black with people. And all these scores of thousands of people were waving flags of blue or crimson, and shouting for Harvard or Yale.

The race lasted a little over twenty-five minutes. The time was slow. There was a head wind and lumpy water. Yale did not want to row until evening. For a time it looked as though the race would be postponed. But at last the word was given, the two crews started, and again the blue waved over the crimson.

It was a very exciting scene while it lasted—this half-hour into which was compressed so much muscle, brain, and nerve. The observation train was crowded with collegians, wearing blazers and waving flags of their college colors, and pouring forth ceaselessly the Harvard and Yale yells. Astern of the two eight-oar shells, the river was a dense mass of boats—every kind of craft, from a dinghy to a revenue cutter, from a naphtha launch to a Sound steamer. This great flotilla swept slowly and majestically down the stream, behind the two fragile cedar shells, in which sixteen sun-browned bodies were working back and forth like steam-engines. And when Yale crossed the line, the air vibrated with noise from steam-whistles, sirens, ships' bells, and human throats, while the atmosphere seemed suddenly turned to blue.

And blue it was for Harvard. New London is a Yale town. The worthy burghers of that city probably sell more blue bunting per annum than they do red, hence their sympathies may be readily guessed. The Yale men for an hour or two made new London vibrate; then they took the train for New Haven, to finish up their celebration at home.

As for the Harvard men, they sadly furled their flags, while all the crimson-clad yachts suddenly decided to put to sea.

Ours was among the latter. While, at eleven o'clock, on board our boat all was anticipation and joy, at twelve o'clock all was realization and gloom. Our skipper determined to leave New London at once, and go to Larchmont. He signaled for a tug to tow him down below the railway bridge. Presently a tug appeared.

It seems to me that in New England waters all the tug-boats are named after local great men, whose fame has not yet gone beyond their own balliwick. So, too, with other humble if useful vessels. Why any man should wish to transmit such a name as Jabez Higginbottom to posterity affixed to such a vessel as a garbage scow, it is difficult to understand. Yet such a desire exists.

The particular tug which sought to win us was known as the *Jedediah P. Weatherwax*. She approached slowly on our starboard quarter, her skipper chewing tobacco, leaning out of the port side of the pilot-house, examining our yacht with an assumed languid interest, and from time to time reflectively expectorating. On the deck below, the engineer and fireman thrust forth interested and grimy faces from the engine-room. In the galley the cook-lady paused, petrified, and remained in a stony attitude, a dish in one hand, a dish-rag in the other. The cook-lady, by the way, was favored by nature with the most appalling squint I ever saw upon a human mug.

The *Weatherwax* skipper rang the bell. That mighty vessel paused. A silence brooded over both vessels—a silence broken only by the *Weatherwax's* pump.

At last her skipper spoke:

"Mornin', cap."

"Good morning."

"Want a tow, cap?"

"Yes, I want to be towed down below the railroad bridge, off the Pequot House. What'll you charge?"

"Daoun below the bridge, cap?"

"Yes."

"Off the Pequot Haouse?"

"Yes."

"Well, cap, haow about twenty dollars?"

"Nonsense—I'll give you ten."

"Clang!"

The *Weatherwax* began to back away.

"It's wuth about twenty, cap, but I'll take fifteen."

"No—ten dollars goes."

"Clang! Jingle-jingle!"

The *Weatherwax* began to back away full speed.

"He'll be around again," remarked our captain, sentimentously; "but he'll be in the bone-yard before I give him more than ten."

Our captain, by the way, had lost on the race, and was disposed to be bitter.

"Clang!"

The *Weatherwax* had reappeared—on our port quarter this time. Her skipper was leaning out of the starboard window. He examined our vessel with great gravity, and then said:

"Fine schooner ye got there, cap."

Silence.

"Yew had ought to pay more'n ten dollars fur towin' down a big schooner like that."

Silence.

"If yew was a coastin' schooner now, ten dollars would be about c'rect, cap."

Silence.

"But not fur no fine big yacht like yew have."

Silence.

"Say, cap"—persuasively—"make it twelve, and I'll talk to ye—haow about twelve?"

"No—ten dollars or nothing."

"Clang!"

The *Weatherwax* began to forge ahead.

"Say, cap," remarked the *Weatherwax* skipper, satirically, "yew got the wrong colors on your boat."

Silence.

"Bet on the race, cap?"

Silence.

"Guess you're feelin' putty pore this mornin'—hay?"

Silence.

The cook-lady, the engineer, and the fireman were convulsed with silent mirth.

"Wal, good mornin', cap. Wish ye better luck next time."

"Jingle-jingle."

The *Weatherwax* began to go ahead full speed. She rounded our bow. Suddenly there came a hail.

"Say, cap!"

"Well."

"I'll take ten dollars, but it ain't right."

"Very well. Go ahead, and make fast."

"But yew got to gimme a hawser. I won't let you have no hawser fur ten dollars nohaow."

"All right."

The honors were easy. There was an air of ill-concealed triumph about the crews of both yacht and tug as the yacht's hawser was run out.

When the tug cast off our hawser off the Pequot House the *Weatherwax's* honorarium was extended to him tied to a boat-hook, and her skipper smiled as amicably as if no difference of opinion had ever existed.

After the race was over, a thick pea-soup fog settled over the river. It seemed as though nature was determined to add to the gloom of the Harvard men. The morning had been flooded with sunshine; the afternoon was black. It was so thick that our sailing-master considered it inadvisable to sail out into the Sound, so we lay at anchor where we were.

The contrast between this and my last visit to New London was most marked. That was in '91, when Harvard won. When the Yale men win, they celebrate at New Haven; but when Harvard is victorious, she can not restrain herself long enough to reach Cambridge, so New London is painted red. Two years ago the river and harbor were filled with Harvard yachts, gayly decked with flags, and, when night fell, the flags gave way to lights. The scene was a beautiful one. I well remember the way in which one vessel was illuminated—a large steam yacht called the *Sagamore*. She had a line of electric-light bulbs running around her rail, another from the end of the main boom to the main-top-mast-head, thence to the fore-top-mast-head, to the bowsprit, and up and down the masts. Thus the yacht stood out of the darkness outlined in fire.

But this year there was no illuminating at New London. The night was black as the day had been, but in the morning the fog lifted, and we sailed away.

Our boat was headed up the Sound for Larchmont. The annual regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club was to take place on the Fourth of July, and our yacht was entered in the race.

There are many beautiful places along Long Island Sound, but few so beautiful as Larchmont. It is within forty minutes of New York by rail, is surrounded by a green and smiling country, and has a fine harbor for yachts. The "Village of Larchmont," so officially called, is a corporation. The stockholders are the villagers, most of them wealthy, and many of them millionaires. The "village" is made up of what are veritable villas, most of them surrounded with trim lawns and well-kept gardens. The roads and streets are in admirable condition, and it is a delight to drive over them. Under the corporate provisions, no stores, shops, liquor-saloons, hotels, or boarding-houses are allowed in Larchmont. Two towns—New Rochelle and Mamaronck—are within a few miles, so that the Larchmont people can obtain household supplies without inconvenience. When any really serious shopping engages the attention of the Larchmont ladies—such as the purchase of articles to deck their comely persons—they of course repair to New York.

Among the simple villagers in the village of Larchmont is H. M. Flagler, the Standard Oil millionaire. He has a beautiful home on Indian Point, a peninsula which forms one side of the harbor of Larchmont. He has a private pier upon his property, and stepping from his breakfast-room to his launch, he boards his big steam yacht, the *Alicia*, and goes up to New York, in cool, comfortable, and luxurious style, while the small-fry millionaires ride in hot and dusty private cars. But all sober and industrious millionaires here in the East look forward to the ultimate possession of a steam yacht. It is a sort of republican peerage. Only a millionaire can afford to run a steam yacht.

But no one should grudge an American millionaire the possession of a steam yacht. Most of them work very hard, have long hours, and are much fatigued at the close of the day. They have few enjoyments. They certainly ought to be comfortable in this world, as—considering the ways in which many of them made their money—there are grave doubts about their comfort in the next.

The modesty which characterizes Eastern methods and Eastern millionaires would seem insanity in the wild and booming West. An enormous summer hotel, covering many acres with the main building and cottages, will be called, for example, the "Island Inn." A beautiful summer city like Larchmont is called a "village." And millionaires erect colossal marble mansions at Newport, and call them "cottages." In fact, all the millionaires on

Bellevue Avenue live in "cottages," and all the worthy burghers in Newport proper live in "mansions," and "palatial residences," as our "prominent citizens" do in the West.

Perhaps this is mock-modesty on the part of our millionaires, but to a Westerner it is as refreshing as it is extraordinary.

Perhaps—under the rose be it spoken—perhaps we are sometimes too superlative in the West. Perhaps we too often dub a mangy shanty in a mining town a "Palace" hotel. Perhaps we too often call a collection of such shanties a "great city," and all of its residents who are not in jail "prominent citizens." Perhaps.

The superlative has its uses. I do not quite see how the girly-girl could talk without it. But in Italy the superlative, through overwork, has lost its force. There, any building which has both a window and a door is called a "palace," and any man wearing a clean shirt is invariably addressed as "excellency."

But to return to Larchmont. In the centre of its horse-shoe harbor is situated the handsome club-house of the Larchmont Yacht Club. This building is most luxuriously equipped. There are some thirty apartments for bachelor members, for those who do not own "cottages" at Larchmont, and for guests. There is an excellent restaurant service, and one may dine upon its broad verandas, in the pleasant summer evenings, looking out upon the Sound, and the scores of stately yachts dipping at their anchorages. The club-house is fitted up with the utmost good-taste; the private yachting signals of the various members hang like banners through the rooms, while cannon, anchors, and other yachting paraphernalia are used with excellent decorative effect. Upon the walls are many striking pictures, mostly nautical, among them being several of the original black-and-white oils by De Thulstrup and others, from which some of the *Harper* plates have been reproduced. One of the *Harper* firm belongs to the club, and these are his gift. Many other members have contributed pictures and bric-à-brac which add to the beauty of the club-house. At some little distance stands a separate building used as a billiard-room, and on the rocks overlooking the beach there is a rustic pavilion much used for spooning purposes by the younger members who still retain a taste for the society of the fair sex. The elder yachtsmen seem to be devoted only to their boats.

Talking of rocks and spooning, the Larchmont shore is all rocks, and the rocks all spoons. The Village Corporation has reserved much of the water frontage as a park or common, and on these rocks there are to be seen all day—and at night, too, when the moon shines, and sometimes when it does not—dozens and dozens of divinities in white duck. Every divinity has an affinity, also in white duck—trousers, this time. For Larchmont is so near to New York that the young men run down from the city much more frequently than to the more distant places, and hence the hearts of the maidens are filled with an exceeding great joy.

Most of the girls wear white duck gowns this year. They are very fetching. Not quite so clinging as flannels—not so generous to a lissom figure—but very trim, natty, and nautical. Besides, white frocks, as a general rule, make a plain girl look rather pretty, and a pretty girl look very pretty indeed. In fact, what so fitting as duck to set off a duck of a girl?

I do not know whether the girls here are unusually pretty, but they certainly seem so. It is not the case at all Atlantic summer resorts—I never think of the feminine freaks I once saw at Martha's Vineyard without a shudder.

July 5th.—To-day the annual regatta of the Larchmont Club was sailed. It was over what is called the Hempstead course—some thirty miles. Over seventy yachts were entered for the race, and there were fifteen prizes for the different classes—large schooners, small schooners, sloops, yawls, etc. The whole affair was managed with the utmost precision. An elaborate booklet was issued, giving a chart of the course, sailing directions, and rules of the day. The time set was 11:30, and when a preparatory gun was fired, many of the yachts were already under way. A few seconds after the time set, the first yacht crossed the imaginary line between the two stake-boats.

The scene was inspiring. As the beautiful boats tore through the water, all sails set and drawing, the crowds on the excursion steamers cheered frantically. A perfect fleet of steam yachts and Sound steamboats followed the yachts over the course.

The most exciting struggle was that between the three big schooner yachts, the *Ramona*, the *Dauntless*, and the *Brunhilde*. As I was on board the first, I had an excellent opportunity for viewing the race. The *Ramona* was stripped for the struggle. Her guns, her spare anchors, her launch, cutter, and gig, the boat and gangway davits, and the starboard gangway were all left ashore. We went aboard in the little dinghy, and "shinned up" the side. The dinghy was then hoisted aboard, and lashed on deck. With no extra weight, and no boat surface to resist the wind, the yacht was in fine condition for the race. A good breeze was blowing, and an extra number of hands aboard to sail her—a "racing crew" of sixteen men.

The *Dauntless* crossed the line a couple of minutes ahead of the *Ramona*, and until we rounded the first stake-boat their relative positions were maintained. But at the stake-boat our sailing master succeeded in gaining some ground, as she was much slower in stays than we.

At this stake-boat an incident occurred which seems exciting now, but to which no one paid much attention at the time. The *Dauntless*, the *Asalea*, and the *Ramona* were all going about together, so close that you could toss a biscuit from one deck to another. As the *Dauntless's* skipper cried "Hard a-lee," the fore-bom knocked a man off her deck into the water. A life-buoy was thrown to

him from the stake-boat, another from the *Azalea*, and a man leaped to his rescue from the *Dauntless*. All this took place like a flash. In less than a moment the two men were struggling in the water, under the sterns of the yachts as they went about.

But the excitement was over in a moment. Both men were strong swimmers. One swam to the stake-boat, the other seized a line from the *Azalea*, and was hauled aboard. Nobody stopped. In fact, the sailing-masters were all looking up at their shaking sails, and saying: "It's all right—the stake-boat will pick 'em up. Draw away!" The boats were so close together that we could hear the conversation on the various decks.

But no one spoke of this incident a moment after it occurred. The excitement of the race was too great. The *Ramona* was carrying all sail in a good stiff breeze, and every now and then an extra puff of wind would make her fore-top-mast huckle. I am very much afraid that there was more interest felt in her top-mast holding than in the two men in the water.

But at last we crossed the line three minutes ahead of the *Dauntless*, and with the *Brunhilde* far astern. It was a most exciting struggle, for during the long race of thirty miles the two yachts had been within two or three ships' lengths of each other all the time.

When the *Dauntless* crossed the line, her ship's company, guests, and crew, "lined up" to the rail, and gave three cheers for the *Ramona*. There was evidently no sting in their defeat.

The perfect day of the regatta was followed by a perfect night. When darkness fell upon the beautiful Larchmont shore, a single gun was heard from the commodore's yacht. Then the fleet of yachts began an illumination and a fusillade. Red, green, and blue fires were burned; bomb and parachute rockets soared; while many of the steam yachts were illuminated with lines of incandescent-light bulbs fed from their dynamos. They looked like floating palaces of fire. On shore, on the lawn in front of the club-house, there was a brilliant display of rockets, which as seen from the yachts was most beautiful. The wind had all died down, and the surface of the water was like a sheet of glass. In this great mirror the many-colored fires were reflected, making an effect which is indescribable.

The *Ramona* distinguished herself by setting afloat several hundred red Venetian lanterns on cork floats. These burned for hours, and at eleven o'clock they had drifted some three miles down the Sound. There some freak of the currents had ranged them in line, and they extended out into the Sound for a couple of miles. A big Sound steamer came along, and her pilot, seeing this strange spectacle, sounded her hoarse whistle. There was no reply. She saw then that it was not a fleet of boats, and paused. Finally she put about at right angles to her previous course, and coasted along this strange spit of land which stuck out into the Sound like a fishing-rod, and which her pilot had never seen upon the charts. Finally she discovered what it was, and with a snort of disgust from her whistle sailed through the harmless lights and up the Sound.

There was but one incident to mar the day of the race. It was the fact that our head steward was sea-sick.

Our steward is a sepulchral Singaporean. I coin the word for lack of a better—he is of Chinese blood, and born in Singapore. He is a person of such melancholy appearance that we call him "Sorrow." To this name he responds politely but ignorantly. I have rarely seen a more depressing spectacle than Sorrow sea-sick.

He has been to sea for eighteen years, so this stomachic phenomenon excited my curiosity. I asked him how it was. Sorrow replied briefly:

"Me always in big boat. Small boat my no likee him."

And the sea-sick Singaporean turned away with a groan.

There is a hoodoo on Sorrow. When we were at New London he listened to the droppings of wisdom that fell from the cabin table. As it was exclusively Harvard wisdom, Sorrow was much impressed with the chances of the Cambridge crew. Forward, the talk was Yale. Sorrow thought there was a good chance here to turn an honest penny. He wagered his entire savings with the mate, Sorrow taking Harvard. The result was disastrous. Sorrow hlew in his little all on the Harvard crew.

He told me this touching tale the day after the race, and there was an added tinge of melancholy to his swarthy countenance as Sorrow remarked:

"My go bloke. No like."

It was, indeed, unfortunate. But into each life some rain must fall.

JEROME A. HART.

Professorships of "folk-music" are to be established in some Russian universities by the government. The patriotic object is to preserve the characteristic native songs of the country, rescuing very many from a threatened oblivion. Russia has a rich store of folk-songs and music that have no real relation to the great world of music, but an intimate relation to the lives of the varied people of the Czar's great domain.

One hundred and twenty silver cups of different sizes, all in the form of dancing-shoes, were among the presents Mlle. Zucchi, formerly *première danseuse* of the Eden Theatre in Paris, received from the male friends of the groom on the occasion of her marriage to Prince Baserchitkoff.

Only two American ships passed through the Suez Canal in 1892. There were 2,581 English and 292 German ships registered during the year. France, whose enterprise and genius constructed the canal, reported only 171 vessels.

One hundred detectives are employed in the Bon Marché, in Paris, whose only labor is to watch for shop-lifters.

PRINCESS AND WOMAN.

How the Duchesse de Berri Strove for a Crown and Lost It.

Writing in the London *Sunday Sun* a long review of Mrs. Fenwick Miller's new book, "In Ladies' Company," Mr. T. P. O'Connor says that the story of the Duchesse de Berri is more marvelous than most romances. The whole succession of the elder house of the Bourbons depended on the marriage of the second son of the Comte d'Artois. Louis the Sixteenth's son had died in the Temple. His daughter, Marie Thérèse, was excluded by the Salic law. It was, therefore, his brother, Louis the Seventeenth—or the Comte de Provence, as he was called in Louis the Sixteenth's time—that succeeded to him. He was an old man and childless. The Comte d'Artois, his brother, had two sons. The elder of these had married his cousin, Marie Thérèse, the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth. But she did not marry till she was forty years of age, and then was childless. Unless, therefore, the second son of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berri, were fortunate enough to have a male child, the succession would pass to Louis Philippe, head of that hateful junior house which had supplied to the revolution Philippe Egalité, the traitor of his order and his family, who had given his vote in favor of executing the king.

The Duc de Berri lived till thirty-five as a bachelor. But, at last, his marriage could no longer be delayed, and the lady selected as his wife was Marie Caroline, daughter of the Bourbon prince, who was heir-apparent to the throne of the two Sicilies. The Duchesse de Berri at this time was only sixteen years of age. Her figure was graceful and slender; she had tiny hands and feet; the sparkle of her bright blue eyes was not diminished in attractiveness by the least bit of a squint. Her features were delicate, her complexion exquisite, and her whole expression full of life, gayety, and animation. Even critical and cynical Paris became sentimental over the bright young foreigner. "All Paris is as much in love with the little duchess as her husband is, which is not saying little," records Chateaubriand. She herself seems to have thoroughly enjoyed herself. She led the fashions and was organizer of feasts and functions.

Meantime the Duchesse de Berri had not solved the great problem which depended certainly on her. She had borne three children, the first still-born, the other two healthy enough, but both girls, and under the Salic law girls do not count. Grimly interesting must have been the interviews between the Duc de Berri and Louis Philippe, Louis Philippe keeping his countenance when he came to congratulate the king on the welcome additions to the family, and the king, with equal command of countenance, congratulating himself with the reflection that a male heir could always be found in the house he detested. However, the duchess was still a girl, the duke in the prime of life. February 13, 1820, there occurred one of those unexpected events which so often have changed the currents of history. The duke and duchess had promised that night to attend a masked ball in aid of a charity. As they were starting for home, the duchess having already taken her place in the carriage, a man hurst through the attendants, caught the duke by the shoulders as he was descending the steps of the opera-house, and plunged a knife into his right side. The duke was carried back to the opera-house, and in the ante-chamber, near the bright and brilliant scene in which he had taken so prominent a part, he lay dying. He asked his wife to protect two illegitimate daughters, and she, with rare generosity, sent for the girls that they might take farewell of their father, and, clasping them in her arms, promised them life-long protection. As the duke bled to death, he said one thing to his wife which was immediately caught up and rusbed like a whirlwind through France:

"Take care of yourself, Caroline, for the sake of the heir that you may be about to give to France."

And thus it became known that there was still a possibility of the great and much expected heir coming. Seven months and sixteen days after the death of the duke, the hope was realized. A child was born and it was a boy.

Rarely has an event been celebrated with such an outburst of joy. The princess showed a determination that was heroic, rather than delicate, to place his legitimacy beyond all doubt. The very sentries of the palace were brought in to witness the *accouchement*, and the princess declined the most ordinary cares until sufficient witnesses had seen as much as was necessary to be proof against all insinuation and doubt in after time. The nation joined in the joy of the royal house. By a national subscription, the young prince was presented with the Château de Chamford. Ten years after came the revolution of 1830. The sight of barricades in the streets could not have frightened the stout heart of the young princess; her proposal was to go down through the streets with her boy of ten years old beside her, and to ask that, whatever might be the mistakes of his elder, he, at least, was innocent and should be allowed to enter upon his rights. But the terrors of the elder household prevailed, and the duchess was compelled to join the mournful cavalcade that sailed from France and took refuge in Holyrood.

The morose company of her old and sorrow-laden family and the silence of Holyrood were ill-suited to the lively and restless temperament of the young princess. At once she set on foot an active propaganda for the return of her son. She traveled so constantly over different parts of the continent; kept up such an active correspondence with the leaders of the Legitimate party; had proclamations and leaflets issued in every village from secret printing-offices, assailed her perfidious relative who had seized the throne of the elder branch; and, finally, two years after her departure from France, once more set forth for it on a stormy night in a little sailing vessel, determined to raise in person the standard of revolt. She made for Marseilles, where a rising had been arranged for the next day. The wind hlew so strong that the captain of the vessel declined to take charge of the small boat that was to convey her to shore. She was resolved to die rather than disappoint her friends, and, with

her hoy and two companions, remained gay and intrepid during the three hours of awful suspense that passed before she was able to make the shore, and then, with equal equanimity, passed the night in the miserable hut of a charcoal-burner. The rising missed fire: the white lilies had scarcely been raised on the tower of St. Laure when they were replaced by the hated tricolor, and one of her companions brought back word that the cause was lost. They knew the princess but little who thought that this was to be the end with her. She resolved that she would find her way to the Vendée, the traditional land of frantic loyalty to the Bourbons, and there raise the standard of revolt. Her adventures on the route sound almost too strange for real life. She, the daughter of a king—a few years before petted and spoiled for her rank, her wit, her beauty, her daring spirit—walked on foot many a weary mile; assumed the disguise of a man; slept, too, on the bare ground; time after time threw herself on the mercy of strangers who differed from her politically, on peasants who would be raised to affluence beyond their dreams by earning the price upon her head. She induced a certain number of her adherents to resolve on a rising, but the government of Louis Philippe knew that the duchess was in Vendée, and, though they were unable to capture her, owing to the loyalty of her followers, they poured sufficient troops into the departments to make a rising hopeless.

Her next scheme was to enter Nantes in disguise, to take the castle there by surprise, to proclaim Nantes the capital of the kingdom and herself as regent, and so to start the flames of rebellion throughout the whole kingdom. She and her lady-in-waiting, Mlle. de Kersablac, disguised themselves as peasant-girls. M. de Ménars, one of the duchess's most constant adherents, dressed as a farmer, was the sole escort. The sabots and coarse stockings proved too much for the duchess. She took them off and proceeded on her way barefooted; but the whiteness of her ankles might betray her. She went into a muddy ditch and effectually concealed the tell-tale refinement. Just as she got within the gates she saw a placard which first fully described her person and then offered a large reward for her capture. With characteristic recklessness she stopped to read calmly through the description of her own appearance; suddenly there was a thump on her shoulder—but it was not a *gendarme* or a soldier. An old peasant-woman had dropped her load and wanted some assistance to put it on again. The duchess helped her, and got thanks and an apple for her pains.

Everybody knows how and by whom the plucky creature was betrayed. Among her confidants was one of those unhappy and usually venal creatures who professed to have changed his religion—Deutz, who from a Jew had professed to become a Catholic. The story of his secret and stolen interviews with Thiers was told a hundred times over when the venerable Frenchman was raised to supreme power. Thiers sent a warrant for the arrest of the princess to Nantes. The duchess and her friends were seated at their six-o'clock dinner, when she received warning by the ringing of the bell that the house was surrounded by soldiers. She and her companions resorted to a last hiding-place, "the priest's hole." This closet was wretchedly dark, and so small that it could escape the notice even of the most vigilant inspection, and in this miserable space two men and two women had to find refuge. They were without food, without drink, and in utter darkness. For hours the soldiers tapped the walls, tore up the flooring, and yet could not find any trace of the fugitives. Night came, and the soldiers lit a fire in the very room in which the hiding-place was concealed. Here is the remainder of the story in the language of Mrs. Miller:

"Merrily blazed the fire up the chimney. The plate at its back became red hot. Behind it—close against it—were a princess and another delicately nurtured woman, who had already been standing, cramped for room, in darkness, silence, hunger, and thirsty for over fifteen weary hours.

"The torture soon became almost intolerable. Twice had the dress of the duchess caught fire, and her hands had been severely burned in extinguishing the flame, so severely that they carried the scars to her dying day. Her male companions begged her, for her own sake, to yield herself up. The idea was still inexpressibly painful to this valiant soul. Great tears rolled from her eyes, but could not fall, for they were dried on her cheeks by the intense heat. Her silence spoke her resolution to endure to the utmost.

"Mlle. de Kersablac's dress caught fire, and, in stooping to extinguish it, the poor girl accidentally touched the red-hot back of the stove. It burned her so fearfully that she could not repress a cry of agony.

"The muffled sound reached the ear of the watching soldier as a sort of faint squeal. He immediately called upon his comrade, not yet asleep, to come to help him in putting to death the colony of rats which he supposed the fire to be unearthing. The two accordingly posted themselves, with drawn swords, on either side of the fire-place, ready to cut off the head of the first rat which should appear.

"Not a word of complaint had escaped the lips of the unhappy duchess. But at this moment, as she looked at the suffering face of her faithful friend, newly agonized by the burn just incurred, her resolution failed.

"My poor Styliette, I will give in!" she exclaimed.

"They allowed her no time to repent. With one blow of his foot M. de Ménars kicked out the back of the grate, scattering the fire between the astonished soldiers.

"Do not strike, my friends," they heard a voice say; "I am the Duchesse de Berri!"

"Nearly sixteen hours had she endured that close and unpleasant confinement, without food or rest; bearing, too, the unspeakable burden of the leader who is calling on the utmost resources of devotion in the followers—a moral weight far heavier than the physical strain. This prolonged suffering and distress was borne by a woman most delicately nurtured, pampered from her childhood upwards; and, to add the coping-stone to the marvel, that woman was within four months of becoming a mother!"

Yes, it was indeed true. Louis Philippe, suspecting it, had care taken that she should be constantly examined by doctors while she was in prison; and when at last she could conceal her condition no longer, she had to own the truth: she had been secretly married to an Italian before she had started out on her last expedition; and amid all these wild and desperate scenes—tossed on the sea, hungry and foot-sore, tracked by police, in the midst of a hail-storm of bullets, she bore, and knew that she bore, within her end of all things for her—of ambition and hope, and of vengeance on treacherous foes, of reparation for her son.

Thus ended the Duchesse de Berri. The king knew that she had ceased to be dangerous. She was released, allowed to go to her husband, and history knew her no more.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

M. Zola's new book, "Le Docteur Pascal," has just been brought out in Paris in a first edition of 55,000 copies. Of his various works, the "Débâcle," it is stated, has had the largest sale in France—a sale of 175,000 copies. Of the "Rougon-Macquart" series of novels, the total number sold has been 1,483,000, and this number does not include the various editions of *de luxe*.

"A Border Leander," by Howard Seely, which has just appeared in the Appletons' Summer Fiction Series, is a picturesque Western romance in the Bret Harte style, but it is in no sense an imitation.

Guy de Maupassant, the distinguished disciple of Flaubert, who had been confined for more than a year in a private asylum for the insane in France, died on the morning of the sixth instant. The *Publishers' Weekly* says:

"Maupassant was born at Château de Miromesnil, August 5, 1859. For seven years he was a clerk in the Navy Office in Paris, where he formed the acquaintance of Gustave Flaubert. His style was the fruit of the hardest work, and he learned from his master not to be an imitator. His period of production began in 1880. After Flaubert's sudden death Maupassant really came before the Paris public. His career was run between 1880 and 1892. His first real novel was 'Une Vie,' regarded by many as the best of his writings. It was followed by 'La Maison Tellier,' 'Bel-Ami,' and others. 'Bel-Ami' reached its forty-fifth edition, and it was after the publication of this work that Maupassant acquired a world-wide reputation. A lesion of the brain—in a degree an hereditary affection, for his brother died after losing his mind—a chronic gastric derangement, and a prematurely worn-out nervous system cut short the literary career of Maupassant. His work entitled 'Le Horla,' which shows in the person of its hero a man going through the same stages of madness as marked the close of Maupassant's career early in 1892, brought forth the prediction from a distinguished Parisian physician of the ultimate fate of the great writer. Perhaps the direct cause of his insanity was the free use of hashish or morphine. Chloral and other were finally resorted to, for he was racked with neuralgia, and the approach of night threw him into unreasonable terror. The last of his works, 'Pierre and Jean,' is tainted more than any of the preceding ones with somber pessimism."

While Henry B. Fuller's serial story, "The Cliff Dwellers," is running through *Harper's Weekly*, the *Cosmopolitan* appears with an apartment-house story called "The Cliff Dwellers of New York." When Mr. Fuller's first installment was printed, it is probable that the *Cosmopolitan* was already in press, if not actually printed.

The latest issue of the Appletons' Town and Country Library is "Lucia, Hugh, and Another," by Mrs. J. H. Needell.

The French lady known as "Th. Bentzon" has written a story called "Jacqueline," and Mrs. Elizabeth Worneley Latimer has translated it into English. American writers owe to Th. Bentzon a debt of gratitude, for it is chiefly through her efforts, made manifest in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that French readers have made acquaintance with modern American books.

The August issue of *Scribner's Magazine* is a fiction number, and contains the following list of stories and articles:

"Her Dying Words," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Tiemann's to Tubby-Hook," by H. C. Bunner; "The Flight of Betsey Lane," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Beneath the Mask," by Howard Pyle; "The Wedding Journey of Mrs. Zaitner," by W. H. Shelton; "The House on the Hill-Top," by Grace Ellery Channing; new installments of "The Opinions of a Philosopher," by Robert Grant, and "The Copperhead," by Harold Frederic; "The Newspaper Correspondent," by Julian Ralph, in the Series of Men's Occupations; "Types and People at the Fair," by A. Mitchell; poems by various hands; and the Point of View.

M. Maxime du Camp's volume of "Souvenirs" is especially valuable as coming from a man who has had close acquaintance with all the most distinguished French writers of the past half-century. An English translation of the "Souvenirs" is coming out in London.

The literary partnership of R. L. Stevenson and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, has probably ended with the completion of their forthcoming novel, "Ebb Tide." This is a story of South Sea adventure, telling of the voyage of the schooner *Farallone*.

In his biography, "The Story of My Life," just published by D. Appleton & Co., Dr. Georg Ebers tells of his student life, his acquaintance with Froebel and the brothers Grimm, his revolutionary experiences, his archaeological researches, and his literary career.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for August is as follows:

"Riders of Tunis," by Colonel T. A. Dodge; "Greenwich Village," by Thomas A. Janvier; "Italian Gardens," by Charles A. Platt, Part II.; "A Queer Little Family on the Bittersweet," by W. H. Gibson; "Black Water and Shallows," by Frederic Remington; "A Lament for the Birds," by Susan Fenimore Cooper; "The Handsome Humes," by William Black, Part III.; "Horace Chase," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, Part VIII.; "The Cock Lane Ghost," by Howard Pyle; "His Bad Angel," by Richard Harding Davis; "Bride Roses," by W. D. Howells; "A Cast of the Net," by Herbert B. W.; "A Landscape by Constable," by F. Mary Wilson; "At the Hermitage," by E. Levi Brown; verses by E. W. Latimer and R. H. Stoddard; and the departments.

Jules Verne, who is now in his sixty-sixth year and has published sixty-six books, lives in a stately home, with a lofty tower, in which he has his study, and surrounded by a garden. He still suffers from the wound which his nephew, in a fit of insanity, inflicted upon him.

Edmund Gosse's new book, "Questions at Issue," which comes from the Appleton press, is a volume of essays on various literary topics, such as "The

Tyranny of the Novel," "Has America Produced a Poet?" "Kipling's Short Stories," etc.

Mr. William Henry Bishop is going to Yale to teach French and Spanish to the under-graduates. He is a native of New Haven and an alumnus of Yale of the class of '74. There is a strikingly large number of novelists who are college professors: Barrett Wendell and Josiah Royce, at Harvard; W. H. Bishop and Henry A. Beers, at Yale; H. H. Boyesen and Brander Matthews, at Columbia; A. S. Hardy, at Dartmouth; Bliss Perry, at Princeton; and Arlo Bates, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It is intimated that Mr. Howells's forthcoming one-act play, "Bride-Roses," has a note of tragedy.

Pierre Loti is about to make a journey to the East. In November he expects to leave Cairo with a caravan of Egyptians and Arabs, and following the desert will reach Jerusalem in time to spend Christmas there.

The proposal to erect a statue to Henri Murger in the Jardin du Luxembourg has given rise to an interesting discussion concerning his merits and demerits, in the course of which M. Charles Formentin said:

"Henri Murger was not one of the disinherited whose fate was to be pitied. I only wish that all young authors who dream of literary glory and pass their nights in an attic waiting for inspiration, may have an existence as smooth and *bourgeois* as his was. If he knew what misery was, it was because he neglected to shut the window out of which he threw his money. At twenty years of age, he frequented the *grande monde*, and the friendship of an Academician obtained for him the post of secretary to an ambassador. At twenty-five, the 'Vie de Bohème' procured him popularity and almost fortune. Two years afterward, he produced a drama which had great success at the Odéon. Later on, he was admitted to the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he wrote several novels, which were well appreciated and well paid for. Finally, this Bohemian, who is said to have been so unfortunate, had the honor, before he was thirty, of being received at the Comédie-Française, where his 'Bonhomme Jadis' was applauded to the echo."

New Publications.

"The Story of a Telegraph Operator," by M. R., has been issued in the Sunnyside Series published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"An Octave to Mary," by John B. Tabb, contains eight brief poems on the Virgin Mary, handsomely printed and provided with a frontispiece after Burne-Jones. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

"Found Wanting," by Mrs. Alexander, is a long novel with lots of people in it and lots of incident; but the people are ordinary and the incidents do not possess the element of surprise needed to make a novel interesting. Published by the J. B. Lipincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Handbook of the World's Columbian Exposition" contains the usual information given in such books, and has, as a special feature, a number of special descriptive articles by Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and other notable people. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Talking Handkerchief and Other Stories," by Thomas W. Knox, is a volume of twenty-two lively tales of adventure in all parts of the world, such as are indicated by the titles "Frozen to an Ice-Floe," "Captured by Cannibals," "The Head-Hunters of Borneo," "Treed by an Elephant," "Chased by Malay Pirates," "A Fight with a Tiger," etc. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"A Conflict in Evidence," by Rodrigues Ottolengui, is a cleverly developed detective story. Two Boston detectives who have been summoned by a New Hampshire squire to assist in an ordinary arrest, arrive just in time to be present when a startling crime is discovered, and the story follows their study of the many clues found, by which suspicion is directed independently at seven characters. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Mrs. Clift-Crosby's Niece," by Ella Childs Hurlbut, is a little story of New York life in which a physician gives shelter to a dying woman and becomes the guardian of the child that is born to her. Then he discovers that she is the niece of the Clift-Crosbys, a relationship by which she profits more than they. Fially she engages herself to a French count, whom the doctor proves to be an ignoble adventurer. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Tasks by Twilight" is the title of a volume containing four essays by Abbot Kinney. Their subjects are "Education," "Education of Girls," "Thoughts," and "Diet," and their aim is to show that education should not be merely schooling but a physical and mental training that shall fit people to get the most out of life and prepare them for the married state and the rearing of children. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Thomas A. Janvier's story of wonderful adventure "The Aztec Treasure House," in which a party of three Americans, a Spanish *padre*, a Mexican boy, and, last but by no means to be omitted, a sagacious little *burro* discover the Walled City of Culhuacan, with its remnants of the aboriginal Mexican people and their untold treasures of gold, has been issued,

with Remington's spirited illustrations, in Harper's Quarterly, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Recreations in Botany," by Caroline A. Creevey, is an excellent hand-book for those who wish to know the common flowers and plants of the country. It tells about the botanist's tools and methods, describes the fertilization of plants, and the chapters on "Orchids," "Leaves," "Plant Movements," "Parasitic Plants," "Aquatic Plants," "Cone-Bearers," "Ferns," "Lichens," "Plant Adaptability," "Seeds and Uses," etc. Its tone is popular, but it does not lack precision, and the many illustrations are a great help to the reader. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"Theology of the Old Testament," by Ch. Piepenbring, pastor, and president of the Reformed Consistory of Strassburg, which was written in 1886 and was pronounced by the *Presbyterian Review* in 1888 "the best theology of the Old Testament yet published," has been translated from the French, by permission of the author, and provided with added references for English readers by H. G. Mitchell, professor in Boston University. The work is a splendid exposition of the development of the religious thought and life of Israel, and the indexes prepared by the translator make it very convenient as a book of reference. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

Dr. Titus Munson Coan has written an introduction for "The Health Resorts of Europe," by Thomas Linn, M. D., in which he says that more than a million people resort to the European watering-places every year—not that America can not furnish so great a variety or so efficient medicinal springs, but because no small part of the cure is effected by change of climate, scene, and habits. To all these people Dr. Coan recommends Dr. Linn's book as the most serviceable guide that has yet appeared. The contents of the book include introductory hints and advice, a therapeutical index and directory, a description of health-resorts and cities by countries, a classification of waters, a directory of physicians, and an index. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST.

RIDERS OF TUNIS. By Colonel T. A. Dodge. With 7 Illustrations.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. By THOMAS A. JANVIER. With 15 Illustrations.

THE COCK LANE GHOST. A Story. By HOWARD PYLE. With 13 Illustrations by the Author.

THE HANDSOME HUMES. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Part III. With an Illustration by WILLIAM SMALL.

HIS BAD ANGEL. A Story. By RICHARD HARRING DAVIS. With an Illustration by C. D. GIBSON.

OLYUET AND PAULINE. A Poem. By E. W. LATIMER. With an Illustration (frontispiece) by LUC OLIVIER MERSON.

ITALIAN GARDENS. By CHARLES A. PLATT. Part II. With 11 Illustrations.

HORACE CHASE. A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Part VIII.

BRIER ROSES. Scene. By W. D. HOWELLS. With an Illustration by W. H. HYDE.

A QUEER LITTLE FAMILY ON THE BITTERSWEET. By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON. With Illustrations by the Author.

A CAST OF THE NET. A Story. By HERBERT D. WARD. With 4 Illustrations by W. T. SMOLLEY.

BLACK WATER AND SHALLOWS. By FREDERIC REMINGTON. With 5 Illustrations by the Author.

THE DEAO LOVER. A Roumanian Folk-Song. By R. H. STODDARD.

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AT THE HERMITAGE. A Story. By E. LEVI BROWN.

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VANITY FAIR.

In England, men of letters and humorous artists are accustomed to treat the American girl from two widely differing, but in either case unjust, points of view. Mr. *Punch's* artists confess graphically that the American girl is often sumptuously beautiful, but they rarely present her to public admiration without putting in her mouth utterances which are either grotesquely *outré* or downright vulgar. If she is asked to partake of refreshments, she declines on the score that she is "pretty well crowded already"; and, if the Chicago Exhibition is alluded to in her presence, she incidentally remarks that the World's Fair is "too big a chunk to be chewed" without difficulty. As for the English novelists, the American girls they depict are, in most instances, handsome and more or less unscrupulous young persons, who complete their education by the intense study of Burke and DeBrett, and who embark on board the ocean steamship which is to bring them to Europe with a firm resolution to marry very high up indeed in the English peerage. "We shall never have a thoroughly artistic series of studies of the American girl from English pens and pencils," writes Sir Edwin Arnold in the *London Telegraph*, "until our countrymen recognize the fact that American girls differ physically and characteristically among themselves quite as widely, if not even more widely, than English girls do. In the Union, multitudes of girls may be met with who are almost Germans or almost Irish in blood. Half-Swedish, half-Spanish South Americans, half-Italian types of femininity are also continually met with; and, indeed, there are skillful students of American character who declare that the genuine American girl is only to be met with in New England—that is to say, in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. In those States the original English blood has, with scarcely any foreign strain in it, descended from the time of the immigration of the Pilgrim Fathers to our own day. They are the true 'Yankees'; and yet unobservant writers are ready to typify the New York, or the Philadelphia, or the Baltimore, or the Virginian young lady as a 'Yankee' girl. New York city is, perhaps, one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and the French, the German, and the Irish types have been freely mingled with the Anglo-Saxon ones; while some account must be taken of the Knickerbocker aristocracy—that is to say, of the descendants of the Old Dutch settlers. The expert in character will at once be able to distinguish between a young lady from Manhattan and one who hails from Pennsylvania or Maryland; while journeying further West another type of American girlhood makes herself manifest in Ohio and Michigan, and so soon as the Rocky Mountains are crossed and the descent of the Pacific Slope is begun yet another wholly independent type of the feminine American makes its appearance. Nor, finally, would the study of the American daughter of Eve be complete by even the minutest observation of the girls of the Eastern, the Middle, and the Western States. There remains the Southern girl to be dealt with; and when we approach that charming type of feminine humanity it will be found that the girls of Kentucky, those of the Carolinas, and the belles of Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia differ among themselves quite as widely as does a Parisienne from a Provençale. On the whole, if the American girl is to be thoroughly studied, the European student should live long in the States or make many recurring visits thereto. The existing and most current types of the American female are either stupidly conventional or wildly exaggerated, and in most cases are altogether misunderstood."

An artist in New York city inveighs bitterly against starch as one of the curses of this nineteenth century. "Not only does it make our clothes unpleasant to wear, but it makes them hideous to look at." Bringing out a copy of a Tanagra figurine, he continued: "Now, look at the beauty and simple dignity of that toga and contrast it with the dress of the modern man. That was soft and yielding; the modern shirt, collar, cuffs, hats, shoes, corsets, even the women's gowns, are hard and unbending. The effect of antique dress was grace; the effect of our dress is that of stiffness and discomfort. It is more than an effect—it is a fact. Nobody could be easy or look thoroughly well in our clothes. We want to organize a reform movement against starch."

Couturiers can not always invent. They will cudgel their brains at the beginning of every season for new creations, then reproduce them with more or less modifications, and, with attentive study, it becomes an easy matter for an outsider to distinguish the styles of one *couturier* from another. During the last winter, for instance (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*), Worth put a profusion of black and iridescent large and small spangles on almost all dinner and evening-dresses; he put them on tulle, silk, and velvet. It is he who revived the large puffed sleeve made of contrasting stuff from the dress, and that style bids fair to remain in fashion for several years. Félix was the first to revive the profuse use of lace as an ornamentation and to ordain a change from the dresses made entirely of lace. Now he refuses to trim skirts near the hips or

in the middle, for he always observes the harmony of *ensemble* of the figure, and to show the grotesqueness of that mode he begs you to think of a draped statue, with three bands cutting the lower part of the figure. Doucet is the originator of the combination of black and white which is now so much worn. Worth invented the present pelerine a few years ago; the first ones, which were made of astrakhan, were considered most eccentric. You see that the pelerine is not a new garment. It often takes years for an article of toilet to be generally adopted, especially when it is as expensive as astrakhan pelerines in Paris.

Statistics seem to show that there is a growing tendency in civilization to use more prudence in assuming matrimonial responsibilities, and that consequently the average age at which marriage is contracted is growing somewhat greater. In some communities, unquestionably, there is an actual decline in the marriage rate, but no indications appear that it is due to any increase of distaste for the wedded state. Its cause (says the *New York Sun*) seems rather to be the increase of the impediments to marriage produced by the exigencies of modern life, with its great migrations, its new employments interfering with fixity of residence and the relations dependent on it in so large measure, and the growing ability of women to support themselves in many employments. Undoubtedly there is a selfish indisposition to marriage among some young men, who fear to share with a wife incomes which enable them to enjoy bachelor luxury; but these are so few that they make a scarcely appreciable impression on the marriage rate. The great body of men are eager to get married, and are not deterred from matrimony by any such narrow and selfish considerations. They are single only because their circumstances oblige them to be single, or because they are afraid they can not get wives.

Save one or two notable exceptions of rebels to fashion found in high life (writes Mrs. Lynn Linton), all women are abject slaves to those who order and make their clothes. They have not a will of their own; and the utmost limit of their freedom of action is the arrangement of their chains—the manner in which their papers of slavery are blazoned and written out. When the order has gone forth that the sleeves are to be high and the lovely line of the finely molded shoulder is to be not only hidden but defaced, all the pretty serfs hasten to obliterate this charm in favor of unconditional submission to the tyrant decree of Fashion—which is but another name for Faith. When the skirts are tied back so that the whole figure is seen as clearly as if it were clothed in eel-skin, the clumsy, the obese, the unequal display their defects as proudly as the beautiful display their perfections, and only a few of the more clear-sighted cry aloud in despair against the ordinances of the tyrant. Then the tyrant waves her wand, and lo! the eel-skin becomes the Dutch cheese, the slim and the graceful all plait to plait and flounce to flounce, till the ordained rotundity is reached and the redundant skirt measures its full tale of yards. In the bleak and bitter winter weather, the poor serf perches on the top of her frizzy wig a child's tea-plate, which the adepts call a bonnet, and suffers tortures from neuralgia in consequence. If the torment has gone forth in the summer, she is muffled up with huge ruffs round her neck, or a high collar half-way up her head, as a set-off against the exiguity of that winter "custard-cup," misnamed a bonnet.

Although the river-side terrace of the House of Commons has been in existence for two generations, and the rules for admission to it have always been the same, it is only in the present season that London women have conceived the notion that it would be a nice place to go and have afternoon tea. The new practice afforded a very pleasant variety to members of a fortnight or so, and made a remarkable picture, unique in the history of the Thames, for spectators from Westminster Bridge or on passing steamers. But the fame of the thing spreading, such a host of sisters, cousins, and aunts descended upon the House, grabbing the whole terrace, filling the corridors, and peeping in at the debates through unauthorized doors, that it became a nuisance, and Lord Randolph Churchill joined John Burns in a complaint. The Speaker thereupon restricted them to one-half of the terrace, but this only made the congestion of distracted skirts and fans greater in the hallways and lobbies, and now it is understood that they are going to be shut out altogether.

At the grand ball given by the Princess de Sagan in Paris, a fortnight ago, one of the cotillions favors presented to Princess Letitia Bonaparte, Duchess of Aosta, who was the guest of the evening and who danced the cotillion with young Count Talleyrand-Perigord, the son of the mistress of the household, consisted of an exquisite antique fan. That is to say, the frame-work was antique, while the painting, by one of the principal artists in Paris, was, of course, modern and bore the date of the ball. She was likewise the recipient of a white silk parasol covered with silk muslin and trimmed with white lace, the handle being of beautiful jeweled tortoise-shell. Among the other favors presented to the various guests were 100 fans, some hand-painted and the others of lace and feathers; 100 sun-shades, 100 large arm-bags of the

fashion of 1830, 100 walking-sticks, 100 silver pencil cases, 200 silver-mounted pocket-books, 250 sachets of iris, besides innumerable bouquets of flowers, rosettes, etc.

The fiat has gone forth in England calling the white stocking back into vogue. When it comes to fashions in feminine apparel, England is particularly infelicitous. Our pretty, tasteful fashions all come from Paris. White stockings have never gone out in Germany; tabooed elsewhere, they have continued in favor with the average Teuton *frau*. And in England, the older ladies have continued to wear white cotton hosiery. It is well known that Mrs. Gladstone has never incased her nether limbs in any but white cotton stockings. But the white stocking is a horror—an offense unmitigated and not to be palliated. The one article of feminine dress in which man's taste is properly deemed infallible is the hosiery, and in America mankind is a unit against the white stocking.

There are three forms of jealousy, the retrospective, the present, and the prospective (declares a wise man of Gotham in the *World*). Retrospective jealousy is jealousy of possible by-gones, of what you know or fear in the past of the loved one. It is far more active among men than among women. Indeed, some philosophers claim that it does not exist at all in the average woman, who, on the contrary, is rather pleased to know that the man she adores has been a Don Juan and a lady-killer. The notion seems to derive strength from the heroes whom women rejoice to describe or to read about in fiction. No man, however, can marry a *divorcee*, or even a widow, without a bitter qualm. No man likes to remember that the girl he is in love with has ever had another affair of the heart. Every lover tortures himself with the nebulous possibilities of incidents which the girl may be withholding from him. There is no tyranny more exacting than the tyranny he would fain exercise over the object of his affections. Even her past belongs to him. He can not help picturing her to himself, not as what she reasonably must have been, but as what he unreasonably imagines her to have been and to be. He is angry, sore, wretched at any suspicion that she did not conduct herself all along as if she knew that he was coming. A Russian paper recently gave an excellent example of prospective jealousy in the story of an old peasant who had married a young girl. On his death-bed he asked her to kiss him. Hardly had she touched him, than he seized her under-lip between his teeth, and held it there with vicious tenacity until his jaws were pried open by a knife. With his dying breath, he confessed that his intention had been to mutilate her, so that she might prove unattractive to possible wooers. The Hindoo custom of burning widows is assignable to the same cause. So, also, is the provision formerly so common in wills, which forbids the wife to marry again under certain fiscal penalties. We may rejoice that the advance of civilization has abolished suttee in India, and that the growing wisdom of the law frowns upon all testamentary restraints on marriage. But the commonest and fiercest of all forms of jealousy is that which deals with the present moment. In the Orient this feeling prompts men to keep their women under lock and key, or to forbid their appearing in public otherwise than veiled. It is the origin of the Chinese custom which compels women to mutilate their feet, so that walking abroad shall be a difficult task, and of the Japanese custom which formerly made young brides shave off their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. In civilized nations the fact that women are given more liberty than in the warier Orient adds to the possibilities over which the diseased imagination of the jealous lover excites itself to madness. What motive can Nature have in implanting this passion in the breast of man? Mainly to guard the chastity of woman. Jealousy is the compelling force which has guided the race into at least apparent monogamy. The sanctity of home is guarded by jealousy. Not only, then, is the passion not immoral, but as the most powerful champion of morality, as the most active agent in securing the civilizing domesticities of our present life, it must be ranked among the virtues.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Empress of Austria, when she travels incognito, uses indifferently the three following names: "Mme. de Tofna," "Mme. Nicholson," and "Miss Simpson."

Patti, it is said, will sign her name for autograph collectors only at the very top of the page. Once she signed in the middle of the page, and soon after the leaf was further embellished with the words: "I promise to pay at sight the sum of £1,000."

The Countess de Nurasol, Miss Etta Hughes, and Fraulein Paula, who are respectively the Spanish, English, and Austrian governesses of the Infantas of Spain, receive salaries equal to five thousand dollars a year each, and a home in the royal household.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the well-known traveler and writer of books of travel, is the first woman to deliver an address before the British House of Commons. She was summoned there to tell what she had seen of the Christians in Turkish Kurdistan.

Paris is amused at the efforts of Mme. de Valsayre, the woman's rights champion, to advance her candidacy for the French Academy. Mme. de Valsayre ordered a suit of masculine attire from her tailor's, and has since been industriously soliciting the votes of Academicians.

A remarkable Russian woman, Mme. de Novikoff, is about to sail from England for the United States. She has been famous for years in London as the centre of Russian intrigue in the interest of the Czar and as the friend of Mr. Gladstone, singular to say. The diplomatists are curious to know what her mission is in this country.

The Queen Regent of Spain is a magnificent swimmer and very fond of the exercise. Every day in the season at San Sebastian, where the members of the royal family spend their summers, the seashore is thronged with spectators to witness her majesty's really remarkable feats. She is always accompanied by two men in a boat, who often find it impossible to keep up with her movements.

From Paris comes this news about Gabrielle Bompard, the accomplice of the notorious murderer Eyraud:

She is receiving daily offers of marriage in the prison where she is undergoing punishment. She receives dozens of letters weekly, of all kinds, and from every part of Europe, some coming even from America. One showman offers her a salary of three hundred dollars a week and all expenses paid if she will exhibit herself under his management after her release. She sticks to the theory that she was hypnotized by Eyraud, and says from the moment she heard of his execution she has been quite a different woman, a sense of moral relief coming to her the instant she knew he had been guillotined. She says she always dreaded and detested Eyraud, but was strangely compelled to obedience in spite of her disgust.

Mrs. W. J. Baird, of England, is famous as one of the most perfect chess analysts in the world. Her chess problems are considered among the best and most difficult published. She has competed in many tournaments and has won many prizes. Mrs. Baird has a ten-year-old daughter who has also shown great taste for chess and has composed several remarkable problems.

One of Mme. Melba's treasured possessions is an album in which she collects the autographs and sketches of her friends. Here are some of the more interesting entries:

Charles Gounod, below some bars of music, writes: "A Madame Melba, a ma chère amie," Ophélie." Goring Thomas, "dead before his prime," is represented by the words, "J'aime et je suis aimé"—a phrase I shall never again hear sung without thinking of your heavenly voice and lovely singing of the same." Sarah Bernhardt scribbles a sisterly compliment, and Ferdinand Lesseps quotes an Arab proverb. The letter honor with trembling hand. Within three pages your eye catches the signatures of Maurel, Boito, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Albani (written on her golden-wedding day), Alberto Franchetti, Bemherg, Paolo Tosti, and Paderewski; Madeleine and Suzette Lemaire contribute a tea-rose and a carnation; and Emile Wauter's delicate profile of the owner faces a *bon-dieu* sketch by Jan Van Beers. There is one entry which Mme. Melba possibly esteems above all others. It is longer than the rest, and was made by the late Léon Delibes after seeing her perform "Lakmé" at the Monnaie Theatre in Brussels.

Queco Victoria is never seen to lose her temper with her inferiors, but her servants know that household arrangements must go as by clock-work, or the royal lady speedily knows the reason why. As a rule, she calls them by their Christian names, and encourages them to speak freely to her and not to stand in too much awe of her. She always inquires their names when they first come to the palace, and, despite the immense size of her household, she never forgets any of these names. She is a kind mistress and much beloved by the domestic staff.

Here are some notes on the ladies in the family of our first ambassador to England:

Mrs. Bayard is a woman in every way fitted for the position that she will occupy for the next four years. Tall and slender, of commanding presence, and with delicate features, she is eminently representative of our American aristocracy and culture. The elder of Mr. Bayard's living daughters is Mrs. Samuel D. Warren, of Boston, Mass. The present Miss Bayard is extremely slight, dark-haired, and dark-eyed, and possessing unmistakable charm of person and manner. The next daughter, Florence, is a general favorite, be it in a sumptuous drawing-room at our nation's capital, at tennis or out sailing in the summer, or in the highly charged atmosphere of a Paris salon. The last is her latest field of conquest, her past year having been spent abroad. Of the two remaining daughters, Louise Lee (named for her mother) was married about two years ago to Dr. Frank Angell, now of the Leland Stanford University, and resides at Palo Alto. The youngest of the Bayard daughters, and, perhaps, the most beautiful, is Ellen, who, since the sudden death of her young husband, Count Loewenhaupt, which occurred almost immediately after their marriage, has resided with his relatives in Sweden. She will undoubtedly now take her place among the ladies of St. James's.

SOCIETY.

The Argüello-Spence Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place in the old Mission Church in Santa Clara at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday morning, July 15th. The contracting parties were Miss Arcadia Spence and Mr. Luis L. Argüello, both of San José, who represent two of the oldest and most prominent families in the Santa Clara Valley, where they have large landed possessions. Miss Ada Sullivan, of this city, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Fay was the best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McKenna, and was followed by a nuptial mass. Mr. M. Malarin, the uncle of the bride, gave her into the keeping of the groom. An elaborate breakfast was served afterward at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. V. Fatjo, and, later in the day, the happy couple left for Southern California on a wedding tour, after which they will go to Chicago.

The bride is a granddaughter of the late David Spence, of Monterey, who arrived here in 1824, and great-granddaughter of the late Commandante M. Estrada, of the same place. The groom is a son of the late Don José Ramon Argüello, of Santa Clara, a grandson of the late Luis Argüello, first governor of California under Mexican rule, and great-grandson of the late José Dario Argüello, who was governor under the Spanish rule.

The Jacobs-Eddy Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the Church of Our Saviour in Mill Valley at three o'clock last Saturday afternoon, when Miss Mahel Eddy and Mr. Edward Lewis Jacobs were united in marriage. The church was filled with friends of the young couple, and was attractively decorated with flowers and foliage. Miss Mae Merry and Miss Maud Magee were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frank D. Madison acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. George F. Grant, in Mill Valley, where a couple of hours were delightfully passed. The wedding gifts were numerous and elegant.

The Burlingame Club.

A new country club has been organized on the Burlingame Tract, near San Mateo, with temporary quarters in a couple of cottages. It is called the Burlingame Club, and the membership will be limited to one hundred. At present there are more than sixty members, and there is every evidence that the full complement will soon be secured. The initiation fee is fifty dollars, and the dues are thirty dollars a year. Horses for riding and driving are ready in the club stables, the restaurant is fully equipped, and there are room-accommodations for about a dozen members. In a short time the construction of a permanent club-house will be commenced, and in a few weeks the grounds for tennis, polo, racing, golf, etc., will be completed. Shooting and fishing will also be among the attractions offered. Mr. Hall McAllister has been appointed secretary *pro tem*.

Ladies' Aid Society Concert.

An interesting concert was given at the Methodist Episcopal Church last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. A large audience enjoyed the following programme, which was given under the direction of Mr. Alfred Wilkie: Piano solo, "Tarantelle," Moszkowski, Mr. Henry Strauss; cavatina, "Tell Me, Mary," Hodson, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Let me Love Thee," Arditi, Miss L. Goodman; piano solo, Ballad in G minor, F. Chopin, Mr. Henry Strauss; song, "Evening Song," Blumenthal, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; violin solo, "Air variée," Vieuxtemps, Mr. Henry Larsen; duet, "Edenland," Dana, Miss Goodman and Mr. Wilkie.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

Stop-over privileges allowed at Salt Lake and Denver.

For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

Some one asked Mme. Calvé, the prima donna who has been singing in London this season, what her ideal in life was, and she answered: "A country life, a good husband, and children."

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents. stamps or postal notes.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

Notes and Gossip.

Two notable weddings took place during the past week at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, London, the brides being the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, of this city. The first wedding was on last Monday afternoon when Mrs. Ruth Holladay Blackwell was married to Mr. Reginald Brooke, late of the First Life Guards, eldest son of the late Francis Capper Brooke, of Ufford Place, Suffolk, England. On Thursday afternoon, Miss Louise Ord Holladay was united in marriage to Mr. Allen E. Messer, of Georgetown, Damerara, British Guiana. Both weddings were very happily celebrated.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at his residence, on Washington Street, in honor of Mr. Laurie Bliss, the new football coach of the Olympic Club. The gentlemen invited to meet him were Mr. John D. Yost, Mr. A. C. Forsyth, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, Mr. A. J. Treat, Mr. M. H. Weed, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. E. A. Kolb, Mr. John Sherrard, Mr. Henry B. Russ, and Mr. R. D. McElroy. It was a most enjoyable affair throughout.

General W. H. Dimood gave an elaborate dinner at the Pacific Union Club last Tuesday evening in honor of Hon. R. M. Daggett. Covers were laid for twenty-six gentlemen, and the affair was made a most pleasant one.

The Duchess of Devonshire has for many years written anonymously in the *Saturday Review*.

—THE GREATEST CARE SHOULD BE EXERCISED in the selection of paper and envelopes for fashionable correspondence, as the style of a year ago is not the style of to-day, and society people must keep up with the changes in fashion. Sanborn, Vail & Co. are making a beautiful display of the latest styles in stationery at their establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and have all of the pretty tints that are now in vogue in New York society. A visit to the store and an inspection of the stock is recommended.

EL CAMPO ON THE BAY,

Via the safe and large steamer UKIAH.

RE-OPENED AS A FAMILY RESORT.

Choice programme of popular music. Refreshments, Fishing, and Boating. No Dancing. Table and Seats for Family Lunches. Decorum will be preserved.

Round trip and admission to the grounds, 50 cents. Children under 10 years, free, if accompanied by parents.

Steamer Ukiah leaves Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market St., every SUNDAY at 10.30 A. M. and 1.45 P. M. Leave El Campo at 12.45 and 5 P. M.

NOTICE.

The offices of

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

Have been removed to

THE MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING,

South-east corner California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

A. B. FORBES & SON, General Agents.



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Completely Renovated and Improved. No Winds or Fogs, and surpassingly grand Mountain and Valley Scenery. Write for particulars to JOHN S. MATHESON, Assistant Manager.



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No other gives so much value for its cost.

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Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and spongiess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton. Book of Government Official Report and other indisputable testimonials from Foundrymen free.

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SAN MATEO, - CALIFORNIA

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements in and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean have returned from a delightful trip to Alaska.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott will return from Europe in August.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from New York, accompanied by his cousin, Mr. George Duval.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. C. La Montagne, at Westchester, N. Y.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant is paying a visit to the fashionable watering-places on the Atlantic Coast.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes are passing several weeks at Wayona and the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and the Misses McNutt have returned from a month's visit at Santa Cruz.

Misses Ella, Aileen and Genevieve Goad will pass the coming month at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are occupying their villa at Melrose Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan are passing a month at Castle Crag.

Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, and Miss Vassault are en route home from Europe, where they have been traveling for several months, and are expected here in a few days.

Mr. Harry M. Stetson is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will pass the month of August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Harry Howard and Miss Babette Howard are enjoying a visit at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and the Misses Castle have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan left for Seattle last Tuesday after a week's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Beth Sperry are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Nellie Hillyer has returned from a delightful visit to Miss Josephine Cone at Red Bluff and the Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson at Sacramento.

Mrs. James Irvine and Mr. J. William Byrne are passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William H. Avery returned to the city last Saturday, after escorting Mrs. Avery to Colorado Springs, where she will remain about three months for the benefit of her health.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing are visiting Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan and Miss Therese Morgan have been passing the week at Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, will leave for Chicago next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Requa, of Piedmont, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., and Miss Jennie de la Montanya left New York city a week ago on the steamer *Lahn*, en route for Bremen.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hatch will leave for Chicago on August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart have gone to Castle Crag for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. Bailey and the Misses Bailey are at Castle Crag.

Mr. Henry Heyman met with a painful accident while on a visit recently to a friend in Northern California, and was obliged to return to his home, where he is confined to his room under medical treatment.

Mr. David Gray, of Buffalo, N. Y., the librettist of the opera "The Sphinx," returned to the East last Thursday after a pleasant visit to Dr. George J. Bucknall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romaine are passing a week at the Blue Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith have returned to the city, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and family are at Long Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mullins are visiting the Eastern States.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell is passing a month at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller returned last Monday from a visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kilgariff are passing a couple of weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Selby and family are at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie have returned from their Eastern trip.

Dr. L. Neumann and Mr. George S. Mearns were the guests, last Tuesday evening, of General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson at their villa in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Miss Forman, and Mr. Albert L. Stetson have returned from Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph B. Spence and Miss Ada Sullivan have returned from a pleasant visit to San José.

Mr. T. H. Goodman returned last Monday from a visit to Chicago.

Mr. William H. Mills left last Monday to visit Seattle, Tacoma, and other Northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hammersmith and family have returned to the city after passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith passed the

Fourth in Boston, and are now in Cleveland, O. They will visit the Columbian Exposition before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan are now in Paris, after having made a tour of Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *né* Badlam, are residing permanently at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Jordan, Mrs. Richard Derby, and Mr. Earle Derby sailed from New York July 13th for Europe on the White Star steamer *Majestic*.

Mr. Charles H. Crocker is having a cottage erected at Belvedere.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon are passing a few weeks at Castle Crag.

Mr. E. I. Parson has gone to Washington, and will be away six weeks.

Miss Ruger has been visiting Miss Mand Morrow at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. Frank D. Madison will leave to-day to pass his vacation at French Gulch.

Mr. William E. Bond, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to Chicago and New York.

Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, of Oakland, will return from the East next week.

Miss Jennie McFarland is visiting Miss Zoe Johnson at her home in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux will pass the season between their home here and their houseboat at Belvedere.

Mrs. Crux will receive her friends every Saturday on board the *Chimera* until the end of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody have returned from the country, and are occupying their residence on Lombard Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N., of Mare Island, has been granted a leave of absence, owing to illness, and will soon leave for his home in Dayton, Ohio.

Lieutenant Frank McKenna, U. S. A., son of Judge Joseph McKenna, is in the city on a visit, and will remain here until October 1st, when he will go to his new post at Chicago. He was graduated from West Point last month.

Persons leaving the city, either to visit the Eastern States or to spend the summer in the country, can have the Argonaut mailed to their address by sending an order to that effect to this office. Changes of address should reach this office not later than Thursday evening.

A characteristic social episode is reported from Lexington, Ky. A controversy arose a few days ago between Blight Anderson, Edward Simms, whose father is the richest man in Bourbon County, and young "Boh" Breckinridge, as to whether Anderson was "sober enough to go home with his mother." While the controversy was still young, Simms called Breckinridge a liar and got a blow straight from the shoulder in return. Simms instantly drew a knife and slashed young Breckinridge from head to foot. The entire party were arrested, but their actions, when made known to the general community, received such enthusiastic approval that they were all released with the compliments of the court and the applause of the populace. Simms and Breckinridge—the latter the son of Congressman Breckinridge—have long been regarded as among the promising citizens of the Blue Grass State. Only a few weeks ago Simms had a quarrel with Miller Ward over the helle of the Blue Grass region, and ended by hurling his rival through a plate-glass window. As for Breckinridge, he is a veritable fire-eater. At a German a few evenings since he called out young Arnold, one of "the Arnolds of Frankfort," and thrashed him within an inch of his life for having awkwardly spoiled one of the figures of the dance.

The ballet-girls of London have organized for themselves a Rehearsal Club in St. Martin's Court, where they may rest and procure something to eat during the hours between the morning's rehearsal and the evening's performance. Lady Salisbury, together with many other women of fashion and title, has interested herself in the club, and is assisting in its support.

THE INNER MAN.

We eat every year in this country about five and a half millions ofysters—raw, stewed, fried, roasted, pickled, scalloped, and in a *pâté*. But as a single oyster may contain at one time over eight hundred thousand embryoysters, there need be no fear of a famine in this delicious food, provided proper provision is made for its culture. Oysters are wholesome because they are easily digestible, and please the taste without exciting to surfeit.

Professor William Mathews, in his essay on "Oysters," quotes Brillat-Savarin, the master of French cookery, to show that it is not easy to tell where satiety begins in oyster-eating: "The despair of my life is that I can never get my fill of oysters," said a friend. "Come and dine with me and you shall have your fill," replied Savarin. The friend, one M. Laperte, came, and, for an hour, devoted himself to eating oysters. When he had swallowed thirty-one dozen, and was proceeding to eat the thirty-second, the host rang for the soup, saying: "Not to-day, my friend, will destiny allow you to eat your fill." M. Laperte did ample justice to the dinner which followed. But the Frenchman was excelled by the gluttonous Vitellius, who is reported to have eaten a thousand oysters at a sitting.

"He was a very valiant man who first ventured on eating of oysters," King James was wont to declare. The Romans were as fond of oysters as Americans are, and were divided in opinion about the lusciousness of the produce of different beds. Juvenal, in his "Fourth Satire," says that a gourmet of Rome, "fat-paunched Montanus," could tell at the first bite from what coast an oyster had been taken. Oysters once played an important part in English history. One of the objections of George the First to the throne of England was that he could not find in all England oysters to his liking. He grumbled at their queer taste and want of flavor, and threatened to return to Hannover. As the departure of the king might lead to the return of the Stuarts, his ministers devoted themselves to finding out which sort of oysters the monarch liked. On discovering that he was fond of stale oysters, no time was lost in procuring some with a good strong rankness about them. The king smacked his lips and consented to remain on the throne.

The making of a man cook in France is a lengthy and tedious process. A young man, when he decides to pursue a culinary career, selects his nominal instructor, to whom he pays a sum equivalent to five dollars. The aspirant is first assigned to the vegetable cook, who teaches him how to prepare the raw materials. When he has mastered this he is initiated into the mystery of cooking them. This thoroughly learned, he studies the way of cutting up raw meats, of preparing fish, and how to stuff, dress, truss, and lard game and poultry. When he has learned this he is placed before the range, where he receives instruction in the various processes of broiling, frying, roasting, and baking. When he graduates from this department he passes under the control of the second cook, who reveals to him the mysteries of sauces and soups. The interest of this functionary in his pupil it is necessary to accelerate with liberal and frequent tips. The student is then put in charge of the pastry cook, to whom he serves a long apprenticeship in all that pertains to the concoction of sweets, pastries, and ices. This completes his culinary education, and he is prepared to assume the rôle of a competent cook.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Fez has ceased to be the capital of Morocco. That proud and profitable distinction belongs for the next three years to Taflet Oasis, beyond the Atlas. The Sultan, Mulai Hassan, has departed from the sacred city with his court, harem, ministers, and a mighty treasure for his sojourn beyond the Atlas. It is thought that the Sultan, on his route and during his absence beyond the eyes and ears of the hated European spies who have gradually insinuated themselves into the life of Morocco, will organize forces and devise plans to resist the inroads of the Western Goths and Vandals.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, *hric-a-bras*, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

Mrs. O'Leary, of Chicago fame, is living in Masonville, Mich.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMAN, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children, the CUTICURA Remedies will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczema, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and infallible, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town. Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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Gout
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CAN ALWAYS BE CURED AT

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PRICE.....\$2.00

Every one of America's millions of kings should own one of these peerless shaving devices. In simplicity, beauty, every attribute necessary for the rounding out of the perfect razor, Dr. Scott's Safety has no competitor.

EVERY BLADE GUARANTEED.

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MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. Buy a \$12 Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, and a complete set of the latest improved attachments FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 3 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers' and agents' profits. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Write to: OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, - Wyoming

Importer, Exporter, and Dealer In

Living Wild Animals

Birds and reptiles, buffalo, elk, deer, and all other living animals for sale—car lots a specialty; we both buy and sell; write us if you wish to purchase or dispose of any kind of animals; specially made of prairie-dogs and other small animals; buy a magpie, they beat a parrot for talk and appearance; hunting parties guided and outfitted complete for big game; satisfaction guaranteed. References furnished and required. Ask for what you want.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, Wyoming.

If you want cake, biscuit and bread that are superior in lightness, sweetness, and delicious flavor, you can have them only by using



We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others. It is indispensable for finest food.

—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks Ass'n of the United States.

DAWSON'S UMBRELLA.

And Miss Lovelock's Provision for a Rainy Day.

Patter! pat! pat! The rain was pouring down on the glass portico. A sudden storm had swept out of a clear sky. Every one was caught unawares. The stray cabs were seized in a moment, the omnibuses crowded before you could look around. There was actually only one umbrella in the stand by the door of the Café de Luxe. I stood, in a oaw hat and a light-gray frock-coat, and eyed the umbrella speculatively. I knew the owner. He had just gone to lunch. He was a large ad long loucher. I was in a hurry. Perhaps the storm would pass. I could send it back by a commissioaire. I was very apt to take cold, and my appointment was really very important.

Thus prompted by Satan, I put forth my hand toward the umbrella. At the moment I perceived, like a stage villain, that I was observed. In fact, I was not alone. A young lady of most attractive appearance stood a few feet from me, also under the portico, gazing wistfully out into the wet. She wore a summer costume. She looked at her watch, then again at the storm, and murmured, disconsolately: "Oh, I shall be late." As instinct of generosity overcame me. Without another thought for my sensitive chest or my light-gray suit, with a firm proprietary air, I laid hold of Dawson's umbrella.

"Allow me," said I, "as cabs seem unattainable, to offer you an umbrella."

A glad light leaped into her eyes. "Oh, I couldn't," she said. "What would you do?"

"I don't mind a wetting," I answered, heroically. "Pray take it. You can send it back here at your leisure." (Dawson could not have much more than finished his soup.)

"I couldn't think of it," she repeated. "You will get soaked through."

A sudden thought struck me. After all, I had no business to lose sight of Dawson's umbrella.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "our roads lie the same way. It's a large umbrella." And I opened it. It was not a very large umbrella; but how could I know that?

"I go this way," said she, with a motion of her hand westwards.

"My way," I cried. "Come, this is providential." We started.

"If you wouldn't mind taking my arm," said I, "we should be better sheltered."

"Oh, perhaps we should. Thank you!" and she nestled quite close to me. We walked along talking. My left shoulder got all the drippings, but somehow I was indifferent to that.

"Are you sure you are thoroughly sheltered?" I asked.

"Perfectly," she answered. "But you're not, I'm afraid. You're too kind. Mamma will be so grateful." I liked this simple friendliness.

"I thought there was no chance of rain to-day. You are more careful, Mr. Dawson."

I could not repress a little start.

"You know my name?"

She laughed merrily.

"It's oo the umbrella—half an inch loog," she said; "I couldn't help reading it."

There it was—"Joshua Dawson, 4 Calceolaria Villas, West Kensington, W." Somehow the address annoyed me—I myself live in St. James's Street.

"A strange way to make acquaintance, is it?" she asked, with a coquettish glance.

"Delightful. But you haven't allowed me to make acquaintance with you yet. Haven't you your name anywhere about you?"

"My name is Lydia Lovelock," she said; "don't you like it? It's prettier than yours."

"Certainly prettier than Joshua Dawson," said I, wishing Dawson had chanced to be a duke.

"Joshua Dawson isn't pretty," she observed, with candid eyes; "now, is it?"

"Then you wouldn't take my name instead of yours?" I asked, to keep up the conversation.

"Your umbrella's enough to take for one day," she said, with a blush. As she spoke, she slipped and all but fell on the shining pavement. She gave a little cry: "Oh, my ankle!" and leaned heavily upon me. I held her up.

"I believe I've wrenched it badly," she added. "Oh, what a lot of trouble I'm giving you, Mr. Dawson."

She looked lovely—I give you my word, positively lovely—in her pain and distress. I don't think I said so; but I said something, for she blushed again as she answered:

"That's very nice of you; but how am I to get home?"

"I must come with you," I said.

She shook her head.

"I can manage oow."

"But you'll never be able to get out."

"Oh, yes. But—perhaps—the rain's almost stopped—may I keep the umbrella? There are some steps to mount to our door, and—"

Now, could I do anything else than press Dawson's umbrella upon her? She took it, and, with a last bewitching smile, vanished from my sight. I turned and almost ran back to the Café de Luxe, determined to make a clean breast of it to Dawson.

When I was fifty yards off, I saw him under the portico. The manager and four waiters stood round him in disconsolate attitudes. One or two of his remarks—he was talking very loud—reached my ears. I changed my mind. I would wait till he was calmer. I turned away; but at that instant Dawson caught sight of me. A second later, he was pouring the story of his wrongs into my ear.

Here came my fatal weakness. I let him go on. He took me by the arm and walked me off. I could not escape him; and all the way he thundered against the thief.

"If it costs me twenty pounds, I'll bring him to justice!" he declared. Really, I dared not break it to him just yet.

Suddenly, from round a sharp corner, there came upon us—almost running into us—Lydia Lovelock herself, with Dawson's umbrella in her hand. He had been narrowly scanning every umbrella we passed. He scanned this one, and cried, darting forward:

"My umbrella!"

With a little scream Lydia turned and fled. Dawson was after her like an arrow. I pursued Dawson. Why, oh, why, did she run away? Surely she must have recognized me.

It was a very quiet street we were running up, and our strange procession attracted little notice. The chase was soon over. I caught Dawson just as he caught Lydia. For a moment we all stood panting. Then Dawson gasped again: "My umbrella! Thief!"

Lydia seemed very agitated. Of course I came to her rescue. Avoiding Dawson's eye, I hastily told my shameful tale. Lydia's face brightened, but still there was apprehension in her looks.

"This lady, believe me," I said, "is entirely blameless. Of course she thought the umbrella was my own. My sole consolation, Dawson, is to think that had you been in my place you would have done the same."

"I don't see," remarked Dawson, rudely, "why it consoles you to think me a thief."

I preserved a dignified silence.

"However," he continued, "if this young lady has quite finished with my property, perhaps she will be good enough to give it me back."

Lydia did not take the hint. She clung to the umbrella.

"If—if you would be so kind," she stammered, "as to lend it to me for to-day—the weather is still threatening—I would return it to-morrow."

"Your request, madam, is a modest one," answered Dawson, sarcastically; "but, as you observe, the weather is threatening and I want my umbrella. Kindly give it me."

"Really, Dawson, to oblige a lady—" I began.

"Why don't you buy her an umbrella?" sneered Dawson.

"If she would accept it, I should be—" I stopped. To my surprise, Lydia laid her hand on my arm and said: "Oh, do, please! And may I keep this till we get to the shop?"

I did not understand her; but we turned round and began to walk, looking for a shop. She was a very strange girl. She lagged behind; I had to wait twice for her. Once she took a turning as though to leave us, and when I called her back she pouted.

Suddenly Dawson looked up.

"It rains," he said.

It did.

"Put up the umbrella," said Dawson, roughly.

"Let the lady have it," said I, indignantly.

"We'll share it," grinned Dawson. "You can get wet."

But Lydia did not put it up.

"The rain's not much," she faltered. It was now pouring. With a muttered oath, Dawson snatched the umbrella from her. Lydia shrieked and ran away like a frightened rabbit—ran at the top of her speed up the street again.

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Stop, my dear Miss Lovelock."

"Holy powers!" exclaimed Dawson.

He had opened the umbrella; as he did so there was a thud on the pavement—two, three thuds. In amazement I looked down. There lay a silver cigarette-case, two purses, and a gold watch. Dawson burst into maniacal laughter as he pointed at Lydia's retreating figure. That girl could run.

For a moment I stood dumfounded. What a revelation! Dawson chuckled in satanic glee. Sadly I stooped down and picked up the purses, the cigarette-case, and the watch.

"Great—!" I cried; and my hand flew to my waistcoat-pocket.

It was my watch!

I did not prosecute Lydia, because I could not have overtaken her, and for other reasons. It was altogether too sad, too disheartening, too disappointing a discovery. Dawson, however, observed that it seemed to him an excellent example of poetic justice in real life.—*St. James's Gazette.*

The only member of the British royal family who does not pay postage on letters is the Duke of Cambridge, exempted as commander-in-chief.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

A BANJO SONG.

There's a Legion that ever was 'listed,
That carries no colors or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing,
They taught us, and groomed us, and lammed,
But we've shaken the clubs and the messes
To go and find out and be damned,

Dear boys!
To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chevy the slaver,
And some of us cherish the black,
And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,
And some on—the Wallahy track.

And some of us drift to Sarawak,
And some of us drift up The My,
And some share our tucker with tigers,
And some with the gentle Masai,

Dear boys!
Take tea with the giddy Masai.

We've painted The Islands vermilion,
We've perled oo half-shares in the Bay;
We've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,
We've starved on a Kanaka's pay.

We laughed at the World as we found it—
Its women, and cities, and men—
From Sayyid Burghash in a tantrum
To the smoke-redened eyes of Lohen,

Dear boys!
We've a little account with Lohen.

We've opened the Chinamen's oil wells,
But the dynamite didn't agree,
And the people got up and fan-kwailed us,
And we ran from Ichang to the sea.

Yes, somehow, and somewhere, and always,
We were first when the trouble began—
From a lottery row in Manila,
To an I. D. E. race on the Pan.

Dear boys!
With the Mounted Police on the Pan!

We're in advance of the Army,
We skirmish ahead of the Church,
With never a gunboat to help us
When we're scuppered and left in the lurch.

But we know as the cartridges finish
And we're filed in our last little shelves
That the Legion that never was 'listed
Will send us as good as ourselves—

(Good men)
Five hundred as good as ourselves.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers)
To our wholly unauthorized horde—
To the line of our dusty foreloppers
The Gentleman-Rovers abroad!

Here's a health to ourselves ere we scatter,
For the steamer don't wait for a train,
And the Legion that never was 'listed
Goes back into quarters again.

Regards!
Goes back under canvas again.

Hurrah!
The swag and the killy again,
Here's how!

The trail and the pack-horse again,
Salve!

The trek and the lager again!
—*Rudyard Kipling in the National Observer.*

A General Restorative.

The above term more adequately describes the nature of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters than any other. The medicine has specific qualities, of course, as in cases of malarial disease, dyspepsia, and liver complaint, but its invigorating and regulating qualities invest it with a health-endowing potency made manifest throughout the system. Purity and activity of the circulation are insured by it, and it effectually counteracts tendencies to kidney disease, rheumatism, neuralgia, and gout.

Lucius Langdon Nicholas, who has just married Mrs. Bishop, mother of the late mind-reader of that name, is said to be great-great-grandson of a Russian emperor.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

She—"So you went to see 'Hamlet'? Do you think Hamlet was mad?" He—"You bet he was. There wasn't over eight dollars in the house."—*Truth.*

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Other Chemicals

are used in the
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W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than threetimes
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.

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DIGESTED.

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healthy flesh—nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure cod liver oil with hypophosphites contains the very essence of all foods. In no other form can so much nutrition be taken and assimilated. Its range of usefulness has no limitation where weakness exists.

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Peruvian Bark, and
Pure Catalan Wine.
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LOSS of APPETITE,
FEVER and AGUE,
MALARIA, NEURALGIA
and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate it in so little, which possesses in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

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30 North William street, N. Y.

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DEVILED HAM LOAF.

Take two cupfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, one quarter of a pound of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, two cups of milk, using a portion to moisten the ham. Stir in two eggs, add salt to taste, put into buttered bread pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold, cut in thin slices.

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which makes the teeth as white and as radiant as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.

The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in their praises of

SOZODONT.

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SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAVER and WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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RENTS

We are making a specialty of Collecting Rents, Renting Houses, and placing Insurance. Our terms are moderate and our service prompt, efficient, and satisfactory.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND,
10 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bernal Osborne was for a long time bribed to silence by his political opponents by appointment to office. When the trammels were eventually removed, he celebrated his liberation by a rattling speech. "The voice of the honorable member has not been heard in this House for some years past," thereupon observed Disraeli: "for throughout that period he has felt the irksomeness of restraint, and we now hear the wild shriek of freedom."

Apocryph of the difficulty even their fair owners experience in locating ladies' pockets, an English paper tells a story of a lady who, arrayed in a new frock, took a hansom the other day, and, on alighting, hunted vainly for the entrance to the pocket where she had confidently placed her purse. The quest was so unduly prolonged that at last her charioteer, who was not a man of refinement, remarked from his perch: "Now, then, marm, when you've quite done a scratchin' of your back, will you pay me my fare?"

At one time a case of very trifling importance, which had well-nigh run the gauntlet of legal adjudication, came before the Supreme Court of Vermont. The counsel for the plaintiff was opening with the usual apologies for a frivolous suit, when the subject-matter, "to wit, one turkey, of great value," caught the ear of Judge Chase. "Mr. Clerk," he called out, in an irate tone, "strike that case from the docket. The Supreme Court of the State of Vermont does not sit here to determine the ownership of a turkey!"

Colley Cihher was playing cards one night. As the game went on, he did not follow suit, whereupon a testy old general cried out: "What, have you not a spade, Mr. Cihher?" The poet-laureate, nothing abashed, looked at his cards and answered: "Oh, yes, a thousand," a reply which drew forth a very short and peevish comment from the general. Colley, who was a very cool customer, and was, besides, "shockingly addicted to swearing," as the narrative says, retorted with "Don't be angry, general, for, damme, I can play ten times worse if I like."

The Russian Marshall Suvaroff was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. One bitter January night, he rode up to a sentry and demanded: "How many stars are there in the sky?" The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly: "Wait a little and I'll tell you," and he deliberately commenced counting: "One, two, three," etc. When he had reached one hundred, Suvaroff, who was half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

The Prince of Wales not long ago was one of a large house-party, his host being a very well-known peer. After dinner, the royal guest, the host, and the other male visitors repaired to the billiard-room. On a table at the side were two or three boxes of cigars, and the prince was helping himself to one, when an ambitious millionaire approached him, and taking from his pocket a cigar-case, held it out to the prince, saying: "I think, sir, you will find these better." "Mr. —," replied the prince, "if a man's dinner is good enough for me, his cigars are good enough for me." The millionaire was unexpectedly called away to town next morning on business.

In his recent memoirs, M. Legouvé tells of a favorite actress at the Vaudeville of the name of Pauline. Brunet was her manager, and he managed to direct her away from the paths of virtue. About the same period, Scribe appeared upon the scene. Pauline took a fancy to him, which drove Brunet to despair at first, though he managed to resign himself to the fact afterward. He made up for his misfortunes as a lover by his success as a manager. Pauline virtually tied Scribe to the theatre with silken bonds, and all would have been well but for the advent of a third thief in the shape of the handsome Dartois. That was more than Brunet could bear, and he rushed to Scribe's house. "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, in a tone of despair, "we are being deceived."

The Irish reformer, Father Mathew, used to tell of a remarkable visit made to his grandfather by

Dean Swift. Mr. Mathew lived near Dublin, and invited the eccentric dean to dine and spend the night at his house. A large party of the neighboring gentry were hidden to meet him. The dean drove up to the house, and summoning the butler, asked the names of the guests. "Tell your master," he shouted, "I will meet no such people," and drove away in a fury. Before he reached the lodge gates, however, he changed his mind, returned, alighted, and demanded to be shown to his room. When his host came to him, Swift said, "I am willing to accept your hospitality, but I will not meet your guests." He was told that his meals should be served in his room, as if he were at home. He remained thus isolated for two days, then came down in high good humor, joined the party, and extended his visit for four months.

M. Lemerrier, the favorite dramatist of Napoleon Bonaparte, was seated one evening on a low stool in the gangway of the first gallery of the Théâtre Français. Enter a young officer, making a great deal of noise, slamming the door violently behind him, and taking his stand right in front of M. Lemerrier. "Monsieur," says the poet, very gently, "you prevent my seeing anything." The officer turns round and stares from his towering height at the little, inoffensive-looking civilian, so humbly seated on his low stool, and resumes his former position. "Monsieur," repeats M. Lemerrier, more emphatically, "I have told you that you prevent me from seeing the stage, and I command you to get out of my way." "You command," retorts his interlocutor, in a tone of contempt; "do you know to whom you are speaking? You are speaking to a man who brought back the standards from the army of Italy." "That's very possible, monsieur, seeing that it was an ass which carried Christ." As a matter of course, there was a duel, and the officer had his arm broken by a bullet.

One day a drayman, an industrious, bright fellow with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard by Stephen Girard to remark that he wished he was rich. "Well, why, don't you get rich?" said the millionaire, harshly. "I don't know how, without money," returned the drayman. "You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money, I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold by auction to-morrow at the wharf. Go down there and buy it in, and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a whole ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man; "go down and bid on the whole cargo, and then come to me." The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship-load, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding, and the drayman raised him. On seeing this, the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman, the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer desired only the one case. "I'll take the whole ship-load," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished; but, on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker, his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day. The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth fifty thousand dollars.

Of Interest to Athletes.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says: "I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession, I discovered such a remedy in ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In 'sprain,' and 'distance' races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From June 10, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 7.45 P. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Kumsley, and Sacramento..... | 6.45 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Niles and San José..... | 6.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6.15 P. |
| 8.00 A. | Sacramento, Redding, via Davis..... | 6.45 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Peters and Milton..... | 8.45 P. |
| 12.00 N. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..... | 6.45 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9.00 P. |
| 1.30 P. | Vallejo and Port Costa..... | 12.15 P. |
| 3.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 12.15 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10.15 A. |
| 5.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Niles and Livermore..... | 8.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 9.15 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 9.15 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 8.15 A. |
| 8.00 P. | Castle Crag and Dunsmuir via Woodland and Willows..... | 7.15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2.30 P. |
| 7.30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8.33 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6.26 P. |
| 9.30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2.27 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5.06 P. |
| 12.05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4.25 P. |
| 2.00 P. | Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove..... | 11.23 A. |
| 2.30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8.26 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7.26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Belgica.....(via Honolulu).....Thursday, August 24

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They are such a good, all-round company of mummies. Not one of them rises to genius, but, also, not one of them sinks to inferiority. They are an intelligent, painstaking, excellently trained collection of players, whose manager has the good sense never to set them to work on a play that is beyond their abilities.

Some of them are fine artists—Mr. Lemoyne, for example. He is, perhaps, the most polished and thoroughly artistic actor in the company. To see him in "Lady Bountiful," as the snobbish, well-mannered, almost cruelly self-engrossed father, and then in "The Wife," as the simple, kindly, gentlemanly old major, is to understand that, as an artist, he is on the round of the ladder just below the top where only genius is allowed to stand. Unfortunately, in "The Gray Mare," he has a very small part.

The leading lady of the company is always clever, careful, and an artist of the kind that might be called dependable. Miss Cayvan has a certain amount of versatility, a very strong personality, and a finely trained intelligence. She will never be a great actress, but she never will do poor work. She is the most successful actress—outside Mrs. Kendal, perhaps—in the imitative style of dramatic art. As Thackeray said of himself, she "has no head above the eyes"; but the eyes see a great deal, look deeply into things, and are trained to observe keenly the passing show and the actions and speeches of the marionettes.

When Miss Cayvan made her entrance on Monday evening, those who had not seen her before during this engagement noticed that she had grown stouter and lost much of her girlish look. As a young lady of "le hig lif" she is just returning from a ball. It is three o'clock in the morning, yet an old nurse and a fond sister, with a plaintive voice and a quantity of curly blonde hair charmingly disheveled, are waiting up for her. The pretty room is full of soft light from a red, low-burning fire and some umbrella-lamps. It is an attractive interior, with its divan piled with down-pillows, the big arm-chairs, the wide window thickly curtained, the table where the silver urn, and cups, and caddy are arranged for a quiet brew of tea.

Into this warm boudoir, with its rosy subdued lights, Miss Cayvan enters stormily in a blue hall-dress very much the worse for wear. Miss Cayvan has grown stouter and looks much more mature than she did a year ago, but she is still handsome, in a soft, dark-haired, ivory-skinned, ox-eyed style. Her beautiful arms and neck are as perfectly modeled as ever. Her low voice, with its occasionally loud and commanding tones and its charmingly tender, vibrating inflections, is still as fresh as it was in the days when she created the part of "May-blossom." Though she has gained a good deal in weight, and should keep it upon her mind that she does not want to gain any more, she is wonderfully supple, and threw herself upon the divan in a number of the most listlessly graceful of attitudes.

The little play, "White Roses," was bright, showed quite a pretty sentiment, and could have been written only by a woman. Mrs. Whiffen, as an old nurse, had the cream of the dialogue and made all the points in it with her accustomed cleverness. Her reflections on her various husbands and the bitter experiences of her married life, were not so funny of themselves, but were invested with an intense and delightful humor by the manner in which she delivered them—and this is real comic acting.

The pensive sister, with the tangled yellow hair, was Miss Shannon. Miss Shannon has one great gift—she is always pretty. Her blonde head is perfectly tinted in the purest tones of the white-skinned, fair-haired type—she is as faultless in her complete blondeness as was the Autocrat's beautiful Iris, with her skin like a blanché almond and her tawny, amber-hued eyes. Her art is not, however, so successfully perfect as her coloring. She is the ooe member of the Lyceum Company who has not the charm of naturalness.

Among all these perfectly natural actors and actresses, moving about the stage with the ease of ladies and gentlemen moving about some well-appointed modern drawing-room, Miss Shannon is the one member of the cast who suggests the artificiality, the affectation, the pose, of an actress. Hers is the one figure that is inharmonious, unnatural, staged. And this would be easily remedied if she would only talk naturally, the way people do in real life, not the way angelic, martyred heroines do in third-rate melodramas. She might take a lesson from Miss Cayvan

and Mrs. Whiffen—every tone of their voices is as natural, as spontaneous, as if they had never been on a stage in their lives. Miss Shannon's affectation of pronunciation and articulation is aggressively apparent only when she is portraying some sweet, tender, melancholy creature, who sacrifices herself to everybody and is loved like a sister by every man in the play. Under these trying circumstances, Miss Shannon's voice becomes so drawing and plaintive that it is almost as weird and wailing as Mrs. Brown-Potter's. This is such a small defect that she might easily get over it and drop into place with the rest of the company, who are all as free from affectation as if they were a troupe of French players.

In "The Gray Mare," Miss Shannon has a part which requires other attributes than sweetness and tender gentleness. She is a shrew, a character with which liquid and musical tones are not in keeping. Solomon, who once remarked that the corner of the house-top and solitude were preferable to a wide house and a bawling woman, would have flown before Mrs. David Maxwell. She is a deadly person, even with Miss Shannon's charming rosy blondeness to lend her beauty.

But the most striking thing in the first act of "The Gray Mare" is that everybody is so disagreeable. One's inward reflection, as the company file in to breakfast, each one crosser than the last, is, "What a fearful set of people!" They almost snap each other's noses off; they are all verging on a general pitched battle. When the breakfast comes in, they all view it miserably, then groan with horror. As an excuse, they do say that they all have headaches; but as they seem to demolish the breakfast with a good deal of gusto, it is to be feared that the headaches were merely an invention to excuse the bad tempers. Such things have been.

In a scene of this kind, the Lyceum Company is very successful. It is all as easy as an old shoe. These ill-humored, but, alas! eminently natural people, dawdling wearily into breakfast, nagging at each other, and exchanging snappish salutations, conversing in short sentences over coffee and roasted eggs, make a perfect picture of a modern scene, as contemporaneous and as humorously natural as a sketch by Du Maurier or Dana Gibson. Julia, the wife of David Maxwell, never ceases to be a shrew. She is one of the four things which, according to Agur, the son of Jakeh, the earth can not bear—"an odious woman when she is married"; but Kate gets over her shrewishness, and later in the play has some very funny scenes which she invests with a good deal of genuine humor.

As light comedies go, "The Gray Mare" is one of the best of its kind we have seen for a long time. It is undoubtedly extremely funny, and it has the two advantages of not being involved, though the plot is quite intricate, and of keeping up the humor of the situation to the very end. One of the most ridiculous scenes is that in which David Maxwell is discovered by the old servant lying prone on the floor, pushing slices of bread and butter under the door to the French girl locked into the unused room. As the servant eyes with horror his master flat on the ground, David, working the bread and butter back and forth, says to the fair one within: "I'm afraid I can't get it in any further. The only thing for you to do is to lie down on the floor and try and bite it off."

There is no star part in "The Gray Mare." The men are rather more important in the play than the women. Miss Cayvan makes up for this by lending to herself the unusual interest of wearing her glass dress. It is rather a glistening sort of white costume, with a lustre like Irish poplin. It looks very flexible and soft, but has a sheen on it that no silk can ever boast. There was some doubt in the minds of some of the spectators as to whether, if Miss Cayvan sat down on it, it would not break. But it seemed to be as supple and crushable as a thick, soft silk. Whether it was pretty or not is another question—to the onlooker, with ignorant, untutored eye, it merely looked like a glazed white silk.

The chief character—if there was such a thing—in "The Gray Mare" was personated by Mr. Kelcey. Ever since Mr. Kelcey acted the clergyman in "The Charity Ball," he has borne a resemblance to the members of that order. As he appeared on the stage on Monday evening—all in severe black, dignified, and somewhat dogmatic—he looked so like the Rev. John Van Buren—if that was his name—that one almost expected once more to see that story of fearful love in one act of which two aristocratic girls, in full ball-dress, run through the streets of New York at four o'clock of a snowy winter morning.

But Mr. Kelcey in "The Gray Mare" is a much more lively and amusing person. He is a doctor, which accounts for his severely dark attire, and, in the first act, shows a reprehensible desire to talk wearily and unceasingly on the subject of the habit of telling lies which prevails among women. Later on, when the plot thickens, he has no time for lengthy reflections, and becomes a much more amusing person. Mr. Kelcey, however, is always a good and reliable actor. His personality is attractive, kindly, and gentlemanly. He acts with a certain genial simplicity which establishes a warm sympathy between him and the auditors. As a fellow-being, not as an actor, he is the most attractive member of the Lyceum Company. He is not an artist like Mr. Lemoyne, nor the possessor of the quality of humor like Fritz Williams, but he undoubtedly is the popular favorite of the company.

It was interesting to notice that on Monday even-

ing a good many ladies in the audience were without their hats. This is a vast improvement. Women at a theatre either ought to wear little hats or none at all. Early in the season, it was noticeable that a good many of the hats worn at the theatre were enormous in width and covered with flowers. The selfishness which allows a woman to obstruct other people's visions with a haystack like this is of a very aggressive kind. It is to be hoped that now, when the fashion is set, the wearers of these spreading *chapeaus* will have the kindness to remove them.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 24th: The Lyceum Company; the Tivoli Company in "Indiana"; and "Roger la Honte."

Audran's "Indiana" is proving so popular at the Tivoli that it is to be continued for another week.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has hidden himself deep in the country somewhere, and is evolving the score of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which is expected to be produced in November. It is understood that Gilbert has finished the dialogue and lyrics.

Charles Dickson is to have a new play this year which turns on the law of inheritance in California. Not unnaturally, it is called "A Prize Winner," and both the actor's previous success and the subject point to the probability that it is a broad farce.

Of course Jessie Bartlett-Davis has tendered her resignation to the Bostonians, as *per* report, but theatrical people think that she may be persuaded to reconsider the matter, and her salary of sixteen thousand dollars a season should be a strong argument in favor of her continuing to sing for a time yet.

The Lyceum Company will appear in Haddon Chambers's play, "The Idler," on Monday night; "The Charity Ball" on Tuesday and Saturday nights; "Old Heads and Young Hearts" on Wednesday night; "Americans Abroad" on Thursday; and "The Wife" on Friday night and Saturday afternoon.

Della Fox's vacation commenced a few days ahead of the schedule time, which was last Saturday night, and Helen Beresford took her place in "Panjandrum," for a while, though Edna Wallace-Hopper has since succeeded her. It is four years since Miss Fox joined De Wolf Hopper's Company, and in that time she has had no vacation and missed only three performances.

Evidently the New York *Recorder's* theatrical man is taken unawares by the rumor that Mrs. Kendal is to bring Pincro's shocking new play to America. He says:

"Mrs. Kendal play 'Mrs. Tanqueray' in America? Never, never, by the sacred shades of nursery-crisbs and safety-pins! Never! She is, I hear, to appear first in a maternal drama called 'Three of a Kind; or, The Proud, Proud Parent.' But as 'Mrs. Tanqueray'—I can't believe it. Besides, what would the children say?"

Alexander Salvini is to follow up his dramatic versions of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Ami Fritz" with a dramatization of "I Pagliacci," the opera by the other new Italian composer, Leoncavallo, which is having almost as great a vogue as Mascagni's. It is all well enough for young Salvini to be patriotic, but why does he not stop emasculating operas and find something worthy of preservation in the Italian drama?

Vegetarians will be pleased by the hard words Ernest Hart says in the *Hospital* about the excessive eating of meat. He declares that it is the chief cause of the ill-temper that characterizes Englishmen, or to use his own words, "is a chronic complaint among Britons." "In no other country," says Mr. Hart, "is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to dine together as in England. I am strongly of opinion that this ill-temper is caused in great measure by too abundant meat dietary, combined with a sedentary life. In less meat-eating France, urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice-eating Japan, harsh words are unknown and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails, even among the children who play together in the streets."

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The inconsiderate brother: "Jack kissed me when I accepted him." "Did he? Then he must mean business."—*Life*.

Why she smiled: *He*—"She smiled when I told her that joke." *She*—"Did she? She must think she has pretty teeth."—*Life*.

George—"Aren't you afraid much candy will hurt your complexion?" *Ethel*—"Yes. You are, too, ain't you?"—*New York Weekly*.

"Who says two heads are better than one?" exclaimed Jaggs, as he woke up the next morning and took a dose of hromo-soda.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Tillie—"Are you not ashamed to walk out in your bathing-suit where so many men can stare at you?" *May*—"I have nothing to be ashamed of."—*Truth*.

Convenient: *Visitor* (at World's Fair, recovering from faint)—"Where am I?" *Attendant*—"The Bureau of Information is at your right, madam."—*Puck*.

Ethel—"It is very strange he doesn't hurry up and propose to me." *Edithe*—"Oh, I don't know. I told him six months ago I knew you'd accept him."—*Life*.

Maude—"Yes, I am obliged to have my shoes made to order. My left foot is larger than the right." *Ethel*—"Is it possible?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Very stout gentleman (to street porter)—"Here, my man, are ten pfennigs for you; just look and tell me if my boots want polishing."—*Humoristische Blätter*.

Old friend—"Was your daughter's marriage a success?" *Hostess*—"Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony."—*New York Weekly*.

Justifiable homicide: *Belle*—"And to think that Desdemona was murdered on account of a handkerchief!" *Jack*—"So? Did she use musk or patchouly?"—*Puck*.

Personal friend of author—"The ode to the Columbian Exposition is not bad, is it?" *Cautious critic*—"Well—not in the sense of being immoral."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Boston woman—"Oh, I do so love the fields on our New England farms!" *New York girl*—"Why?" *Boston woman*—"Because they are so cultivated, you know."—*Truth*.

Emma—"What's that noise? It sounds as though they were pounding beefsteak." *Jane*—"You guessed right; but we always speak of the performance here as tendering a banquet."—*Boston Transcript*.

Clara—"My friend, Mr. Spooner, who caught a glimpse of you yesterday, said he would give anything to kiss you. Shall I bring him around to-night?" *Maud*—"No; I guess not. Send him around."—*Truth*.

Mr. Surplice—"Miss Lily, as your pastor, I really must reprimand you; I hear you go out with your kodak on Sunday." *Miss Lily*—"Oh, yes, dear Mr. Surplice; but, then, you know, my kodak takes such teenie-weenie little pictures."—*Puck*.

Hungry Higgins—"Gee! What's the matter with your eyes?" *Dismal Dawson*—"It all comes from reading the funny things in the papers. I got the fool notion into my head that a woman don't know how to throw a brick."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The first day out: *Steward*—"Did you ring, sir?" *Traveler*—"Yes, steward, I-I rang." *Steward*—"Anything I can bring you, sir?" *Traveler*—"Y-yes, st-steward. Bub-hing me a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so h-l-l-long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship."—*Bazar*.

"You—you passed me to-day on the street," sobbed the fair girl, "and d-d-didn't even look at me." "Where was it?" inquired the young man, anxiously. "D-d-down-town," was the tearful answer; "I—I was in the c-car, while you were hurrying along the street just as though I—I never existed."—*Judge*.

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Baked Lake Trout. Potato Croquettes.
Broiled Squabs. Green Peas.
Stuffed Bell-Peppers.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomatoes, Spanish Dressing.
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Jelly Cake.
Fruits.
Coffee.

SPANISH DRESSING FOR TOMATOES.—Make a mayonnaise dressing, to which add some grated onion, a very little garlic, plenty of red pepper, and a little chopped parsley. Peel and slice the tomatoes about one-third of an inch thick, put a large teaspoonful of the dressing in the middle of each slice, and place on ice until ready to serve.

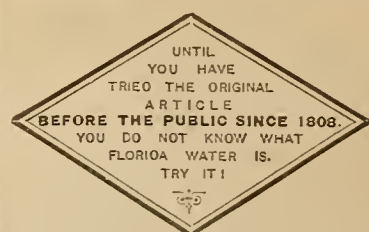
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The first woman, so far as known, to make a descent in a diving-dress among the pearl-fisheries of the Indian Ocean was Miss Jessie Ackerman, the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union missionary. On her recent trip from Australia to Singapore, the vessel she was on stopped for two days among the pearly fleet, and here Miss Ackerman went down sixty feet in the ocean's depths, and returned in safety.

During the hot summer evenings, Miss Ellen Terry's dresser waits outside the "wings" with a glass of iced water, into which the actress dips the tips of her fingers during the periodical exits.

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The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

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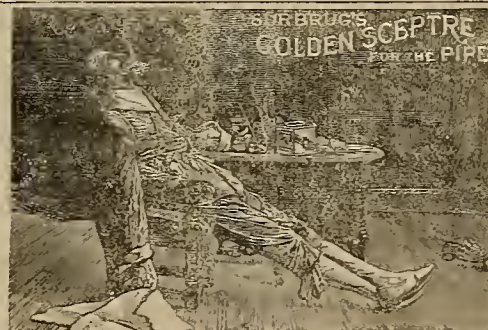
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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 31, 1893.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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In the dispute which is coming to a crisis in South-Eastern Asia, Siam cuts no real figure. She is merely a pretext. In the real game which is being played, the broad fields and rich provinces of China are the stakes, and the players are not Siam and France, but England, France, and Russia. And if the dispatches from Tientsin are to be credited, China is at last waking up to the danger in which she stands. These three powers are preparing to administer upon the estate of China before the death of the moribund, just as Russia, Austria, and Prussia partitioned Poland, when Maria Thérèse mingled so much sensibility with her greed that bluff Frederick observed: "She cries and cries, but she grabs all the same." The French cry and cry about the solidarity of mankind and the prestige of France, but they grab all the same.

Whether there is a distinct understanding between the

three powers, or whether they are acting on the principle that policies may be inferred from facts without words, no one knows; when burglars go out to crack a crib, they sometimes avoid explaining their purposes in so many words, but allow their deeds to speak for them. Russia has encircled the north-west corner of China, and is building a railroad which is already approaching the Amoor Valley. It is not necessary that she should draw the attention of the Western powers to the fact that her troops will presently be within striking distance of Peking, and that, with the aid of her railroad, she can supply them from a base on the Caspian more quickly than the Chinese could supply an army in Pe-Chili from a base at Nankin. England has just signed a convention, by which England and China are to appoint a joint commission to delimit the frontier between "British" Burmah and Chinese Yunnan; they have got so close together that they are treading on each other's heels; such a situation speaks for itself. And now the French are blockading the ports of Siam, without the smallest justification in the way of a quarrel; it is simply the old story of the wolf and the lamb, carrying with it its own moral and needing no explanation beyond a map of the environs of Canton.

How will such a predatory enterprise work? Will China allow herself to be stifled in the folds of the European anaconda, or will this attempt to partition the largest nation of the world resurrect the ancient valor and endurance of the Mongol race? These Chinese, who are so docile and submissive in this State, and who in their own country seemed so helpless to General Wilson that he declared he could march anywhere with a well-drilled army of fifty thousand men, were just seven hundred years ago the conquering people of the world. Genghis Khan led them from the Caspian to Corea and from the Amoor to South Tonquin, subjugating every nation, race, and tribe which he met. Those were the days of the crusades; if Genghis had lived, he intended to cross into Europe and subject the "fool Christians" to his sway. Suppose another Genghis should arise, and suppose he should call upon the people of British India to expel the European. Germany is straining every nerve to raise an army of four millions, including reserves and home guards. What are four millions to a nation of four hundred millions? China could put on foot armies so large that they would outnumber any force which Russia, England, and France together could collect in any one spot. She could feed them on rice, of which the supply in the territory in which the armies would operate is absolutely inexhaustible. She could arm them with the latest improved rifles, which Germany, Austria, Belgium, and the United States would be only too glad to supply. There is not a modern engine of war which, with her supply of tea and silk, she could not command. Indeed, if she had at her head a statesman who won the confidence of the world, she could horrow large amounts of money—if not elsewhere, at New York, Frankfurt, and Amsterdam. All she would need would be a statesman to direct and a general to command her armies. The former she might find in Li Hung Chang; if General Tso had lived, he might have figured as the other.

The historian's patience is sometimes exhausted as he chronicles long sequeces of ages in which wrong prevails and the swift sword of the avenging angel rusts in its sheath. But truth always prevails at last. Everything comes to him who waits. It is impossible that a region which contains nearly one-half the population of the world can forever remain the prey of civilized and Christian banditti. There must arrive an age in which the two hundred and fifty millions of people in Hindostan will shake off the yoke of England and the four hundred millions of China will assert their rights to their own territory. Such uprisings always follow long periods of submission to wrong. They are provoked by casual accidents. Some unforeseen occurrence strikes the minds of masses of men simultaneously, and they spring forth with a purpose which they had not meditated. To all outward appearance, the people of Western Asia seem tranquil enough. There are no signs of stir in China; apathetic torpor rules the day as it did when the French hombarde the Min forts. But everything, even national torpor, comes

to an end at last. And it would not be astooshing if this Siamese imbroglion supplied the occasion.

The convict riots in Georgia, coming so close after the outbreak against the convict miors in Tennessee, will he likely to stimulate the citizens of the South to some considered action on the subject of leasing convicts. For twenty years it has roused the indignation of the world. It is now time that some action was taken to put a stop to so offensive a scandal.

The practice of leasing convicts is not peculiar to the South. It is used in Colorado and one or two other Northern States. Under prescribed conditions the labor of convicts in the Joliet Prison in Illinois can be hired by contractors. The principle of the thing is this: Rural taxpayers object to bear the expense of peoiteotaries and insist that they shall be self-supporting. But when an attempt is made to employ convicts in the manufacture of an article which can be sold, the labor unions rise in their wrath and declare that criminals are taking the bread out of the mouths of honest men. To pacify these ignorant demagogues, prison authorities lease a hlock of convicts to a contractor who is exploiting a quarry or a mine. He pays for the use of them just what it costs the State to feed, clothe, house, and guard them. But the plan involves two drawbacks. It does not suit the labor unions, which still complain that the convicts take work that would otherwise fall to honest men; and it is certain to involve cruelty in the management of the convict laborers. No man of decently humane instincts will take a position as an overseer of a convict gang; the job is certain to fall to a Legree, who will whip, maim, mutilate, and kill his workers, knowing that he can indulge his ferocious instincts with impunity.

The South has lately presented several examples of the working of the system. It transpires that when the Richmond and Danville Railroad was built, a gang of convict laborers were employed on the grading; the contractor worked or heat several of them to death, and, of course, was never called to account. Twenty-five years ago, the convicts of the State of Georgia, male and female, were leased to a firm of contractors who utilized them in the cotton-fields. This firm subsequently sublet a portion of the prison supply to other consumers of labor, among others to ex-Senator Brown, who is said to have made out of the enterprise the fifty thousand dollars he gave to the Baptist Seminary. Complaints of abuses having arisen, a legislative committee was appointed to investigate. The chairman, Colonel Alston, reported that men and women were huddled together like hutes, that the females were at the mercy of the males, as the birth of twenty-five nameless children in the prisons proved; that all were whipped and otherwise treated with savage cruelty. For signiof this report, Colonel Alston was shot dead in the State capitol at Milledgeville. The story reads like an episode of the old slavery days.

Then the legislature passed a law dividing the sexes, and leased the women to the owner of the Maddox farm, on the Savannah River. Here they raise cotton. When a female convict is lazy, she is stripped to the waist, bound to a post, and lashed until she promises to work faithfully thereafter. As in the old days, Maddox keeps a pack of bloodhounds to hunt runaways. It is not surprising that five of the women lately escaped, and when they were tracked, fought desperately with the men and dogs, and the other sixty female convicts threatened to rise in a body if they were punished.

This can hardly be said to be a success in convict discipline, or to reflect credit on so enlightened and prosperous a State as Georgia. It implies that the old leaven is working more actively than had been suspected. In the North, prison discipline is enforced without brutality, and a warden who would suggest the use of a whipping-hlock or bloodhounds for his female prisoners would very quickly be looking for a job. A few points are admitted by all recent writers on penology. Prisoners must be kept at work. Common sense suggests that they should work at some gainful branch of labor, so as to minimize the cost of the penitentiary system to tax-payers. The complaint of the labor unions that

convicts compete with honest men in the field of employment is not entitled to attention; first, because there are never, at any one time, convicts enough to cause a reduction of wages in any particular branch; and, second, because laboring men have no right to doom convicts to idleness or to impose the cost of their maintenance on the body of taxpayers, from a vague apprehension that their own monopoly of labor may be disturbed. Everybody has a natural right to labor; even a convict.

What particular branch of labor should be pursued in prisons is a question which admits of considerable argument. It does not seem that there are any natural reasons for the exclusion of any honest branch of labor, and the more widely convict labor is distributed, the less likely is it to compete with outside labor. In the Eastern States, the public are not let into the secret of the nature of the employment of penitentiary convicts. It is a matter which the warden keeps to himself, and the mercantile houses to which he sells the product of his labor are discreetly silent. Once in a way it transpires, as it did here the other day, that a leading clothing house is selling prison-made clothes; but the quantity produced was so small that it did not cause a shrinkage in tailors' wages.

Some months ago, in an article on this subject, it was suggested by the *Argonaut* that the convicts in this State, instead of playing at the manufacture of jute bags, should be set to mend and perfect the highways of the State. Not even the most rabid labor union could complain that this was taking the bread out of any one's mouth. Our roads are sadly in need of repair, and in course of time, if Folsom and San Quentin detailed their able-bodied men for a few years in succession to mend them, they might become as smooth and as solid as the best roads in Europe. The objection to this plan is that a certain proportion of the convicts, working in a spot which was not inclosed, would be apt to escape. So they would. But if the wardens employed guards who were in the habit of shooting straight, the proportion of the runaways who made good their escape would be small. And that would be another misfortune against which society would bear up. When a man once gets into the penitentiary, not the worst use to make of him is to put him out of the way.

The reduction in the price of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to fifteen cents a month, and the appearance of a new magazine published by McClurg, of Chicago, at the same price, indicate that a new experiment is at hand in the evolution of the American monthly. When Fletcher Harper started *Harper's New Monthly* some forty-odd years ago, his object was to provide a periodical to consume such foreign matter as was suited to the American taste, and, to prevent competition, be set the price so low that no rival could cut under him without doing business in the face of a loss. The wholesale price of *Harper's Monthly* was fixed at sixteen cents. The Harpers possessed plant, machinery, and connections which enabled them to produce an excellent periodical at the price; no other house did, and the consequence was that *Putnam's*, *Godey's*, *Peterson's*, the *Whig Review*, the *Knickerbocker*, and others either died or "languishing did live," while the large margin between the wholesale and retail price of *Harper's* stimulated dealers to promote its sale. After a time there arose rival magazines which neither died nor openly languished. The Scribners started an excellent magazine at New York. A fair monthly was launched by the wealthy house of Lippincott, at Philadelphia. The Mutual Admiration Society at Cambridge floated the *Atlantic Monthly*. In time, Scribner's periodical undoubled itself into the *Century* and *Scribner's*, and the former became a competitor for the front place in periodical literature.

This was the second stage of the American magazine, when it contained the choicest work of pencil and pen that money could buy, sold at retail for twenty-five or thirty cents, and commanded an advertising patronage which must have gone far toward meeting the entire expense account. The business was so profitable that persons who combined literary taste with capital embarked in it in several of the large cities. The obstacle in the way of their success was the limit of supply coupled with the limit of distribution. There are only a few writers capable of producing the highest class of magazine matter. If the Harpers are able to consume it all, their rivals must make shift with second-class matter, and, the price being equal, readers will buy nothing but the best and will pass the second best by. Again, there is only a limited number of magazine buyers. The great mass of newspaper readers do not subscribe to magazines. A few of them do; but even they are content with one magazine. The constituency of readers of monthlies does not increase rapidly. It counts so many thousands or hundreds of thousands, no more. These persons have each their favorite periodical, and do not, without good reason, desert it for a new-comer. Thus the enterprising persons who undertook to invade the domain of

periodical literature had the alternative of making a better magazine than *Harper's* or the *Century* or of making a cheaper one. Finding the former course impracticable, they have fallen back on the latter.

Their success or failure will depend on the degree to which price is a factor in the business department of letters. Every one knows that a newspaper which sells for two cents will attain a larger sale than a newspaper which sells for three, both being equal in quality. Does the rule apply to monthly magazines? It would, if the magazine, like the newspaper, were a necessary of life. But a magazine is not. It is an article of luxury with which people can dispense. Being such, it is bought only by those who have means to spare for the cultivation of elegant tastes; and among such people the question of a few cents is neither here nor there. A man who can afford to invest fifteen cents in a periodical which ministers to his enjoyment, and is not essential to the transaction of his business, can afford to lay out twenty-five or thirty cents on the same pleasure; and, on the other hand, to him whose means do not permit an expenditure of thirty cents for the gratification of his taste for high letters, an outlay of fifteen cents for the same object would be an extravagance.

Within certain limits, the question of price cuts little figure with the book-buyer. On this coast, the novels of Howells and Crawford sell for a dollar and a half, when they sell at all, and some of the standard classics are offered by Chicago publishers in bound volumes at twenty-five cents each. If it were certain that the latter were unimpaired, they would command a considerable sale; as it is, no one buys them but impecunious students and the illiterate; the book-buying public proper buys the books of the day at six times their cost of the output of the Chicago press. It seems that the same rule will prevail with periodicals. If there is a class of objects of consumption in which the public wants the best, it is monthly literature. When poverty presses on the household, it may cut off its subscriptions altogether and read the magazines at the public library. But if the family budget can afford them at all, the vote will be for subscribing to the one of highest rank. There is no reason why a magazine should be poor because it is cheap, but people associate cheapness with inferiority in works of letters as in almost everything else.

Governor Markham has done well for himself and for his State. He had a rare opportunity for error. It was not under any circumstances an easy thing for him to fill Senator Stanford's place, and, with his affiliations, the task was doubly difficult. The law clothes governors with the power of filling senatorial vacancies during the recess of the legislature, in order that the State shall suffer no detriment through lack of representation in the Senate. It was assumed by its framers that governors, finding themselves trusted with a power which properly belonged to their legislatures, would try to act as those legislatures would act, if they were in session, and would choose the man they would choose. By parity of reasoning, it followed that in choosing a senator, a governor ought to consider the quality and idiosyncrasy of the official whom he was to succeed, so that the new appointee should replace him as nearly as possible. Applying these principles to the present case, Governor Markham would naturally look out for some one who reproduced the qualities which on two separate occasions had made the late Senator Stanford the choice of the California legislature. Such a person he might find in Charles Frederick Crocker, who, in one sense, might be regarded as a duplicate of Governor Stanford. It seems to be generally believed that Mr. Crocker would have accepted the post if it had been offered to him, and that while he might not have distinguished himself by oratory, he would have brought to the service of the Senate level-headed common sense and a large experience of business. It does not seem, however, that the governor tendered the vacant senatorship to Fourth and Townsend.

Another appointment might have been I. C. Stump. Mr. Stump curiously combines in his person the official leadership of the Republicans and the confidential administration of the finances of the ex-leader of the Democracy. He is a Virginian by birth, and his friends are Southerners. It is reported—to his credit—that he discovered Governor Markham; certain it is that the election of the latter as governor was largely due to the skill with which Mr. Stump managed his campaign. If the governor had returned the compliment by appointing Mr. Stump senator, every one would have acquiesced and commended the fitness of the appointment. Yet it is certain that the offer was not made, for it is known that if it had been it would have been accepted. There were others, whose names need not be repeated here, who were willing to serve the State at Washington, yet whose appointment would have given general dissatisfaction. A story is current that one aspirant actually seized the governor by the throat and tried to extort a commission with threats of "Your money or your life!"

It would have been impossible for Governor Markham to have appointed any of these without exposing himself to the suspicion that he had made a bargain.

In choosing ex-Governor Perkins, the governor has minimized criticism. Mr. Perkins has filled the office of governor, and is, therefore, familiar with public affairs. His career has been that of every self-made man—starting from poverty and attaining wealth, rising from ignorance to a general, all-round education. He is a member of the Republican party, but he belongs to the advanced branch of the party, and not to the silurian rump. On pressure he has been heard to admit that the world moves, and that in piping time of peace two and two make four. He showed wit as well as sense when he replied to an interviewer, the day after his appointment: "Yesterday I had decided opinions on the tariff and the silver question; now, I have no views at all." Mr. Perkins knows that, as a member of a party, he will have to act with his party on party measures, and that, in case of necessity, he may have to subordinate his personal opinions to the dictates of a caucus. It will be safe to rely upon him for sound, conservative, enlightened action. He will not be a mouthpiece of the Sand-lot, nor a collar-bound servant of monopoly. He will probably admit that rich men will be punished enough by being kept out of heaven, without being ostracized on earth, and he may go so far as to acknowledge that the development of the industries of California might not be a bad thing for the State, though it did make money for some one.

He has the advantage of following a senator whose career at Washington did not handicap his successor. Governor Stanford was one of the best and purest men the State ever produced; but, when he became senator, his mind had lost some of its alertness, and he felt that he was fairly entitled to a season of comparative repose. Yet he was an active and an efficient senator. Senator Perkins may not give as magnificent entertainments as did Senators Hearst and Stanford, but when it comes to making laws for the nation, he may perhaps surpass their record. He will share the responsibility of representing his State with Senator White, who will do the talking for the coast. If Senator Perkins contents himself with doing the thinking, and does that well, the State will be satisfied, and Governor Markham may not be disappointed in seeing his choice indorsed by the people in 1895.

The *Argonaut* is in receipt of a communication from one who declares that she writes less in sorrow than in anger after reading an editorial anent the status of women that appeared in these columns recently. The strictures of the fair "Incognita"—who declares that the great female physician, or surgeon, or professor will appear contemporaneously with the discarding of corsets and skirts by the fairer portion of humanity—show that she evidently misunderstood the writer. In that article only one class of women was considered unfavorably. All womankind is divided into three parts. The most numerous class, though not the bungriest for publicity and, therefore, not the most conspicuous, is that to which "Incognita" somewhat contemptuously refers as the "pretty girls that men generally prefer." The description is hardly inclusive enough, but it is sufficiently definite to indicate the class. Though some of her sisters may be surprised—nay, even pained—to know it, she looks forward contentedly to marriage as her lot in life, and her ambition never soars beyond being the head of a happy household. Poor, deluded thing, in the awful darkness of her mental condition she knows nothing and cares less about the glories of the rostrum or the triumphs of the ballot. She does not feel the galling chains of man's tyranny; she is happy and contented in her ignorance of the fact that she is a slave.

Unfortunately there is also a second class—the "superfluous" woman. Unfortunately, because nature has declared in the physical structure of woman and in the instinctive bent of her character that her place is by the fireside, while adverse fate decrees that the "superfluous" woman shall battle side by side with man for bare existence. Such a woman always meets with sympathy and assistance. She is at no disadvantage because of her sex; on the contrary, the world extends to her a helping hand, she is favored and aided in her struggle, and, so far as the situation permits, she is treated with the deference that is accorded her in social intercourse.

It is the woman of the third class—the neuter gender of the human race—who was criticised in the editorial alluded to. Those qualities known as womanly she does not possess. She has no desire to marry unless she can find a man ready to go to the altar and promise to love, honor, and obey her. It is not equality that she craves, but acknowledged superiority. The tones of her voice are as sweetest music to her ear; to sway the masses by the force of her eloquence is her dearest ambition. Upon the platform she voices the woes of her sex until she believes that she is oppressed and her hearers are almost persuaded. The

tyranny of monster man is the theme she loves to dwell upon. Had she one-half the mental capacity she claims for the sex, she would know that words without deeds are empty. It is only among the devotees of the prize-ring to-day that words supply the place of action. If there be geniuses in skirts to the number that she claims, for heaven's sake let them step forth and show themselves. If woman is prepared to oust man from the field he has held so long, let her adjourn her congresses *sine die* and compete with him. There is no barbed-wire fence around the field of industry on which to tear her skirts. There has been no restraint upon the female painter or sculptor; for generations she has been free to climb to the topmost round of the ladder of fame. In music, woman has been encouraged and thrust forward, yet where is the great female composer or performer? There is no prejudice against a book written by a woman; yet, save a few in the line of fiction, the great female author has not yet appeared. Let these women cease to babble and go to work. The world will glorify their achievements if they are worthy; will rejoice in their success if they earn it; will emblazon their names among its greatest and best if they deserve it.

Why can these dissatisfied ones not see that man was created male and female with a purpose? To each was given a particular sphere of action, distinct yet supplementing each other. Woman's sphere is not inferior because it is different. Who shall say that it is more ignoble to train the plastic minds and form the budding characters of the future fathers and mothers of the race than to measure out groceries or barter stocks and bonds; that the home is inferior as a field of activity to the counting-house or the city hall? It is flattering to man, this ceaseless yearning to be like him; but one moment of useful originality would be more admired.

The best qualified observers of the financial situation declare that the present trouble has been prolonged and aggravated by the locking up of money by private individuals and large trust institutions. The money in the New York banks recently fell below the twenty-five per cent. reserve, and the scarcity of circulating medium has been felt in the various transactions in that city. The trouble is not with the amount of money in the hands of the people, for the amount in circulation outside of the Treasury on July 1st was only slightly less than at the same date of last year. How far the money of the country has actually been locked up it is, of course, impossible to determine, for this is a matter that can not be reached by the statistician. But as an indication of the situation in this city, the reports rendered to the bank commissioners present some instructive facts.

The paid-up capital of the commercial and savings-banks doing business in this city amounted on July 1st to \$34,154,784, an increase in round numbers of \$4,000,000 over the same date in 1891. During the two years, the deposits have increased \$9,389,480 and the reserve fund \$1,436,875. It is, therefore, clear that—the amount invested in buildings, etc., and the reserve necessary to be kept on hand remaining practically the same—the available capital for loaning purposes has increased \$14,000,000 since July 1, 1891. Upon its face this is a most satisfactory showing. The large increase in deposits indicates a condition of ease and prosperity that belies the long faces and stories of depression that people are too prone to indulge in. It is significant, however, that the increase in deposits has been entirely in the savings-banks and that there is an actual decrease in the deposits in commercial banks. As the man who is using his capital in business keeps it on deposit in commercial banks, this is a more unfortunate condition than would appear from the total increase of deposits. Unless capital is productively employed, it is practically useless. The presumption that the increase of deposits in the savings-banks indicates increased prosperity among the poorer classes is also rebutted by the fact that an unduly large proportion of the savings-bank deposits are in large accounts, indicating that capitalists prefer the small interest and comparative safety of investment to the greater profits and uncertainty of legitimate investment in profitable industry.

The increase in the capital available for loaning purposes would suggest that the loans of the banks have been increased, but such is really not the case. The loans on July 1st, of this year, were \$3,840,464 greater than on the same date of last year; but as compared with two years ago, there is a decrease of \$43,313,132. As with the deposits, however, the impression that would be gained at first view from this fact is somewhat erroneous. Taking the total loans, there has been an increase of \$13,604,474 in the loans on real estate, while the largest decrease has been in the item of loans on the security of stocks, bonds, and warrants, and the other item of decrease is the loans on personal security. This shows a more conservative and safer system of banking. As between the two classes of banks, the larger part

of the increase in loans on real estate is with the savings-banks (\$12,903,497), and with them lies the decrease in loans on stocks, bonds, and warrants, the commercial banks showing an increase of a million and a half in this item. The loans on personal security by the savings-banks are merely nominal in amount, the commercial banks doing practically all this business. But among the commercial banks there has been a decrease of this, the most speculative and unsafe class of banking business.

These figures are peculiarly suggestive. They indicate a healthy financial condition, but at the same time they show that the capital of the city is not being used productively to the extent that would insure the greatest prosperity. The prosperity of a community is absolutely measured by the volume of its profitable production; capital can not breed, but it is the world's great fertilizer. It does not appear, but it is probable that a large part of the money loaned on real estate has been used in putting up buildings which would come under the head of consumption rather than production. Buildings are necessary to house the producers, but that building is being overdone is indicated by the number of vacant houses in the city. There are other channels in which wealth might be more profitably employed.

There has been a notable change of late years both in the mental attitude of the general public toward colleges and college graduates and in the courses of instruction offered by such institutions. The old admiration remains in great measure for the "self-made man" who has carved his way to eminence through his own unaided efforts; he is accepted as the triumphant justification of democratic institutions, the physical exponent of the fact that in this country the sons of the poor have equal opportunities with those most favored by fortune. But the sentiment, at one time so general, that the college-bred man is, by his very training, unfitted for business life has been abandoned. That such an idea should at one time have gained currency is easily understood. The higher education was within the reach of the comparative few a generation ago. It was the training of those who intended entering one of the professions, or, in England, the preparation of the gentleman for a life of leisure. The man destined for mercantile pursuits who entered college was the exception, and was regarded as wasting time that might far more profitably be employed in sweeping out a store and learning business methods. And in those days a knowledge of routine formed a much larger part of the mental equipment of the business man than it does to-day.

To-day the higher education is within the reach of practically everybody, owing largely to the changed manner in which colleges are regarded. The establishment of colleges and universities by the various States has done more than anything else to popularize the college, and these institutions have been established by the action of men who were not themselves graduates of any higher institution of learning. And with the cheapening of college education, the attendance has been drawn from a wider field and the activity of the college graduate has become more diversified. A recent writer, impressed by this fact, has presented an analysis of the "Cyclopedia of American Biography," which is supposed to contain the names of all who have been prominent in the history of this country. Although he uses this analysis as the basis for a discussion of the position of the college-bred man to-day, it is clear that the list must omit practically all graduates during the last twenty years. It is interesting to note, however, that of the 15,142 enumerated as having gained distinction, something more than one-third were college-bred; and further, that among all those who have been graduated from the colleges of the country, one in forty has been distinguished by notable achievements. Among the scientists, 63 per cent. had received their training in colleges; among educators, 61; among the clergy, 58; among lawyers, 50; physicians, 46; statesmen, 33. But the more surprising feature of this showing is the number in these, the learned professions, who have been distinguished without the preparatory training that is obtained in a college. The explanation, of course, lies in the fact that the list extends back to the period when a college training was absolutely denied to all but the very few.

These figures are interesting historically, but, as showing the influence of the college to-day, they are practically worthless. The popularization of the college is of comparatively recent growth, and many institutions of learning are not old enough to have distinguished sons. The recent increase in attendance at colleges is shown by the fact that in 1884 there were enrolled 37,300 students, while to-day there are 124,600. It is also significant of the changed feeling toward colleges that so many rich business men leave bequests to institutions of learning.

But while the colleges are becoming more popular, it by no means follows that the learned professions are receiving accessions in the same proportion. The colleges are coming to be looked upon more and more as a preparation for busi-

ness life. The increased facilities for transportation and communication have made necessary far different qualities in the merchant from those that were required a generation ago. The successful business man of the sixties was a shop-keeper; to-day he is a merchant. And it is just these newly required qualities that the college develops. It has been said, with as much truth as there is in any generalization, that the only thing a man learns in college is how to think. All education should have this object in view, but it is peculiarly the function of the higher education. Mental development may come without a college training just as muscular development may be acquired without gymnastic apparatus and scientific direction. But, given equal natural abilities, the scientifically trained athlete, physical or mental, will overcome the man whose training has been misdirected.

It is this fact which seems destined to have an important influence upon the future of education. As the college-bred man occupies more fully the various branches of industry, he will crowd the non-graduate to the wall. And thus will come a necessity for universal higher education as a preparation for mercantile life. The colleges have already recognized this fact, and are striving to meet the new burden put upon them by adjusting their courses of instruction to the changed conditions. It is interesting to speculate as to where it will all end.

Grim-visaged war stalks among the authors of New York, and the clashing of their ensanguined pens may be heard from afar. As in all the world's great struggles, from the siege of Troy to the conquest of Dabomey, there is a woman in the case. Mrs. Katherine Hodges is an author. Some years ago she wrote two books, and they were published. But the world, which ever reserves its geniuses for posthumous glorification, refused to purchase them. Mrs. Hodges declared that her books were entertaining and that they must be selling like hot cakes. And, with the promptness of the intuitive sex, she jumped at the conclusion that her publishers were defrauding her. She confided her woes to Walter Besant and Lord Tennyson, and they advised her to organize a sort of authors' trades-union for protection against the greedy publisher. Mrs. Hodges is no ordinary woman; she loves a bit of a ruction now and then, and in the authors' society she saw abundant opportunity for amusement in this direction. The American Society of Authors was organized and Mrs. Hodges became secretary.

Everything went swimmingly for a time, for Mrs. Hodges ran everything. Then there was trouble. C. B. Lewis, better known to the world as "M. Quad," escorted a young lady author home from one of the meetings. Mrs. Emma Beckwith, another lady author, though not so young, promptly reported the matter to Mrs. Lewis. Now, author's wives are very like ordinary people's wives, and Mr. Lewis found reason to complain to the society about Mrs. Beckwith's actions. Mrs. Hodges, seeing that an important social feature of the society was likely to be crushed out by such action, declared that "old gossips" were ineligible to membership, and promptly struck Mrs. Beckwith's name from the roll. Mrs. Beckwith protested, and an investigating committee was appointed. The committee is still wrestling with the important problem. In the meantime, another difficulty arose. Some other authors, without consulting Mrs. Hodges at all, organized the American Association of Authors. Mrs. Hodges, rightly regarding this as an infringement of her copyright, called upon the association to disband under penalty of her supreme displeasure. The association declined.

These were minor troubles, however. The real, serious trouble arose just before the congress of authors in Chicago. Mrs. Hodges wanted to go there and air her grievances against the publishers, and asked to be accredited as the representative of the American society. The society refused, and some of the members even suggested that Mrs. Hodges was better qualified for a book-agent than as a writer of books. Then the aggressive secretary proceeded to deck herself in the most vivid tints of war-paint known to lady authors. She went to Chicago on her own account, and from there came her *coup d'état*. It was a circular, signed Katherine Hodges, secretary, announcing the American Protective Society of Authors as the only true and original authors' trades-union. The American Society and the association were merely "rat" organizations. In the words of the circular:

"This society is the first and original one founded upon this continent to advocate and demand justice for the brain-worker and protection for the literary property he has produced. It is the pioneer society."

One naturally wonders what possible interest Mrs. Hodges can have in "brain-workers." She is one of those camp-followers in the army of literature who find food for their vanity in the notoriety they can gain. Reputable authors do not join these trades-unions, and have no interest in their petty squabbles. But the scum of literature finds in such organizations a notoriety that would be impossible elsewhere. For instance, a breathless world is now inquiring who under the sun is Mrs. Katherine Hodges, anyway?

DECEBAL'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Conquest of Dacia by the Romans.

"Take the box on your shoulders, Fausta—it will not spoil your proud Roman neck to bend under the weight of Dacian treasures."

So spoke Andrada, the tall and graceful daughter of Decebal, who, majestic in her cream-white robe, lifted the heavy coffer to her finely molded, vigorous arms as if it had been but a light load, and placed it on the shoulders of Fausta. The supple, bronzed form of the latter trembled with anger, the curls of black hair bound back by a fillet from her narrow forehead almost seemed to revolt against Andrada's exactions, and her glittering dark eyes shot forth sparks of anger.

But Andrada seemingly took no heed of these rebellious signs; stately and majestic, she glanced at the Roman maiden, whose stature she exceeded by more than a head, and, with a movement of impatience, flung back the loose tresses of her hair. With an imperious gesture, she called to a man who was driving before him a band of Roman prisoners in chains. "When are they to be burned?" she asked.

"When you have given the order to your women," he replied.

Andrada fixed her eyes on the plain below. For an instant they shone with exuberant joy, as if the sun were reflected therein; then, under the arch of her frowning eyebrows, the expression changed to one of sombre and dull anger.

"Let them wait," said she, dismissing the man. "Come, Fausta; get down to the river and see that the men there bury the coffer in the pit hollowed in the river's bed."

"What good is there in hiding the treasure," asked the girl, with quivering lips, "since the Romans are always vanquished?"

"Twice, in truth, has my father been the victor, but the third time we shall succumb."

"Ah! then it will be you who will have to carry the burdens in Rome, as I do here!" said Fausta, mockingly, as she directed her steps toward the river.

"Never!" cried Andrada.

"We shall see," murmured the Roman maiden, and her white teeth shone between her tightened lips.

Fausta had not gone far when she encountered the young Dacian, Bicilis, who grew red with anger as he saw her bending under the weight of her heavy load.

"Leave it where it is, Bicilis," said she; "it does not hurt my shoulders so very much."

"It burts the shoulders and the heart as well—mine, at least," he replied, as he took down the coffer and gave it to a Roman prisoner to carry. "Andrada has no feeling," he cried; "how can she torture you so cruelly!"

At these words hot tears streamed from Fausta's eyes. "I wish I were dead," she said. "If you love me, Bicilis, put an end to my misery—take your sword and kill me now!"

"Instead of that I will raise you to the level of a queen," he said, "and Andrada shall have to bathe your feet, like a servant."

As he spoke, he put his arms about the slender waist of the young girl, who for a moment allowed herself to be pressed to his heart; but catching sight of Andrada advancing in the distance, she escaped from him and continued her way toward the river. The course of the water had been turned so as to excavate a deep pit, destined to hold the treasures which the Dacians wished to put in safety, dreading a fresh invasion of the Romans.

Andrada rejoined Bicilis, and bade him order the prisoners to carry food and clothing to the Cave of Cozia, beneath the Deva Fortress. There was their last refuge—in the impregnable mountain, near to the mines of gold, so attractive to the cupidity of the Romans. Bicilis listened in silence, and, preceded by the prisoners in single file, he passed through the iron gate which led to the cave. A narrow pass between two giant rocks conducted him to this last, and only safe, refuge of the Dacians. He paused at the great gate, and while pretending to examine it, he withdrew the bolt, took it away, and flung it into the stream of the Strau, which flowed close by.

"What could he have been saying to Fausta?" thought Andrada, and, calling to her from the river-bank, said: "Do you see these Romans—my prisoners? They will die ere night falls, so their lips will be mute; but you—you will stay with me, for I like to have you near me; it is useless to try to escape, for at the first attempt to do so you shall be chained with irons to my side. Well understand this, if you hold to your life and that of the prisoner whom you go there so often to see!" The sparkling eyes of Fausta followed the direction of Andrada's hand, which pointed to a fortified tower.

"Ah, Longinus!" said she, laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Andrada.

"Do you not know that Trajan said, 'Decebal may do what he pleases with Longinus; it is a matter of indifference to me'?"

"And with you is it equally indifferent?"

"To me all is the same—everything—everything."

"Fausta, Fausta, you do not speak truly—were it so, why should your eyes be constantly directed toward that tower? You are waiting for a signal from the Roman!"

"I?"

"Yes, you; and when you run quickly up the steps which lead to Longinus's prison, and hide yourself there, you think that Andrada is blind!"

"It is true; Andrada is blind—completely blind!"

The hot blood mounted to the neck and temples of Andrada as she seized on the curly head of Fausta and bent it like a reed. "If you go up again to that tower, you shall be beaten with whips—do you hear?"

"I hear."

Fausta escaped like an eel, leaving a mesh of her black hair in Andrada's band; drawing herself up, she cried: "At Rome—at Rome—you shall wear chains and be attached to Trajan's triumphal chariot; you shall be whipped; and you shall bow your head lower than you have made me bow mine." And she darted off like an arrow to rejoin Bicilis with the prisoners in his charge.

Andrada shrugged her shoulders. "She will have to die," said she, "but it would really be a pity; for, though she is a viper, she is a very charming one. She must be slowly tortured to death, and she will hiss to the last! Yes, she must die, though only by my hand; she comes of a noble race, and none other but myself must touch her brown skin."

On that same morning, Longinus had received from the hands of Fausta a small phial, which he concealed in the folds of his toga.

"Trajan is sacrificing me," said the prisoner.

"You have but to imagine you are dying on the battlefield. Our cause is won; the Dacians will be put to death, all—all—except Bicilis, who has betrayed them; and Andrada, who will walk before the triumphal car in chains, and I shall hold the chains, and I will bruise her arms, and beat her with the whip with which—" and here the young girl hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Poor Andrada!" said Longinus.

"Poor Andrada?" cried Fausta; "and it is you, Longinus, who say this? Even this very evening she will have our soldiers, who are her prisoners, cast into the flames! But you—you will escape from this disgraceful death, for I have stolen from her this poison, which shall save you from slavery and shame. You will die free, whereas she shall be flung to the earth, and I will crush her under my feet. But, alas! where can I now fly?—for she suspects me, and will bind me to her side, so that I may witness the funeral-pyre and hear the groans of agony. I shall go mad."

Fausta had found a hiding-place in the cave, where she would not be an eye-witness to the terrible spectacle; and although Andrada questioned Bicilis very severely as to her whereabouts, he would not betray her retreat.

The Dacian women flung the prisoners into the flames, and the lurid light shone on the prison of Longinus; he shuddered at the crackling of the fire and the cries of suffering reached his ears. Suddenly his prison-door opened, and in the red glare appeared Andrada, calm and unmoved.

"I have come to say to you, Longinus, that my father is willing even now to set you free, if you will but prevail on Trajan to yield us the territory as far as the Ister; and the lives of all the remaining prisoners shall be spared—they shall be given back to you."

"I do not hear your words, for my ears are stopped by the groans of my fellow-countrymen."

"They must die, or they would betray us; but you—you will live!"

"One does not accept gifts at the hands of an enemy."

"But if peace be made, shall we not be friends? I have been compelled to forbid Fausta visiting you these past days."

"She is a slave."

"She is mine; I have received her as a gift from the hands of my father. I hold her life; I like her; and yet I know she seeks but an opportunity to betray us."

"And they call that *liking* in this country!"

Andrada smiled. "As one loves a mortal enemy; as the eagle loves the gazelle," said she; "as the sun loves a drop of rain, which he embraces voluptuously before drinking it up."

Night descended on the smoking butchery, and a soft wind carried across the plain clouds of ashes bearing a sickening, nauseous odor.

"Something is burning near this," said one of the Roman legion, which was furtively approaching in the darkness.

In the cave Decebal was seated, while Andrada stood before him, leaning against a large stone, on which burned a small oil-lamp, flickering and smoking.

"Father," said she, "I can do nothing with Longinus. He has had time for reflection, but his bearing is obstinate and decided; as well as we, he knows that the Romans are too powerful against us. Shall I show you what I have prepared for you and your warriors?" She raised the lamp and let its light shine on skins filled with wine and oil, on sacks of rice and heaps of maize. But, at the extreme end of the cave, there glistened some luminous thing, and, approaching the lamp, there glared out upon her in the darkness the eyes of Fausta, like the eyes of a wild animal. Instinctively Andrada felt for the hilt of the poniard in her waist-scarf; but, leaving it in its place, she seized Fausta by the wrist and dragged her from her hiding-place. "By what right are you here?" she asked.

"I was but screening my eyes from the sight of your bonfires," replied the girl.

"Poor child!" cried Andrada, mockingly. "Here, take this bracelet; it is for you to wear in the triumphal procession in which you say I am to take part."

Fausta seized the bracelet, flung it on the ground, and crushed it under her sandal. "On that day it will be the conqueror himself who will recompense me," she said.

Andrada smiled. "Worthy pupil of such a master—'One does not accept gifts from an enemy!' Go and bring Bicilis to me."

While Fausta crept outside, Decebal, his head resting on his hand, called to Andrada thus: "My child, you are brave? I know it."

"Yes, my father."

"We can no longer defend the town."

"Then we must burn it to the ground, father."

"And what shall we do if we find ourselves surrounded by the enemy?"

"Here is your precious goblet of gold, and in that corner the draught which will procure for us the last sleep, my father."

"You have thought even of this? And I, who had dreamed of another future for you—I had hoped to induce Trajan to make you his wife; there was a time when he would have been but too happy to purchase peace at such a price."

"Think you that Decebal's daughter would gain value in her own eyes by becoming a Roman empress? No, my father; it is so easy to die, and I will not survive you."

Decebal sighed heavily as Bicilis entered.

"Longinus gave this writing to his guard," said he.

Decebal opened and read:

"You are lost, Decebal; the enemy is in your house."

Decebal held out the writing in silence to Bicilis, who, smiling, said: "He seems to forget that you are no craven coward, and that you can count on your faithful allies."

"There is but that little serpent, Fausta, who could betray us; she should have been burned with the rest."

"She shall yet die, my father," said Andrada.

Bicilis cast a look of hatred on Andrada, though it fell unmarked, her eyes being fixed on the ground.

"We have enough provisions in the town," said Decebal; "we can defend ourselves for a time against the Romans and their insatiable thirst for conquest; but what do we gain by holding out? Sooner or later we must surrender." His sombre countenance was bent toward the earth as he twisted his beard nervously with his hand.

"They will not find many possessions when they do arrive," said Andrada. "After the men have perished, then the women, with their flaming torches, will set fire to the city; for this all is prepared."

Steps were suddenly heard approaching the cave, and a warrior was visible in the distance. Decebal shaded his eyes with his hand—the better to look into the light; ascertaining who was nearing him, he cried: "Bato! what brings you here? Are you the bearer of evil tidings?"

"Longinus is dead, my lord."

Decebal sprang from his seat. "Dead!"

"Yes, my lord, dead, with this empty phial in his hand."

Andrada recognized a phial which she usually carried about her person, but which had some days past mysteriously disappeared. Her lips murmured the one word "*Fausta!*"

Decebal rose to his feet; his face was purple with anger; his very beard seemed even to bristle with passion. "Cut off his head and show it to the Romans as soon as they approach," he cried.

"My lord, would this be prudent?" asked Bato.

"The time for prudence has passed," said Decebal, huskily; and, showing him the writing, "Read."

Bato shook his head. "They think to weaken us by mutual want of confidence," he said; "they do not take into account that with us Dacians every one counts on himself; we fear but one thing—slavery; and we know how to protect ourselves from that."

Bicilis again looked toward Andrada, who still remained calm and motionless as a figure of stone.

"And our women?" he asked.

"Our women will die! Trajan knows Andrada's beauty, and has sworn to be its possessor."

Then Andrada aroused herself. "Trajan is a mighty emperor," she cried, "but Andrada is yet more powerful!"

"To the gates!" cried Decebal, rising, while his voice resounded in the cave like an echo from the bowels of the earth—that voice which, like the fanfare of a clarion, had so often incited his warriors to acts of valiant courage.

Andrada hastily sought Fausta, for now—now she must die, and there was not a moment to be lost. But Fausta was nowhere to be found.

Andrada searched even the tower, where, in the gray morning light, lay the decapitated trunk of Longinus. She turned aside, for the spectacle was too sickening even for a Dacian woman. Suddenly came wild shouts and the blasts of horns, while a clashing of arms was heard at the nearest gate of the town. The Romans, under the cover of the blackness of the night, had silently approached, and were now assaulting the town on three sides at the same time. Their fury had redoubled when the morning light had revealed to them the head of Longinus. Andrada still looked down from the summit of the tower. She saw her father giving his orders with his habitual cool self-possession; she saw the fierce, but as yet unsuccessful, assaults of the Romans, as stones and javelins were showered upon them from the heights of the ramparts. At one of the gates she perceived Bato; at another, Bicilis. The bright sun shone in all his glory on a moving spectacle—the hand-to-hand and bloody strife; the young maiden, silent and solitary, by the headless body of Longinus.

Suddenly a gliding, graceful figure crept along and drew near to Bicilis. After exchanging a few words with him, it disappeared and made its way to the nearest gate. Andrada felt the hot blood bounding in her temples as, breathless, she watched the traitress. An instant afterwards the gate was forced and the Romans entered in dense masses. Andrada applied her two hands to her mouth and sent forth a shrill cry, like to that of a bird of prey—a second, yet a third time, and then rushed to the flight of steps leading from the tower. But, alas! there was a door at the bottom of these steps, and this had been fastened from the outside! "Fausta!" she cried, biting her lips till the blood flowed. She looked around her; the staircase was obscure, but she perceived a stone which was loose and had fallen away. Could she raise it? With the force of an Amazon, she lifted it above her head and flung it against the door. The door shook, but the hinges did not yield. A second effort was more successful, and the wood of the door shivered into splinters. Then Andrada seized on two torches, and, lighting them at the smoldering ashes, forced herself a passage amid the throng. On all sides were women, only waiting her behests. They flung the torches to right and left, from house to house, with the cry "Andrada! Andrada!" Soon the streets were a sea of flame, enveloping the Roman insurgents. Decebal heard the cry, and, looking back, perceived the troops of his

enemy breaking in on every side amidst the fires of the incendiaries.

The red sun has sunk behind the clouds of smoke; Decebal, wounded and dispirited, followed by but seven of his warriors, had found a last retreat in the Cave of Cozia. He is seated by a stone table, watching the blood trickling from his wounds; the others are leaning against the moist stone—moist with the blood of their chief. Decebal's voice is heard under the vaulted roof, growling like the plaint of a lion in its death-agony:

"Only you—only you left of the living?"

"We only."

"Where is Bicilis?"

They looked at each other in mute alarm.

"I ask you, where is Bicilis?"

"With the Romans," said one, at last, with a hesitating voice.

"With the Romans! A prisoner?"

"No; it is he who leads them."

"This is more bitter than death!" cried Decebal; "and we, what is there left for us to do?"

"To die together," they all cried.

"And Andrada, my daughter," he said, with a trembling voice; "they have not captured her?"

"No, father; Andrada is no easy captive," she cried, entering the cave with a rapid step, a torch in her hand. "Trajan is coming, and Bicilis leads the way—Bicilis who opened the gate to him—Bicilis, your friend!"

"I know full well—all is finished; for the last time give me the cup, my child."

Andrada's hand trembled as she filled to the brim the jeweled flagon. Decebal raised it to his lips and took a long draught.

"It reanimates one," he said, as he passed the cup on to the others, who, each in turn, drank of it in silence. Soon a gentle lassitude penetrated their powerful limbs and weighed down their heavy eyelids.

"The rest for me," said Andrada, once more filling the goblet. "My father, I drink to the noble hero—Trajan—the vanquisher of flames and corpses"; she put the cup to her lips, but a sudden blow dashed it from her hand. It was Fausta, who with an air of mocking triumph cried, "To Rome, Andrada—to Rome!" But the words died on her lips as Andrada swiftly drew a dagger from her waist-scarf and thrust it into Fausta's throat; a jet of blood spurted out as she withdrew the stilet and plunged it, red and reeking, into her own fair breast.

Bicilis, mad with grief, flung himself on the lifeless body of Fausta. "Fausta, Fausta!" he cried, "for your sake I have been a traitor!"

Andrada was supporting herself by the side of the rock, the blood welling from her wound. She raised her foot toward Bicilis, as if to crush a serpent. At the same instant Trajan stood before her. She smiled feebly on him.

"Thou art still living, noble daughter of Decebal—living for me! Thou shalt be the adoration of my life."

"Yes," said Andrada, "it is I, the daughter of Decebal; and you—you are the great hero, Trajan."

So saying she drew the poniard from her breast, her eyes closed, and she sank dying to the earth.

Trajan caught her in his arms and kissed her discolored lips, while a tear fell from his eyes on the pale face of the daughter of his enemy.

Around them in a circle were seated the Dacian warriors leaning on their swords, their lifeless eyes turned toward their statue-like chief.

"Decebal," cried Trajan—"Decebal, let us be friends. I weep with you, I deplore the sacrifice of yon noble maiden." But no answer issued from the mouth of Decebal.

"Do you not see that they are dead?" said Bicilis; "Andrada gave them their last sleeping-draught."

Trajan turned, with contempt, upon Bicilis. "You here, miscreant?" he cried; "depart hence; your breath is a profanation."

But Trajan's followers said: "Show us where are the treasures, the mines of gold, the caskets of precious stones."

Bicilis led them to the banks of the river, turned aside the water, and discovered to them the deep pit in its bed, which was speedily made to disgorge its treasures.

"Now throw the traitor into the pit!" cried Trajan.

"Is that to be my recompense?" asked Bicilis.

"Thinkest thou that I will suffer near my triumphal car a wretch who has been trampled under foot by Andrada? Go, to thy death!"

In vain Bicilis protested, entreated. Trajan was immovable, and Bicilis was seized and thrown into the pit; the earth covered him, and the waters of the Ister flowed over his narrow tomb.—Translated from the Roumanian of "Carmen Sylva," ex-Queen of Roumania.

The city council of New Orleans has just voted that the statue of Henry Clay, which for thirty-three years has stood at the junction of St. Charles and Royal Streets, one of the most central spots in the city, be removed to another and more retired place. This statue has, in its time, been famous not only because of its subject but because of its connection with almost every great public meeting in New Orleans for a generation. The removal has been ordered without a note of opposition being raised, because the middle of the street is wanted for the use of street-cars.

Bicycling has become very popular in Cyprus, the old home of Venus, and Larnaca, the capital of the island, has a flourishing cycling club. What with locomotives on the Piræus, Bernhard acting in Athens, King George wearing tan shoes (as he does), and the native Cypriotes careering about on the wheel, it would appear that the barbarians of the West are repaying many of their debts to the ancient Greeks.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Pompadour.

Versailles! Up the chestnut alley,
All in flower, so white and pure,
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys
Of this Madame Pompadour.
"Clear the way!" cry out the lacqueys,
Elbowing the lame and poor
From the chapel's stately porches—
"Way for Madame Pompadour!"
Old, bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
Jostled by the chariot-horses
Of this woman—Pompadour.
Through the levée (poet, marquis,
Wistful for the opening door,
With a rippling sweep of sahn,
Sailed the queenly Pompadour.
Sighs by dozens, as she proudly
Glides, so confident and sure;
With her fan that breaks through halberds,
In went Madame Pompadour.
"Rose in sunshine! Summer lily!"
Cries a poet at the door,
Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys
Of the witching Pompadour.
"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"
Sighs a pimp behind the door,
Jammed and bullied by the courtiers
Of this trumpet Pompadour.
"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbé,
Fat and with the voice of four,
Black silk stockings soiled by varlets
Of this Rahab Pompadour.
"Neck so swan-like—Dea certe!"
Fit for monarchs to adore!"
"Clear the way!" was still the echo,
"For this Venus—Pompadour."
Open!—with the jar of thunder
Fly the portals—clocks strike four;
With a hurst of drums and trumpets
Come the king and Pompadour.
—George Walter Thornbury.

The Last Banquet.

(An incident of the French Revolution in 1793.)

Gitaut, the Norman marquis, sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine glided the castle wall;
While in through the open windows floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden, and filling the lofty room.
Yonder, over the poplars, lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city, red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music, the tall cathedral towers
Told to the panting people the story of the hours.
His was a cruel temper; under his baneful sway,
Peasant, and maid, and matron fled from his headlong way.
When down from his rocky eyrie, spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble, ripe for some evil deed.
But when the surging thousands, bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages, rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet, and tree, and *lanterne* bearing their bleeding fruit.
Only one touch of feeling—hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshipped, dead in the days of yore,
Now slept in the lonely chapel, hard by the river shore.
High on a painted panel, set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features, lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead, eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses, rivalled the sapphire's hue.
"Why do you come, Breconi?" "Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder, down by the castle wall."
"Bid her begone!" "But, master—poor child, she loves you so!
And, broken with bitter weeping, she told me a tale of woe.
She says there is wild work yonder, there in the bated town,
Where the crowd of frenzied people are shooting the nobles down;
And to-night, ere the moon has risen, they come, with burning
brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle to light the lurid land.
But first you must spread the banquet—host for this crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret they fling my murdered lord,
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis; flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern safe in its friendly gloom."
"Tush! are you mad, Breconi? Spread them the banquet here,
With flowers, and fruits, and viands, silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi—and I will draw the wine!"

Up from the rippling river sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er the solemn stillness laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city, and over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle, still as the silent tomb.
Leaning over the casement, heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis knew that his time was come;
And he turned to the paneled picture—that answered his look again
And beamed with a sigh of welcome—humming a low refrain.
Under the echoing archway, and up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent shouted in strident tone—
Curses, and gibes, and threat'nings, with snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury in many a brutal breast.
There, under the lighted tapers set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling, and calm, and steadfast, towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume, facing the gibing host,
He wore on his broad, blue ribbon the star of "The Holy Ghost."
"Welcome, fair guests—be seated!" he cried to the motley crowd
That drew to the loaded table with curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome, the gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers, strung with their nerves of steel.
Turned to the paneled picture, calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage, cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—in his rich garments dress—
As cold, and hard, and polished as the brilliants on his breast.
Pouring a brimming beaker, he cried: "Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you! Pledge me my proudest day!
Here, under the hall of banquet—drink, drink to the festal news—
Stand twenty casks of powder, set with a lighted fuse!
Frozen with sudden horror, they saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage, the ruffles at his wrist;
Turned to the smiling picture, clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—"I drink to thee, *ma belle!*"
Down crashed the silver goblet, flung on the marble floor;
Back rushed the stricken revellers—back to the close-barred door;
Up through its yawning crater the mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire up through its waves of smoke!
Out through the deep'ning darkness a wild, despairing cry
Rang, as the riven castle lighted the midnight sky,
Then down o'er the lurid landscape, lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress, and roof, and rafter—the smoking ruin fell!

Over the Norman landscape the summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral, gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river, lapped in its banks of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses over the peaceful scene;
But high o'er the trembling poplars, blackened, and hurned, and riven,
Those blasted towers and ramparts frown in the face of heaven;
And still in the sultry August I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis, keen as his rapier's steel!
—Edward Renaud.

TITLED WRITERS AND HACKS.

"Cockaigne" discusses Mr. Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine" and Its Contemporaries—A Peer's Opinion for Sixpence—Too Much of Kipling and Company.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor's *Pall Mall Magazine* is something too awfully swagger. Nothing at all approaching it has ever been attempted in English journalism. When one reads the list of titled contributors, and remembers that the editors consist of a real live lord and a baronet (or knight), one can hardly realize that it is published for circulation among the common herd at the ignoble price of sixpence per number. Just imagine what the possession of sixpence puts a poor mortal within reach of! The third number of the magazine is just out, and already has it given to the public articles by the Countess of Cork, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, Lady Brooke, and the Hon. George Curzon.

After all, I can not help thinking that perhaps it is not altogether such an exhibit of tuft-bunting and display of nauseating anglomania upon the part of Mr. Astor as one might be led to suppose. A deeper motive and more cunning object than the mere beslaving of the British nobility underlies the venture, if the word "venture" can be applied to the business act of a man already possessed of the modest income of twenty-five thousand dollars a day. Such a man does not need to make ventures. Yet it is not otherwise than possible that, while posing before the world as a millionaire chucking away money on the publication of a magazine for his own amusement and the flatterment of a lot of mediocre scribblers with handles to their names, it may be that he has seen much profit ahead in the very use of these people as contributors. There is certainly considerable novelty in the idea. The majority of people have but a vague idea of dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, earls and countesses, and lords and ladies generally. They may see them now and then, and, perchance, on occasion may bear them say a few words. But they never had a chance of reading what such great people wrote until Mr. Astor kindly gave them the chance—for sixpence. Who, for the sake of sixpence, would be ignorant of the literary abilities of the English peerage? Just fancy being able to study and weigh the thoughts of a countess for about ten cents!

People may laugh and sneer at Mr. Astor, and wonder how an American can go in for such an unrepugnant enterprise.

"Oh, yes. It's easy for him," says one man you meet. "It doesn't signify to him how much he loses. He's rich and can stand it."

"There's an American for you!" exclaims another. "Why don't he publish his magazine in his own country? We've got enough already in London, and don't want any more?"

"I'll tell you why," answers a third. "How would he get the lords and ladies to write for it if he published it in America? What is it without them?"

You feel inclined to say "True enough," to this, for in other respects the articles and stories are, or are to be, made up by old stand-bys in London magazine work such as Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, Theodore Watts, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Barr, Zangwill, W. L. Alden, W. G. Norris, Clark Russell, Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, and Mrs. Oliphant. One gets almost tired of the sameness of the magazines. If you don't find Rudyard Kipling in the *Strand*, you are pretty sure to come across him in the *Idler*. So with Conan Doyle. Weary to the verge of prostration with his everlasting detective, Sherlock Holmes, you pick up, say, *Good Words*. There he is again. Even the new *Pall Mall* could not do without him, and up he pops in their second number among the lords and ladies. As for Bret Harte, it seems impossible to get away from him. In a small pamphlet sent round *gratis* to advertise somebody's soap a few days ago, I came on "The Home-Coming of Jim Wilkes," nicely got up and well illustrated. There is also a contribution from George R. Sims, another "constant friend."

Even *Harper's* has to get Hardy's help. However, Miss Mary E. Wilkins and Julian Ralph are a great safety-valve to it. Indeed, I hardly know what *Harper's Magazine* would be like if it had not something by Julian Ralph. Not long ago there were two articles by him in the same number. This may do for the American edition, but for Englishmen, with so many other magazines of their own to choose from, it seems to me that such a constant dose of Ralph's local statistics is rather boring. Alden's "Colonel" stories, too, are getting just a trifle suggestive of lassitude.

Now, what I chiefly mean by all this is that Mr. Astor, or his titled editors—Lord Frederick Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight—would do well to wedge in among their lords and ladies a few new and untitled writers, instead of the fossils. Of course there are a few here and there. But what I mean is, let the *Strand*, *Cornhill*, *Good Words*, *Temple Bar*, and the *Idler* keep Kipling, and Alden, and Barr, and Doyle, and Barrie, and Bret Harte to themselves. People who buy or subscribe to these periodicals will not only know what to expect, but will know where to go for what they want. Those who have already had their fill of Kipling and company will naturally turn to a new magazine. But if the new magazine is chiefly a new field for the old worn-out set, and means more stories, and articles, and doggerel by the same old lot of writers, the buyers and subscribers are out in the cold.

Of course there are some contributors to the *Pall Mall* who do not belong to the old set—just as there are some who have no handles to their names. It would be queer if there were not. But all the places now filled by the written-out people should be left open to new writers. At all events, do not let the new people be, in the main, selected by Burke and Debreit.

LONDON, July 8, 1893.

COCKAIGNE.

ZOLA'S NEW NOVEL.

"Parisina" discusses the Last of the Rougon-Macquart Series—
"Doctor Pascal" and his Theories—A Story of
Science and Love.

Everybody who was anything in the world of letters or art was assembled, a few days ago, on the island in the Bois and toasting in right good champagne the historiographer of the Rougon-Macquarts. On arriving, we anxiously pressed forward to shake the great man's hand—the hero of the day, Emile Zola. The hosts, M. Charpentier and his partner, were quite a secondary consideration with us all—and when the time came to choose a seat at one or other of the tables laid for the banquet, naturally we all tried not to be too far away from the man in whom our interests were centred.

I have often been struck with a certain resemblance of feature between Thackeray and Zola—a vague resemblance, perhaps, but lurking somewhere about the short *retroussé* nose and the loose, rather ungainly build of the man. Zola, however, is dark—a few streaks of gray in the black now—and he lacks the sweet, almost child-like, benevolence that looks out of Thackeray's portraits. Those who never met Zola may picture him to themselves rather arrogant, whereas the fact is, his manner is decidedly diffident and not devoid of nervousness. I was forcibly impressed by this yesterday, and the unsophisticated way in which he talked of the great desire of his life shows a simple spirit—as you know, his ambition is one day to sit in the Academy, and he takes pleasure in unveiling before you the strategy resorted to to compass this end.

We had been brought together to celebrate the appearance of "Le Docteur Pascal," the twentieth and last volume of the Rougon-Macquart Series, the "résumé and conclusion of my life's work," as he puts it in the dedication to the memory of his mother and to his wife, which was published in book-form a few hours before we sat down to the succulent fare provided for us by the Charpentier firm.

When Zola is elected a member of the august assembly which holds its meetings beneath the dome of the Institute, it will not add one iota to his fame as a novelist; in the same way the chain by which it has pleased the author to join together twenty of his most important works, and the theories of heredity propounded therein, adds very little to their literary value. Yet, strange to say, it is this particular feature on which he prides himself; all the varied types he has portrayed with such fidelity, the many plots he has so dexterously woven, are quite secondary matters. For the hero of this last volume of the series, Zola has chosen a physiologist, whom he makes the mouth-piece of his views with respect to the influence of parentage and hereditary vices and virtues. Dr. Pascal is a Rougon, and has conceived the strange idea of taking up his own family as an illustration. He has collected voluminous documentary evidence, which he has carefully classified and stored away to serve as the basis of a great work on this subject on which he has long been engaged, while carrying on, at the same time, his medical researches. For he is not only bent on tracing the origin of human woes and frailties, he is also hopeful of discovering a means of mitigating human suffering. He is a seeker after the elixir of life, a sort of modern Faust; but his methods are borrowed from those of Pasteur and Brown-Sequard, and consist of subcutaneous injections. Zola does not spare us details because they savor of the laboratory or the dissecting-room—he revels in them.

The scene of the story is laid at Plassans, a name chosen to designate the author's native town of Aix, in Provence, which can deceive no one, so accurate are the descriptions. Here the doctor has lived ever since he completed his studies in Paris. After a dozen years of practice as a physician, he had realized a modest competence and purchased for a mere song the old stronghold of La Sauleiade, and henceforth most of his time was given to study and research, though he continued to doctor the poor and some of his old patients, both of whom were content to accept his ministrations, given for the most part gratuitously. He possesses none of the family ambition so forcibly exemplified in his brothers—Son Excellence Eugène Rougon and Aristide Rougon, the financier—and for this is reckoned of small account by Félicie Rougon, his mother, now a very old yet hale woman, with an infamous past, whose one desire in life is to wipe out the sombre records of the family and reinstate it in the opinion of the world. Therefore, Pascal's strange mania for collecting proofs of the family degradation and history is a continual source of anxiety and dread; to get hold of and destroy these documents is the task she has set herself.

La Sauleiade has only two inmates besides the doctor—his old servant and housekeeper, Martine, and his niece, Clothilde is the daughter of Aristide Rougon, who, when about to make a grand marriage (his second wife, Renée, is the heroine of "La Curée"), was delighted to accept his brother's offer of adopting his little girl. And the child has grown up and blossomed into a beautiful woman in her uncle's house; she is the joy of his home, his pupil, his secretary. Clothilde is intellectually superior to any of Zola's female characters, she has received an unusual education, and her mind has been formed by the doctor, who, while initiating her into the mysteries of philosophy, has nevertheless forbore to inculcate her with his own agnosticism, and has allowed her to follow the rites and services of the Catholic Church under the guidance of Martine, a bigoted devotee. The reputation of an unbeliever, which Pascal enjoys, is a source of terrible disquiet to the girl and also to the servant, both of whom are passionately desirous of bringing "The Master" into the pale of the church. Old Mme. Rougon works on their fears, foreseeing a way of gaining possession of the obnoxious documents through them, having signally failed herself on more than one occasion. She makes them believe that the papers in question are the instruments of a devilish scheme, for which her son will be everlastingly

damned. Influence over the doctor she herself has none. To quote:

"He declined discussion; he knew her too well to hope to convince her or to meet discuss the past with her. One day Félicie went off furious, and, meeting Martine at the door, in front of the palm-tree plantation, she hurst forth—not knowing that Pascal, who had gone into his room, could hear what she said through the open window—and poured out her resentment, and swore to get at the papers and destroy them, since he would not make a voluntary sacrifice. But what most horrified Pascal was Martine's manner of quieting her. Evidently she was an accomplice. She kept repeating that they must wait, do nothing in a hurry, that mademoiselle and she had taken an oath to win over monsieur and not to leave him a moment's peace. They had taken an oath they would reconcile him with God, because it was not possible that a saint like monsieur should be without religion. . . . Pascal felt overcome, despairing. What was the good of hating, since all those he loved were arrayed against him? Martine, who would have thrown herself into the fire at a signal from him, was betraying him for his good! And Clothilde, in league with the servant, was plotting in corners and busy laying traps for him! Yes, he was really alone; around him were only traitors; they poisoned the air he breathed. Those two, Martine and Clothilde, loved him and he might have ended by convincing them, but since he knew his mother was spurring them on, he could explain their antagonism, and he lost the hope of winning them back to him."

There was no doubt it was Clothilde's devotion to her uncle that caused her to make his life a burden to him at this time. Had she not loved him so dearly, she would not have suffered so acutely. She believed in heaven herself and everlasting torment, and reconciled it to her conscience to use every means in her power to compass his salvation in spite of him. There were times, however, when she doubted whether she was doing right, and then the conflict was dreadful. There were times when, by force of goodness and kindness, he convinced her for a spell. Between the two, hitherto, perfect confidence had reigned. In the first part of the book is a charming description of a country walk the two have together. Clothilde's growing hostility to her uncle's anti-religious ideas is allayed by the man's infinite tenderness toward the poor and suffering whom he has been visiting with her, as described in this passage:

"They were following the road now, and Clothilde stopped and pointed with her hand to the wide stretch of country."

"Master, used there not to be a big garden there? Have you not told me that story?"

"Pascal, whose heart was brimming over with happiness, started, and a smile of infinite sadness overspread his features."

"Yes, yes, the Paradox—an immense garden, woods, meadows, orchards, and streamlets—a garden abandoned for a hundred years, the Garden of the Sleeping Beauty, wherein nature ruled with sovereign power. And, as you see, they have cut the trees, plowed the land, and divided it into lots for sale. Ah, when I pass by here my heart always aches!"

"She ventured to pursue the subject: 'Was it not in Paradox that my cousin Serge and your tall friend Albine loved each other?'"

"He had forgotten she was there, and continued: 'Albine! Heavens! I see her still in the sunlight, like a living bouquet of flowers, her head thrown back, her bosom light with gaiety, happy with her flowers—wild flowers plaited into her blonde hair, wreathing her throat, in her bodice, about her bare arms. . . . And when she was dead, in the midst of the flowers, I see her again, very white, her hands clasped, sleeping, with a smile on her lips, on her bed of hyacinths and tuberoses. Dead for love—and how Albine and Serge had loved in the big, tumbling garden, in the bosom of nature, the accomplice! And what a flood of life, carrying away all artificial barriers, and what a triumph of life!'"

"Clothilde, troubled by this ardent flow of words, looked fixedly at him. Never had she dared speak to him of another story she had heard, that of his only love, who was long since dead. They had told her that he had tended her without ever daring to kiss the tips of her fingers. Until now, when he was near sixty, study and timidity had turned him from women. But you felt him to be reserved for a great passion, with a young heart fresh and overflowing beneath his white hair."

"And she who is dead, she whom some one regrets' . . . Then, in another tone, trembling, her cheeks scarlet, she knew not why: 'Serge did not love her, since he let her die?'"

"Pascal seemed to awake out of a dream, surprised to find her near him—so young, with such beautiful eyes burning and clear in the shade of her broad-brimmed hat. Something had passed, the same breath had touched them both. She did not take his arm again; they walked on side by side."

"Ah, dearest, it would be too beautiful if man did not spoil all. Albine is dead, and Serge is *curé* of St. Eutrope, where he lives with his sister Desirée—a brave woman, who is fortunate in being an idiot. He is a holy man; I never said he was not. . . . You can be a murderer and yet serve God.' And he went on showing her the crudities of existence, humanity at its blackest, still with a smile on his face. He loved life for itself. Life might seem dreadful, but it ought to be great and good, since we cling to it so lenaciously. . . . Yes, doubtless he was a *savant à clairvoyant*; he did not believe in ideal humanity; on the contrary, he saw it with his blots, he hunted for them, he had catalogued them for the last thirty years; and his passion for life, his admiration for the forces of life, sufficed to fill him with joy, and caused him to love others with a fraternal tenderness, a sympathy that you felt lay beneath his roughness as an anatomist under the affected impersonality of his studies."

"Bah! he concluded, turning for the last time toward the naked fields, 'Paradox has disappeared; it has been laid low, spoiled, destroyed, but what does that signify? Vines will be planted, corn will grow, harvests will be garnered, and they will love again at harvest-time and vintage. . . . Life is eternal, it begins over and over again.'"

A preaching friar comes to Plassans, and his sermons take hold of the lively imagination of Clothilde, whose desire to save her "master," as she calls him, from the divine anger reached a paroxysm, while the superstitious awe and horror inspired by the famous documents are so great that one night she is surprised by Pascal in the act of stealing them out of the cabinet in which they are piled up, with the intention of burning and destroying them. A fearful scene ensues. The doctor is beside himself with anger; he strikes her. Then he commands her to help him replace them from where she has taken them, and she obeys; his violence has vanquished her. The story goes on:

"Pascal was beginning to sort the packets, when suddenly he turned toward Clothilde, who was still there, dumb, erect, and white. 'Listen, I had forbidden you to read these papers, and I know you have obeyed me. Yes, I had scruples. You are not an ignorant girl like some, for I have allowed you to study most things, which is bad only for those who are bad. But what was the use of initiating you into these terrible human truths? I have, therefore, kept you ignorant of the family history, which is the history of humanity—much had and much good. . . . You are now twenty-five; you ought to know, and, besides, existence was no longer possible. You live, and you make me live in a nightmare. I prefer that you should know the truth; we will read these documents—a terrible lesson of life.'"

But the lesson does not bring peace. Clothilde is at war with herself as well as the "master." True, she ceases to make common cause with her grandmother and Martine, still she is dreadfully unhappy, and the breach widens between uncle and niece. I am coming to that part of the story which it is least easy to write about. The reader will

have guessed that Pascal and Clothilde are drifting into love. Ever since the night when he wrested the papers from her grasp, the doctor is aware of the passion that has taken hold of him. The emotions he has gone through are too much for him, he falls seriously ill, and, at one time, is pursued with the horrible fear that he has inherited the family taint of madness—the ancestress of all the Rougon-Macquarts, an old woman of a hundred, is the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

I have not yet mentioned Ramon—a pupil and friend of the doctor's, who hopes one day to make Clothilde his wife. Over and over again he presses the girl to give him an answer, and time after time she puts him off. Then Pascal interposes; he thinks that if Clothilde marries he shall be cured of his hopeless passion, and he urges her to accept Ramon, who has waited long enough. While he believes she has obeyed him, she has finally refused her young lover. It would be useless to attempt an analysis of Pascal's condition at this juncture. Here is a brief quotation:

"My God! what was to become of him? A girl whom his brother had confided to his care, whom he had brought up paternally, and who was now this temptress of twenty-five! He felt himself disarmed, weak as an infant. And above the physical desire, he loved her with an immense tenderness, her moral and intellectual personality, the uprightness of her character, her wit and bravery. Even their quarrels endeared her, and her skepticism made her all the more precious, because she was so different from him. Her rebellion pleased him, she was his companion and his pupil, he saw her as he had helped to make her, with her great heart, her passionate frankness. She seemed a necessity of his life, it did not appear possible that he could exist where she was not, he must breathe the air she breathed, feel her moving about him. . . . At the thought that she would leave him, it was as if the sky were about to fall, the end of all things."

But Pascal has the strength of a martyr; the marriage must and will take place. One night he brings home a beautiful lace bodice for her to wear on her wedding-day. Clothilde speaks:

"How good you are and how can I thank you?"—she had taken his hands and pressed them between her own—"such beautiful lace, such a lovely present for me! You remembered that I once admired it. I told you that Our Lady of Saint Saturnin was alone worthy of wearing anything so beautiful. I am so pleased, for I am vain. . . . But, tell me, why did you bring me such a royal present?"

"It is for your wedding dress, my dearest."

"She seemed surprised, as if she did not quite understand; then, with the sweet, enigmatic smile her lips had worn for some days: 'Oh, yes! my wedding! Suddenly growing serious. 'So you want to get rid of me, you are tired of me, and so you are impatient to have me married! She took his hands again and drew him toward her. 'You think I am your enemy, and so you send me away. Listen—I am not your enemy, I am your servant, your work—yours. Listen—I am with you, for you, you alone!' He heaved; an immense joy lighted his eyes. 'I will wear this lace, for I want to be beautiful—for you. But you do not understand. You are my master, I love you.'"

"He tried in vain to stop her mouth. 'No, spare me, you madden me, you are the affianced wife of another.'"

"The other! I have compared him to you, and I choose you! I have sent him away, he is gone, he will never come back. We are together, you love me and I love you, and I give myself to you!"

It is flagrantly immoral, of course, and yet such is the force of Zola's power that we forgive him and feel that great love purifies all things. But Nemesis is there, and after some months of the purest happiness, quite undimmed by the poisoned breath of calumny which naturally raises a terrible outcry in Plassans, Pascal, by the treachery of a man to whom he has confided his little fortune, believes himself utterly ruined. Reduced almost to starvation, he finally determines to send Clothilde away, as he can not bear the sight of her sufferings. Faithful and obedient to the "master's" wishes, she goes to Paris, where her brother Maxime has offered her a home. But the final sacrifice breaks the doctor's heart. When Ramon, who is a true friend, has succeeded in rescuing something from the ruin, it is too late. Feeling himself dying, he telegraphs for Clothilde. That she does not arrive in time is, perhaps, poetic justice.

There are several melodramatic scenes in the book that I have passed unnoticed: the tragic death of old Maquart, who succumbs to spontaneous combustion; the death of the madwoman in the asylum; and the episode of Maxime's idiot son. In the end, Félicie triumphs. On the night of Pascal's death, while Clothilde is sunk in the exhaustion of despair, she and Martine force the lock of the cabinet and burn the whole collection of documents, and not only those relating to the Rougon-Macquarts, but every one of Pascal's papers—the manuscripts he has spent thirty years of his life in writing and which he had bequeathed to Ramon. So that all his science and study have been in vain; he leaves nothing behind him. Nothing? The last glimpse of Clothilde shows us a woman in deep mourning, sitting solitary in the lovely La Sauleiade—a child at her breast.

PARIS, July 2, 1893.

PARISINA.

An English country gentleman, at the beginning of the century, conscious of the duties of kinship and having poor relatives, "built on his paternal estate an elegant structure in the Gothic style," to accommodate such of his own relatives, and also those of his wife, as might be in need of a residence, and called it a "consanguinitarium." The several occupants had each a yearly allowance, and the estate was charged with this provision in perpetuity; but they were otherwise treated as neighbors, and only came to "the ball" upon express invitation. Thus he secured for himself peace and quietness; but it is not stated whether these blessings were also vouchsafed to the inhabitants of the "consanguinitarium."

Chemists turn scrap-iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow-houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot-coats, cesspool filth into ammonia, and tar-waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. In Paris they first utilize rats to clear the flesh from the bones of carcasses, then kill the rats, use up their fur for trimmings, their skin for gloves, their thigh-bones for tooth-picks, and their tendons and bones for gelatine wrappers. These are a few of the things *Iron Industrial Gazette* names among the products converted into use by the chemist and inventor.

Tidal waves will often acquire a velocity of one thousand miles a minute.

EXCLUSIVE BATHING AND GOLF.

"Flaneur" on the Amusements of Newport's Aristocratic Cottagers
—Their Private Beach and Driving Parade—Outsiders Distinctly Not in it.

Everybody is out of town; the summer season is under full headway. I notice no change in the distribution of pleasure-seekers from last year, unless it be that the truly fashionable are in greater force at Newport than before. Still, the line between the aristocracy and the commonalty is being drawn so sharply at the Rhode Island Paradise that numbers of excellent people who have every reason to consider themselves in society have had to put into other ports in stress of social recognition.

Some of the very best people in New York are to be found at Manhattan Beach and Long Branch. A dinner and hall were given at the former last week to Admiral Kaznakoff and the officers of the Russian fleet; Mayor Gilroy and his beautiful wife, with the general of the army and his bride, led the gay and festive scene. Loog Branch gathers in a mixed crowd; but the first hunt of the Monmouth County Club brought all the crack hunters to the place, and the hotels were jammed with visitors. Tom Ochiltree and Fred Gehhart are among the lions. Cape May has fallen into the background and is deadly dull; Philadelphia has simply gone elsewhere. Many of the prettiest Philadelphia girls are to be seen at Saratoga, which is making a vigorous effort to regain its lost prestige. Prince Cantacuzine, the Russian ambassador, will be there next month with Prince Lieven, and all good Americans will go to meet him. Poor old Carey Moon, who kept the Lakeside House in the days when it was in order for the street boys to stone an abolitionist, is still trotting around on his octogenarian legs and sipping the fortune he made out of Saratoga chips. Narragansett Pier is said to be as full as ever of beautiful women, in gorgeous apparel; but men are scarce. At Bar Harbor, the President will, if he chooses, enjoy a select society—President Eliot, of Harvard College; Bishop Doane, of Albany; Mrs. de Lancey Kane, of coaching fame; Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*; Mr. John Boggs, of California; and Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

But the *crème de la crème* are at Newport. The nobility have established a new bathing-place, called Bailey's Beach, at the end of Bellevue Avenue, in the heart of the millionaires' quarter. It is only about three hundred yards in length; but that small space the cottagers think they can hold against the assaults of the common herd. No 'huses or horse-cars are allowed to land passengers there during the morning hours. A bathing-house has been built with a granite portico; in this are little retreats nine feet by twelve, each of which bears the initials of the gentleman who owns it. A stranger could no more buy or hire one of these bathing-houses than he could engage a front seat in the balcony of heaven. Fifteen of the houses belong to the Vanderhilt family, others to the Astors, the Stuyvesant Fishes, the De Forests, and their clan. The hours for bathing are from eleven in the morning until one. At eleven, three guards make their appearance; one patrols the beach, two others in a life-boat cruise a hundred yards out. It is their business to rescue swimmers who run danger of drowning. Three young ladies, Miss Clews and the two Misses Pierson, put their patience sorely to the test. When Miss Clews's head appears, the guards take out their oars as a matter of course and head for the open sea. When the bathing begins, if a stranger makes his appearance on the beach, men and matrons follow him with such sad, reproachful glances that he wonders what he has done now, and sneaks out of the sacred preserve in a demoralized condition. Up to one o'clock, the leaders of fashion and the mothers of the young ladies hold their court on the beach under a huge umbrella; almost every member of the Four Hundred drops in before one o'clock.

Largely for this reason, the Newport dude is conspicuous by his absence this year. It used to be the custom for a young man of some social standing but little fortune to take a room in the town at from seven to ten dollars a week, and practically live on the invitations to luncheons and dinners that were showered upon him. But the hostesses of Newport have *changé tout cela*. The Casino, where the Newport dude used to gather in his invitations, is practically deserted by the swells, and even if he hired a trap in the afternoon and sought out potential hostesses, he would have his labors for his pains. The "hen" luncheon is the accepted thing now, and dinner-parties, though frequent, are family affairs at which neighbors and those who make up the house-party are the only guests.

On Saturday afternoons, the fashionables assemble to witness a game of golf on Bateman's Point. This is an old Scotch game which has lately been imported, on the strength of a rumor that the British aristocracy are addicted to playing it. It is played with a variety of clubs and ball, and the winner is he who with his club can drive his ball into the larger number of holes. Thus it is a sort of cross between our old game of shinny and pool. Secretly, everybody votes it a bore; but in public its success is said to be essential to the preservation of our fair fame as lovers of sport.

Were it not for swimming and golf, it might be said that life is only faintly stirring at Newport. The Ogden Millers are not coming, and Mrs. Ogden Goelt is not going to open her house this year. The Vanderhilt is expected, but are still tarrying on the other side. Still, there is a swell dinner every night, and quite a number of dances have been given. In August, it is given out that Newport will blaze out in a burst of glory and eclipse all its former records. Five young debutantes compete for the apple of beauty—Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Elsie Clews, Miss Sihyl Sherman, Miss Belknap, and Miss Gerry. They will all be trotted out before connoisseurs at the first ball in August, and then no doubt you will hear which of them has carried off the apple.

A man might win the least attractive of the five and yet not be an object of sympathy.

Newport is a curious place. To the favored few who belong to the right set, it is the gayest and most splendid summer resort in the world. Outsiders who put up at a hotel find it the dullest place they were ever in. People who are not in the sacred circle can hate, to be sure; but they mix with such a conglomerate crowd that they are nervous about the garments they have left to the bathing-house. Again, they can stand in the avenue and witness the procession of splendid vehicles, from four-in-hands tooled by masters of the art to victorias driven by helles of the hall-room; but unless they have some society man with them, they know no one who passes. As for gayety, they neither see hall, nor dinner, nor even a *fête champêtre*, nor a band of music, and when they stray to the gate of Paradise, every one, from the gentlemanly cottager to the haughty lackey, looks at them as if to say: "What the devil business have you to exist?"

NEW YORK, July 22, 1893.

The possible disastrous results of tapping the enormous underground reservoirs of oil and gas that underlie Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the central oil region is foreshadowed in the experience of the town of Schneidemühl, in the province of Posen, Prussia, of which the *Sun* gives this account:

"Some four months ago, the municipal authorities of Schneidemühl, a manufacturing town of some ten thousand inhabitants, authorized the boring of an artesian well. A spring was struck at a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet, but the water was impure. The pipes were rammed further through the hard strata, and at a depth of two hundred feet an immense volume of water gushed from the pipe with such force and in such quantity as temporarily to flood the town. Then the pipe became clogged, the earth around it became loosened, and the water began to ooze out at the sides. Larger pipes were ordered, in the belief around the first; but they did not arrive for a week or more, and by this time the orifice around the pipe had become of considerable width, and the water, bringing up great quantities of sand, seemed, if anything, to flow in increased volume.

"On May 26th the pipe was drawn out and attempts to stop up the hole began. In the meantime underground rumblings, subdued grindings and explosions, and all sorts of subterranean noises were heard, and cracks appeared in the houses nearest the well. Bags of sand were thrown and forced into the hole, and finally sand and stones were dumped in by cartloads, but all to no avail. Experts ordered a casing of brick-work to be made round the hole in the first week in June; but, after a few days, the whole casing sank into the hole. The workmen were at tea at the time, or they would have gone into the hole, too. Attempts were made to drive still larger pipes, but they struck stones, and still the water flowed like a big river, bringing up with it great quantities of sand, and even stones.

"By this time, the flow was so great the artificial channel could not carry it off, and the water began to flood the cellars of the houses. House after house collapsed. The last mail report says: 'Up to now twenty-three houses have sunk and eighty families have been obliged to leave their dwellings. The roads show everywhere great cracks, and the houses look as if they had been thrown up by volcanic force. From time to time, thunder-like rumblings are heard underground. The ground trembles, and the windows and door-arches fall in. The houses have sunk three-quarters of a yard.'

"Cable dispatches since then have brought reports that the subsidence continues. The water of a great lake near Neustettin, in the same province, has sunk many feet. Experts from Berlin, Danzig, and Königsberg have been at the scene several weeks, but nothing they can do avails to stop the flow of water from the chasm.

"Savants say the pipe tapped an immense subterranean reservoir of water. As long as there was no escape for the water, it formed an incompressible stratum, on which the upper earth rested in safety. The compressed water under Schneidemühl bore up the weight of two hundred feet of solid earth so long as there was no outlet for it, but the artesian pipe afforded a vent, and as the water rushed out, the yielding soil it had upborne sank down. Already the town is practically destroyed, for while the disastrous results are as yet confined to one area, the inhabitants naturally are in dread of a general collapse, either coming suddenly or by degrees as the work of destruction has so far taken place."

The problem of manufacturing a non-corrosive paint for the bottoms of steel and iron warships, which has been vexing the navy officials for a long time, has just been satisfactorily settled. A paint was invented in Germany, several years ago, which had the desired properties; but, as the government requires American-made paint on American warships, it could not be used. Now, however, the German paint plant has been removed to this country and United States cruisers will now have non-corrosive bottoms. The question of suitable paint for use in salt water has troubled all countries, the Japanese alone having had a non-corrosive article. This is a lacquer whose composition they keep secret.

Some lucky Americans on going abroad are able to obtain from the Department of State an official circular letter of introduction, commending the traveler to the courtesies of our diplomatic and consular representatives. Such letters are issued only at the request of persons well known to the State Department. The bearer of such credentials does not expect to command social attentions from consuls, ministers, and ambassadors, but merely to have the aid of our representatives in such concerns as may properly come within their province.

There are some misleading geographical names of Spanish origin in the Eastern and Middle Atlantic States. A Spanish name in the Far West and South-West is a true historical indication, but in the East it usually stands for the enthusiasm of the Mexican War period, when supporters of the war commemorated the victories of the Federal arms by naming towns in honor of the battle-fields.

A new smokeless powder, named plastemoit, has been tested with great success in Bucharest. It proved the best of smokeless powders for the small-calibre Mannlicher rifle, and especially satisfactory with the smooth-bore sporting guns. The smoke is hardly perceptible, the noise of explosion slight, and there is absolutely no recoil.

Eleven members of the British House of Commons recently organized a cricket club to meet the High Wycombe eleven at the wickets. It would be a singular sight to see nine American congressmen crossing hats with a National League base-ball team.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Justice Blatchford had a great fancy for almanacs and calendars, of which he collected a very large number during the time he was a member of the supreme court bench.

Samuel Edison, the father of the great inventor, will be ninety-one years old in August. He lives in Port Huron, Mich., and has a little daughter nine years old, of whom he is exceedingly proud.

Paderewski has earned in London the distinction of being known as a "guinea man." With the exception of Rubinstein, he is the only man whose performances command a guinea for seats in the stalls.

A toy fort has been built by Emperor William in the Sans Souci Park at Potsdam, at a cost of \$125,000, for the military education of the Crown Prince and his brothers. It was designed by one of Krupp's engineers and displays every modern improvement.

Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who succeeds the ill-fated Vice-Admiral Tryon as commander-in-chief of the queen's Mediterranean squadron, has been in the royal navy for forty-three years. Both his grandfather and his uncle were admirals before him.

Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired, now visiting friends in Boston, is the oldest United States naval officer living, having entered the service seventy-five years ago and remained in it actively for fifty-two years. The commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard is a son of this veteran.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has gone back to England, having the intention to make another coaching tour with a party of friends through the Valley of the Wye and the western counties of England. He will doubtless record his impressions in another hook like his "Coaching Trip Through Scotland."

Samuel Minturn Peck, the poet, who is running a turkey farm in Alabama, has more orders for turkeys than he can possibly fill. Sentimental misses all over the country who had read his poem, "My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan," have written to him beseeching one feather from his favorite gobbler.

Walter Besant, who recently attended the authors' convention at Chicago, has been compared to a "well-to-do business man" in looks. He has a florid complexion, wears spectacles and a full beard, and is stout. Mr. Besant is cordial and earnest in manner, and inclines to be a "good fellow." He pronounces his name with the accent on the final syllable, to distinguish it from that of Annie Besant.

Mr. Balfour's younger brother, who came rather prominently forward in the English House of Commons in the course of recent debates, hears a curiously strong resemblance to his "right honorable friend," the leader of the opposition. Like his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour is very tall and slight, with the same scholarly stoop, the same odd way of "drooping," and the same manner of conveying the impression that he is mildly bored by the proceedings of the House, and especially by the speeches from the opposite benches.

The Sultan of Turkey has returned in kind the doubtful compliment paid to him by the Czar of Russia, who a few weeks ago sent to him an album of paintings of the Russian Black Sea fleet, by causing to be made for the Czar a similar album of pictures of the whole of the Turkish fleet. The Sultan is a man of kindly bearing, but with a thio face and colorless eyes, keen as a falcon's. When he appears in public on ceremonious occasions, he rides a milk-white Arabian horse, which he manages very skillfully, and his manner is most gracious as he bows right and left to the people.

At the recent ceremony in Viena, of the conferring of a cardinal's hat on the Bishop of Grosswardein—a most imposing ceremony, because of the number of church dignitaries present, and because the emperor knelt there prostrate at the altar—the most impressive figure was that of the young Papal envoy, who attracted all eyes. The youthful prelate, the son of a Spanish nobleman, was easily the centre of the brilliant scene on account of his youth, his manly beauty, and the dignity beyond his years which lent effectiveness to his address to the emperor. He is the son of Señor del Val, was born in England, and is famous in Rome for the fine sermons he preaches in the English tongue.

Men who were children twenty years ago probably remember the circus-man, P. A. Older, who at that time was proprietor of "the greatest show on earth." He had been Barnum's partner, and, after a prosperous season, he invested five hundred thousand dollars in a circus of his own. The yellow fever broke out while he was exhibiting near New Orleans, in 1872, and he was quarantined at Seaport for four months, with hills of four thousand dollars a day to pay and no spectators to supply receipts. When the quarantine was raised, Older was bankrupt, and fortune has never since smiled on him. At present he is proprietor of a small shooting-gallery in a village of North-Western Iowa.

A semblance of a cabinet has been established in Russia by M. Witte, who was made minister of finance just about one year ago. Up to that time there had never been any solidarity between the ministers of the various departments. In the twelve months he has succeeded in eliminating all hostile elements, and, with the exception of General Vannofsky, minister of war, all the ministers are faithful adherents of M. Witte. M. Witte adopted toward the emperor a bluffness said to amount almost to coarseness, which has had the result of his gaining the entire confidence of the Czar. The latter has relaxed his close and, perhaps, suspicious attention to the minutiae of governmental affairs, and M. Witte has had more and more sway. Already the Czar has spent exceptionally long periods of time away from St. Petersburg.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Messrs. Appletoe report that a third edition of Kipling's "Many Inventions" has been called for.

Mr. Arthur Locker, who had been editor of the London *Graphic*, died last month. He was the author of "Sweet Seventeen" and other novels, and was a brother of the poet, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is not writing stories at present and is said to be meditating some unconventional dramatic work.

General Lew Wallace, in preparing material for his new book, the "Prince of India," found his position as American Minister to Turkey a great assistance. He had access to the Turkish archives for the verification of historical facts, and he made a careful study of the Oriental nature and life.

M. Alphonse Daudet is seriously ill and can no longer appear in public.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is another San Franciscan who is making some stir in the world—in London, at present. The London correspondent of the *Critic* writes:

"It was only this year that people began to talk of 'Timothy's Quest,' moved to the book by a review in *Punch*. A good notice in *Punch* is worth, from a financial point of view, columns of well-reasoned eulogy in a more literary review. 'A Cathedral Courtship' is being talked about on every side. The author, it is said, is here an assured one; and then (may I whisper a hope?) then, perhaps, she will come over and visit us, and see for herself that there are not quite so many earls and dukes in ordinary English society as her little book seems to indicate! That strange American belief in the universality of the English aristocracy is the one small absurdity in an otherwise admirable work."

And James Payn, in a recent "oote-book" chat in the *Illustrated London News* says:

"Those who like narratives, without, indeed, a story, but with a delicate humor that pervades them like an aroma, should read 'A Cathedral Courtship' and 'Penelope's English Experiences,' by an American authoress with a name one will hope she will change, even though it be necessary so to do by letters patent. From the writer of 'Timothy's Quest' it was only natural that one should expect good work, and this is very good. She has put a butter into livery, which is not usual in the very eminent circles to which she introduces us, but otherwise her thumbnail sketches of English life are life itself."

Julian Ralph, of the New York *Sun*, writes in the August *Scribner's* an account of the every-day life of "A Newspaper Correspondent," with illustrations by Smedley.

Arvé de Barioe has read the famous correspondence between Alfred de Musset and George Sand, the publication of which is prohibited by the Musset family, and he says: "This correspondence is one of the most precious psychological documents of the first half of the century." He has written a biography of Alfred de Musset, in which he proves that Paul de Musset's history of his brother's life is not accurate.

A second volume of George William Curtis's *Harper's Magazine* papers will soon appear with the title, "Other Essays from the Easy-Chair."

The *Popular Science Monthly* for August contains the following papers:

"Studies of Animal Speech," by Professor E. P. Evans; "Learn and Search," by Professor Rudolph Virchow; "Protection from Lightning" (illustrated), by Alexander McAdie; "Professor Weismann's Theories," by Herbert Spencer; "Success with Scientific Meetings"; "The Color Changes of Frogs"; "Why a Film of Oil Can Calm the Sea"; "How Plants and Animals Grow"; "The Revival of Witchcraft"; "Some Remarkable Insects"; "The Material View of Life"; "Sealing in the Antarctic"; "Honey and Honey Plants"; and a "Sketch of Paolo Mantegazza."

Mr. David Christie Murray intends collecting into a volume, entitled "The Making of a Novelist," his series of autobiographical contributions to the *St. James's Gazette*.

H. C. Buooer, the editor of *Puck*, is now in Europe on his first long vacation in twenty years.

J. A. Mitchell, the clever artist and writer who founded *Life*, and has coedited it from the beginning, contributes to the August *Scribner's* "Types and People at the Fair," illustrated by himself and by Charles Howard Johnson.

Paris has now a society of French novelists, of which a recent paragraph says:

It is organized under the name of "Les Romanciers Français." A hundred of the most celebrated writers of France are already enrolled among its members. To become a member it is necessary to have published at least four novels. They devote their meetings to the discussion of questions of contract between authors and publishers, the disposal of rights to translate, etc. Among those who have already inscribed their names as members are Hector Malot, André Theuriot, Emile Zola, Jules Claretie, Jean

Rameau, Edmond de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, Georges Ohnet, Armand Silvestre, Pierre Loti, and a host of other "romanciers."

Victor Cherbuliez's new work, "The Tutor's Secret," will be added soon to Appletoe's Town and Country Library.

The Académie Française recently awarded the Vitet premium of five thousand eight hundred francs to Guy de Maupassant and the Toirac premium of four thousand francs to Jean Richepin for his drama in verse, "Par le Glaive."

"Who appreciates your books the more—me or women?" Sir William Fraser quotes himself as saying to Thackeray. "Womeo," answered the novelist—"women and clever me."

The August *Harper's* is largely a fictitious number, and contains, besides installments of two serials and a one-scene play by W. D. Howells called "Bride Roses," short stories by Richard Harding Davis, Herbert D. Ward, F. Mary Wilson, E. Levi Brown, and Howard Pyle.

Edward Everett Hale tells this curious story, based on personal inspection of the original correspondence, of Tennyson's appointment to the laureateship:

"The honor was first offered to Samuel Rogers by Prince Albert, and the banker-poet, in declining it because of age, recommended Tennyson for the place. The prime minister wrote in reply: 'We are not acquainted with the works of this gentleman, and will you be good enough to let me know whether he has ever written anything which would make it improper for a woman to name him for this post?'"

The fact that Théophraste Renaudot was born at Loudun explains the error in the London *Times's* comment on the singular circumstance that "the founder of French journalism was born in Loudon."

Mr. and Mrs. Heory Norman (Miss Menie Muriel Dowie) are leaving their home at Barnes, Surrey, and will in future reside in Loudon. Mrs. Norman is at work upon two novels.

Short stories by T. B. Aldrich, H. C. Bunner, Sarah Orne Jewett, Howard Pyle, Grace Ellery Channing, and others, all with illustrations, are printed in the August number of *Scribner's*.

New Publications.

"La Rabida," a Californian Columbiad souvenir poem by Mary Lambert, has been published by the author at 2030 Market Street, Oakland, Cal.; price, 75 cents.

"Seraltha," by Abel M. Rawson, a sensational story founded on a notorious scandal growing out of the contract-marriage law of this State, has been published by The Authors' Association, New York and San Francisco.

"Prince Hermano, Regent," is the title of a translation of Jules Lemaitre's "Rois et rois," by Belle M. Sherman, published in the Sunshine Series by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Ivanhoe," illustrated by Gordon Browne, is the latest volume to be added to the admirable Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"An Original Sinner," by Albert Ross; "Like and Unlike," by A. S. Roe; "Ethelyn's Mistake," by Mary J. Holmes; and "Opera Stories," being the plots of some old Italian operas, have been published in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Emile Zola's new novel, "Doctor Pascal," is reviewed at length by our Paris correspondent on another page of this issue. It is published by Freuch by G. Charpentier et E. Fasquelle, Paris, and is for sale by J. Taub & Co., for \$1.00. The English edition, translated by Mary J. Serrano, is published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

Mr. Howells's new story, "The World of Chance," has for its hero a young man who has written a novel and takes it to New York to find a publisher. He finds many publishers before he persuades one to publish it—whereupon it becomes a sensational success—but in the meantime he meets many persons, among them a woman with whom he falls in love to a limited extent. The fact is that Mr. Howells's hero is less a young man than a novelist, and though he is fond of the young woman, he is so little in love with her that he even wonders how their episode would work up in a novel. "The World of Chance" differs

from most novels that have a writer for a hero in that it is not the material or social success of the hero, but the mental attitude of the novelist that is shown—a welcome departure from established methods. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price: cloth, \$1.50; paper, 60 cents.

"Shirley," in two volumes, has been issued in the new Dent's edition of the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, making the third and fourth volumes of the twelve which will compose the series. The volumes are illustrated by H. S. Greig, with ornaments by F. C. Tilney, and in all respects are tasteful specimens of book-making. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, \$2.00 for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

"Dearest," by Mrs. Forrester, is the story of a young woman who determines to be intensely selfish and calculating, in the Becky Sharp manner, and lays out for herself a very cold-blooded program; but in working herself into the hearts of other people, she so develops the affection of her own nature that she can no longer maintain her hard-hearted rôle. It is a clever study in the development of a peculiar character, and the other personages are so vigorously sketched as to seem very real. Published by Tait, Sons, & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A pretty little book is the "Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan," edited by Walter Jerrold, a descendant of Douglas Jerrold. It contains a great mass of scrappy anecdotes, quotations, citations, in which the wit of these two famous Englishmen is shown, preceded by brief biographical sketches. Two portraits serve as frontispieces to the two parts of the book, and throughout are scattered ornamental grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"Joys Beyond the Threshold," by Louis Figuier is a sequel to his earlier book, "The To-Morrow of Death," which has gone through nine editions in twenty years and been translated into seven languages since it appeared in the original French. The new work gives the development of and comment on the consoling idea resulting from the system contained in "The To-Morrow of Death," the permanence of the human soul after death and its reincarnation in a chain of new beings. The translation is by Abby Langdon Alger. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

Miss Kate Wormeley's task of translating the works of Honoré de Balzac into English is nearer to completion by two volumes, "A Great Mass of the Provinces in Paris" and "The Brotherhood of Consolation," which have recently come from the press. The two books are as wide apart as the poles in the phases of Parisian life which they depict. The "great mass of the provinces" is Lucien Chardou, a handsome young poet who comes to Paris with Mme. de Bargeton, but is soon discarded by her because in Paris he is no longer a great man but merely a struggling rhymester. He works for a time at his novels and verses, but eventually sinks into the foul pit of Parisian journalism in 1830. Here he prospers, in a material way, but mentally and morally he deteriorates until he becomes a blackmailer, gambler, forger, and lives on the money of an unfortunate who loves him. It is a very horrible picture, intensely vivid, and probably truthful. The other story, "The Brotherhood of Consolation," describes a community of men and women who devote their lives to practical benevolence. It is a beautiful story, and was evidently written just after the author had saturated himself with the "Imitation of Christ" of Thomas à Kempis. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50 each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of My Life," an account of his childhood and early manhood, by Dr. Georg Ebers, the noted German scholar and novelist, has been translated into English by Mary J. Stafford. Dr. Ebers's father was a Berlin banker, and his mother, known in Berlin society as "the beautiful Hollander," numbered among her friends Humboldt, Hegel, and other notables of the time. The events of the novelist's childhood, such as his visit with his mother to Holland to attend his grandparents' golden wedding, are told at length and most entertainingly, and some of his impressions, notably of the Berlin revolution when he was eleven, have more than a personal interest. "Uncle" Froebel, founder of the kindergarten system, was among his earlier instructors, and at Göttingen he sat under Professor Lotze in the intervals between drinking, flirting, singing, and fighting *schläger* duels as a member of the Saxon corps. This last career, which he enjoyed immensely and records with pleasure, was interrupted by an attack of spinal disease, and it was during his enforced confinement due to it that he studied the Egyptology which gave the world some of his best novels. His first novel was written then, at the age of twenty-three, and it was many years before he wrote another. The book is an unusually interesting one, both from the author and from the persons and events described in it. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Magazines

For August

—AT—
ROBERTSON'S,
126 POST ST.

THE Popular Science Monthly

FOR AUGUST.

Studies of Animal Speech. By Prof. E. P. EVANS. Reviews the experiments that have been made on this subject, previous to those of Mr. Garner, by Wenzel, Radeau, and others; recognizes the superiority of Mr. Garner's opportunities, and hopes that he may succeed in making important contributions to knowledge.

Learn and Search. By Prof. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW. Rectorial address at the University of Berlin. Discusses the purpose of the university and the spirit that should animate those who attend it; considers the adaptability of the preparatory schools (particularly the German) to cultivate that spirit and fit their pupils for the objects of university life.

Protection from Lightning. (Illustrated.) By ALEXANDER MCADIE. Shows in the light of the latest discussions of the subject how and why confidence in the old methods of protection has declined, and what are the principles on which protection should be sought.

Professor Weismann's Theories. By HERBERT SPENCER. A vigorous reply in the form of a postscript to the essay on "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection" to various propositions adduced by the German author.

OTHER ARTICLES ON

SUCCESS WITH SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS; THE COLOR CHANGES OF FROGS; WHY A FILM OF OIL CAN CALM THE SEA; HOW PLANTS AND ANIMALS GROW; THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT; SOME REMARKABLE INSECTS; THE MATERIAL VIEW OF LIFE; SEALING IN THE ANTARCTIC; HONEY AND HONEY PLANTS; SKETCH OF PAOLO MANTEGAZZA. Several of the articles illustrated.

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SCRIBNER'S FICTION NUMBER



As usual the August Scribner is a Fiction Number containing

SIX SHORT STORIES

and instalments of two serials. The authors are

- Thomas Bailey Aldrich**
"Her Dying Words." Illustrated.
- H. C. Bunner**
"Tiemann's to Tubby-Hook." Illustrated.
- Sarah Orne Jewett**
"The Flight of Betsey Lane." Illustrated.
- Howard Pyle**
"Beneath the Mask." Illustrated.
- W. H. Shelton**
"The Wedding Journey of Mrs. Zaitree."
- Grace Ellery Channing**
"The House on the Hill-Top." Illustrated.
- Robert Grant**
"The Opinions of a Philosopher." Illustrated by Reinhart.
- Harold Frederic**
"The Copperhead."

In addition to the fiction the number contains:

- The Newspaper Correspondent.** By Julian Ralph. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
- Types and People at the Fair** By J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated by Mr. Mitchell and Charles Howard Johnson.
- Poems and Point of View**

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VANITY FAIR.

To see an Englishwoman at her best (writes Lucy Hooper in the *Home Journal*), one must behold her on horseback. Her perfectly fitting habit, which is always a masterpiece in cut and style, sets off to advantage the fine mold of her figure. Her feet, always her most defective point, are hidden from view. Her bright fair hair is seen at its best under the shadow of her hat, as are, also, the glowing tints of her complexion. But, outside of her riding get-up, she cares too little for the finer details of dress to produce a good effect. The English shoe, for instance, is a terror. And then the average British dame or damsel cares far too little for the fit of her garments. She does not seem to understand the graceful lines of a well-cut corsage; still less the necessity of having those lines follow those of her figure. It is not necessary that a dress should fit tightly to fit well; but when it bulges at the back and wrinkles under the arms, is too short-waisted in one place and too long-waisted in another, the effect, even of a gown in satin or of velvet, is utterly disastrous. But its English wearer does it and is content therewith. Some years ago, the proprietors of a so-called "ulster house" in London placed in their windows a placard setting forth a new rule of their establishment, namely, that no orders given by Americans would be executed unless the orders were paid for beforehand. The proprietor, on being interviewed, declared that American ladies were much too hard to please—ininitely more so than English ones. They insisted upon having their things made to fit, or they refused to take them. "I had an ulster sent back to me the other day, for instance," he remarked, "by an American customer, merely because it was longer in front than it was at the back." Only that and nothing more! Then, too, in regard to the latest fashions, the Englishwoman either refuses to adopt them at all, or else so exaggerates them that she out-Herods Herod. I met, only a few weeks ago, two charming English ladies at a formal dinner-party. Their dresses were of very handsome material and perfectly fresh; but they were both made with the flat, tight-fitting, short sleeves that is as much out of fashion as are green barege veils.

The charm of a well-dressed Frenchwoman's attire (Mrs. Hooper continues) lies in three elements, the first being perfect taste, the second a due regard to the charms of fashion, and the third appropriateness to the time and occasion for which the whole get-up is arranged. You will never find your genuine Parisienne going to an evening entertainment in a tailor-made cloth suit, or starting on a journey (as I have seen a British matron in the act of doing) in a soiled ball-dress of pale-colored silk, worn under a jacket in rough, dark cloth, or donning, on a similar occasion, a velvet costume and diamond ear-rings. And in no class in France is this fitness of attire more manifest than among the servants. Your cook and your chambermaid will no more think of copying your best gowns, or of surreptitiously taking a wear out of your last season's cloaks and dresses, than they would think of executing a fancy dance in your drawing-room. They are very careful to get themselves up neatly and trimly of a holiday, but the great difference of their garb on such occasions from their ordinary working-day attire lies principally in the assumption of a bonnet. If you send your maid out on an errand, she disdains to cover her head, except in very cold weather, when she will probably wrap herself up to protect her ears and throat in a black knitted scarf or shawl. Also, she will put on a clean white apron, and, so arrayed, she feels herself altogether respectably gotten up. On Sundays and fête days she may indulge, if she be a very dressy personage, in a black net veil and a pair of the discarded dark kid gloves of her mistress. Also, she likes a neat umbrella or a sun-umbrella. The one extravagance of dress of the French servant-girl lies in having her best gown made by a dressmaker instead of making it herself. Hence her corsages always fit her well, and her plain stuff costume has a degree of style about it which she is fully capable of appreciating. The ladies of the so-called *bourgeois* set—the wives and daughters of rich shop-keepers and manufacturers—very rarely indulge in rich fashionable toilets. Mme. Boucicaud, the foundress of the Bon Marché, was worth millions upon millions. Always arrayed in black silk or satin of excellent quality, but made in the plainest possible style, she looked to the last hour of her life just what she was—the greatest and richest shop-keeper in Paris possibly, but still a shop-keeper, and one that never tried to look like anything different. When the daughter of one of these wealthy trades-people marries, her trousseau is usually very superb, but the famous masters of the art of dress are seldom or never called upon to exert their inventive talents in her behalf.

The two sets in Paris that indulge in costly and stylish dress (the same authority declares) are the fashionable society ladies and the actresses who figure in the society plays that are given at the best theatres. These last named dress superbly and always in exquisite taste. Very often some new fashion becomes popular and spreads throughout the civilized world from having first been seen on the stage of the Comédie-Française or the Vaudeville. The oddest case of this kind took place at the last-

named theatre when hoops were at the height of their vogue, and when the splendors in female attire of the Second Empire had been carried to their highest point. A piece, intended to satirize these extravagances in dress and called "Loud Dressing," was brought out. The actress who played the part of the heroine wore an enormous hoop and a dress loaded with ornaments and trimmings of every kind. This toilet produced exactly the contrary effect from what had been intended. The fashionable Parisian ladies were delighted with it, and it was copied and reproduced in all leading drawing-rooms, beginning with that of the Tuileries.

A curious source of supply for the wardrobes of poor but high-born Frenchwomen (Mrs. Hooper concludes) is found in the shops of the dealers in female second-hand clothing. Owing to the law that whenever any person dies without a will, all their personal possessions are to be disposed of at auction and the proceeds divided among their heirs, these dealers are often enabled to buy very elegant and comparatively fresh articles—rich dresses, fine undergarments, bonnets, laces, gloves, stockings, etc., at very low prices at the Hôtel Druot at these "sales after decease," as they are called. They have each their special set of customers, to whom anything really good is shown before it finds its way into the shop to tempt buyers in general. One would imagine that a really refined lady would prefer wearing a new, cheap gown from the Bon Marché to arraying herself in second-hand finery. But satins, and velvets, and laces always possess a certain amount of attraction to the feminine mind, and especially is this the case when their purchaser associates on terms of social equality with ladies of great wealth, the leaders of Parisian fashion, who order every season an unlimited number of toilets from Worth.

It appears that the British young girl recently distinguished herself at Ascot and Sandown by her make-up. The complexion of the young English girl has always been held up as something quite unsurpassed. Yet she rouged, whitewashed, pencilled her eyebrows, and fringed her eyelashes, as if nature had at last refused all her resources. The most charitable excuse offered for this innovation, which has set all London talking, is that such high colors are now worn in dress, in order to match the brightness of the landscape, that it is necessary to key the face up in harmony, else it looks blanched and ineffective. What appears to be a new caprice of vanity is, in fact, but a response to the development of the artistic sense. This only parallels the necessity of making-up on the stage in order to hold one's own before the intense glare of the footlights. Thus the British young person comes forth justified from what was intended as an admonishment.

There is something in this article (writes James Payn of the masculine head-covering) which breeds embarrassment in the Briton's breast. He rarely knows what to do with it. In church, he uses it as a mirror for five seconds—the "attitude of adoration" in which Sydney Smith suggested Rogers should be represented on canvas—and then spends five minutes in stowing it carefully away underneath him. In the House of Commons it keeps his seat for him in his absence; but when together, he can not make up his mind whether to wear it or not, and is continually being called to order in consequence. His eccentricity culminates in his treatment of his crush hat, which he has been often known to bring in to dinner with him, as something too valuable to be entrusted to his host's servants. A certain much feasted poet always did this, and often have I beheld him sit upon it throughout the meal, as if it were an air-cushion.

Mr. Gladstone recently told Mrs. Russell, an apostle of dress reform, that he had for years approved of long lines and Grecian draperies for women's dress, but had only lately ventured to say so. "The love for French gowns," said he, "with their tight waists and distorted shoulders, is so deeply implanted in the breasts of Englishwomen that it is like making a personal attack upon their lives to say that such gowns are not beautiful. For myself, I see nothing lovely about them, and I should be glad to see all women dressed in an art-robe without a belt or a collar. Men's clothes are all wrong, too. But let us now go on with our crusade against women's dress—corsets, French heels, tight gloves, and tight collars."

A correspondent asked the *Figaro* if a gentleman, seated in an omnibus or a tramway, with all the seats occupied, should give up his place to a lady the moment she appeared at the door. The Parisian journal says that in a public conveyance each one should occupy the place for which he has paid. This, it says, is the opinion of the majority of its readers, and particularly the society ladies who never wear diamonds in an omnibus. They do not admit that ladies should accept the politeness, or rather the service, of gentlemen whom they do not know. One of them gives this opinion: "When a lady is contented with the cheap means of locomotion provided by the omnibus companies, she accepts all the conditions. In all cities where there are omnibuses, tramways, and other public vehicles, a woman can see immediately whether there is room inside or not.

If, on seeing that there is no vacant place, she nevertheless enters the car, she takes a position which she ought to sustain. To permit a man to disturb himself for her when she might wait for another car, if it were impossible for her to remain standing, would be an evidence on her part of a want of good-breeding. It is very easy for her to thank the gentleman negatively and politely in a few short words, so that the incident may not be prolonged. Remain seated, gentlemen, remain seated; the ladies can not complain of that, without giving satisfaction to those men who reproach them for their want of logic. Since they insist upon equality before the law, with all the rights and privileges of men, they should put up with all that men have to endure. A woman in an omnibus should remain standing when there is no vacant seat, just as a man does under the same circumstances." Another correspondent says: "Remain seated, gentlemen; you can do it without a breach of politeness. When fine ladies, with their diamonds, take the omnibus or the tramway, do not disturb yourselves for them, for if you do, you will only be a dupe; but if you see a poor woman carrying a child or a bundle, then give her your place immediately. That is not politeness; it is simply duty, possibly charity."

Coaching in Paris (writes a correspondent of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*) owes its popularity to American enterprise and liberality. American interest in the sport began to grow active about 1875, when the first club was formed in this country. The French did not fall into line until seven years later, when, in 1882, the riding and coaching clubs were started in Paris, which sometimes had as many as twenty coaches running to Marly, to the Parc de la Marcké, and to St. Germain. After four successful years, this club gave place to the Guides, whose members wore a blue jacket, with black buttons bearing the device of three white G's. Of course these organizations were altogether private, extending their privileges only to members and their friends. Just three years ago, however, the Parisians were surprised by an innovation which had been previously and successfully inaugurated by their neighbors beyond the Straits of Dover. This was the system of running public coaches in and out of Paris to objective points, such as Fontainebleau, Dijon, Versailles, and other places, the routes to which are distinguished by unusual scenic charms. In some points these coaches were the property of and driven by gentlemen of position, fortune, and leisure, who acted as their own whips; but, instead of the accommodations being reserved for the friends of the proprietors, any member of the general public was welcome to a seat if he chose to pay for it. It is not too much to say that Paris was astonished and charmed; there was something in the whole idea so novel and *chic* that every one was caught by it. And it began to be recognized that instead of these aristocratic coachmen being merely a set of duds *poseurs* in search of notoriety, they were the exponents of a noble and manly sport. The French capital owes the development of this delightful old English pastime, now a distinct feature of her social life, to the initiative of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, in the first place, and, in the second place, to Messrs. Tiffany and Ridgway; while associated with these three Americans is a distinguished Frenchman, the Baron Lejeune. Two routes were established—Paris to Poissy, and Paris to Rambouillet, the coaches running daily. The rolling stock was modeled on the original stage-coach lines, with the addition of every appointment that luxury could suggest. The routes have been diversified and added to considerably during the past three years, until there is now a regular summer service available for visitors who desire to see the principal show-places in the environs of Paris. In winter, Messrs. Bennett and Tiffany run their coaches, the *Meteor* and the *Comet*, on a double service between Nice and Monte Carlo. Sixty horses are attached to this service for relays.

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MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Dead Lover.

A ROMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

He whom I loved so well
Is in his loom, long sleep;
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.
More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be;
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.
I envy not the grave
What yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
Keep him, for he is thine.
But keep not, grave, my youth,
Which can not profit thee;
My smile and my light step—
O give them back to me!
But the grave answered, No;
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deprived of them,
Would be too lonely here.
Then to the dead I pray:
Restore my youth to me,
That when we meet again
I be not old to thee!
But he nor bears nor sees,
For his eyes like mine are dim;
So to his grave I come,
To get them back from him.
For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed,
And the living happy made
Beside the happy dead.
—R. H. Stoddard in August Harper's.

Silent Amylee.

(Virgil, Æneid 10, v. 504.)

In Silent Amylee
They fear not the foray invading by night,
The lance flashing challenge afar on the height,
The vessels of war swift-cleaving the foam,
The spy from without, nor the traitor at home;
They fear but false rumor and panic alarms,
When the fool and the craven would rally to arms,
In Silent Amylee.
They have sworn by the Gods and the Brothers divine
Who white through the dust of the battle shine—
By the Brothers they swear, that who raiseth the cry,
"Arm! for the foe is upon us!" shall die—
He priest of the temple, or honest man, or lord,
He dies if he utters the warning abhorred
In Silent Amylee!
In Silent Amylee
Now Fear is afraid and the Voices of Fear
Are quiet this many and many a year;
No oracle threats, no presage is heard,
They scan not the victim nor flight of the bird;
No pilgrim may enter with tidings of ill;
At the gate the voice of the wanderer is still
In Silent Amylee.
In Silent Amylee
One midnight the sound of a legion tread!
All hear, but they speak not nor whisper their dread,
Alike do they tremble—dastard and brave,
From the sword and the torch swift runs the red wave—
By morning a city all voiceless and dead!
How art thou undone through thy scorn of all fear,
Ah, silent Amylee!
—Edith M. Thomas in August Harper's.

The Meeting of the Ships.

Just aft of our beam comes the rising breeze,
A point and a half on the starboard quarter.
The sharp bow sheers through the long, slow seas,
The port gay slackens, the sheet strains tauter.
Over the taffrail, fading fast,
The land we leave lies a dim blue haze;
The downbells are throbbing against the mast
To the song of the wind through shrouds and stays.
Whiter and swifter the foam-wreaths fly
Along the lee and the eddying wake;
Over our heads sound the seagulls' cry,
The mainsail leech has a quivering shake.
"Nothe-east half-foote!" the *Navahoe* speeds
To win, if she may, the long cups back,
To break the record of yachting deeds,
To follow the *Viking's* ancient track.
And lo, on the eastern board a stranger,
Weird phantom of old doth ghost-like loom,
The head of a broad brown sail in the range
Of the tapering point of our like jib-boom.
We watch, as she rises by slow degrees,
Till we may from our deck with the glass discern
A freeboard all but awash to the seas,
A dragon prow and a castled stern.
A row of shields of the bull's-hide black
Fends off the crests of the breaking waves;
Slight guard 'mid the gales of the Skager Rack,
Or where Categat rolls o'er the Norsemen's graves.
To port and to starboard along the waist
The stout ash oars fore and aft are triced;
Sharp on the wind is the one yard braced,
And the shrouds and stays are all kooted and spiced.
For ballast are chests of the carven oak
Lashed up with cordage twisted and brown,
Filled with the arms of the Norseland folk,
Rich with the booty of castle and town.
There are helms and corselets, and bills, and bows,
Fole-axe, and balder, and morganstern,
Grappling-irons which the *Viking* throws
When the shrinking foeman to flight would turn.
By the side of the huge casks, stained and dusk
With the brown of the ale and red of the wine,
Lie the drinking-horns of the walrus tub,
Hooped with the silver of Trondhjem's mine.
There are trophies of war and spoils of the chase,
Skins of the seal and furs of the bear;
The blades are bright and the weapons in place,
But the garments sea-stained and worse for wear.
With a sweeping yaw and a sharp come-to,
Rolling and pitching the seas athwart,
She vexes the souls of her weary crew,
Whose watches are long and whose sleeps are short.
Like a strong bird balanced on wings widepread,
True to her course as the arrow's flight,
A vision of beauty, a dream of dread,
The *Navahoe* glides on the *Viking's* sight.
Since Leif Erikson skirted the Vinland coast
Nine centuries now do their course complete,
As the Pride of to-day and the Old World's Ghost,
The cup-reviver and *Viking* meet.
—Walter Mitchell in August Atlantic.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

Will you spend the summer in the country? If you leave the city at all, deposit your valuables—such as trunks, boxes, silverware, paintings, bric-a-brac, etc.—with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner of Montgomery and California Streets, and be relieved of all anxiety for their safety. Storage rates low. Boxes to rent at \$5 a year and upwards.

SOCIETY.

The Hager Dinner-Party.

An elaborate dinner-party was given by Mrs. John S. Hager, recently, at her residence on Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Camilla Ashe and Hon. Harold M. Sewell, whose betrothal was announced several weeks ago. There was a beautiful array of flowers and fine foliage on the dining-table, and the menu was perfect in every detail. After dinner the party adjourned to the parlor, where an hour or so was devoted to music and conversation. Those present were:

Mrs. John S. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Miss Camilla Ashe, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Jennie Hooker, Hon. Harold M. Sewell, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Richard H. Sprague, and Mr. C. Osgood Hooker.

The Morrison House-Party.

Miss Morrison gave a house-party last Saturday and Sunday at her home, corner of Fifth and Julian Streets, in San José, in honor of Judge W. B. Gilbert and Judge Thomas P. Hawley, of the United States Court of Appeals, and Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Judge S. O. Houghton, and Mr. Bruce Foulkes, of San Francisco. An elaborate dinner-party was given on Saturday evening, at which the additional guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, the Misses Morrison, Mr. William Matthews, Mr. H. E. Morrison, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Mr. J. W. Findlay, Mr. H. B. Alvord, Colonel J. M. Moorhead, and several others. A breakfast and a four-in-hand drive through Santa Clara Valley were the attractions of Sunday. The party returned to the city by the late evening train.

The Dimond Dinner-Party.

General W. H. Dimond gave a sumptuous dinner-party recently at the Pacific-Union Club complimentary to Mr. John Daggett, formerly lieutenant-governor of California. The decorations of lovely flowers and tropical plants were in most exquisite taste, and the menu was elaborate. Several hours were enjoyably passed at the festal board. Those present were:

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. John Daggett, Mr. Thomas J. Geary, Mr. John H. Wise, Colonel M. H. Hecht, Mr. H. E. Gillis, Mr. W. E. Morgan, Mr. E. B. Ford, General W. H. L. Baras, Captain John Berningham, Mr. C. R. Bishop, Mr. A. Chesbrough, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. H. L. Dodge, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Mr. W. Frank Goad, General Green, Mr. C. W. Howard, Mr. Frank McCoppin, Mr. E. L. G. Steele, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, and Mr. George C. Perkins.

The Easton Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. George Easton gave a charming dinner-party recently at their residence, 2608 California Street. The table decorations were of pink flowers daintily arranged, and the favors were pink crêpe bonbonnières. Covers were laid for twelve, and the affair was pleasant in every way. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. George Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hooper, Miss Bessie T. Smith, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Bessie Lead, Mr. George Easton, Jr., Mr. Hugo Keil, and Mr. Harry N. Gray.

The Bohemian Club.

The Bohemian Club will hold its midsummer jinks on Saturday evening, August 5th, at Meeker's Grove, a picturesque spot on the banks of the Russian River. Relative to this, the *Sire*, Mr. J. D. Redding, has issued the following proclamation:

"All things are symbols; the eternal shores
Of Nature have their image in the mind."
BROTHER BOHEMIANS: The Place has been found, among majestic woods, secluded from jostle and jealousy; where the shafts of the sun but partly pierce the shadows; where the moonlight sleeps in the arms of the trees, and where the earth is soft and sweet to lie upon. The falling leaves have whispered that ancient pagantry is wont, at certain cycles, to walk within these aisles. The harvest moon has hung her sickle in the stars. It is the Symbol that the sheaves are garnered, the work is done, and the feasting time is with us. This "brotherhood of venerable trees" is symbolic of a forgotten race, who, with weird solemnities and sacrifice, glorified their faith in this same nave and chancel.
Come! you are bidden to invoke the ages past that have worshiped to the temple. This shall be a night of SYMBOLS, in which to typify our kin to that past guild of men, who sought Truth in the heart of the oak, Faith in the clinging mistletoe, and Life in the new-towered earth. It shall be known as the "SACRIFICE IN THE FOREST."
You are called to the temple on the midsummer night of the Fifth day of the Harvest Month.
JOSEPH D. REDDING, *Sire*.

Naturally the exact nature of the celebration is being kept a secret, but it is known that Mr. Redding has written a spectacular drama for the occasion, in which an orchestra of fifty pieces and a chorus of sixty male voices will take part. Among the participants will be Mr. Redding, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Edward Hamilton, Mr. George A. Knight, General Foote, and Mr. Howard McSherry. A complete electric-light plant will be taken up and also several sets of calciums, with which beautiful effects will be produced among the trees. There will be a sumptuous midnight banquet, which will be followed by a low jinks. Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. D. de V. Graham will have charge of this feature of the entertainment, and have announced that they will bring forth some wonderful specialties that have been imported from Paris and the tenderloin districts of other well-known continental cities. On Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, the Symphony Orchestra of fifty pieces, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, will give a concert. The programme will be as follows:

March, from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; (a) "Pas des Fleurs," from "Naila," Delibes, (b) "In the Mill," Gillet; prelude, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; "Casse-Noisette," ("The Nut-Cracker"), T. overture miniature, Op. 11 march,

3. Russian dance, "Trépak," 4. Arabiab dance, 5. Chinese dance, 6. Valse of the Flowers, Tschakowsky; overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; waltz, "Sounds from the Vienna Forest," Strauss; march, "Hail Bohemia" (first time), Bauer.

The indications are that the affair will be very largely attended.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Maud Morrow, daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, and Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Albatross*, will take place in October.

The wedding of Miss Herminia A. von der Haydt Smith and Mr. Fleming J. Bremner, private secretary to Mr. J. B. Haggin, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral last Wednesday morning. Rev. Father Conolly officiated.

A dance will be given at the Pacific Yacht Club in Sausalito this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs gave a brilliant ball last Thursday evening at their cottage in Newport, for the purpose of introducing Miss Virginia Fair to society.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas gave a delightful house-party at their Mountain View villa last Saturday and Sunday. Their guests were Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad, Miss Nellie Murphy, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, and Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *né* Badlam, entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly last Monday evening in their rooms at the Palace Hotel. Vocal and instrumental music were enjoyed and refreshments were served.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding at their country-home, Villa Ka Bel, near Clear Lake.

—IN NONE OF THE MANY REQUIREMENTS OF society should more care be exercised than in the selection of proper stationery. Fashionable people naturally have much correspondence to do and should be thoroughly *en rapport* in the new styles and colors of paper and envelopes. A visit to the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, will well repay any one who is desirous of purchasing just what is proper for polite correspondence.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, who left here last November, have visited Japan, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Greece, and other countries, and are passing the summer in the Austrian Tyrol. They are in the best of health.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels returned from Del Monte last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbis and Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. Joseph Tobin are in Chicago, attending the tournament of the United States Lawn-Tennis Association.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss Salisbury, and Miss Mercado are at Marshall Hall, Maryland, where they will remain several months.

Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad will pass August at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have been passing the week at San José.

Mrs. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee and Miss Anita Dibblee, of San Rafael, will return from the East in August.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness will leave in September to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Miss Maud O'Connor has been enjoying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bohn in their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ellis will leave in September to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. McIvor, U. S. A., have returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William M. Stewart has returned from a tour of the world, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Maybelle Stewart. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedel has returned from Santa Barbara, and will pass the remainder of the season at San Rafael.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will leave to-day to pass a month at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett will soon leave to pass several weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace will pass several weeks of August at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick are passing a month at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page have returned from Lake Tahoe, and are occupying their cottage at Belvedere.

Judge John Garber, Judge Eugene Garber, and Mr. J. B. Garber are at Lake Tahoe.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will soon go to Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Cunningham are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco left last week for Washington, D. C. Mrs. Pacheco is staying at room Pine Street.

Miss Kate Weaver has gone to visit Castle Crag for a few weeks.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Kip are at the Hotel Mateo.

Miss Eleanor and Mae Dimond have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned from their European trip and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John Hays Hammond and family sailed from Southampton on July 23d on the steamer *Scot*, for Cape Town, Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhls are at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago.

Mr. John D. Yost and Mr. Laurie Ellis returned last Tuesday from the Yost ranch, near Los Guilicos.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean will pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, of Oakland, and his sisters, Mrs. V. Jones and Miss Campbell, are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Truxton Beale is at Bar Harbor, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are in New York city.

Mrs. Russell B. Smith and Miss Mand Smith will go East in September.

Mrs. M. B. Macgregor and Miss Helen Macgregor were at Inverness, Scotland, at last accounts.

Mr. Harry L. Wilson and his friend, Baron von Hartz, have been visiting Mr. Charles H. Glenn at his ranch, near Jacinto.

Sir Henry Heyman, who recently met with a painful ac-

cident, is convalescing very rapidly, and will soon be able to be out.

Miss Laura B. Collier is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney and family will return to the city next week after passing the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned from Alaska, and will be at Castle Crag during August.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have been visiting Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier at Clear Lake.

Mr. Richard C. Harrison, eldest son of Justice R. C. Harrison, has completed the law course at Harvard and is en route home via Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Naglee Burke entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roundtree and Miss Mamie Burke, of this city, last Sunday at their home, the Naglee Place, in San José.

Mr. Walter S. Hobart and Mr. D. E. Allison, Jr., have returned from a three weeks' visit at Mr. Hobart's mill near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and family and Mr. Bert Gallatin have gone to Lake Tahoe for a couple of weeks.

Judge F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer have returned to San José after an enjoyable visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon and Miss Sheldon have been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Gonzales, of Santa Cruz, left for Chicago on Friday.

Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., and his sister, Miss Jeanie de la Montanya, are traveling in Germany.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hatch will leave for Chicago next Tuesday.

Mr. John N. Featherston and Mr. Webster Jones left last Thursday on the board of trade excursion to Oregon.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Powers has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy and his brother, Mr. John McCarthy, are in Chicago inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. David Spence, who have been passing several weeks at Santa Cruz, will return to their home in San José in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise will pass the month of August at Del Monte, and in September will make a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Miss Williams, and Miss Blanchard, who have been occupying a cottage on Beach Hill at Santa Cruz for a couple of months, will return to the city early in August.

Miss Kate Dillon has returned from an enjoyable visit to friends at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold, who has been passing a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe, will return to the city next week.

Miss Belle McKenna, daughter of Judge Joseph McKenna, has returned from Georgetown, where she has been attending a seminary.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier and Miss Currier are enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. P. Harmon are passing a couple of weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht have left Del Monte, and are passing a month at Santa Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan and Miss Morgan have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Campbell are making a brief visit to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter and family, of Alameda, will return on Tuesday, after a pleasant visit to Glenwood, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Trowbridge came up from Fresno on Friday, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp at their residence, 2315 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Eburn have returned from a year's visit to Europe, and are at the Hotel Imperial, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thorpe have returned from the country and are at room Pine Street.

Miss Ruth Adams is the guest of friends in San Rafael.

Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Coulson have returned from the Eastern States and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier will soon leave to visit the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien are passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon and family are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill at Santa Cruz.

Miss Mamie Burling has returned from an enjoyable visit to Castle Crag.

Miss Nita Earle has returned from a month's visit to friends at Stockton.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings is passing the summer at Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann will soon leave to visit Humholdt County.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has returned from a prolonged visit at Wawona and the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wilkins and their nephew, Mr. Laurence Van Wyck, have gone to Mendocino County on a fishing trip.

Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, of Oakland, has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

THE NEEDLESS QUESTION.

MAY, a brilliant conversationalist.

EDITH, another brilliant conversationalist.

MAY [rising as EDITH enters the parlor]—So you are in, dear? I'm awfully glad!

EDITH [putting a very necessary inquiry]—Why, is it you, May?

MAY—Yes; I didn't have my card-case with me, you know.

EDITH [brilliantly]—Oh, was that why you didn't send up your card? I couldn't understand the name the girl gave me.

MAY—Couldn't you? How funny! I just ran in here out of the rain; I'm afraid my hat is ruined.

EDITH [drawing a daring inference]—Didn't you have an umbrella with you.

MAY—No; did you ever see such a goose! I must have left it home. I lost one last week, anyway.

EDITH [interestedly]—Where did you lose it?

MAY—I don't know.

EDITH [notably astonished]—You don't know!

MAY—No; I must have left it somewhere, I suppose.

EDITH—And you haven't found it yet? Isn't that too bad, dear? Oh, by the way, are you going to Mrs. Van Ogden's dance next Thursday?

MAY [jumping at a skillful conclusion]—Oh, does she give a dance?

EDITH [still more skillfully]—Yes; aren't you invited?

MAY—No; are you?

EDITH—Yes; it will be great fun. I know she must have meant to ask you, dear. Oh, did you hear of the death of Mr. Ford's little boy?

MAY [with a thirst for information]—Has Mr. Ford a son?

EDITH—Yes; a son and a daughter.

MAY—Why, is he married?

EDITH—Didn't you know that? He married a Baltimore girl.

MAY—Oh, yes, I remember; she was from the South, wasn't she?

EDITH—Yes, I guess so. She was awfully pretty.

MAY—Rather handsome, wasn't she, with a very sweet musical voice?

EDITH—Did you ever meet her?

MAY—Oh, yes, at the Winslows' one evening.

EDITH—Do you know them?

MAY—Why, yes, indeed; Kitty and I are old school friends.

EDITH—Did she go to Madam North's, too?

MAY—Yes; we used to room together.

EDITH—Oh, then, you must have been room-mates! Weren't you?

MAY [suddenly]—Why, Edith, is that another new dress?

EDITH—Mercy, no! It's only my old mauve serge.

MAY—I should never have known it! Did you have it made over?

EDITH—That little seamstress I picked up did it.

MAY—Have you a seamstress? You must lend her to me. Is she clever? I want her if she can do work like that.

EDITH—Do you like the way she has fixed it?

MAY—It's perfectly lovely. [Rising.] But I must be going.

EDITH [hospitably]—Oh, must you go?

MAY—Yes; it has stopped raining and I'm in an awful hurry.

EDITH—Why, have you anything to do?

MAY—Lot's dear! I can't wait another minute. Come and see me some time, dear. Good-bye!

EDITH—Are you really going? [Kissing her.] Good-bye!

MAY [putting her hand on the knob]—Is this the door? Good-bye!

EDITH [as the door opens]—Yes; can you open it? Well, good-bye!

MAY—Good-bye!—Harry Romaine in Vogue.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unailing as the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humors remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unailing success. Sold every where.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

RHEUMATISM

Gout
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Liver and Kidney Trouble
Blood and Skin Diseases
Nervous Disorders

CAN ALWAYS BE CURED AT

Byron Hot Springs

The WATERS and BATHS Have Cured

THOUSANDS

And will Cure You Send for Descriptive Pamphlet

C. R. MASON, MANAGER

BYRON HOT SPRINGS CALIFORNIA

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Edward Tyler: Books Stationery & Periodicals: at number 203 Powell Street, San Francisco.

ALWAYS ATTRACTIVE

Silver inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle in Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks give them the wearing qualities of solid silver.



The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"To discontinue an advertisement," says John Wanamaker, Philadelphia's great merchant, "is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business you must let the public know it. Standing advertisements, when changed frequently, are better and cheaper than reading notices. They look more substantial and business-like, and inspire confidence. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."—Waltham (Mass.) Free Press.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, - Wyoming

Importer, Exporter, and Dealer in

Living Wild Animals

Birds and reptiles, buffalo, elk, deer, and all other living animals for sale—car lots a specialty; we both buy and sell; write us if you wish to purchase or dispose of any kind of animals; specialty made of prairie-dogs and other small animals; buy a magpie, they beat a parrot for talk and appearance; hunting parties guided and outfitted complete for big game; satisfaction guaranteed. References furnished and required. Ask for what you want.

W. H. ROOT, Laramie, Wyo

By Authority of Congress.

U. S. Gov't Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

| LEAVENING GAS. | | |
|---|-----------|-------------------|
| | Per cent. | Cubic in. per oz. |
| ROYAL, Absolutely Pure, | 13.06 | 160.6 |
| The OTHER POWDERS | 12.58 | 151.1 |
| TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively, | 11.13 | 133.6 |
| | 10.26 | 123.2 |
| | 9.53 | 114. |
| | 9.29 | 111.6 |
| | 8.03 | 96.5 |
| | 7.28 | 87.4 |

These tests, made in the Gov't Laboratory, by impartial and unprejudiced official chemists, furnish the highest evidence that the "Royal" is the best baking powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The pupils of Miss Bolté's school, at 2127 Jackson Street, gave their regular musicale on Friday afternoon. The programme consisted of German and English songs and piano and violin solos. The participants displayed considerable proficiency and did credit to themselves and their instructor, Mrs. De Witt Renfro.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Dr. Seward Webb is in the Adirondacks superintending the construction of a wire fence about his private park. The fence will be sixty-three miles long, nine feet high, and composed of fourteen parallel strands of wire. It will cost fifty thousand dollars.

There will be a tennis tournament, championship singles for ladies, at San Rafael on September 7th, 8th, and 9th. The winner will have to meet Miss Morgan, the present champion.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

How Nahum Briggs Broke up Bachelor Quarters.

There it was, most unquestionably—in fat, black letters.

"This house to let—and no mistake about it, either," mused Mr. Briggs, stirring his cup of cold coffee and looking distastefully at the one boiled egg that lay before him. "The fact is, I'm sick of keeping house; coal always out, taxes always due. I won't stand it any longer."

He turned a lively scarlet as the door slowly swung open and his housekeeper stalked majestically in.

In fact, Mr. Briggs was a little afraid of Mrs. Parley, but Mr. Briggs was resolved to break the baleful spell.

"Mr. Briggs!" began the lady, solemnly, "can I believe my eyes?"

"We'll, ma'am," said the old bachelor, "I never heard that anything was amiss with your eyesight."

"Is it possible that you have posted a bill on the front of this house without consulting me?"

"Quite so, ma'am," responded Nahum.

"And you intend—"

"To shut up shop—to close the establishment—to break up housekeeping," said Nahum; "that's exactly my intention."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Parley, grimly; "if you will settle the trifling question of salary between us, I will take my departure."

Mrs. Parley withdrew, and Nahum was left to his own meditations. They took the shape of a species of war dance, executed in the middle of the floor.

"Bravo! bravo! Three cheers and a tiger!" chuckled her hero. "If ever there was a miserable slave I've been one to that hatchet-faced old woman, and now I'm free."

He stopped abruptly; there was a ring at the door-bell.

A spectacled old lady stood on the door-steps, in a shabby bombazine and furs that looked as if they might have grown on the back of some dissipated cat.

"This 'ere house to let?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Water-pipes in order? Cellar dry? Paint new? Furnace work good? Roof sound? Chandeliers go with the house? Possession right off? Neighbourhood good? Methodist Church anywhere near? Any objection to children? Ventilators in the rooms? Cheery closets off the dining-room?"

"Ma'am!" ejaculated poor Nahum, fairly stunned by the torrent of questions.

"What's the rent?"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"Twelve hundred fiddle-sticks!" shrieked the old lady. "Why, you must be crazy. Say nine hundred dollars, and I'll look at the rooms."

"I won't say anything of the sort."

So saying, Nahum Briggs closed the door in the face of the old lady with the furs.

Scarcely had the old lady got safely round the corner and Mr. Briggs recovered his ruffled faculties, when there came another sharp tintinnabulation of the bell—a languid young lady this time, with a stiff-looking gentleman who appeared to be engaged in holding on his mustache. With this couple Mr. Nahum trotted to the very top of the house and down again.

"Adolphus, my dear," said the lady.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't you think these ceilings are very low? And then the back-yard is so very small. And the dining-room is so inconvenient. And—I'm really afraid there are obnoxious insects in the bedrooms."

"Really, ma'am," said Nahum, bristling up, "is there any other fault to find? Because, if there isn't, there's the front-door."

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt followed, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises came to a state council in the parlors.

"I like the house very much," said the spinster aunt, solemnly, "and with a few slight alterations I will engage it for my brother's family."

"Very good, ma'am," said Nahum, rubbing his hands and scenting a speedy termination to his trials.

"Name 'em."

"The door-handles must all be gilded, and I should like the house new papered and repainted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension dining-room built out behind, and a bay-window thrown out of the parlor, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb-waiter put in, and new bronze chandeliers throughout, and another furnace in the sub-cellar, and—"

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute," said Nahum, gasping for breath. "Wouldn't you like the old house carted away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest."

With prim dignity the lady marshaled her two charges out, muttering something about "the extortionate ideas of some landlords nowadays."

Another lady, but quite different from the other—a slender, little, cast-down lady, with a head that drooped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of brown silk that had been mended, and darned, and turned, and retrimmed, until even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how very shabby it was.

Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and shining brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a faint, fleeting color, where the velvety roses of youth had once bloomed in vivid carmine.

And the golden-haired little lassies who clung to her dress were as like her as tiny lily-buds to full-blomed flower-hells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her there came back to him the sunny days of his youth—a field of clover and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence, with her bright hair barred with sunset gold—and he knew that he was standing face to face with the girl whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to let, I believe?" she asked, timidly.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie."

She looked up, starting with a sudden flush of recognition.

"If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house. I am a widow now, and very poor, and—and I think of keeping a boarding-house to earn my bread. I hope the rent is not very high."

"We'll talk about the rent afterward," said Nahum, swallowing a big lump in his throat. "Come here, little girls, and kiss me; I used to know your mamma when she wasn't much bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her blue eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side, wondering if it really was fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover-field.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara; "will you rent it to me?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum, thoughtfully; "I'll let you have the house, if you want it, Barbara."

"With the privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No!"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But I don't think you understand how very poor I am, Mr. Briggs."

"I'll tell you what, Barbara," said Mr. Briggs, dictatorially, "I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one boarder, and him you've got to keep all your life if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Briggs," said Barbara. But one is rather inclined to think she told a little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking both the widow's hands in his. "Barbara, I'll do my best to be a good husband to you if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again and hesitated; but Nahum was not to be eluded.

"Shall I take down the 'to let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

"And when shall we be married, Barbara?"

"In the summer, perhaps," said Mrs. Barbara, shyly.

"To-morrow," said Nahum, decisively; and "to-morrow" it was.

The probabilities are that neither Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown-stone house will be in the market again "to let."—*Boston Globe*.

At the funeral of a British soldier at a Punjab military post last month, the officiating chaplain, after keeping the mourners waiting for some time in the cemetery, drove up arrayed in flannels and brown shoes as if he had come to a tennis match. He then veiled his garments with a surplice and the burial ceremony proceeded.

Sustain the Sinking System.

This common-sense injunction is too often unheeded. Business anxieties, overwork, exposure must and do cause mental and physical exhaustion, which lessens vigor and tells injuriously upon the system. That most beneficent of tonics and restoratives, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, effectually compensates for a drain of strength and loss of nerve power, regulates impaired digestion, arouses the dormant liver, and renders the digestive organs active. It is, besides, a preventive of malarial and rheumatic ailments.

The premier of Cape Colony notified the Assembly recently that it would be asked next session to legislate on the question of the influx of Asiatics. The government, he said, was now considering American methods of dealing with immigrants.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and other ladies of Boston cover Edwin Booth's grave at Mount Auburn Cemetery with flowers almost daily.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

—THE HAYWARDS HOTEL IS FILLING RAPIDLY with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

THE FRESH BEAR COMPANY.

One of Jones's Truthful Tales.

A gloom seemed to rest upon the usually genial party gathered around the table. Even the vivacious Jackson Peters was somewhat downcast, especially after Jones thwarted him in his attempt to tell of a St. Louis man he had just heard of who recently took first prize in a homing-pigeon match by inserting a small rubber tube in the throat of his bird and inflating him with hydrogen gas. After this, silence settled down upon the group for some time; but when the waiter withdrew, Jones casually observed: "I see the usual summer trouble with the ice-men has begun."

"Yes," Robinson returned; "my ice-man complains of the expense of having to carry one large piece of ice in his wagon to keep the little ones from melting before he can deliver them to his customers."

"Precisely," answered Jones; "that is the way with ice-men. But, speaking of ice-men, how inadequate, after all, is our vaunted system of cold storage. I speak, gentlemen, *ex cathedra*, having been the originator and president of the Scranton Fresh Bear Supply Co. We raised black bears, and put fresh bear meat on the market in carload lots, whether bears were in season or not."

"I was at Scranton, Pa., the State bear headquarters. In fact, Scranton is the wild-animal capital of the United States. At no other place are they so intelligent. I was once, eight miles north of Scranton, jostled by two black bears while a third picked my pocket of a tobacco-pouch and sixty cents in change. You may well look interested, Jackson; that is worth remembering. A young man of your age can learn many valuable facts by listening quietly to my conversation."

"But we did not have to do with the wild bears except to make a beginning. We caught one hundred prime black bears and started a bear-ranch. At the end of four years we had five thousand head of bear. We began to put them on the market, and the Scranton Supply Co.'s bear meat became famous in this country and Europe. But we found our profits largely eaten up by several peculiarities of the business. Our bears all became beautifully fat in the fall; but to keep them so and supply the year-around demand which had sprung up was expensive. We tried raising the price, but the public would not stand it, and many people ceased to buy our meat. We tried cold storage for our bear meat, but this our customers also objected to, demanding absolutely fresh meat. Indeed, local butchers soon came to insist on having the live bear shipped directly to them. When we abandoned cold storage, we found ourselves fifty thousand dollars in debt, and with two thousand fat bears on hand ready for the abattoir, and practically no demand for bear at remunerative prices. I may say, gentlemen, that it was not a good day for bear."

"At this juncture the president of the company arose and took complete control of affairs with a firm hand. I think I mentioned the fact that I was the president. I asked for unlimited authority, and the stockholders gave it to me. I turned to the abandoned cold-storage warehouse, started up the ice-machines, and although it was in June, reduced the temperature inside to five below zero. In the meantime I had procured from the woods around Scranton two thousand hollow logs. These I placed in the cold-storage warehouse. I then drove in our two thousand fat bears. They sniffed the air once or twice, growled a little, and began nosing around among the logs. They thought they saw that a hard winter was upon them, and gentlemen, each one of those intelligent animals crawled into a hollow log and began to hibernate. By keeping the temperature at the same low point we found that we could leave a bear there for any length of time we chose—three months, six months, one year, two years—and he would come out as fat and fresh as when he went in. When we got an order from a butcher, we would nail a cover over the hole in the log and ship it to him with the bear inside, like a silk hat in a paste-board box. The butcher could, if he wished, put him in cold storage and keep him still longer. We advertised our bears as 'hibernated at the ranch,' and at the end of two years I retired from the company with eighty thousand dollars in cash."

Jones rose, walked firmly to the mantel, and helped himself to a match. The voice of Jackson Peters was heard in the room, as he sniffed the air and said: "I suppose you lost it raising rabbits to slaughter during the dark of the moon in a convenient cemetery for their left hind feet, eh?"

"Young man, I didn't lose that money at all. I went to Chicago and began the publication of pocket-testaments for the Iowa trade. I had strong competition in the Iowa Family Supply Company, but as its testaments held only a pint, while mine would all hold a quart, I got the bulk of the trade, and doubled my money inside of eighteen months."—*Harper's Weekly*.

F. G. Appley, of Pawtucket, R. I., who is rowing to Chicago in an aluminum shell, has got as far as Toledo, a trip which required twelve hundred miles of sculling. His shell is only one-sixty-fourth of an inch thick.

To regulate the stomach and bowels take one Ripans Tabule at meal-time.

Letters from Mothers

Speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.



Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

QUINA-LAROCHE'S

FERRUGINOUS TONIC

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.

Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD. Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Quinones are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quinones affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

22 rue Drouot, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S., 30 North William st., N. Y.

QUINA-LAROCHE

Cowdrey's Deviled Ham

DEVILED HAM ROLLS.

Make some light, rather rich, pastry, roll thin and cut in squares of about four inches. Spread thin upon each square some of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, moistened with cream sauce or milk, leaving about one-half of an inch around the edge uncovered. Moisten the edges with cold water and roll each sheet of ham and pastry, compactly pressing the ends together. Brush over with white of egg and bake.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts." E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities, 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.

Exceeds any 25c. Soap. Ask your dealer for it. Full size sample, 12 cents. Beware of imitations.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co. 84 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

RENTS

We are making a specialty of Collecting Rents, Renting Houses, and placing Insurance. Our terms are moderate and our service prompt, efficient, and satisfactory.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND, 10 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A famous French glutton, who was conspicuously overeating at a dinner some years ago, excused himself from time to time by quoting the poet Boileau's well-known line, "To eating well, I praise the food." "Ah, sir," said one of the guests, significantly, "you carry praise to the point of flattery."

Alphonse Karr, the gardener-poet, was present at a banquet given by the followers of Hahnemann, the founder of homoeopathy. Toasts were given to the health of one medical celebrity after another by different members of the company, till at last the president remarked: "M. Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose and replied, modestly: "I propose the health of the sick."

In Scottish courts of law witnesses repeat the oath with the right hand raised. On one occasion, however, the magistrate found a difficulty. "Hold up your right arm," he commanded. "I canna dae't," said the witness. "Why not?" "Got shot in that arm." "Then hold up your left." "Canna dae that, ayther—got shot in the ither ane, tae." "Theo hold up your leg," responded the irate magistrate; "no man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."

Not very long ago, troubles in a well-known Washington family were the cause of divorce proceedings. The wife got a judgment, though the husband had filed a strong cross bill. In a few months the ex-wife was again married, this time also to a Washington man. One evening recently, at a large reception, the two met unexpectedly, and an acquaintance, out well up in the family history, was proceeding to introduce them. "Oh, we've met before," said the last husband; "we're husbands-in-law."

Half a century ago, when "subjects" were bought by the surgeons, a poor man (writes James Payn) fell dead in Fleet Street. Without a moment's hesitation, a young fellow who was passing threw himself on his knees beside the corpse, exclaiming: "My father, my dear father!" A crowd gathered round, their sympathy was excited, and money was subscribed to enable the pious youth to take away his father's body in a hackney coach. He did so, and took it to a surgeon, who gave him a hundred dollars for it.

The financial panic recalls the story of how the cashier of a bank in an iron-mill town stopped a run. He sent the janitor with a hushel of silver dollars into a rear-room where there was a stove, with instructions to "heat those silver dollars red hot." They were heated, and in that condition he handed them out with a coin-scoop. The depositors first grabbed the coin, then kicked. "But you'll have to take them that way," said the cashier. "We are turning them out as fast as we can melt and mold them, and if you won't wait till they cool, you'll have to take them hot." That settled it. The run was stopped.

A certain judge in Chicago, who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law, was compelled not long ago to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of law. At last, the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume," he said, blandly, "that the court knows a little law itself?" "That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man; "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

There is a gallant congressman who once had the reputation of sowig wild oats broadcast. When he was first running for Congress, many breezy stories were told about him. At last, he gave it out, in the heat of his campaign, that he would speak shortly in defense of his morals. It was a populous district, and he had a big audience. The speech every one liked, but, until the last sentence, not a word was spoken about the advertised subject. At the last, the candidate stuck his hand under his desk and pulled out several boxes of imported cigars. "Gentlemen," he cried, "I am accused of having certain bad habits. Particular instances have been alleged, in

fact. I wish to make some one in this assemblage a present of a box of good cigars. If there is any one here who has never done what I have done, will he please step up and take it?" No one moved. For a long time the big crowd kept silent. But an old Baptist minister, in a far-back seat, after a while arose and said, in a high, squeaky voice: "Colonel, I don't smoke."

On one occasion, when interposing in a quarrel, Lord North observed that there was often far too much readiness to take offense. "That is not my own case," he added; "this very evening one member who spoke of me described me as 'that thing called a minister.' Well, to be sure," continued Lord North, here patting his ample sides, "I am an unwieldy thing; the honorable member, therefore, when he called me 'a thing,' said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, 'that thing called a minister,' he called me that thing which of all things he himself wished most to be, and, therefore, I took it as a compliment."

When Admiral de Horsey, who some years ago had command of the British fleet in the Pacific, was the admiral of the North Atlantic Squadron, he was one evening dining on shore at Port Royal, Jamaica. On returning to his flag-ship alone after dinner, his way to the boat led across the barrack square. A black sentry, of one of the West India regiments, halted him at the gate with, "Who goes dar?" Great was the admiral's annoyance to find he had neglected to get the pass-word before leaving the ship. "That's all right," he said, carelessly, hoping to overcome the man's scruples by indifference; "you know who I am." "Dunno nobody, sar," replied the nigger, pompously; "you can't go in dar." "Why, I'm Admiral de Horsey." "Well, you can't go in, I doo' care if you's Admiral de Donkey."

One of the most prominent members of the Nebraska bar was especially noted for the effect with which he addressed juries. When once underway, he drew upon his memory and imagination impartially, and without regard to application or circumstances, much less to accuracy, poured forth a torrent of classical and historical references which no jury could withstand. On an important criminal trial in which he represented the defendant, the district-attorney had made a strong speech, in which certain checks were an important point. The opening sentences of the judge's answer, pronounced with great deliberation and emphasis and with immense effect, were: "Gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend has said a great deal to you about these checks; but let me ask him, where are the stubs? Gentlemen, it may be that some things are conspicuous in their presence, but there are others which are far more conspicuous in their absence. Why, gentlemen, it is related that at Rome it was the custom in the funerals of illustrious personages to carry in the procession the busts of the deceased's ancestors. And it is said that once at Rome, at the funeral of the noble Romo lady Juo, the busts of her ancestors were carried in the procession. And as the solemn procession filed through the crowded streets of the eternal city, the people saw that the bust of Brutus was wanting, and they shouted 'Where is the bust of Brutus? Show us the bust of Brutus!' (turning to the district-attorney): 'Where is the bust of Brutus—where is the bust of Brutus—where is the bust of BRUTUS? Show me the STUBS!'"

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From July 26, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|------------|--|------------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 P. | Niles and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..... | 6:45 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 2:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez..... | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Egnatia, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore..... | * 8:45 P. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| † 6:00 P. | Vallejo..... | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| † 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | † 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | * 2:30 P. |
| † 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | † 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| † 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | † 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:25 P. |
| * 2:30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | † 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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City of Peking.....Thursday, August 31, at 3 P. M.
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Belgie.....Thursday, September 21
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A Pretty Face



Of the plays presented by the Lyceum Company during this last visit, one was a French translation, one a German adaptation, two were American drawing-room dramas, one was an old-fashioned, English high-class comedy, and one was an old-school, emotional English melodrama. The two curtain-raisers were also American. So that, on the whole, we had more of the work of our own playwrights than we usually are treated to, even by the Lyceum Company.

The Lyceum Company do well in sticking to the American plays of De Mille and Belasco, for these suit their abilities the best. They are emphatically a company for reproducing drawing-room plays. They have no tragedy in them and not much comedy, as any one who witnessed their performance of the French adaptation, "Nerves," will know. In this piece, in which almost every member of the troupe was fitted with a character part, Fritz Williams was the only one who distinguished himself, and he had hardly half a dozen sentences allotted to him. As a lifeless and melancholy dude, suffering from a bad cold and wending a listless way into the candy-shop to procure cough-drops, he was the one really humorous figure in the whole collection. Even Mr. Lemoyne, the artist of the company, was overweighted, and Miss Cayvan, who can do high-comedy characters very cleverly, was quite poor in the boldly humorous part of the French milliner.

But in the gracious atmosphere of well-appointed drawing-rooms, the talents of the Lyceum Company expand and develop. Here they all feel at home. No company can give a better representation of the pleasant side of the home life of well-bred, agreeable, respectable, cultivated, middle-class people. They never get off the key. They move, they sit, they talk, they laugh with such exact imitation of the class they are portraying that the delusion is perfect, and the sense that you are looking on at a play yields to the feeling that you are actually taking part in a real story with living people.

And in their repertoire no plays show this dignified and pleasant American domestic life as well as De Mille and Belasco's. They are outrageously sentimental and at times extremely silly, but the people that go to make up the cast of characters are all probable people, and most of them are charming, good-humored, well-bred people, eminently natural, except when they begin to be witty, and then they get so extravagantly witty, throwing round *bon-mots* in a lavish, prodigal sort of way, that it is positively uncanny. Even with their villains, De Mille and Belasco deal gently and tenderly. Sometimes they get sorry, like the bad stock-broker in "The Charity Ball," who renounces all his wicked ways in the last act. And when the authors can not consistently melt the villains' hard hearts, they make them foreign villains. The girl who made all the mischief in "The Wife," was a creole, and that was the way De Mille and Belasco squared it with their consciences.

Everybody else in their plays is pleasant and natural—the sort of people who form "nice society" in big cities, who subscribe to charities, go to church on Sunday, always pay their bills, dress well, read the last novels, play the piano and sing well enough to be tolerated and not so well as to be suspected of being professional musicians, are not, perhaps, wildly amusing, but are always to be depended on. The Lyceum Company laugh and weep through these plays as lightly and easily as if they had never played anything else. They gather together in certain scenes with an effect of all talking gayly and wittily—sparkling conversation that is a little too clever and amusing to be entirely realistic, but makes a charming effect, and may be regarded as a sort of elaborated sample of what society of this sort might do if it would only try.

Sometimes they gather about an inviting tea-table and drink tea out of little white and gold cups. The scene in the opening act of "The Charity Ball," where Miss Ann Cruger makes tea for the clergyman and misunderstands his confession of love for another girl into a declaration to herself, is the sort of scene Miss Cayvan and Mr. Kelcey are at their best in. The scene in the first act of "The Wife," where the company who are to take part in the amateur theatricals are all collecting together in the little room, outside of which is the stage, and the ball-room, is as natural as possible and is admirably played by some members of the company. These passages that are simple and taken from life are the best flights of De Mille and Belasco's muse. When the ambitious collaborators begin to grow intense and sentimental, they are not so true or so well in tune. Still the groundlings like agony and sentiment, and there are quantities of people who take a keen and tearful delight in seeing Miss Cayvan clinging to Mr.

Kelcey's knees and weeping tears enough to fill a whole shelf full of those tear-bottles in which the mourners of old used to treasure their "pearly fugitives," as Thomas Haynes Bayly called them.

Though the Lyceum Company are not at their very best in comedy—especially if it be of a broad, loud-laughing, rollicking kind—they give an exceedingly good performance in "Old Heads and Young Hearts." It may be that they are particularly successful in this delightful, Old-World play, because the comedy in it is of a reserved and gentle kind—not the comedy of absurd situations and unnatural denouements, but the quiet comedy, with the touch of pathos, that is the comedy of real life. Boucicault had the true humor of Ireland, where the laughter has a suggestion of tears, as the gayest Irish melodies have a strain that is wild and sad.

Casting the Lyceum Company in "Old Heads and Young Hearts" is one of those excursions into the unusual which has proved a great success. Every member of the company is as modern as the century end itself, yet they have adapted themselves perfectly to the atmosphere of that past and faded day. There is a suggestion of the most delicate, Old-World stateliness about their rendering of the play. A fragrance of *pot-pourri* seems to hang about the scene, a scent of faint and forgotten lavender to be shaken out of the yellow laces of these laughing belles of Almack's and Ranelagh. With their broad, deeply gathered skirts and their one-button gloves, their single eye-glasses, their little, stiff, paper-edged bouquets, their spencers and their tippets, their poke-bonnets and sandaled slippers, they come before us, smiling, piquant, debonair, bringing with them suggestions of the London of their day, of Almack's, and Vauxhall, and the fourth George's glittering court. Some of the older ones have known Beau Brummell, have met Lord Byron, flirted with Count D'Orsay, have heard Malibran sing and Garrick act, waited for the news from Quater Bras and Waterloo.

It is a charming play, charmingly given. The ladies of the Lyceum Company have had the superior courage to wear the real costume of the day—roughly speaking, the 1830 dress, or the dress that immediately followed the short waist and clinging skirt of the Empire. There the resuscitators of dead fashions may see how they would like to revive our great-grandmothers' style of coiffure, with a little knob of hair on the top of the head and three short curls glued on each cheek. There we may see the full-skirted dress, with its low neck, pointed bodice, and flowing sleeves, in which we can imagine Jane Eyre to have made the conquest of Rochester, and which Amelia Sedley must have worn when she settled down as Mrs. Dobbin.

There is a gap of nearly seventy years between "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and "The Idler." It is still London, but not the London of the fourth George or the Sailor King, not the London of Vauxhall and Almack's. These have become dead names. Victoria has had her jubilee. The fashions have passed through as many changes as the silver-footed Thetis did in the grasp of Peleus. The gay young gentleman who, on the first glimpse of a charming girl, with drooping yellow curls, fell desperately in love with her and resolved to elope with her in a coach-and-four, is supplanted by "The Idler," the *fin-de-siècle* type, who is without illusions, or beliefs, or affections, brave, gay, indifferent, unscrupulous, making the best of life, bent on enjoyment, and never thoroughly realizing it.

"The Idler" is one of those vigorous, sinewy, not very original or artistic plays that the English so often produce. It has a good deal of force and body to it and not much polish or firmness. The author is of the same class, but a step below, Arthur Henry Jones. "Captain Swift" and "The Idler" are lesser lights in the same galaxy as "Saints and Sinners" and "The Dancing Girl."

The story of "The Idler," an emotional, dramatic story of middle-class English life, is interesting, and holds the attention without letting it flag once. The people are familiar types, and one knows pretty well what they are going to do. The two leading rôles give Miss Cayvan and Mr. Kelcey a fine opportunity to show their talents in portraying characters of an intense and dramatic kind. The hero and heroine of "The Idler" are undoubtedly star parts for the leading lady and gentleman of the Lyceum Company. As a whole, though, the performance is not so smooth or so satisfying as that of "The Wife" or "Old Heads and Young Hearts." Dramatic power and intensity are not the leading talents in the Lyceum Company. Though both Miss Cayvan and Mr. Kelcey give strong and clever personations of the young English wife and the careless and unscrupulous man of the world, yet neither is so much at home, so perfectly finished and complete, as they are in their personations of Helen and John Rutherford in "The Wife" or the widow and the young man of fashion in "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

At the theatres during the week commencing Monday, July 31st: "Aristocracy"; Mantell in his repertoire; and the Tivoli Company in "La Fille de Madame Angot."

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilkie celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Friday evening, July 21st, at their residence, 1208 Leavenworth Street, by giving a most enjoyable musicale, followed by a delicious supper. The following excellent programme was presented:

Piano solo, "Tarantelle," Moszkowski, Mr. Harry Straus; quartet, "Woods in Winter," J. R. Murray, Miss Fanny Dam, Miss M. Hussey, Mrs. A. F. Spence, and Miss Grace Hilborne; romanza, "Celeste Aida," Verdi, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; duet, "Edenland," Dana, Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Mr. Wilkie; ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," Bishop, Mrs. J. M. Pierce; recitation, "Out of the Old House, Into the New," Mr. C. O. Perry; fantasia on popular airs, Mrs. H. R. Brown; piano solo, fantasia on themes from "Faust," Professor Henry Straus; quartet, "The Spring," Moderato, Miss Dam, Miss Hussey, Miss Hilborne, and Mrs. Spence; songs, (1) "Dear Heart," Matel, (2) "The Arrow and the Song," Miss Mary Mann; aria, "L'Adieu" ("L'Africaine"), Meyerbeer, Mrs. J. M. Pierce.

Bauer Symphony Concert.

Mr. Adolph Bauer gave his fourth symphony concert of the summer series on Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House. A large audience enjoyed the following interesting programme:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; (a) prelude, act five, "Manfred," Reinecke, (b) "Les Fleurs," from "Naila," Delibes; concerto for pianoforte, E. flat, Liszt, Miss Julia Newman; valse, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Strauss; symphony No. 7, in A major, Beethoven.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, U. S. N., arrived here from Washington, D. C., last Monday to officiate as a member of the court-martial which will try the case of Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., at Mare Island. Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Bellevue, Neb., to compete in the cavalry competition. Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., formerly flag lieutenant on the staff of Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., has been appointed aide-camp to Captain Howson, U. S. N., commandant of the navy-yard at Mare Island.

The Tivoli Company will present "La Fille de Madame Angot" on Monday night, with the following cast:

Charlotte Angot, Gracie Plaisted; Mlle. Lange, Fanny Liddard; Mlle. Delaney, Carrie Koma; Amaranthe, Irene Malt; Javotte, Marie Gray; Hésile, Julia Simmons; Ange Pitou, Phil Branson; Pomponnet, Arthur Mesmer; Larivaudière, Ferris Hartman; Louchard, Thomas C. Leary; Trenitz, George Olmi.

"Boccaccio" will be revived on August 7th, and "Ship Ahoy" will be produced on the following Monday.

An Egyptian of high rank, Abdurrahim Effendi, is now in this country assisting ex-Consul Webb in the work of arranging for the establishment of Egyptian colonies in the South, and for the erection of mosques in the leading cities of the United States. "In Egypt," says this novel missionary, "we look upon the United States as the prospective ruler of the world," and, therefore, the heads of the Mohammedan Church are anxious that the doctrine of the prophet should be planted in American soil.

Six German soldiers, including a sergeant and a corporal, all in full uniform, alighted at Dijon from the train from Belfort some three weeks ago, and asked to be taken to the military commandant. To him they explained that they had deserted from the German army in order to escape the cruel treatment to which they were subjected by their officers. They asked to be enlisted in the French army, signed papers for admission to the Foreign Legion, and were sent to Marseilles, en route for Africa.

George Riddle, the dramatic reader, has been engaged by Manager Bragg for a series of readings to be given in the new Knight Templar Hall. Mr. Riddle will render Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust" and Victor Hugo's "Lucrezia Borgia" with an orchestra accompaniment.

The Sunday excursions to the new family resort, El Campo, are becoming very popular. An excellent concert is provided, the programme for to-morrow (July 30th) comprising a march by Czibulka, a Strauss waltz, selections from "The Bohemian Girl," and other popular pieces.

The *Hotel Gazette*, published in this city by William P. Harrison, has recently come out in a smaller and much more convenient form, and, with its new type and fine paper, it is now a very handsome publication.

H. C. MASSIE, Dentist, Painless filling. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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Monday Next... La Fille de Madame Angot. Look Out for... Ship Ahoy. Popular Prices... 25 and 50 cents.

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The advertiser has a safe and nice manufacturing business, is practical and experienced, but lacks capital to properly conduct and develop it. Will liberally arrange with good business man, with \$10,000 to \$20,000 to invest, and to take charge of business part. The business can be greatly increased; products equal to the best and thoroughly tested in the market; first-class customers; market steady and almost world-wide; profits very liberal. Investigation solicited. Principals only. Address J. W. JONES, care Argonaut office, San Francisco.

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J. W. GRACE & CO.

Have Removed from 430 California Street to South-west Corner of California and Front Streets.

Don't Kick! Country merchants should not complain of dull times, but consult J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Ill.

A CAMP FIRE IS GOOD. A WOOD OR COAL STOVE IS BETTER. BUT A GAS STOVE IS BEST.



All Kinds of Gas Cooking Stoves and Gas Grates. Stove Department. S. F. GAS-LIGHT COMPANY, 226 POST STREET.

PAINSFEE THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR PAIN. Mild, effective, contains no opium. Cures Neuralgia, Sciatica, La Grippe, Rheumatism, and all bodily pains. Warranted to Cure any Headache in 10 minutes. Sample and book sent FREE. Box containing 75 doses—Price 50 cts.—at druggists or by mail. PAINSFEE CHEMICAL CO., 37 College Pl., N. Y.

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— OF —

The Argonaut

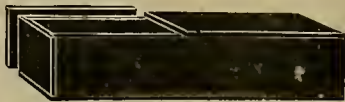
From 1877 to 1893.

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ZISKA INSTITUTE,
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French, German, and English Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies and Children.
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Twenty-Second year. This school offers superior advantages to those desiring a thorough education. All departments in charge of specialists. Native teachers in French and German. Special advantages in vocal and instrumental music and in art.
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MISS BOLTE, Principal.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
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Term begins Wednesday, August 16th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

Miss Adie's Boarding and Day School,
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House thoroughly renovated, refurnished, and enlarged for increased number of pupils. Re-opens August 1, 1893.

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Preparatory School for Girls (Limited)

Care of the health and sound physical development provided for, together with thorough mental training.
Sixth year opens August 2, 1893.
For catalogue address the Principal,
MISS ANNA HEAD, Berkeley.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mma. Julie Rosewald,
Violin, Vocal,

Will resume the duties of their profession on Monday, August 7th. Will be at home, 922 Geary Street, on Thursday and Friday, August 8d and 4th, from 2 to 4 P. M., to arrange time for pupils and new applicants.

H. B. PASMORE,
Teacher of Singing and the Theory of Music

Will resume teaching on July 25th, at his residence 1424 Washington Street, near Hyde.

MADAM SYLVAIN SALOMON,

Teacher of Vocal Music,

1842 SUTTER STREET,

Will resume her lessons on August 1st.

MR. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of Singing, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony,

—WILL RESUME TEACHING—

Monday, August 7, 1893.

2417 CALIFORNIA STREET,

MRS. H. J. STEWART,

Professor of the Pianoforte,

Will resume Teaching Monday, August 7, 1893.
2417 CALIFORNIA ST.

F. KATZENBACH,

Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony.

Special Course in the Art of Teaching to those sufficiently advanced. Organist First Unitarian Church, Oakland—Rev. Ch. W. Wendte.
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In addition to its unequalled musical advantages,

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Calendar. FRANK W. HALE, Gen. Manager.

Free. Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

How she knew: *He*—"I'm growing a mustache."
She—"So some one told me."—*Truth*.

Mrs. Banks—"I do hate to discharge my servant."
Mrs. Rivers—"I wish you had mine. You'd enjoy it."—*Ex*.

Little girl—"What is a dead letter, mamma?"
Mamma—"One that has been given to your father to mail."—*Vogue*.

Quercus—"I wonder who originated the word 'henpecked.'" *Witticus*—"Can't say. The first rooster, I should imagine."—*Vogue*.

Little Jenkins (proudly)—"I've been married ten years and have never said a cross word to my wife."
Chorus of voices—"You're afraid to!"—*Pick Me Up*.

Brush—"So you're going to give up art and study medicine, eh?" *Pencil*—"Yes, it's easier to be a doctor; you don't have to bother about anatomy."—*Life*.

Landlord—"You should always pay as you go, young man." *Impetuous boarder*—"True; but I don't intend to go for six months yet."—*Boston Gazette*.

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It wasn't a bit funny." "They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."—*Vogue*.

Willie—"Hello, Wallace! You are the last fellow I expected to see." *Wallace*—"Don't say it so loud, please. Everybody will think I owe you something."—*Truth*.

Hicks—"One of the stores advertises a list of one thousand new names for girls." *Mrs. Hicks*—"Stop in and get it; I've called ours all I can think of."—*New York Times*.

"They say that Mrs. Bjones is getting a divorce." "On what grounds?" "She says that Bjones can not support her." "I always thought that woman unsupportable."—*Bazar*.

"I hear there is to be a monster shooting tournament at the fair," said Wicks. "Really? Where are they going to get the monsters?" asked Miss McQueary.—"World's Fair Park."

Frank Waterman—"Yes, Miss Flossie, if I hadn't been a good swimmer I should have lost my life several times." *Flossie Newboud*—"Why, how extraordinary! How could you?"—*Puck*.

Willie Keap—"Matrimony seems to me to be a matter requiring considerable thought." *Ethel Knox*—"I've often wondered what it was that restrained you."—*New York Times*.

"What's the subscription price of your new paper?" "Two dollars a year." "Is it intended for any particular class of readers?" "Yes; it's for those who have two dollars."—*Truth*.

Uneasy passenger (on an ocean steamship)—"Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully?" *Dignified steward*—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good hexample to the passengers."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Dinkus—"You say you know half a dozen persons who owe all they have to that man. He doesn't look much like a philanthropist!" *Dunkus*—"Humph! He isn't. He's a dealer in mortgages."—*Troy Press*.

Uncle Treelap—"We have to be very careful in summer, for lightning will sour the milk." *Miss Terry* (a city niece)—"You don't say! And are those little knobs on the horns of the cows lightning-rods?"—*Puck*.

Host (in a whisper)—"Hullo, Harris; I'm glad you've come. My daughter's having a musicale in there. Can't you go back to the club and send up for me to come down at once on a matter of urgent business?"—*Bazar*.

First attendant—"Who is the fellow hanging around the Venus of Milo?" *Second attendant*—"Pension agent, I guess. I overheard him telling her that arm ought to be good for twenty-five a month."—*New York Times*.

Jack—"My darling, I want to tell you something. I have deceived you. I am not rich, but utterly penniless. Will it make any difference to you?" *Ethel*—"Not the slightest, Jack." *Jack*—"I am so glad, dearest. Are you quite sure it will make no difference to you?" *Ethel*—"Quite sure. I can marry old Moneybags."—*Vogue*.

Mr. Firstflat—"You don't suppose I feel in the humor to discuss new dresses, when that demoniacal baby of yours has kept me awake the whole night?" *Mrs. Firstflat*—"All right, dear, you need not be brutal to the baby; we won't say anything more about it. And, by the way, darling, will you bring me up a small bottle of chloroform from down-town with you?"—*Life*.

When the Energies Flag
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. T. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

DCCXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 30, 1893.

Cream of Celery Soup.

Cantaloupe.

Deviled Crabs.

Breaded Veal Cutlets. Potatoes à la Provençale.

Egg-Plant. Corn.

Stuffed Beefsteak.

Lettuce, Egg-Dressing.

Currant Ice. Fancy Cakes. Fruits.

Coffee.

POTATOES A LA PROVENCALE.—Mash and pass through a wire sieve two pounds of potatoes; season with pepper and salt. Grate two ounces of Gruyère cheese, pound with enough butter to make a paste, add one gill of milk and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; put this into a *sauté*-pan, add the potato, mix all well, and stir until the mass is pale brown; serve as a pyramid.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

In Chicago: *Mr. West Monroe*—"These Eastern people are awfully careless when eating." *Mr. Fort Wayne*—"How so?" *Mr. West Monroe*—"Just look at that Eastern man!—how carelessly he throws his napkin in his lap. He doesn't appear to care whether he gets his vest all full of soup or not."—*Puck*.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

Over a ton of tobacco and cigars was burned some two weeks ago at Portsmouth, in the furnace known as "the Queen's Pipe," where all contraband tobacco seized in Great Britain is destroyed.

DELICATE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
IMPERISHABLE
PURE SWEET LASTING
RICH RARE PUNGENT
FLORIDA WATER
STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
FRAGRANT

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the first day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

HAVE YOU A SCRAP BOOK?

We sell Newspaper Clippings. All kinds. Any subject. For library or counting room.
20 Anecdotes of Authors for \$1.00.
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PORTRAITS of Authors, Actors, &c., 10 cents each.
Send list of your wants and a cent stamp for our circular.
THE CLEMENS NEWS AGENCY, San Francisco, Cal.

BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing Tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Skin Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.,

57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases,

Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to

Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and

Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,276,486 60
January 1, 1893.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Directors—John J. Valentine, Lloyd Tevis, Oliver El-
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Receives deposits; deals in exchange; a general bank-
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Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

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City Office: General Office:
501 Montgomery Street. 401 Montgomery Street.

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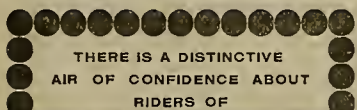
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Families find our Home-Made Bread
BETTER and CHEAPER than that made at
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Bohemian Club Mocha and Java Blended Coffee?

IT'S A WHOLE BREAKFAST IN ITSELF.

ROASTED, NOT CROUND

—PACKED ONLY IN—

2 1/2 lb. Scaled Cans, Net Weight, \$1.15 each
5 lb. " " " " \$2.00 each



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GOODYEAR'S Gold Seal Rubber Hose

BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

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Containing full information on modern Hot Water and Steam
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The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....7.25
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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled
to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however,
that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an addi-
tional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

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| The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail..... | 6.60 |
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| The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail..... | 5.00 |
| The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail..... | 4.50 |
| The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail..... | 4.50 |
| The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail..... | 5.50 |
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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It is peculiarly fitting that the nations of the earth should be gathered together this year to commemorate the fortunate accident of the navigator of Genoa. The era of exploitation inaugurated by the discovery by Columbus is just drawing to a close in the south-eastern corner of Asia, not because the lust of acquisition has grown cold, but because there are no more worlds to conquer. Four hundred years ago there were three dark continents; to-day there are none. It was comparatively but a few years after the discovery of America when the continent was parceled out among the nations of Europe, and comparatively but a few years after that when the various American peoples, themselves aliens and conquerors, secured their independence of European control. Of late years, Asia and Africa have been the fields of European exploitation, and to-day these two continents are almost completely divided up among European nations.

In Asia, England completed its conquest of India about fifty years ago, and has since been turning its energies to the subjugation of Burmah; France made its appearance in

Cochin-China about the same time that England appeared in India, and has increased its territory steadily, though not with the same rapidity as England. Russia, with Siberia already under its control, began the conquest of Central Asia in 1864, and by annexing a slice of from 50,000 to 100,000 square miles every year or two, has extended its Asiatic territory 625,000 square miles. To-day two-fifths of the continent of Asia is under the sovereignty of Russia, one-fifth belongs to China, another fifth is divided between England and France, and the remainder is in the hands of various smaller powers yet to be exploited.

In Africa the conquest by Europe has been more recent and more rapid. The process has been going on for about ten years only. To-day, 8,643,000 square miles, or somewhat more than one-half of the whole continent, is dependent to Europe. France stands first, with 2,800,000 square miles; England, 2,500,000; Congo Free State, 864,000; Portugal, 841,000; Germany, 822,000; Italy, 602,000; Spain, 214,000. In the two continents, 7,367,000 square miles remain to be absorbed.

That this process of confiscation of the weak by the strong will soon be completed is certain, provided the march of conquest goes on at the same rate as during the last few years. And then the problem of controlling these vast colonial possessions will become a serious one. Commerce is developed and enormous profits are made by individual merchants; but these merchants are by no means exclusively the subjects of the annexing country. In the French possessions in Asia, the English and German merchants are outstripping the French. Furthermore, the expense of maintaining these numerous dependent governments and the military forces necessary to preserve tranquility is a serious item. Nor is there any likelihood of their becoming anything but helpless dependencies for many years to come. The independence of the American countries was gained by descendants of Europeans who had crowded out the natives; but no such wholesale immigration is to be seen in Asia and Africa. The bulk of the people must remain for generations in a semi-savage state with the few Europeans as aliens. There remains only the glory of an active colonial policy, which may prove to be but an empty bauble.

Sociologists, both in this country and abroad, are studying the tramp problem. One of the latest writers on the subject is Professor J. J. McCook, who has flooded the country with circulars and accumulated a mass of statistics that will be of value when the next legislature undertakes to control tramps. From the professor's investigations it appears that there are 45,845 men in this country east of the Rocky Mountains who are professional tramps, have no regular calling or resting-place, and live as they may without work. Of these 45,000, eleven-twelfths are under fifty; five-sixths are in perfect health; nine-tenths can read and write; and three-fifths have learned a trade requiring skill. It may thus be said that the tramp, as a rule, is perfectly able to support himself, and resorts to vagabondage from choice.

How these tramps became tramps is a question which was not easily answered. It appeared that sixty-two per cent. of the whole led intemperate lives; which would account for a considerable portion of the whole. Of the aggregate, sixty-nine per cent. had been in hospitals. When they were discharged, they were generally without resources, and if the weather was fine, some of them would naturally become tramps. According to their own account, eighty-two per cent. took to the road and stayed on it, because they were out of work and money. This statement does not quite harmonize with the notorious fact that tramps will not work, except for a meal when they are hungry, but it is explained by the working of labor unions. In most cities tramps are supplied with lodgings at the station-houses, but the captains and sergeants in charge report that they hardly ever knew a tramp to accept a steady job of work. A roving disposition is common to all.

A large proportion of those who become regular tramps were once mechanics and had steady jobs. They were

ordered out on strike by some union, and the strike shutting them out from regular employment, they took the opportunity of "seeing the country." When a strike throws a few thousand men out of work, the union can do no more than look after the married men; single men must look out for themselves. They are forbidden by their union to seek the only work they can get; no wonder they become travelers and wanderers. Their lot is not, after all, so very arduous. They can get shelter in station-houses, almshouses, mission-houses; in box-cars, barns, aboard ships; in mills or outhouses; and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can camp out under the lee of a fence. They must be in hard luck if they can not pick up a meal or two in the course of a day's peregrinations. They are careful not to overheat their blood by long journeys; a few miles a day is as much as they reckon to cover, and this is rather agreeable than otherwise—a gentle walk assists digestion and promotes health. On their walk they have an eye to what Coquelin called *Le Casuel*; portable property, especially if it be salable or take the shape of clothes, always comes handy. But to the genuine tramp, the proceeds of theft are a by-product of his industry.

Looking at the tramp nuisance from the standpoint of society at large, it costs just what the tramps consume plus what forty-five thousand men would have produced if they had been engaged in active industry. Professor McCook estimates the total amount at something under ten millions a year. As his researches do not seem to have extended to this coast, we may assume that, if his basis of calculation is accurate, the real cost of the tramps to the country is over ten millions a year. This is a smaller sum than the country loses by labor strikes. In six years, according to the United States Department of Labor, labor strikes cost \$98,544,391, of which \$64,379,477 was borne by labor and \$34,164,914 by capital; that is to say, an average of \$16,424,065 per annum—say six millions more per year than the outlay which is chargeable to the tramp nuisance. Of course the labor unions will claim that they went to this expense for the maintenance of wages, while the tramps have no offset against their cost. The walking delegates are entitled to the benefit of their contention, such as it is. In cases like the Homestead strike, it does not amount to much. That enterprise cost directly something over \$750,000, and, so far from helping wages, it completely broke down the union of the Amalgamated Steel and Iron-Workers. But that is another story.

The theory of all the vagrant laws in this part of the country is that every man must work and keep at work. It is said that it is hard to enforce such a theory when there is no work to be had. But that is a much rarer occurrence than people believe. There are very few States in the Union, and very few seasons of the year, in which a man who really wants work can not earn wages. Of course, if, like the baker in the "Hunting of the Snark," he can only bake bride-cake, he may find it hard, when his union orders him out, to find a new job. But even for bride-cake there is a periodical demand. There is no season of the year, and no year in the decade, when labor, more or less skilled, can not find a market. The market is not always in the same place. Sometimes it may be in the logging-camps in Washington; sometimes on the ranches in California; sometimes on the water-front in the cities; sometimes in the mines on the sierras; sometimes on the cattle-ranges in the territories. In one or more of these, a willing laborer can always find employment. If he takes to the road, it is from choice, and he is bound to justify his choice, which he can not do. As an abstract proposition, society has a right to deprive him of his liberty and to require of him compulsory labor. Whether this discipline can be relied upon to abate the tramp nuisance is another question.

That this is a day of busy, pushing activity has often been remarked before, but how completely this spirit has permeated the individuals and institutions of society is fully appreciated only when we pause to take our bearings. The spirit of unrest has disturbed every sphere of activity from the counting-house to the church, and all contend in the

struggle for supremacy. For centuries the Holy Roman Church has consistently set its face against this sordid spirit and has thrown its protecting arm about its children to preserve them from the soul-destroying modern thought. It has with rare courage and amid distressing adversities resolutely withstood this demon of progress. But the insidious poison has instilled itself even into the veins of Mother Church, and the Holy Father at Rome has been impressed with the necessity of getting a hustle on if he would not be left behind by the procession. Modern affairs in the secular world interest him, and he pours forth encyclical letters with the fecundity of a French pretender. The woes of labor oppress him, and he exhorts his children, the rulers of Christendom, to heal the breach between employer and employed.

Even his children across the sea are not beyond the benign reach of his infallible eye, and, stricken with grief at the Kilkenny conduct of the leaders of the church in this country, he dispatched his ablegate to referee the fight. Clothed in the white robes of peace, wearing the smile of innocence and guilelessness that is possible only to a prelate from the sunny lands of Italy or an Ah Sin from the Flowery Kingdom, he spread consternation among the Corrigans and Wiggers of the only true faith. His olive-branch has been utilized less as an emblem of peace than as an instrument of flagellation. He has sustained the public schools and has bent, if not broken, the proud spirits of the mediæval despots of the church. That modest and truly great man, McGlynn, he has exalted. Through the darkness that has enshrouded the Mother Church for generations his liberality shines as a good deed in a naughty world. How thoroughly the liberal spirit of the ablegate has impressed itself upon the popular mind is shown by the ready acceptance of the false report that he had busied himself as a match-maker and arranged a marriage between an American heiress and an impecunious scion of Italian nobility. The public decline to be surprised by the representative of the Holy Father interesting himself in anything, however worldly.

But in all this unwonted devotion to progress and reform in matters temporal, the higher interests of the church have not been forgotten or even neglected. The bodily health of the faithful is closely allied to spiritual welfare, and the miraculously curative relic of the forearm of the grandmother of Christ has received the attention of a grateful church. When this sacred relic was removed from New York to Canada, a section of the wrist was retained in New York. In its diminished condition it was probably capable of curing only the minor and less virulent diseases, such as coughs, colds, affections of the throat, sprains, hurns, and the like. But later a choicer cut of the forearm was received from Rome, the head-quarters of the greater part of the mortal remains of St. Ann. So precious a relic was, of course, not to be left knocking around the church, and so a handsome shrine of carved oak has been obtained from Holland, at an expense of seven hundred dollars. In the wings of this shrine are receptacles where the faithful, who are made whole through gazing upon the sacred wrist, are expected to hang their jewels and other earthly trinkets that they may lay up treasures for themselves in heaven. There is already quite a collection of assorted crutches and spectacles—the contributions of the formerly halt and blind. Near by is a box for the widows' mites, with the inscription "Drop a dime in the slot, and light a candle to St. Ann." This is probably the first instance of the conversion of a slot-machine to religious uses.

Nor is this new spirit of progress and sympathy with modern ideas confined to the Eastern States. Right here in our midst a great reform has been perfected. The high mass formerly celebrated daily has been replaced by a low mass, occupying only half the time in its celebration. Those who formerly required an hour for their devotions may now accomplish the same end in half an hour, and have the other half hour for earning dimes and nickels for the church. "We are a nervous people," says Father Pius, O. P., "and after an hour in church we become uneasy and restless. I'm sure that short masses will be more pleasing than long masses." There is much wisdom in these words; but why stop here? If thirty minutes is as good as an hour to make one's peace with God, why not fifteen minutes, or even a shorter time? But, perhaps, this is asking too much; the *Argonaut's* interest in the Holy Roman Church is so great that, perhaps, we become impatient as we watch its great reforms.

The vaporings of the practiced politician and the utterances of the specious demagogue upon questions of state do not require studied attention; but when one who assumes the qualities of the statesman and occupies lofty public distinction thrusts before the people his opinions upon public measures of great general concern and absorbing character, adequate consideration of their nature and worth is justified if not demanded. William C. Whitney, who occupied a seat in President Cleveland's first Cabinet four years ago, and who was chiefly conspicuous in the Democratic

National Convention last year, and to whom the *déclat* of Cleveland's nomination is commonly conceded, has lately emerged from chosen comparative retirement to sound his own views upon the situation in relation to the financial condition and the tariff. Mr. Whitney does not consider the currency question the most vital one with which Congress and the country have to deal. To quote his own words, "the poison lies deeper," and, he continues, "the country's prosperity will never be permanently established while an annual tax of \$300,000,000 or \$400,000,000 is laid upon its industries. No matter what disguise it may assume, our present tariff system is essentially a tax upon the producing and industrial classes. The national government is supported by a tax, not upon property but upon consumption. A tariff is assessed not upon what men own but upon what they eat, and drink, and wear. It is too large a *per capita* tax." Mr. Whitney proceeds to attack the McKinley tariff law and upholds the Democratic policy with unreserved indorsement of the denunciation of protection, the advocacy of free trade, and the maintenance of the tariff policy to which Mr. Cleveland stands pledged.

It is pertinent to state that the customs have never risen to \$230,000,000; and that during the former administration of President Cleveland, under the old tariff, they fluctuated between \$217,000,000 and \$229,700,000, after which followed the McKinley tariff in Harrison's administration, and they fell to \$177,500,000. It was the tax of the internal revenue which swelled the total receipts of the government, every year, to above \$300,000,000, and not the tariff, as Mr. Whitney implies. As to the McKinley tariff and its effect upon the producing and industrial classes, the facts are directly contrary to the statements of Mr. Whitney. The McKinley tariff was drafted upon the American protective policy, the better to encourage, conserve, and benefit home products, home industries, home manufactures, and home labor. Under it, customs duties are laid on the full schedule of four hundred and seventy-two classified articles, while the free list is enlarged from that of the lowest Democratic tariff, which embraced less than one hundred articles, to the enumeration of nearly three hundred articles—an extension materially beyond every former free list, and largely to the relief and benefit of the producing and industrial classes. The McKinley tariff law fosters and protects every American industry and interest, and the cost of the duty is laid upon the foreign producer and importer, to the relief and profit of the home product and the consumer.

Under the protective policy the United States has progressed to the supremacy of the world in the manufacture of iron and steel; and from paying to Great Britain above one hundred dollars a ton for iron and steel rails, the protected competition of American manufacture has decreased the price to below thirty dollars a ton, and the British manufacturer is compelled to pay the duty; it does not fall upon the American consumers, while the wages of labor are maintained to the American workers. Likewise in every other industry in which American manufacturers, wage-earners, and consumers are concerned—the duty tax is put upon the foreign competitor in the American market. With regard to articles of household use and personal wear, the McKinley tariff has a similar effect—the duty is borne by the foreign competitor, not by the American consumer, who is thereby relieved of that much tax for the support of the government. With every article of product by cultivation, the American producer is protected and profited, and there is actually lower cost to the consumer.

California is a conspicuous example, by her surpassing wealth of fruits. To repeal the duty on oranges, and prunes, and raisins, and to substitute free trade, would disastrously impair the product of California and open wide the entire American market to the producers of the adjacent alien islands and of Europe. The protective duty of the McKinley tariff needs to be increased instead of abolished on fruits produced in California and in other of the Pacific States. Tens of thousands of acres of lands now of great worth would become measurably valueless, and thousands of producers in the enjoyment of comfort and wealth would be reduced to bankruptcy and poverty. It is the protective duty tax, exacted from the foreign producer without cost to the home consumer, which assures the home producer against ruinous foreign competition. The condition and risk is the same in every other State, in similar degree, alike as to the protection of natural products, of manufactures, of industries, and of labor.

Protection by a tariff duty is vital to the welfare of the United States. Free trade will inevitably prostrate every American industry and cause surrender to every foreign country which comes with the proffer of ruinous competition. Mr. Whitney, multi-millionaire as he is, nevertheless indorses free trade and strenuously supports the Democratic policy to which President Cleveland is committed. He comes forth from the private station which he holds in this crisis, while the country is immersed in the financial situation that is everywhere agitated, and which the President declares

is paramount to every other subject—tariff as well—and does not express even a passing opinion as to silver or gold, currency or coinage. He treats solely upon the tariff, and, upon every material point concerning it, he either makes misstatements or misrepresents facts—as to the sum of tariff tax, as to upon whom the burden rests, and its weight upon the "average men in the middle and lower classes," who spend, he says, seventy-five per cent. of their income on food and clothing, and he implies that for this heavy expenditure the McKinley tariff is mostly responsible. Under the McKinley tariff, every American consumer has, duty free, the three articles of foreign growth used in common household economy—tea, sugar, and coffee. Also he has fully three hundred articles from foreign lands, among which are products and manufactures of universal use or mostly used by the "middle and lower classes," all free of duty. Under this McKinley tariff, further, the fact remains, undisputed by Mr. Whitney, that throughout the United States, with Republican rule, prosperity and plenty prevailed; that there was no serious disturbance concerning money; that banks were generally solvent and business failures few; that enterprises flourished, manufactures thrived, and trade was active; that there was neither stagnation nor dearth of labor, and that high wages ruled; that only few suffered even temporary distress; that public confidence was universal and public credit at highest gauge. Let Mr. Whitney contrast with this the condition now, after less than half a year of Democratic rule and misrule.

The perennial discussion as to the merits of the classics in higher education has been revived in the Educational Congress in Chicago, and President Jordan, of the Stanford University, steps forth as the champion of the more modern and, as its adherents claim, the more liberal theory. This discussion is an outcome of the changed attitude of the colleges toward the public, commented upon in these columns recently; and the mass of popular opinion at the present time is certainly drifting away from the position that the study of the dead languages is profitable. The demand of to-day is for the "practical" education—that which shall be of direct practical use to a man in business—and the chances are that a merchant will never have occasion to look into Homer or Livy after his college days are over. And, in the competition of the colleges for support, the supply of education is influenced by the particular kind of education demanded. Thus the technical schools are multiplied, and the colleges and universities extend their scientific courses at the expense of the literary and classical. The young man, impatient to enter mercantile life, chafes under the necessity of devoting so many hours each week to Latin or Greek; the would-be mining engineer or electrician can not see the value to him of a critical study of the early English masterpieces. These things are well enough for the scholar, he asserts, but for him they are useless.

This idea is a result of the ultra-practical spirit of the age; but it indicates a misunderstanding of the true purposes of education. Properly directed education aims to produce thinkers rather than reservoirs of information. The training of the reasoning powers is of far more importance than the accumulation of any amount of information. He is an unfortunate who goes through life with a yard-stick measuring the circumstances with which he comes in contact, and picking out from the store-house of his mind some hit of information to fit the circumstance. If he can not think for himself, his education is useless and his years spent in college and in school have been wasted. If the study of the dead languages will contribute toward the mental development of the pupil a mental training that can not be acquired otherwise, it should have its due prominence in the college course, whether it is likely to be of direct practical use or not.

The same mistaken point of view is shown in certain popular educational movements of recent growth. Here the student is directed to read a certain list of books within a given time, and he receives a certain amount of written instruction from a professor who lives at a distance and has never seen him. Each summer he meets with other pupils pursuing similar courses and listens to lectures. Such education may be valuable, but the chances are that it will not be. Where the pupil knows how to study, he profits by the course, but in the majority of cases he does not know how to study, and profits nothing. The mere reading of books is a loss of time; they must be digested and the suggested lines of thought must be worked out. Without this the training is merely one for the memory and not for the reasoning power. There is considerable room for reform in educational methods in this country, and a great step will have been taken when more of those having the direction pay more attention to what should be done and less to what is popular simply.

While ladies at Chicago are demonstrating that a woman is as good as a man, and a little better, too, there are signs of a male uprising against the domination and rudeness of

the sex. From time immemorial the fashionable American woman has asserted her claims to supremacy in the small concerns of daily life, and has declared her independence of social laws. She holds that she is not bound by the conventional rules which render gregarious life tolerable. She will not extend either to persons of her own sex or to those of the other the small courtesies and deferences which good breeding dictates and on which general comfort depends. She will consult no one's convenience but her own. With a lofty sense of her own superiority, she will cultivate a thoughtlessness of what other people like or want, and act as if she were the sole occupant of her mundane sphere. The thing is carried to such a pitch that it appears to be a question whether the hoodlum of Tar Flat or the fashionable lady of the Western Addition is entitled to the palm for rudeness.

This seems harsh censure, but those who watch the woman of fashion when she takes her walks abroad, will not pronounce it unjust. Watch her at a dry-goods store. She will monopolize the attention of the most intelligent saleswoman or clerk, and will inspect one roll of goods after another till the clerk's patience is exhausted, while she has no intention of buying anything; and all this time she is keeping others waiting who, perhaps, can not afford to lose the time. Take her in the street. She and two friends will monopolize the centre of the pavement, so that other ladies run risk of being elbowed into the gutter; she has nothing to say to her friends, nor they to her; but she is so thoughtless that it never occurs to her that she might just as well stand on one side, so as to let others pass. If she has to pass through a narrow opening, she chooses the narrowest part of it to stop to button her glove, or to consult her watch, or to inspect the sky for rain; serenely indifferent to the fact that her halt blocks the passage for those who follow her. Her favorite stopping-place is in a doorway. In muddy weather, she and her friend plant themselves at the edge of the path which has been cleared through the mud, and from that vantage ground discuss the weather and the fashions, while those who want to cross are forced to make a circuit through the mud. If she has a carriage, it stops so as to blockade the foot-path and compel pedestrians to go around. If she enters a car which happens to be full, and no one rises to give her his seat, she transfixes both rows of sitters with a stony glare, as if to say: Do you not see that I am standing? When some tired man of business or clerk does give her his seat, she flops into it without thanking him or even looking at him. But she takes care to extend her parasol so as to trip up those who pass, and when they stumble, her lips form the inaudible word "Brute!"

But to see the fashionable woman in her glory, you must see her at the theatre. It is in the narrow opening where the ticket-taker stands that she stops to ask her companion whether her bang is straight and to argue the point at length. Inside she forces her way past people who, having come in time, are already in their seats, and puts them to excruciating torture by ramming them with her knees and trampling their toes with her wooden heels. When she has composed herself in her seat, it is discovered by those behind her that her huge hat, with its vampire-like wings, eclipses the stage. After a time the victims study the hat and contrive for themselves narrow vistas of the boards; but they have no sooner brought their long-nosed noses to bear than the lady wobbles her head and the vistas are cut off. This goes on throughout the performance.

One of those wiseacres who stand ready to account for every phenomenon that appears, declares that the selfish thoughtlessness of our women is the fruit of the excessive deference which they have been in the habit of receiving from men. We have raised them on such a lofty pedestal that they can not see what is happening round its base. Certain it is that the custom of deferring to them, and treating them as if they were divinities to be worshiped, instead of equal partners in the battle of life, must have tended to dull their sense of the truth that courtesy must be reciprocal. Where men yield everything to a woman and demand nothing in return, it is but natural that the woman should at last convince herself that she owes nothing. A monarch who is surrounded by toadies comes to fancy that all men are toadies, and that so long as he supplies them with their natural food, they can ask nothing more. So a young lady, who meets with nothing but smiling adulation when she deserves reproof, can not be blamed when she assumes that her behavior is admirable because it is hers, and whether or no it allies with the social laws.

As it is the wife who makes the husband, so it is men who mold women into the shape they present. Ladies become what they are because men have educated them so. If they stand in doorways, blockade passages, and cut off the view of the stage from spectators behind them in order to exhibit their hideous hats, it is because they have fed on flattery until they have come to believe they can not do wrong, and that in such fascinating creatures paltry hlem-

ishes like selfishness and thoughtlessness will not be observed. This is the natural outcome of a course of feminine training at the hands of men. If the men do not like it, they have only themselves to blame.

That body of unwritten precedents, conservatively followed and reverently upheld, called the British Constitution, is as curious a part of the frame-work of government to the people of this country as the written instrument declaring our supreme law probably is to the subjects of Queen Victoria. Theoretically the legislative power of the crown in England is more supreme than that of the President, yet in practice the queen has no veto power whatever; in theory, the Lords and Commons have equal power in the enactment of legislation; practically, the Lords may not refuse concurrence in any important measure. For generations the supreme power of the British Government has been drifting into the popular branch of Parliament. The House of Lords nominally takes part in the discussion of all bills; but it is only when the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill reaches them in its regular orbit through the legislative firmament that they show any real activity or interest.

There are indications that all this is about to be changed, however; whether by a peaceful revolution or a resort to force remains to be seen. The Lords have pledged themselves to reject the Home Rule Bill when it reaches them, and a conflict between the two houses will result. Hitherto, when the Lords have been unruly, they have been coerced by a threatened creation of new peers sufficient in number to change the political complexion of the body and thus insure the passage of the measure. Menaced by the cheapening by miscellaneous multiplication of their titles of nobility, and with defeat staring them in the face under any circumstances, they have gracefully succumbed. But in the present case, the threat would have no force. Patents of nobility must be issued by the queen, and it is reasonably certain that in this dispute she will side against Gladstone and the Commons. It is an open secret that Victoria is violently opposed to home rule. In this dilemma, an appeal must be taken to the country, and it is probable that the people, seeing their supremacy through the House of Commons threatened, will return another Home Rule majority. Should the Lords still remain obstinate, as they probably will, England will stand upon the brink of a revolution. An appeal to force would result in the deposition of the queen, but she has so firm a place in the hearts of the people that such a step is improbable, almost impossible. The situation is serious, and its development will be watched with the deepest interest.

Advertisers and publishers had best beware how they accept designs for pictorial publication. They may be violating the law and laying themselves open to criminal prosecution. The eyes of the secret service agents are upon them, and ignorance of the law, though possibly a misfortune, is no excuse. That staid and respectable firm, Harper & Brothers, has been made painfully aware of this fact, and now they find themselves classed among common criminals, charged with high crime against the peace and security of the State. Their intention was perfectly innocent, but unfortunately the law says nothing about that. It all happened in this way: The firm issued a book of travel, the intention of which was to show how Europe might be seen on fifty cents a day. The artist in designing the cover introduced a fac-simile of a half-dollar, and the firm accepted it as likely to arrest the eye and attract the attention. It did. It arrested the eye and attracted the attention of a secret-service agent, and he declared it to be a violation of the law against counterfeiting the coin of the realm. Visions of dire penalties involving penal servitude in a donjon-keep floated through the brains of the Harpers and kept them awake o' nights. Their only consolation, if consolation it was, lay in the fact that they had a companion in misery. A New York daily published a cartoon representing Cleveland standing in an attitude of fear directly in the pathway of a large silver dollar rolling rapidly down a hill toward him. The dollar was not a very good counterfeit; in fact, it would hardly have been accepted as legal tender by the most ignorant treasury official. But the agents of the secret service under the present administration are very shrewd men, and they saw at a glance that it was a counterfeit. They advanced *en masse* upon the den whence the "queer" coin was issued and seized the dies. It was truly a master-stroke of enterprise and energy. We do not know whether the secret service is under the regulations of the civil service commission; but if not, we urge that it be placed there, and that all applicants for appointment as agents be required to prove a knowledge of the difference between a counterfeit silver dollar and a newspaper cartoon.

The letter signed "An American Catholic," reported in the dispatches this week, is truly significant. Not since the impetuous Irish people suggested, in no uncertain terms, that His Holiness had better keep his hands off of the

Home Rule question, has there been so open and defiant a sign of revolt against the unlimited power of the Pope. Unquestioning and unhesitating obedience to the behests of the Vicegerent of God upon earth has been the essential principal of church government during eighteen centuries. The Pope is infallible—he can do no wrong; and, therefore, by the force of irresistible logic, not only the appointment of Satolli, but also his acts done with the sanction and authority of the Pope himself, must have been right. If the ablegate says Archbishop Corrigan is in error and Father McGlynn is immaculate, there is no appeal for the true believer. If the ablegate smite Bishop Wigger upon one cheek, not only must the worthy bishop wheel his other cheek into position in accordance with the biblical injunction, but the faithful must raise their voices in admiration and praise of the wisdom and excellent delivery of the blow. But here is an unregenerate believer in American institutions who cries out that if the American Catholic Church is to be governed by one supreme authority in this country, and not by one supreme authority in Rome, that authority should be appointed in this country and not in Rome. A republican form of government for the Roman Catholic Church! It is not the least curious feature of this communication to a startled world that the author rushes into print with his reform of the government of the church in defense of the reactionary and bigoted faction of that same church. When the Pope becomes too liberal for the faithful children of the church to follow him, we need not be surprised to see a more liberal form of government urged, in order that there may be more bigotry in the conduct of affairs.

The sentiment in favor of free speech is one of the most strongly intrenched among American social ideas. It is rightly regarded as a safety-valve to relieve the pressure of discontent and visionary remedies that might otherwise explode with disastrous effect. Free discussion will do more than anything else to clear away the mists of ignorance, and it is an unwise policy that seeks to prevent it. But, like all good things, it is liable to abuse, and a striking instance of this abuse has recently been given in Colorado. The unprecedented decline in the price of silver and the possibility that the mints of the United States would soon be closed to that metal were a heavy blow to Colorado as one of the greatest silver-producing States. That hardship and stringency should follow was inevitable. But the result would not naturally have been of such a wide-reaching character. The value of the annual output of silver is less than that of the output of farm products, less than the coal output, less than the output of manufactures. Despite the fact that silver mining has received so much attention and other industries are undeveloped, the silver output was less than one-fifth of the output of these other industries. Had the regular laws of trade been allowed to operate, some of the silver-mines might have remained closed, but the labor would have been transferred to other industries and the period of depression would have been short. But an empty-headed, noisy-mouthed politician, who was all the more dangerous because he was probably honest in his ignorance, and whose words became important because of his position, roused the imagination of the mob to the point of considering the community on the verge of starvation. The result was that the panic reached its culmination in Colorado, banks were ruined, all business was paralyzed, and thousands of destitute men depend upon the charity of Denver for their daily bread. Free speech is well enough, but some restraint should be placed upon the ravings of the insane.

The position in which the management of the World's Fair finds itself is truly amusing. When the great exposition was opened, the attendance fell so far below expectations that financial collapse seemed inevitable. With the self-confidence of Chicago, they had calculated that if their show was three times as big as any former show, the attendance must be three times as great. The essential fact that former expositions have been located in the centre of far more dense populations was entirely overlooked. The local courts, where a favorable decision might be expected, were appealed to to declare that the grounds and exhibits might be thrown open on Sundays. The result of the series of legal controversies was that the local courts decreed that the show must be kept open on Sundays, and the Federal courts refused to interfere. But experience proved that instead of a gain there was a loss in Sunday opening, and once more the gates were closed. Then the management found the unfortunate position into which they had wriggled themselves. The local courts had declared, not that the exposition *might* be kept open, but that it *must* be kept open. The managers had been far too shrewd for their own welfare, and now they are wailing and gnashing their teeth, while the religious fanatics, who have been sputtering invectives against the ungodly managers, are wondering just where they are at.

THE FATAL NUMBER.

A Strange Tale of Monte Carlo Gamblers' Superstitions.

It was an evening at Monte Carlo—the Monte Carlo of twenty-five years ago. On the barren plain of the Spélugues there were but two buildings, the Casino and the Hôtel de Paris. The gardens were only planned, the Condamine bristled like a corner of the tropics with cactus and laurel-bushes. A single little steamer dragged wearily back to Nice of evenings the two or three dozen tourists it had dragged from Nice in the morning. Promptly, as the clock struck ten, it pulled up anchor, and, through the stillness of the night, one heard for a long, long time the faint, sobbing sound of its laboring engine. Those who remained behind to-night, as on other nights, were all rabid players, "night-birds"—people who never saw their beds while the hours of darkness lasted. A queer, mixed world, where they knew each other but slightly and treated each other with scant courtesy.

Beside myself, then, there was my friend, Achilles Poivre, the journalist; Lord Croyden, who had just availed himself of the court of bankruptcy; Comte Narni, an Italian diplomat, steeped in doubtful negotiations; one Funker, an alleged German financier; and Mlle. Pouchette, of the Opéra Comique in the season—of Comte Narni's train during her moments of relaxation. The rest were insignificant, the passing shadows of life, with the single exception of a man with a furiously red head and a greedy air, distinctly displeasing.

"Do you know him?" I asked Poivre.

"My faith, no," said he; "but some one else does, doubtless. Besides, what does it matter? Come on; hurry, we are going for a bite of supper before we turn into bed."

And Narni leading, a laughing, careless group of idlers, momentarily drawn together by the common passion for play, we entered the little lunch-room kept open for the use of such night-owls as ourselves. Just as we were about to sit down to table, Mlle. Pouchette, who was chatting gayly with Narni, suddenly drew back, with a cry of horror.

"Never! never! We are thirteen!" she cried.

We laughed and jeered her; the lady was obdurate and still refused to make one of the unlucky circle. On the subject of Fridays and thirteen at meals her mother had given her principles that were very decided. To end the difficulty, I was myself going to get up, when Funker stopped me.

"No; wait," said he; "Père Montgobert's outside. We'll have him in for a fourteenth, you know."

And presently—upon such trifles do life's dramas bing—Père Montgobert had been summoned. That bottle-green redingote, that tuft of gray beard, those gold-rimmed spectacles perched on the tip of a monstrous nose, that withered, colorless old face—passionless as the face of the dead—bow well I knew them all!

Three years ago, at Spa, I had seen him first and noticed his habits. At all hours of the day or night I found him at the roulette or the trente-et-quarante table, though I saw him play but rarely. The waiters treated him disdainfully and spoke to him rudely, because he did not pay for his chair and brought his own pins and pasteboards with him. The croupiers, on the contrary, seemed to pity him, and when, as happened sometimes, he dropped asleep, with head on the table, lulled by the eternal call, "*Rien ne va plus!*" they moved their rake upon the green cloth with careful solicitude to avoid knocking the polished ivory of his old skull. He stayed, in fact, till they pushed him out, stupid and stumbling, but always amiable.

His face, I say, had struck me, but beyond that I knew of him nothing, not even his name. But it did not take me long to learn everything concerning him now, for when he had bowed and seated himself and pinned his napkin to the flaps of his redingote with the pins that served him to prick the spots upon his pasteboard, they began to tease him and press him with curious questions. Nothing disturbed him, however, and he answered civilly and bumbly, with a smile half-pitying, half-mocking, as if two men lived in his worn body—one, vanquished by life and crushed by defeat; the other, a cynical philosopher.

"Well, Père Montgobert," Funker cried, genially, "did the roulette-table treat you well or ill to-day?"

Montgobert shrugged his shoulders.

"As every day, monsieur. Fortune—pardon me, madame"—howing ironically in Pouchette's direction—"fortune is a woman, you know."

"And yet, Montgobert," continued Funker, "you remain a player? How did you happen to become one, anyhow?"

"One has no choice, monsieur, as I have told you often. How it happened? I've told you that, too; still, if you care to hear it, I'll tell you again. It is a long while ago, now, and the day I was married—to the prettiest Jewess in Strasbourg—I was a well-to-do jeweler on the Brogli, at the sign of the Silver Swan. We had gone to Bade for the wedding-journey; one morning, when my wife was dressing, I found myself alone and with nothing to do, and I stepped for a moment into the 'Redoubt' to look on a while. I went in for five minutes; five hours later they found me there still. I had played; I had won; I had taken the deadly fever. All sense of time had left me, all recognition of duty. It was done; I was bitten; the poison had entered the blood. Nothing could cure me; everything went. I am to-day what you see me, messieurs—a ruined man!"

"Eh? What? Ruined, monsieur?" cried that light-headed but warm-hearted Pouchette, to whom "ruin" meant only the loss of money; "if that be true, and you are ruined, as you say, who will—er—who will pay for your funeral, monsieur?"

Montgobert laughed in spite of himself.

"My funeral, madame," said he, "will be upon a marble slab in the Munich Dissecting Hall. I have given myself to the doctors—to have my skull opened and well examined, to find out, if they can, in what lobe of the brain was lodged my dog of a passion."

"By heavens, no!" cried Achilles Poivre, who had drunk

valiantly; "the Nestor of Roulette, the Methuselah of Trente-et-Quarante, on the surgeon's table? Never! Never! What say you, messieurs?"

"The same as yourself, of course," said Funker, who was always generous; "and it is I who charge myself with seeing it otherwise."

"No, no, Herr Crœsus, you go too fast; you'll share with your comrades, please. We all charge ourselves with seeing it otherwise."

"In which case, then, messieurs," solemnly pursued Achilles, "all present being of one will and mind, we, the undersigned, thirteen in number, form ourselves into the Society of Thirteen and bind ourselves to conform to the following rules:

"Article 1. To give honorable and proper burial, when required, to that Nestor of the green cloth, Père Montgobert."

"Article 2. To come wherever and whenever the aforesaid Montgobert may be deceased, to conduct him to his last resting-place."

"Approved, approved!" chorused the company, all of them more or less fuddled with wine—"to his last resting-place!"

"Pardon me, gentlemen," murmured Montgobert, gently, "but may I make an observation? I should like, if I may select the place, to be buried at Mayence. It is a pretty spot, good air, a charming view. I have breakfasted there frequently, at a certain café where they have excellent sausages and trout with white wine."

"Agreed; a reasonable request," Achilles assented. "Article two, then, to be modified according to the wish of the interested party."

"Done!" cried Croyden, rising in his chair, "and Article 3, that a roulette-plate be fitted into the top of the coffin, the ball to be set rolling, and the coffin to be lowered at once into the grave, so that no one may know in which hole the ball has stopped!"

Article three was the masterpiece and raised general enthusiasm; then champagne was drunk to the continued health and long life of the beneficiary, the glasses broken upon the table to clinch the oath taken upon the statutes of the Society of Thirteen, and the party separated.

Four years rolled by. I was again at Spa, and there again saw Père Montgobert, sleeping, as I had so often seen him, with his head on the table. The hall was nearly empty, for the season was near its close.

One of the old man's florins had rolled, or by chance been pushed, upon the black, and the black, while he slept, had won. Père Montgobert's stake doubled and doubled again at the next whirl, for the black passed still. Twelve times running the black did the same, and the stake, of course, continued to double. Accustomed to his sleeping thus, it was some time before any one noticed the old man's prolonged abstraction; then the croupier beside him nudged him with his elbow. The old punter did not stir.

"Stop, stop; don't wake him!" cried a dozen players, as they saw the croupier's action; "it will break the luck!"

And at once, with that strange superstition that sways the gambler, all the spectators and players began to walk a-tiptoe, to avoid clinking their money, and to wave their arms frantically for silence at all the new-comers crowding into the room from the other tables to see the queer sight of a man winning a fortune while sound asleep. Gold and bank-bills fairly rained upon Montgobert, forming themselves into a mound before him. Already the amount exceeded the maximum limit accepted by the Develones.

"Zounds! what a heap!" cried the croupier in charge of the game; and in spite of the rage and protests of the players, he sought a second time to rouse Père Montgobert from his Monte Cristo slumber.

"Père Montgobert! Père Montgobert!" he cried, shaking him more and more vigorously with every call. But as the croupier released his hold, Montgobert's arms dropped inert at his side and his white face fell forward upon his breast. And then—they saw that Père Montgobert had played his last play.

Instantly all was tumult, commotion, chattering, and excitement. Then the body was carried away and the game arranged anew, one man paying a hundred écus, spot cash, for the chair of the dead, to bring him luck; another fifty louis for a coin from Montgobert's pile of winnings; and so it went till the croupier rapped for silence and order in the room, and the game began again.

Next morning, without delay, the money was turned over to Montgobert's old servant, there being no one else to claim it, and Croyden, who chanced, like myself, to be at Spa at the moment, declared that as Fate had evidently meant it to be so, he would accept the duty and, per contract, take charge of the interment and the funeral cards. My own, as follows, drawn up in due form, I found upon my table that evening on returning from a ball:

"The Society of Thirteen has the honor to notify you of the decease of Sadoc Elysée Montgobert on the field of honor on the instant, and prays you to assist at the ceremony of the interment, to take place at Mayence the day of the month of — at four p. m. All to assemble at the Russischer Hof."

Certainly I had never regarded my oath made to the Society of Thirteen seriously; but I was young, master of my time, free to follow my fancies. Two hours later I was speeding on my way to Mayence.

There I found the Society of Thirteen reduced to four members, including myself, the three others left being Funker, Croyden, as you know already, and that man with the very red beard and the displeasing face, whose name no one had known that night at Monte Carlo. At Mayence they were able to give me a little more information. His name—Burchard; his profession—agitator; nativity—no one knew; a Pole, possibly, maybe a Swiss. At any rate, no matter where born, he had been expelled from Russia, Germany, and France. A fine companion, truly! Half-fool, half-fanatic, one of those fellows who borrows your boots of you and returns them with curses; works when he must and cheats whenever and wherever he can.

At the appointed hour we started, a dreary enough hour it was, too, the air clouded with sleet and the night closing around us when at last we stood about the grave in the Mayence Jewish Cemetery, dismal shadows in the thickening gloom. The coffin, stripped of its pall, lay swinging on the cords in the grave-diggers' hands, the roulette-wheel, all fresh and new, nailed solidly upon the coffin-lid precisely above that old heart that had so often beaten to the fever of play. All of us were uncovered, and Funker, kneeling in the chilly mud, his brow, in spite of the cold, damp with sweat as he took up the ball—a little ivory ball, criss-crossed from side to side with two black rings—made ready to set it whirling with the low-spoken words:

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*"

It was a weird moment; the wheel spun swiftly with grating sound, the ball began to roll, the coffin began to descend. Eagerly, with outstretched necks, moved by a common impulse, all bent forward. Too late; already the hier was deep in shadow; the keenest eye, the most piercing vision, was able to see nothing. We heard, however, plainly enough, the ball roll and bound, roll and bound, then—stop suddenly in its little pocket.

"*Rien ne va plus!*" cried Funker, solemnly, his voice almost a groan this time in his efforts to control his superstitious emotion.

Well, it was over; there was no more to be done for the remains of poor old Montgobert; the grave-diggers, at the word, let go the heavy plank that closed the opening, and we, the remnant of the Thirteen, set out on the return, silent and thoughtful and the mind of every man of us running upon the same thing. I was the first to speak.

"That number," said I, "think of the money it would coin for us if we only knew what it is!"

"If only we did," sighed Croyden, who needed no lexicon to know what I meant, "particularly as Montgobert was in big luck when he died and carried it with him, of course, wherever he went."

Funker and Burchard, walking a little ahead of us, turned around to listen, but said nothing.

"Yes," Croyden continued, gloomily, "he carried the luck with him. The secret is Death's, and Death always keeps whatever he gets."

Half an hour later Mayence was regained, and, with a brief good-night all round, we separated, I returning to dine and sleep at the Russischer-Hof, and the others, so far as I knew, doing, or intending to do, the same thing. Descending early from my room the next morning to take the first train back to Paris, a waiter came running to me in great excitement.

"Did monsieur know? Had monsieur heard the terrible news? Just at daybreak that morning a fisherman hauling his nets in the Rhine had pulled from the water the body of monsieur's friend, the Baron Funker."

"What? Baron Funker? A crime or suicide?"

"Nobody knew. The police were investigating; meanwhile, in the town-hall above, the doctors were wrangling over the body, and all the place was in an uproar."

As soon as possible I went out to investigate. My companions—Croyden and Burchard—they told me, had left the evening before and gone in different directions. As for Funker, "well, everybody, pretty much," according to the chatter the landlord poured into my ears as, a little later, I paid my bill preparatory to starting—"everybody, pretty much, knew M. Funker—a speculator, poor man, and always heavily loaded. A night-prowler, too, among other things, with all sorts and conditions of people. It was not a suicide, monsieur—oh, no, a man like that was sure to have enemies," and so on, and so on, till I turned my back upon him and ran for the train.

A year more passed. The whole affair had nearly faded from my mind, and I was summering at Ragatz to try the cure of the Pfeiffers water. One night, at dinner, as conversation does at times, it turned upon the subject of mysterious crimes whose authors have never been discovered. It was an inexhaustible theme, every one having some instance to relate. I know not how or why, but the name of Funker rose to my lips.

"Funker?" cried a gentleman in front of me, a merchant from Metz—"Funker, did you say, monsieur? But his death, you know, is no longer a mystery."

"No!" said I; "the details are known then?"

"Fully, and Funker's assassin—but, to make myself intelligible, there was a certain Sadoc Elysée Montgobert—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said I; "I assisted at his funeral."

"You know Burchard, then?"

"Of course."

"Well, he's dead, too—just dead at the Stuttgart Hospital. And Burchard killed Funker—revealed it on his death-bed. Briefly, to skip preliminaries that you know already, the night succeeding Montgobert's interment, they—Funker and Burchard—determined, despite their oath, to know that hidden number, the certain 'open sesame' of fortune's door, buried with Montgobert's coffin. Provided with lantern and ladder, they retraced their steps to the Jewish cemetery. There they had removed the plank, and Funker had gone down into the grave, read the number on which the ball had stopped, and brought the ball back with him."

"Over this the quarrel came; they had robbed the grave together and shared between them the knowledge of the lucky number; but the ball, who should have that? Each claimed it; they fought, Funker fell, and Burchard tossed him over the bank into the waters of the Rhine."

"From that on he haunted gambling-hells and cities, staking, whenever he had a sou to spare, upon the fatal number—fatal, I say, because never once—not a single time, even—did that number win. Maddened by this constant ill-luck and his superstitious fears, it dawned upon Burchard at last that Funker had deceived him; he alone had descended into the grave, he alone had read the number, and that number—the true fetic that he had read on

the roulette-wheel—he had kept that to himself! He, Burchard, in killing him for possession of the roulette-ball, had simply killed with him all chance of knowledge and all hope of luck.

"Burchard from that moment was a raving maniac, torn by remorse, tortured by cruel visions, and always in fancy at the gaming-table, always raking in or staking imaginary sums, and crying ceaselessly, in the frenzy of his delirium: "Thirty-five, black; odd and pass!"

Montgohert's burial number, doubtless—or, rather, what Funker told him was the number—in the end had become the instrument to avenge his murder.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Auguste Filon by E. C. Waggener.*

QUATRAINS.

PROBLEM.

So closely knit are mind and brain,
Such web and woof are soul and clay,
How is it, being rent in twain,
One part shall live, and one decay?

A HINT FROM HERRICK.

No slightest golden rhyme he wrote
That held not something men must quote;
Thus by design or chance did he
Drop anchors to posterity.

HOSPITALITY.

When friends are at your hearth-side met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he is not the host.

POINTS OF VIEW.

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakespeare with his meat
Doubtless esteemed him little, as a man
Who knew not how the market-prices ran.

KISMET.

A glance, a word—and joy or pain
Befalls; what was no more shall be.
How slight the links are in the chain
That binds us to our destiny!

QUITS.

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There's many another inn in town.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *August Century*.

It cost the people of the United States about \$25,000 in a couple of hours the other day to settle in the minds of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau whether some armor plates made by the Carnegie and Bethlehem Steel-Works, respectively, were as good as they ought to be. It was found that they were; and what that means can be imagined when one of the plates was 17 inches thick, weighed 31½ tons, and was attacked by shells weighing 850 pounds each, the last ones fired from a 12-inch gun at a distance of only 319 feet, striking it with the force needed to move a mass of 21,600 tons, or 43,000,000 pounds, through a foot of space. The projectile went through. The hole it made was nearly as clean as if it had been drilled, and not a crack appeared about its edges. Though this particular projectile was lost, having been deflected and fallen into the Potomac, the other projectiles which penetrated the same plate were found in perfect condition and fit to be used again. That seems almost more marvelous than the perfection of the plate. At Sandy Hook the War Department has just mounted a gun that will throw a 1,000-pound projectile, and make a hole in the heaviest armor-clad ship now afloat at a distance of six miles.

An attorney at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, has issued a circular which points out that the statutes of Oklahoma specify no fewer than "ten separate and distinct causes, for any one or more of which a divorce may be obtained," including that all-embracing term, "gross neglect of duty"; that the probate court of each county, "which is always in session," has jurisdiction in actions for divorce, "which affords litigants an opportunity to obtain relief very speedily and without having to await the slow process of the district court"; that the statute requires only three months' residence in the Territory; and, finally, that "persons coming to Oklahoma will find the city of Kingfisher, with its four thousand inhabitants and all modern improvements, a very pleasant place to live in." Apparently Indiana, Chicago, and South Dakota are all to be outdone in the divorce line by Oklahoma.

A Mr. Hamelin, who went to Madagascar some time ago in quest of rare orchids, met the misfortune of having his guide eaten up by a lion. The chief, Mayombosa, from whom the hotanist had secured the guide, got an idea that Hamelin had himself made away with his attendant, and gave him his option of marrying the guide's widow or being hanged alive. Hamelin took the widow; but he coupled with the marriage contract an arrangement by which the chief gave him a monopoly of all the orchids in Madagascar.

It is firmly believed in Christiania that the *Fram*, in which Dr. Fridtjof Nansen is sailing for the polar regions, will never more return. Such a gloomy opinion, however, of the enterprise does not prevail in England, for an English insurance company issued a policy on the life of every one of the crew.

Charles Henry Pearson, an Englishman, has written a hook in which he claims that the great races of the world are losing ground, and that the Chinese, Hindoos, and South American half-breeds are the coming leaders of civilization.

A curious numismatic memento of Peter the Great of Russia has been discovered at Astrakhan. It is a metallic token, or receipt, granting to the bearer permission to wear a mustache and heard.

THE ASPINWALL SCANDAL.

"Flaneur" on the Financial Collapse of a New York Clubman—
A Grandson of William H. Aspinwall—The Cost
of Going the Pace in Gotham.

Nothing has stirred New York society so much for many years as the collapse of Lloyd Aspinwall. He stood quite high in the best circle, was a member of all the best clubs, knew everybody, was a welcome guest at the most aristocratic houses, yet he now turns out to have been a forger and a "dead heat" who had simply come to the end of his tether. He had for years been improving upon Rawdon Crawley's method of living on nothing a year, and, of course, a day came when what the Austrians call the "krack" was inevitable. Old stagers, whose memories go back to the ancient days, are not so much surprised as their juniors.

Seventy years ago, when Henry Clay was to the fore and the American hosom burned with a warm sympathy for struggling Greece, Congress appropriated a large sum—I think it was a million—for the construction of a frigate, which was to be presented, with a full equipment and armament, to the gallant *Paides ton Hellenon* by the liberty-loving citizens of the United States. The contract for building her was awarded to the highly honorable and wealthy firm of Howlands & Aspinwall, then consisting of two Rhode Island brothers named Howland, and a New Yorker—William H. Aspinwall. The frigate was built, launched, sent to sea; in due course, she reached the Piræus, where, in a fit of exhaustion from her labors, she sank to the bottom, and lies there to this day. The Greeks were politely grateful, but they did not get their ship.

Twenty-odd years afterward, the house of Howlands & Aspinwall—which lost none of its repute through this misadventure—resolved to add another million or two to the fortune they were popularly supposed to possess, by going largely into the trade with the newly discovered gold-fields of California. They laid on a line of steamers to the isthmus, and for several years had the cream of the business between New York and San Francisco. The two Howlands had either died or retired and effaced themselves. The whole responsibility for the new venture lay on the shoulders of William H. Aspinwall. He was the projector of the Panama Railroad, and tried, ineffectually, to change the name of its eastern terminus from Colon to Aspinwall. Did he make money out of these ventures, or not? Who knows? Commodore Vanderhilt, to whom Aspinwall paid six hundred thousand dollars a year for not competing in the passenger business to California, and who used to describe William H. as a "wacclatin' chap," had doubts on the subject, which he imparted to only a few friends in strict confidence. The public felt sure that the South Street merchant—who retired from business about the time of the war and went to live at a baronial place at Lenox, Mass., where he used to entertain General McClellan—would cut up, when he died, at four if not five millions. He was so solid a man and so trustworthy that he was constantly selected to be treasurer of institutions of benevolence and trustee of estates.

One day, he dropped off the perch, and then it was discovered, to the horror of every one, that he was not a millionaire but a bankrupt, and that small sums which had been intrusted to him for safe-keeping had been swept into the maelstrom of his speculations.

The present Lloyd Aspinwall is his grandson. He has been a man of fashion, nothing more. It was supposed that he had an ample private income, and he probably had at one time, for the family had extensive connections, and fat lives were constantly falling in. He was a member, as I said, of the most expensive clubs, and could not dine without Pomard, Château Yquem, and Roederer. There was no better-dressed man in town. His pockets, at one time, were always full of money. One day a poulterer sued him for a bill, and got judgment. The sheriff reported that he could find no assets to levy on. Aspinwall was hauled up on supplementary proceedings, and confessed in court that he had only seventy-five cents in the world, and that for some time he had lived on the charity of a friend, Ely Goddard, who gave him his board and lodging in consideration of "auld lang syne."

Inquiry developed that this terrible state of things had come on the unfortunate young man gradually, like creeping paralysis. When he began to lead Germans and play polo and lay down the law at Tuxedo, he had an income. But he was so used to spending ten dollars for a dinner and thirty dollars for a houpquet that he could not live within it. He insisted on remaining in the swim, and he could not keep afloat.

No one who has not actually mixed with New York dandies knows how much they spend. A social philosopher has lately reckoned that a young man about town, who takes his part in the good things which are going, can not dress under two thousand five hundred dollars a year. His tailor's bill will eat half this; his shirts and "gentlemen's furnishings" a quarter, his hoots not less than two hundred and twenty-five dollars. It will cost over five hundred dollars to outfit him for yachting, tennis, and polo. Then add to this his bill for horses, his club bill, his florist's bill, his restaurant bill, his lodging bill, and the nameless sundries which constitute one-half of the outlay of a young man about town, and it will be seen that a man may have ten thousand a year and yet be familiar with the face of duns.

One of the oldest and wisest cluhmen of the day recently, after an hour's study of the necessities of life for a man of fashion, declared that he would advise no one to attempt the life with less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1893.

FLANEUR.

A letter mailed in London April 7th, and re-mailed in Hong Kong, made the circuit of the world in the fast time of sixty-two days. Both Nellie Bly and Jules Verne might envy the performance of this mute globe-trotter.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Waldemar of Prussia, the only son of Emperor William's sailor brother, Prince Henry, is deaf and dumb, a fact of which scarcely any one outside of court circles is aware.

One of the most remarkable blind men in the world is John Herreshoff, the Rhode Island boat-builder, whose fast yachts have made his name known in all waters. Since he was only fifteen he has been absolutely blind.

Before Mr. Drexel went abroad it had been arranged that his youngest son, George W. Childs Drexel, should be associated at an early day with Mr. Childs in the management of the *Public Ledger*, and this plan is to be carried out.

The Khedive's forthcoming European tour is mainly connected, so it is rumored, with his highness's visit to Constantinople to see his future bride, whom gossip has selected as Princess Emineh Nazleh, one of the daughters of the Sultan.

President Carnot has been informed by the cashier of a Paris savings-bank that he has the sum of fifty francs and a few centimes standing to his credit on the bank's ledger. This account M. Carnot opened in his youth, when he was a humble joiner's apprentice, and then forgot about it.

Anthony Drexel Biddle, a grandson of the late A. J. Drexel, who comes into one million dollars under the will of the dead hanker, is a reporter on the local staff of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. He entered the employ of the *Ledger* at the commencement of the year, and has reported the coroner's office and other routine.

The hero of the hour in Chicago, and a most modest hero at that, is Captain Magnus Andersen, the blonde commander of the Viking boat. It is said that every man, woman, and child named Andersen in Chicago has called on him, and many people of that name all over the country have written to him. Most of his visitors of the same name attempt to claim relationship.

Georges Hugo, the grandson of Victor Hugo, now a sub-lieutenant in the French navy, came of age recently. He was made a victim of the Paris usurers during his minority, according to French papers, and the family attorney is now having considerable trouble in straightening out his affairs. Among others there is a bill for twelve thousand dollars presented by a well-known tailor of Paris.

Sir Cecil John Rhodes, prime minister of Cape Colony and the richest man in South Africa, made most of his enormous fortune in the diamond-mines at Kimberley during the period of speculation that led to their consolidation under one management. Twenty years ago, three partners owned a block of claims on the diamond-fields. One of them has since been hanged, another is a loafer and beggar, and the third is Mr. Rhodes.

Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who went down with the *Victoria*, was a grandson of Colonel William Tryon, who was governor of North Carolina in 1765. By his imperious and extortionate conduct, he caused the revolt of the "Regulators," which he put down at the battle of Alamance, showing great cruelty to the prisoners. This was the first blood shed in the revolution. Soon afterward, in 1775, Colonel Tryon was appointed governor of New York.

Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent at Cairo and the real ruler of Egypt, is a very interesting Englishman. It is his habit to read Homer in the original Greek for half an hour after breakfast every morning, and his afternoons are given up to lawn-tennis. At the time of the recent "crisis" in Egyptian affairs, he ordered the Khedive to dismiss his prime minister within twenty-four hours, sent to Malta and to Aden for troops to support him in case of emergency, and then went out and played tennis until sunset.

Rear-Admiral Albert H. Markham, whose vessel, the *Camperdown*, annihilated the flag-ship of the British Mediterranean Squadron in the recent manoeuvres off Tripoli, was the leader of the advance column of the Polar Expedition of 1875-76, under command of Captain (Sir George) Nares. It is known to many who have followed recent Arctic developments, that Admiral Markham had a longing desire to return to the Polar regions, and it was for some time assumed that he would be associate-commander in the Nansen Expedition. Another distinguished member of the same family, Mr. Clements R. Markham—traveler, geographer, and historian—has recently been elected president of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

The youngest of the senators of the United States is Edward O. Wolcott, of Denver, Col. He was born in 1848, in Massachusetts. The oldest is Justin S. Morrill, of Stratford, Vt., who was born in 1810. Moreover, he is the Nestor of Congress, having served thirty-nine years. The most cultured senator is Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who is an author, artist, linguist, scholar, and society man. The handsomest is Charles H. Gibson, of Maryland. The most senatorial is Alfred H. Colquitt, of Georgia, whose father and grandfather sat in the Senate before him. The haughtiest is J. Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania, whose unique distinction it is never to say a word in the Senate unless he moves to adjourn. The richest, now that Stanford is dead, is said to be John P. Jones, of Nevada, who bestows gold dollars on the beggars of Washington. The one most celebrated outside of his own country is John Sherman. The most abused is Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania. The most punctilious is Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, who changes his shirt three times every day. The most temperate is David B. Hill, of New York, who neither drinks, smokes, swears, gambles, nor eats dainties. The strongest is William B. Allison, of Iowa, who could almost fell an ox with his fist.

AN ENTERTAINING BACHELOR.

Mr. Hanbury Price's Struggles between Economy and Love.

It is with an uneasy conscience that I recall the brief episode of Mr. Hanbury Price. There used to be a derisive rieg in my sister Christina's voice when she alluded to Mr. Price as my "oew young man." She knew well enough that he could not, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called young. Neither, to be sure, was he in the sere and yellow leaf. No, he was worse than old; he was middle-aged. Middle-aged in ideas rather than in person, for he affected a jauntyness of attire, which he was able to carry off to a certain extent, being rather big, with a high color, and having hair still untouched with gray. He also liked to be thought what in early Victorian novels would have been called "an agreeable rattle"; but then, half of Mr. Price's conversation consisted of projects and invitations which, somehow, never came off. It was wonderful what a reputation for festive hospitality Mr. Price had—among people who didn't know him well.

One of his least agreeable idiosyncrasies was his curious distrust of everybody. He was always in dread of being, as he would have expressed it, "doed." So suspicious, indeed, was he, that he even suspected himself. His coughs on the stock exchange, the houquet he had offered over night, the very vice he drank, suggested the after-thought that he had made a fool of himself—that it was possible he might not yet get the desired return for his money. His small, red-lidded eyes, of a watery blue, continually betrayed this recurring idea, while his loosely hung jaw and mouth gave signs of a loquacious temperament, which his frequent and abrupt laugh did not succeed in making genial.

He was curiously anxious to be voted popular—at least among the right sort of people—and was fond of alluding, in an airy way, to the parties he had given or intended to give; but as he had an inherent dislike of laying out half a crown on anything which was not strictly necessary, Mr. Price must have undergone untold tortures—if, indeed, these festivities ever really came off—in his efforts to be classed among the bachelors who entertained. Of course, it was only in time that I became aware of all these amiable little peculiarities, for at first sight Mr. Price gave me the impression of being a good-natured, talkative, and gregarious member of society, with an inclination for giving little dinners and theatre-parties.

We met him first on a Saturday-to-Monday at the house of a vulgar little woman. Mrs. Bodley-Gallard was loud in his praises; she had, it transpired, only known Mr. Hanbury Price a fortnight. Our hostess was one of those over-officious people who say things that make one's blood run cold.

"Now, my dear Miss Wynman," she whispered to me on Sunday night after dinner, "please be nice to the poor young man." Mrs. Bodley-Gallard belonged to the class of person who calls everybody a "young man" who still is unmarried, even though he be on the wrong side of fifty. "I assure you he is devoted—quite devoted. Now promise me you'll think about it!" A speech which had the effect of making me extremely rude to Mr. Price when he joined me after dinner, and it was only when he had seen us into our cab at Paddington Station next morning that I mentioned, after he had made repeated inquiries on the subject, that we were generally at home at five o'clock.

He was not long in coming, and when he appeared, he was profuse in his invitations. Would we do a theatre? would we dine with him? He was thinking of taking a house on the river for August; he hoped that mother would bring us down to stay with him.

The least we could do was to accept his offer for the play. We were to dine somewhere first, and the party was arranged for the following Tuesday. But when Tuesday arrived, there was a post-card from Mr. Price to say that the proposed festivity was postponed, and, as I afterwards found out, because he had been vainly soliciting free admissions to the Thalia Theatre from a young man whom he knew, who played the footman in the first piece. Then, when the night at last arrived, we found we were to partake of a three-and-sixpenny *table d'hôte* dinner, with a maddening accompaniment of glee; and this from a man who talked continually of the Amphitryon and the Bachelors' Club. That damped my spirits to begin with. Of course, when one is under twenty, one does not care much for the niceties of cooking and the brand of the champagne; but it is lowering to one's dignity, in the eyes of one's family, to be asked to dine at *table d'hôte* with traveling Americans and gaping provincials. But it was nothing to what followed.

We were a party of five—mother and I, and a couple of men beside our host. When we were at last landed inside the doors of the Thalia, we found that Mr. Hanbury Price had secured seats for his party in the fourth row of the dress-circle. The two other men exchanged amused and surprised glances; mother and I declared we much preferred the dress-circle to a box or stalls; and Mr. Price, who began to discern dimly that for once his economy was ill-timed, spent half his evening in the lobby, having, as I shrewdly suspect, a prolonged altercation with the attendant on the subject of a charge of sixpence for each programme.

It grieves me to think what we must have cost Mr. Hanbury Price in hansoms, for our house, as he more than once explained, is inconveniently situated for omnibuses. Whether he really imagined himself to be in love, I have never been able to decide; but he was obviously haunted by dreadful forebodings as to the expense of a young lady with my tastes and proclivities. He used to lecture me about taking care of my gowns, and suggested that I was recklessly extravagant in the matter of feather boas and shoes. One day he tried to persuade me to attend the cookery classes at South Kensington, and another evening, when he was unusually sentimental, he asked me if I didn't like the neighborhood of Notting Hill? All this contributed to Christina's joy, for Mr. Price's struggles between economy and the tender passion were really diverting to behold.

I think, perhaps, when I look back at the whole affair dispassionately, that it was the box of chocolates that ended Mr. Hanbury Price's dream. One afternoon, when he had been particularly confidential, he asked me, at parting, if I cared for sweets. The next day there arrived a small cardboard box of second-rate chocolate-creams, addressed to me—to me, who had had qualms of conscience that he might have telegraphed to Paris for some elaborate offering from the Boulevard des Italiens. Telegraphed, indeed! Hanbury Price was not the man to waste his money in telegrams, when a letter, or, still better, a halfpenny post-card, would answer the same purpose. I have quite a collection of post-cards in his handwriting, for he wrote often on every sort of matter, and he chiefly used the cheapest means of communication. There is the mass of post-cards, for instance, which relate to the famous dinner at the Crystal Palace, which finally ended the affair.

We tried hard to get out of it, Christina and I, but it was of no avail, and, in the end, we had to go. Mrs. Bodley-Gallard was to be the chaperon, and there were to be one or two other men. I like to go over the events of that day, for they are unique in my history.

Five o'clock was the hour of meeting at Victoria Station. It was high midsummer, and bitterly cold and damp. Arrived at the station, we found that Mr. Price had already taken second-class tickets for the whole party, but that he was not above recouping himself from our purses for this outlay. "Just as jolly second-class," declared our host, "if you're a party, don't you know"; though he laughed awkwardly when he found that a couple of damp, plus-clad babies, with their respective mammas, were also to journey down with us. Of course we arrived too early, and wandered about on the interminable and dubious boards of the palace among pieces of greasy paper—the remnants of recent feasts—until seven o'clock.

But dinner came at last—with a lengthy harangue as to which table Mr. Price had selected, an interview with the manager, and some sour Sauterne-cup. Only one young man had turned up (the other two had probably dined with Mr. Price before), and he chaffed our host into ordering a beverage more suitable to the damp night; but even that failed to revive the flagging spirits of the party. Mournful pauses fell, and Hanbury Price's eye traveled anxiously after the champagne-bottle as it went its way round the table. Even Mrs. Bodley-Gallard could not pretend that she was enjoying herself. And then, with the phenomenally hard peaches and dried figs came the final blow. There were to be fire-works, but our host had evidently no intention of offering us covered seats from which to view them.

"One of you young ladies will come with me in the grounds," urged the ever-economical Hanbury, casting a sentimental and meaning glance in my direction.

"I'm afraid I've caught cold already," I said, with decision.

And then Christina, with true nobility, came to my rescue, in answer to my appealing nudge. "I will, if you like," she said, quickly; "Peggy can't wander about in the dark and the cold to-night. She's nearly got bronchitis as it is; the child must stay indoors."

The only young man at once secured seats for the chaperon and myself, and Mr. Hanbury Price spent what he may have intended to be the eventful night of his life wandering about the grounds, under a dripping umbrella, with my sister. Christina's account of the evening is extremely diverting. I shall always be grateful to her for that night. Whatever differences may arise between us in after years, I shall never forget from what an awkward interview Christina saved me.

And he, for his part, had a chastened air in the railway-carriage coming home.

We left town very soon after, and when I meet Mr. Hanbury Price on rare occasions in the park, or at some crowded party, I get ready my sweetest and most deceitful smile. But Mr. Hanbury Price invariably looks the other way.

MARGARET WYNMAN.

One of the most interesting things about dime novels and summer literature is the way they are made. There is an establishment in New York which prints 5,000 novels an hour. They have a machine consisting of two cylinders, on each of which 144 pages may be screwed, and as the long strip of paper goes through, first one side is printed and then the other, making it possible to print 288 pages at every revolution. The strip of paper, after being carried over rollers which dry the ink, is cut, folded, and brought together in the shape of a small volume, with the edges all trimmed. Every time the great cylinder goes around a novel is printed, folded, and trimmed, and 5,000 of these are turned out every hour, while, if it were necessary, 7,000 or 8,000 might be the quota. The covering does not take long, fifty being the average for a minute. The paper costs nearly five times as much as the printing, and mounts as high as two cents a novel. The whole cost for the mechanical construction of these hooks is not more than three cents apiece. The most laborious part is in the writing and reading of them.

The Waldenses—the descendants of the famous sect which was persecuted for centuries on account of their religious opinions, and who still inhabit the mountain tract on the Italian side of the Cottian Alps, where their ancestors held out against their persecutors—propose to emigrate to America. Their business of cloth-making has fallen off, and even with their frugality they find it difficult to pay their way. The pastors of the Waldensian congregations convened a synod to consider the situation, and resolved to send two delegates to North Carolina to inquire regarding the prospects of settling in that State. The Waldenses are a thrifty people, retaining in a remarkable degree the virtues of their heroic ancestors. If the reports from the delegates turn out to be favorable, two thousand Waldenses will emigrate during the year to North Carolina.

OLD FAVORITES.

El Matador.

Hushed is the din of loogues; on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And, lowly bending, to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers fealty prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away.
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

Lo costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade,
The lord of lowering herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed;
His arms, a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can mao achieve without the friendly seed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eyes' dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed; away,
Away, thou heedless boy! I prepare the spear;
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble couriers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellows speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vain is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another—hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.
Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray.
And now the matadors around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the manle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spioe,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies;
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears; on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the reio, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk aloof, scarce seen in dashing by.
—Lord Byron.

The Bull-Fight of Gazul.

Kiog Almaozor, of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains
around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xeoil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.
'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowos of black, with silver laced, within the teoted ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the klog.
Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, as they come rushing through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope
and trust;

Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.
Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour;
Make room, make room for Gazul!—throw wide, throw wide the door!

Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still! more loudly strike the drum!—
The alcaide of Algava to fight the bull doth come.
And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low;
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a row;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony—'twas whiter than the snow.
With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'eo his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breasts, and lords with anxious eye;
But firmly he extends his arm—his look is calm and high.
Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring
on;

He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his *rejon*;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.
"Turn, Gazul, turn!"—the people cry; the third comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his oosirils snuff the wind;
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud alcaide to stun Harpado so?"
From Gaudiana comes he oot, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed—this proud and stately steer.
Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dim hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil;
His eyes are jet, and they are set to crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.
Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near—
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, ye see.
His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night;
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands to bide the alcaide's shock.
Now stops the drum; close, close they come; thrice meet, and thrice
give back;

The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun;
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless
one!

Once more, once more!—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel!—
Lo vain, in vain, thou tearest the sand with furious heel!
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast!—I see, I see thee stagger!
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern alcaide's dagger!
They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy staod, and the rieg of price bestow
Upon Gazul, of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

—John Gibson Lockhart.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

"Sibylla" discusses Our Compatriots on their Travels—The Various Types of Tourists and Sight-Seers—The Folly of "Doing" Europe in a Hurry.

It is quite unnecessary for Europeans who desire to know Americans to cross the ocean; all they need to do is to take a Cook's circular ticket for no matter what country, and they will be in America, so far as its people, manners, customs, and language are concerned.

Now is the season when the inhabitants of the United States are dispersed throughout the world, and, although the Columbian Exhibition keeps many at home this year, still there are numbers to be seen on the Parisian pavements en route for somewhere.

The American tourists may be divided into several classes, among which the hurried ones are the most numerous. We will take, for instance, the type set forth by some junior partner of a bank or commercial house lately married, and who, in his three months' honeymoon, intends to visit with his bride the entire Old World, for heaven only knows when they will have the chance of coming again. They have a good round sum to spend and their return tickets in their pockets, so that if their letter of credit should be exhausted sooner than they suppose, they will only need to shorten their trip.

They fly, they rush, they travel without ever stopping, no matter what may happen or how dreadfully fatigued the poor young bride may be. They traverse the most picturesque places, the most curious old cities, in double-quick time. They visit museums, filled with artistic treasures, without looking to the right or left, for fear of losing a moment, and with eyes invariably fixed on the future. Every evening you find them sitting in the reading-room of their hotel, employing their sole time of repose in counting up the railway hours in order not to lose a minute in their next day's wanderings. They "do" Rome in three or four days, with St. Peter's and the Vatican included; consecrate twenty-four hours to Venice, an afternoon to Florence, breakfast at Monte Carlo, dine at Nice, and sleep at Marseilles, and they will tell you they have seen Switzerland from top to bottom in a week. Paris and London retain them a little longer on account of the shops and the theatres.

Amid this agitation, which gives one St. Vitus's dance just to look at them, they remain perfectly calm. No excitement, no enervation; it is the *business* of traveling. It can not assuredly be pleasure; one would, on the contrary, rather believe them to be victims of the malediction that hangs over the Wandering Jew.

You ask what they can possibly relate of their travels, when they return to New York or to Chicago, to their less fortunate relatives and friends who have never "done" Europe? They doubtless read up their Baedeker on their return steamer and simply recite it when they reach home.

Very different was the method of an American family, composed of father, mother, and two daughters, whom I lately met in Paris. They had come over to visit Italy, but finding Paris suited to their taste, they quietly remained here until the day fixed for their return. The ladies passed their days strolling on the boulevards, visiting the shops, or driving in the Bois. In the evening, the mother, absolutely worn out, would retire to bed immediately after dinner, and the girls would receive their friends in their salon.

As to the father, he never went anywhere except to the reading-room at his hanker's, where he passed the mornings devouring countless newspapers. In the afternoons, he would sit for hours on the Champs-Élysées, smoking his cigars and watching the carriages as they rolled by. The rest of the time, he passed rocking himself in a rocking-chair in the vestibule of the hotel, with a cocktail on one hand and more American newspapers on the other.

He did not come out of his torpor until the moment of "packing-up" arrived, when, awakened by the spectre of the McKinley tariff, he declared the girls should not take home the half they had bought, and they, dissolved in tears, passed their last two days in distributing their "things" among their friends.

Again, there are whole families who present the appearance of a migratory Biblical, pastoral tribe—parents, daughters, sons-in-law, nephews, mothers, babies, governesses, couriers, and maids. These have come to Europe for two years, and their tour is arranged so as to find themselves always in the right place at the right time. For their first summer they will go to Norway, and descend by Germany and the borders of the Rhine into Switzerland. In the autumn, to the Italian lakes and to Venice, and their winter will be divided between Florence, Rome, Naples, and Sicily. In the spring, we will find them at Monte Carlo and Paris. After the Grand Prix, to London for Ascot and Henley. Then to Ostend for sea-bathing, to Holland, Belgium, a sojourn at Spa and Aix-les-Bains, and a trip up to Bayreuth for the Wagnerian representations—this year they will go to Munich—thence to the Tyrol, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Constantinople, Greece, Egypt, Algiers, and Spain; and when their two years are over, on the very day fixed, the whole *smala* will reembark, minus, probably, one of the girls, who will have got married in Paris or London, and plus a baby born somewhere or other.

Benefactors of hotels—where they rent a whole story—they spend their money without counting. Hospitable and social, they gather the American colony wherever they sojourn about them, leaving traces of their passage in dances, suppers, theatre-parties, and matinees. They have, perhaps, not taken in much of the countries they have visited, but they have amused themselves and given pleasure to others.

Welcomed less cordially by hotel-keepers and eyed askance by other travelers and their own compatriots is that type of vulgar, noisy, aggressive Americans who fill the drawing and dining-rooms of hotels with their loud talking, their "I guesses" and "I reckons" shouted out in a nasal twang. They make "a fuss" everywhere and gen-

erally much ado about nothing. Never contented with what is provided for them, quarreling over their hotel bills, they seem to have no other object than to dazzle the world by their display and to draw down upon themselves the maledictions of all those whom they employ. The women appear at the *table d'hôte* in gowns fit only for a full-dress reception and shimmering with diamonds, but, when they leave, give a pittance to the *femme de chambre*. The men order the best champagne, but they will refuse to pay for a cup of tea, which they declare should be included in the day's board.

But we are happy to say there is another class, and a large one, of refined, intelligent, and appreciative American tourists who do honor to their own country and grace with their presence those which they may visit. Their trip to Europe is at once a refined pleasure and an instructive study to them. These are the most agreeable traveling companions that one can meet. Taking an interest in everything, they are interesting themselves. They bring with them, in their exploration of the Old World, their intelligence, their energy, alacrity, and the charming fresh impressions of unprejudiced people anxious to learn and welcoming all that is new. It is remarkable that tourists of this category are numerous this year; perhaps it is because they belong to that class which is always anxious to avoid tumult and crowds and who have hastened to escape those at the World's Fair.

All people, and not only Americans, travel too rapidly nowadays and see little, thanks to the railway train, the short time at their disposal, and their own insatiable appetite for sight-seeing. Now it might well be maintained that sight-seeing is a delusion and a snare. It is weariness to the flesh, and, where picture-galleries and Gothic roofs are in question, it is more especially weariness to the neck. Not only is it a weariness to the flesh, but it is worse than a mockery to the mind.

It is all very well for poets to turn sonorous verses on the illimitable fields of the spirit and imagination of man. It is simply a physical fact that the mind is limited in its functions; and the hands by which it is united with the stomach, and, thereby with the rest of the body, are of the closest kind. Consequently when one's legs are tired, it is no use going to look at a picture by Titian, still less of continuing one's promenade along a quarter of a mile of masterpieces. It is simply weariness and boredom; you carry nothing away with you.

One may go and make the tour of Italy and mount every available church-steeple, visit every possible palace, and walk through every single picture-gallery in the country without profiting a single atom. He would gain more, both bodily and mentally, by quietly loafing about one single town, ignoring the sights altogether, and simply keeping his eyes open.

The fact is, our modern tourist observes nothing but stone, marble, and paint, except, indeed, when he goes to Switzerland or the Tyrol, where, of course, his whole mind is occupied with glaciers and the comparative heights of mountains. Having provided himself with a guide-book, his whole attention is taken up with castles, churches, public buildings, and the like; *men* are entirely out of the question, except hotel-keepers, *valets de place*, and *cahmen*.

Our modern tourists would do well to do some reading or studying before they start on the European round. There are some few lucky people who have the time and means to spend six or twelve months in one country and the same time in another, to master the languages and to make themselves tolerably well acquainted with the history and antiquities of great countries, to study their art treasures, and to observe their political systems and their social customs; but these favored children of fortune are rare, and often fail to make the best use of their inestimable advantages.

Most of our modern every-day travelers are men who say to themselves or to their wives and families—supposing them to be blessed with those honorable appendages: "I have the means, I have the time, I will go and see Europe," and, accordingly, off he starts, or off they start; and six weeks, six months, one year, or two years, as the case may be, is devoted to "seeing" Europe. But, even under the most favorable circumstances, how little is really seen! The modern hotel system and the modern railway system are, in truth, almost incompatible with observation.

There is really a fine opening now for a social reformer, whose mission would be to evangelize the race of tourists, and whose gospel would be to preach the glory of men instead of the glory of stones, and to show that, in spite of the superficial uniformity which fashion has bestowed on the outward appearance of European mankind, there are still differences of manners, and customs, and ways of thought, which are more than interesting to a thinking mortal. For this reason it is that our modern travelers need evangelizing.

PARIS, July 15, 1893.

SIBYLLA.

An ingenious German has invented a process for removing the element of smoke from the combustion of coal, and that by an entirely different principle from any of those before known. The tests are said to have been very satisfactory, and contracts have been entered into with several large manufacturing concerns. The coal is first finely powdered by special machinery, and is then injected into the furnace by an automatically regulated current of air. The carbon is entirely consumed, and there is no smoke, and no ash is precipitated. The fire is under perfect control, and can be started or cut off at a moment's notice.

Dr. Nansen, who has just sailed from Christiania for the purpose of finding the north pole, has with him a phonograph, into which his wife has sung all his favorite songs, and in which the little baby he has left as her only comfort has also uplifted his voice in a less musical manner.

A traveler visiting Naples recently had his attention called to a placard posted on the door of a little shop in the Via Toledo, informing the public that "the title of duke is offered for sale—inquire within."

ARISTOCRATIC PROFILES.

Some Consideration of Personal Beauty and Social Rank.

Mr. du Maurier, who has so long conferred upon the English people, in *Punch*, such personal beauty and elegance as neither they nor any other modern race ever possessed, is reported to have said once that it was much pleasanter to draw handsome people than ugly ones, and that it brought better pay; but that it was his fellow-designer, the late Mr. Charles Keene, who really drew people as they were. It is very certain (writes Colonel T. W. Higginson in the *Bazar*) that the great majority of every modern race, except, perhaps, the Greek, must be set down as wanting in beauty, even during the period of youth and health; and nothing is more absurd than the demand of college-boys that college-girls should be prevailingly beautiful, when a glance at the mirror would show that if the damsels really fulfilled this demand, they must be amazingly unlike their brothers and male cousins. But many young people, bred on Du Maurier, go to England under the delusion that the English upper classes form an exception to this rule; and so great a man as Mr. Charles Darwin seriously maintains somewhere that these classes must be handsomer than others, because they have for generations had the opportunity to select the handsomest women for wives. It is probably the only bit of guess-work or purely theoretical reasoning in all his writings. We know from his memoirs that he was of quiet Quaker descent, and from his secluded habits very little in contact with the privileged class in his own country. It takes an American but a very few visits to the House of Lords to be satisfied that this theory of physical development is more plausible than convincing. Indeed, he is more apt, after such an inspection, to revert to the hunter doctrine of the author of "Ginx's Baby," who frankly says: "Why noble earls should be so ugly is a problem in nature!"

As a matter of fact, the scale of social position and the scale of good looks have very little to do with each other. Even in an athletic race, like the English, the simpler and more outdoor life of the lower classes, especially in the country or at sea, is apt to counterpoise the advantages of social training; it is the boatman, the game-keeper, the gypsy, who is apt to be the handsome man. The private soldier—the typical Tommy Atkins, with whose works and ways Mr. Kipling has made us rather unpleasantly familiar—is apt to be a finer-looking figure than his captain; and it is impossible not to notice in London the disparity between the magnificent physique of the mounted soldiers at the Horse Guards and the often puny person of the officer who gives orders. To revert again to the English House of Lords, if the visitor points out a man of striking appearance, he is very likely to be told that he is "a law lord"—some eminent lawyer elevated to the peerage for the sake of his legal knowledge. No doubt any form of social superiority, whether based on birth or wealth, gives in a few generations, as Mr. Hamerton has admirably pointed out, some additional grace or impressiveness of bearing; but it is noticeable in any American city that the typically handsome family—known as such through all its ramifications and marriage alliances—is very likely to have sprung from the ranks, as it were, and to have disarmed criticism by sheer good looks. It is half a century since Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble pointed out this characteristic, and expressed surprise at finding that men who had come to Boston as poor boys, each with his bundle on his shoulder, had brought with them also the convenient appendage of a delicate and well-cut profile, which each had transmitted, with other fortunate bequests, to his posterity. On the other hand, one may sometimes stand in a house where there are portraits of seven generations, and not find that a single good feature has been accumulated among them all.

As a matter of fact, there is scarcely any connection between aristocracy—even democratic aristocracy—and a good profile. The more complete the system of caste, the more absolutely it is dissevered from anything relating to external appearance. The social inferior looks up to the superior, as one of Dickens's "reverential wives" looks up to her husband, with a reverence not impaired by any homeliness of features. Rufus Choate said of Chief-Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, who was one of the plainest of men: "I feel toward him as the South Sea islander feels toward his idol; he sees that he is ugly, but he knows that he is great." The most striking case, perhaps, of this complete reversal of judgment under the influence of caste is to be found in those two tribes described by the author of "Two Happy Years in Ceylon"—the Rock Veddahs and the Rodiyas. The Rock Veddahs are stunted, hideous, and filthy; they live in secluded caves and holes; they eat hats and rats, and make their scanty clothing from the bark of trees; but the Singhalese regard them as of the very highest caste, and it would be no disgrace for a woman of good social position to marry a Rock Veddah. On the other hand, the very greatest disgrace that could be inflicted on such a woman would be to marry her to a Rodiya, although these last are a race distinguished for beauty, at least in youth, and gentle and innocent by nature. The Rodiyas can not enter a temple or a village; they are forbidden to till the soil or draw water from a well; they can not build a house or divide a burden into two bundles; their shadow must not fall on a stream, lest it be polluted; no member of another caste may touch them without disgrace; yet any one may shoot them without blame. All this is supposed to be in consequence of the act of an ancestor two thousand years ago, who inveigled a king into eating human flesh. As a consequence, the beautiful race is at the foot of the social scale, the ugly and repulsive at the top. Yet which of us has not encountered in ordinary society the representatives of the Rodiyas and the Rock Veddahs?

During the recent press of business in the British Parliament, the Speaker of the House of Commons sat in his chair from three o'clock one Thursday afternoon until four o'clock Friday morning, an unprecedented sitting.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's dramatic works are being edited by Elkin Mathews and John Lane. The first volume, "Lady Windermere's Fan," will be followed by "A Woman of No Importance." Mr. C. H. Shannon has designed a separate title-page and cover for each volume.

A book dealing with out-door life in the West and with the habits of animals is "Camp-Fires of a Naturalist," by Clarence E. Edwards, which the Appletons will bring out.

Mme Thénard, of the Comédie-Française, in a recent London lecture on Pierre Loti and his works, said:

"The ladies have pushed Loti to the very gates of the Academy. At receptions they overwhelmed him with adulation, and had he partaken of all the ices and wines they pressed on him he would have died ere this; while had he furoished them with all the 'snips' of clothing they asked for as mementos they would have seriously injured his ruin. The author was a great favorite of the sex before the publication of his 'Book of Pity and of Death.' That work defied him."

Lady Burton's bulky biography of her husband, Sir Richard Burton, which the Appletons have just published, will be followed by two supplementary volumes, as well as the re-issue in uniform style of all of Sir Richard's writings.

Henry Adams, the historian, in the last number of the *Reserve*, says of the "Life of Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay:

"It is probably the most considerable literary monument ever raised to a statesman or ruler in his own time by his own contemporaries. None of the famous characters of history, even in our own century, where such memorials are more common than formerly, have had such a memorial constructed by the men who have known them. It is not in the habit of using stimulating drinks or tobacco when at work. He has an innate predilection for fur, and declares that fur worn by a beautiful woman exercises a magic spell over him. Formerly he had a pretty black cat that used to lie on his knees or sleep on his writing-desk when he was at work. Now, when he writes, a red velvet lady's jacket, with a fur lining of sable and borders of the same material, lies near at hand upon a divan. Although he is ordinarily good-natured, his anger is easily provoked by any disturbance during working hours."

"Dr. Julius Sünde, the composer of 'Die Familie Buchholz,' never writes by lamp-light if he can possibly avoid it. He writes on large sheets of quarto size, and never makes an outline; the compositor gets the manuscript as it was written, with some, but not many, alterations. Whatever is not satisfactory to the author is thrown into the waste-paper basket, which, in consequence, is pretty large. While at work, he takes a pinch of snuff from time to time, which, he asserts, has a beneficial action on eyes taxed by incessant study and composition. When he treats of scientific topics, a few glasses of Rhine wine tend to induce the proper mood. He finds Johannsgarten especially valuable for this purpose. He composes humorous work most easily after a very simple breakfast, consisting of tea and bread."

A volume of verse by Oscar Wilde is among the minor things which are promised for the coming book season.

M. Zola's "Doctor Pascal," with which his series devoted to the history of the Rougon-Macquart family comes to an end, is dedicated to the memory of his mother and to his wife. The earlier volumes in the series are dedicated to no one.

James Payn contributes this amusing note to the *Illustrated London News*:

"A colonial novelist, who has been thrilling his readers with sensational stories for some years, was asked the other day what he got for them. 'Well, that depends,' he said, 'upon the financial position of the paper or the social character of its editor. In too many instances one gets nothing—fame is its own reward; and more than once, instead of any pecuniary honorarium, I have been offered 'a drink,' but I have been paid for a story as much as ten shillings."

A new story by Alphonse Daudet will shortly appear in *L'Illustration* on the conclusion of Jean Rameau's "La Rose de Grenade." The title of M. Daudet's romance is "Soutieo de Famille."

The table of contents of the August *Century* is as follows:

"Fez, the Mecca of the Moors," by Stephen Bonsal; "Phillips Brooks's Letters to Children," by Phillips Brooks; "The Prince and Princess Achille Murat in Florida," by Matilda L. McConnell; "Cup Defenders Old and New," by W. P. Stephens; "The White Island," Part III., by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "Balcony Stories," "One of Us," "The Little Convent Girl," by Grace King; "Breathing Movements as a Cure," by Thomas J. Mays; "Farmer Eli's Vacation," by Alice Brown; "The Famine in Eastern Russia: Relief Work of the Younger Tolstoi," by Jonas Stalling; "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by Yokohama-Kamata; "The Japanese Art," by Ernest Francisco Fenollosa; "A Swedish Etcher (Anders Zorn)," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Mr. Jones's Experiment," by James Sager Norton; "The Philosophers' Camp," by W. J. Stillman; "A Sister of Saito," by Marion L. Barry; "Benefit of Forgiveness," by Wolcott Balestier; "The Redemptioner," by Edward Eggleston; verses by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, Frank Dempster Sherman, John Vance Cheney, Nathan Haskell Dole, and Grace Duffield Goodwin; and the departments.

W. J. Stillman has written for the August *Century* an account of the visit made to the Adirondacks in 1838 by Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, and others, including himself.

The Dutch novelist Maartens, who writes his books in English, has been elected the first honorary member of the Authors' Club of London.

Mr. Walter Besant has often been represented as urging all and sundry to rush into literature for a livelihood. Mr. Besant's authentic view of the profession of letters, as printed in the current *Author*, is something very different:

"His advice to a young man, he says, would be: 'Do not attempt to live by literature. Earn a livelihood some other way. Fight Mr. Grant Allen, if necessary, for his pitch and his broom. At all cost—at any cost—he is independent of your literary work. There is hardly any kind of work which does not allow a man time for as much literary work and study as is good for him. Look at the men who have been journalists, civil servants, medical men, lawyers—anything. He independent.' Mr. Besant was able to resist the very great temptation to live by writing till about eight years ago—when he thought himself justified in doing so. He then, and not till then, resigned a post which had for twenty years taken the cream of the day and given him a certain independence."

Mrs. Josephine Redding has found that two papers, the *Art Interchange* and *Vogue*, require too much time to be conducted by one person, and she has resigned her place on the former. She will continue to guide the editorial department of *Vogue*.

"As to strength," says the New York *Evening Post*, "the only cotemporary English poet who ever

gives us a glimpse of the heroic and Elizabethan quality is 'Michael Field,' who, when resolved into his original elements, is well known to consist of two shy ladies in an English country town."

George Saod has never been credited with the possession of beauty, but it seems, to judge from this incident narrated in Mrs. Ritchie's memoirs in *Macmillan's Magazine*, that the famous Frenchwoman was devoid even of the few physical charms which tradition ascribed to her:

"Mrs. Ritchie saw her once in a Paris theatre sitting all alone well to the front of a private box. Mme. Sand was at that time a stout, middle-aged woman, dressed in a costume of stiff watered silk, with a large cameo, such as was fashionable then, at her throat. Her black, shiny hair 'shone like polished ebony,' and she had a heavy red face on which there was a rather fierce and defiant expression. Her eyes were large and dark and the brows strongly marked. Mrs. Ritchie's companion, Adelaide Kemble, howled to the novelist across the theatre and received a nod in reply, but no smile lighted up Mme. Sand's face, and the fixed expression remained unchanged."

The first three volumes of the new edition of Sir Richard Burton's works will be issued before the autumn. The first, the well-known "Pilgrimage to Mecca," will be quickly followed by the "Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey," and by the Eastern fairy-tale, "Vikram and the Vampire."

The *Sketch* prints these notes on two famous German writers:

"Dr. Leopold Chevalier de Sacher-Masoch, author of a great many graphic stories about Galicia, lives at Leipzig. He makes an accurate outline, then pens his novel word by word till it is finished, whereupon it is handed to the printer, not being altered, added, or erased. He is not in the habit of using stimulating drinks or tobacco when at work. He has an innate predilection for fur, and declares that fur worn by a beautiful woman exercises a magic spell over him. Formerly he had a pretty black cat that used to lie on his knees or sleep on his writing-desk when he was at work. Now, when he writes, a red velvet lady's jacket, with a fur lining of sable and borders of the same material, lies near at hand upon a divan. Although he is ordinarily good-natured, his anger is easily provoked by any disturbance during working hours."

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Colonel T. W. Higginson's "Young Folk's History of the United States" has been translated into the French, German, and Italian for the use of the boys and girls abroad. His "Larger History of the United States" is to be printed in Russian. Dr. P. Mejeuf, of St. Petersburg, is doing the translation.

Emile Zola has been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor. *Le Journal* tells this story concerning M. Zola and Leo the Thirteenth:

"The Pope, it appears, followed the published reports of M. Zola's excursions to Lourdes, the French town, with very great interest, and expressed a wish to see the man. 'He is a force,' said the Pope; 'I am a force also. Together we can do much for the world's happiness.' A high functionary was accordingly dispatched to the author of 'Nana' to make overtures for an interview. M. Zola, after some difficulties had been disposed of, finally consented to go secretly. His well-meant endeavors to conform to the ceremonial of Vatican interviews resulted, it is said, in some amusement both to himself and to the Pope."

Professor Fiske, the evolutionist, has furnished an admirer with this picturesque description of himself: "I am forty-three years old; 6 feet in height; girth of chest, 46 inches; waist, 44 inches; head, 24 inches; neck, 18 inches; arm, 16 inches; weight, 240 pounds; complexion, florid; hair, auburn; beard, red." He very seldom tastes coffee or wine, or smokes a cigar; but he drinks beer freely and smokes tobacco in a meerschaum pipe nearly the whole time when at work.

New Publications.

"Aunt Johnnie," by "John Strange Winter," has been issued in the series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"The Vyvians; or, The Mystery of the Rue Bellechasse," by Andrée Hope, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Suspected," by Louisa Stratenus, a novel of the modern Dutch school, in which a young girl foolishly believes a man guilty of a murder and, later, is torn between love and her sense of duty, has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Paula Ferris," by Mary Farley Sanborn, a story of a wife who, married at the age of eighteen to a reserved man twelve years her senior, does not learn to love him until her own nature has been developed by emotions and suffering and she has learned to appreciate his worth, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"A Tale of Two Oceans" is the title E. I. Barra has given to an account of his voyage from Philadelphia to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, in the years 1849-50. It is a plain, unvarnished tale, rewritten from Mr. Barra's diary, and gives a fresh impression of the incidents of such a trip in the days of the "gold fever." Published by E. I. Barra, San Francisco.

"Nada the Lily," Rider Haggard's epic of the Zulus, is the initial volume of Longmans' Paper

Library, a new paper-covered "library," issued quarterly. The first number gives promise, in the quality of its paper, type, and illustrations, of a welcome series of reprints. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Story of the Old Missions of California," by Laura Bride Powers, aims by telling of the establishment, progress, and decay of the missions, to arouse popular interest in their restoration and preservation. It is well illustrated with excellent reproductions of photographs. Published, as the initial number of the Sunset Series, by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe," translated by Bailey Saunders, contains some seven hundred aphorisms in which the great German poet crystallized his views on life and character, literature and art, science and nature. The translator furnishes a preface of fifty-odd pages, and an index concludes the volume. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"Autour de Chicago: Notes sur les Etats-Unis," by G. Sauvin, is a pleasant account of a Frenchman's tour of this country, from New York to the Golden Gate. The author is neither a scientific traveler nor a hurried globe-trotter, but an intelligent man who has seen much to admire and little to criticize in the United States, and has recorded his impressions in a pleasant little book. Published by E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie, Paris; price, 3 francs 50 centimes.

"Count Julian: A Spanish Tragedy," by Julian Sturges, is a play, part in prose and part in blank verse, in which Count Julian seeks revenge for the betrayal of his daughter by Roderick, the last Visigoth King of Spain, and to that end joins forces with the Moors. The Moors conquer, Don Roderick is killed, and Count Julian's daughter, come to crave mercy for her lover, is accidentally shot. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Four Centuries After: or, How I Discovered Europe," by Ben Holt, is an account of a European tour written by a man who evidently aspires to the rank of a newspaper humorist. Europe might have been made yesterday, for all veneration or interest he evinces for its past; and his observations, being intended solely to amuse, contain no scrap of information. The volume is a tasteful one, far handsomer than the text deserves. Published at Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25.

"A Cathedral Courtship," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, contains two charming little tales. "The Cathedral Courtship" tells how Miss Kitty Schuyler, of New York, doing an itinerary of English cathedrals with her maiden Aunt Celia, is seen and loved by a young architect who is on a sketching tour, and follows their interrupted courtship to a happy conclusion. The other story is "Penelope's English Experiences," which narrates a similar story, in that its heroine is also an American girl who is wooed and won by an American lover while on English soil. The love-stories are prettily told, with the deliciously humorous touches that only that rare person, a woman with a sense of humor, can give. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00; for sale by Edward Tyler.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Refugees," has been issued in book-form, its serial publication having been completed. It is a romance of the time of Louis XIV. and the Edict of Nantes, the small party whose fortunes it follows being Huguenots who are driven from France to America. In the first part, we are introduced to the court of the Grand Monarque, whither Amos Green has come from far America. He is a trapper such as Fenimore Cooper described, and his father's relations with the De Catinat family bring him into the Jesuit conspiracy by which Mme. de Montespan is overthrown and the king is married to Mme. de Maintenon. He opposes the methods of the Indian fighter to court conspiracy with surprising success, but the Huguenots being driven from France by the Edict of Nantes, he embarks with them for America. On the way they are wrecked and cast away on an iceberg, but they are rescued and carried to Quebec. Here the edict again drives them forth, and they plunge into the wilderness, finally reaching safety in Ste. Maria, after many thrilling escapes from the Indians. It is a wonderfully absorbing story, full of strange and stirring incidents. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by William Doxey.

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VANITY FAIR.

A New York husband recently obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground that she had broken her marriage bonds with a man well known in club circles and society. The testimony on which he secured the decree was given by this very man, who admitted his relations with the woman. As a consequence, the man is now ostracized in his clubs and rejected socially. Such are the ethics among men of honor. They require that at all hazards the man must protect the woman under such circumstances. Even if perjury is necessary for the purpose, he must not hesitate to commit the crime. Though she herself confesses, he must persist in his denial, and out for his own protection, but solely for hers. If he testifies at all to divorce proceedings, his testimony must be for her, without regard to the truth and without regard to his oath. It is said in this case, as an excuse for the testimony of the man, that the woman asked him to testify as he did; but that is no justification under masculine ethics. In this apparent conflict with the laws of morality, do not men show (asks the *Sun*) an instinctive sense of justice? As the sentiment and course of society are, the sufferer for this joint offense is the woman and not the man. She risks everything by the illicit intimacy, for discovery involves her irreparable social downfall. He risks nothing in the way of social position. The two are held accountable to totally different laws made by the opinion of society. He enters into the immoral relations understanding that such is his advantage; and, as a compensation for it, there is an implied obligation on his part to protect the woman from exposure. If she sacrifices herself for him, men require that he shall make at least the return of holding inviolable the secret of the intimacy, otherwise he must keep out of it. If his conscience forbids him to perjure himself in her behalf, it should have prevented him from entering into the illicit relations with her. Having committed the first offense for his own purposes, he must commit the other for her salvation. It is a salutary requirement, for it holds men to some responsibility for such flagrant violations of social morality. A woman who enters into such forbidden intimacy stakes her whole reputation; and the man who is guilty with her ought not in justice to risk less. When he gets off from an offense which condemns her to social banishment with no other penalty than the necessity of keeping her secret, he escapes with comparative ease. The severe commandment makes no distinction between men and women; but, practically, society applies it in its severity to women alone.

The private jewels of the Empress of Austria are said to be worth between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000. Among them is a magnificent necklace of pearls, presented by the emperor after the birth of the Crown Prince Rudolph. The necklace is valued at \$120,000. According to a Vienna paper, the jewels of the Empress of Russia, alone of the crowned heads of Europe, can be compared in value to those of the Empress Elizabeth. From time to time she has given jewels to her daughters and relatives, but the collection is still almost unequalled. These private jewels the empress can wear when she likes and can treat as she likes. They are her private property. This is not the case, however, with the Hapsburg family jewels. Whenever her majesty wears stones from that collection, an entry is made in the books of the guards to that effect. The jewels belong to the dynasty.

There is an unusual number of men in town this summer, and there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of those young men who occasionally think to leave the watering-places to the young women and their mammas. Of recent years there has been more or less complaint, crudely but significantly shadowed forth in comic and other newspapers, of the absence of young men from places where the refining hop and the ennobling moonlight flirtation hold sway. This absence has been charged up against the young men in the cursory account-books of the summer, but the young men have found the debt an easy one to pay by a little extra exertion in the winter. The truth is (*Harper's Weekly* declares) that the young men of to-day do not look respectfully on those of their sex who are willing to do in summer what they must do in winter. They want a rest, not so much from the physical as from the social atmosphere of the city, and they secure that by staying in town, if they can not afford the time for a long trip. The young man of to-day respects his muscles, and is not half so much given as his grandfather was to pure dallying. When society goes into the country, he, therefore, takes a rest by staying in town. It is better for him and better for the young women, who are thereby relieved of the temptation to speed too many hot hours dancing under the gaslight or to sit up too late. Therefore, they come back to town refreshed and better-looking, and the young men are glad to see them. Carrying society into the presence of Nature is an exhibition of pretty bad taste, although the young man who stops in town is not actuated by any such lofty sentiment. He stays for comfort.

A New Yorker having issued invitations for "an English ball," one wonders in what respect an English ball differs from an American dance.

In the superior beauty of the womeo we certainly have the advantage here, and any one who has seen the average Englishman dance, even when attired in court-dress and wearing an emblazonment of jeweled orders on his breast, would hardly treasure up the recollection of him as a gyrating thing of beauty. Theo, in the matter of refreshment to the looser man, if we may judge by the menu supplied to the guests at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the last state ball, the royal *cuisine* can hardly compare with that of a good caterer in this country. "Hot roast chickens" and "mutton cutlets with peas" are not exactly to be oamed with canvas-backs and terrapin, and we can fancy the stony stare with which they would be regarded by an American at a swell supper-table.

A girl who has been studying art abroad says it is a question whether the advantages of working in a studio with men in Paris are worth the nervous force expended in living down the disagreeable things to be encountered. The etiquette of the studio is such that a woman must be absolutely self-sufficient. Only one exceptionally gifted can hope to have that intellectual sympathy that men give to one another. Otherwise she is merely an interloper, who had better go to her own place. The etiquette of the studio, so far as the professor is concerned, takes no account of the student as an individual. The professor does not know her, does not ask her name. She may not speak to him, may not even ask him a question about her work. She is conscious of his presence behind her chair; she holds her breath in suspense, grows hot, and endeavors to keep her hand in motion. If he does not comment, she is wretched; she is, perhaps, more wretched if he does. If she is timorously wrong, he sets her right in a few crisp words. If she is confident, but wrong, he does not notice her. In time she feels the weight of his silence, the rebuke of his neglect. If she thinks she can paint, the gods be merciful to her, for no one else will. An American girl who fancied she had a feeling for color, was left to herself for weeks. At length the professor spoke. He asked her if she was painting a fire. On the other hand, men create an art atmosphere. The criticism is severe, but honest. Men are not afraid of hurting one another's feelings. The girls are complaisant, pay one another pleasant compliments, then go off to another girl and say "How funny!"

At Topeka, Kas., matrimonial agencies are accredited institutions and carried on like the real-estate business. On each side of the door outside are blackboards on which the good things of the days are chalked up. "Widower wants housekeeper; if suitable, will marry her." "Young farmer owning quarter-section of land wants a wife; good milker preferred." "Stroog, healthy woman, with two hundred dollars, wants a husband. Is not afraid to work." "A widow with one child wants a husband; will go into the country." These represent the sober necessities of the occasion, as the wordings indicate. Before these blackboards are two distinct crowds, elbowing and tiptoeing to see over one another's shoulders, men looking over the available wives, and women inspecting the lists of offered husbands. In these groups no one but strangers seemed to find anything strange or entertaining.

"The longer I live," writes Meg Meredith in the *Chicago News*, "the more firmly convinced I am that men have the advantage of women in everything in life. For instance, if a man wants a new suit, he simply goes to see his tailor—the same tailor he has patronized for years. The tailor shows him one line of cloth. The happy man gives a quick but comprehensive look at the goods, selects that which suits his taste from the group of materials that suits his pocket, and the deed is done. He relies on his tailor's judgment as to whether the coat shall be sack, cutaway, or frock, and so walks off. It never occurs to a man to get samples of the goods and then run around to every other tailor-shop in town to see if he can't get a bargain or a little bit cheaper material that would 'look just as well.' It never occurs to a man to 'talk it over' with every male friend, to discuss the new cut in trousers, and whether such a color would be becoming to him. He relies on his tailor to furnish not only a reasonably good style to his suit, but also, one that is suited to his customer's individuality. Imagine a man getting on a street-car, and meeting two men friends, and producing a lot of samples, saying: 'Oh! Charley, I want to show you some samples I got of my new coat. Now, don't you think I'm too dark to wear that color? But it's so cheap,' etc., while Charley and Francis gave their opinions and inspected the samples. Then Charley should say, to make the scene complete: 'Yes; but that's old. Why, they wore goods like that last year. John Jerome had some trousers just like that.' Imagine the bliss for women if they could go in and order a gown, and then go back and have it fitted once or twice and see how come complete, ready to be worn in all sorts of weather and on nearly every occasion for six months to come."

"Early and late" is the somewhat contradictory dictum seen on London cards of invitation this season. It means (according to a writer in the *New York Times*) that the entertainment is to be varied

and prolonged. It will begin early with a musicale, a monologue, a French comedy, or something of that sort, progress with a supper, and wind up with a cotillion. You may go early or late and find yourself "not badly arrived."

The famous Parisian *couturière*, Mme. Rodriguez, has just died in one of the great lunatic asylums in the South of France, where she has been confined for eighteen months, ever since her sensational failure. There is scarcely any member of her profession (writes the Paris correspondent of *Vogue*) who has played a more prominent part in Parisian life than this tall, stout, brutally frank old woman, whose conversation was of the most refreshing and picturesque nature, and whose independence was as great as her originality. She absolutely declined to dress any woman, either of the great or of the half world, who did not possess a good figure, and it is on record that on being visited one day by a certain duchess, who is not precisely famed for her *embonpoint*, she responded to the great lady's request that she would make some dresses for her, with the remark: "I will dress Mme. la Duchesse when she has shoulders." She has been known to exclaim, when engaged in trying a dress on a foreign princess—the Russian Grand Duchess Vladimir, in fact—and in reply to some suggestion upon which her imperial highness had ventured: "I don't ask madame for her opinion." At all first-nights, she was a conspicuous figure, seated in a *baignoir* *loge*, with a gold pencil-case in one hand and in the other a notebook, in which she jotted down the various ideas and notions which the appearance of the toilets on the stage called forth in her mind.

For two or three years past, physical culture, as it is called, has been one of the prominent themes of discussion by women lecturers. A distinct profession devoted to this specialty has grown up, and it is pursued by feminine enthusiasts, who are in demand at these schools in all parts of the Union as a powerful attraction for women attendants. They treat the subject (says the *Sun*) with all delicacy; but the particular explanations requisite to make their teaching of practical service, involve a degree of frankness in the discussion of physiological details that would not have been tolerated by such a society a few years ago. Moreover, they give a prominence to the mortal and physical part which formerly was deemed sordid and especially undesirable for feminine consideration. Of course, they proceed on the old theory that a sound body is essential to a sound mind; but in accordance with it they must treat of the human being as, first of all, an animal. In talking to women about physical culture, they must deal primarily and essentially with the bodily frame and only incidentally and inferentially with the spirit it contains. These lecturers also pay great attention to physical culture as a means of promoting feminine gracefulness. They teach that women should make their muscles not merely strong, but supple, too, so that all their movements may have the harmony of grace. They urge them to carry on their physical exercise so that every part of the frame may be trained systematically; and tell them that the improved circulation which will result will enhance their beauty of complexion and multiply and preserve their various charms. This is a lesson of vanity, according to the instructions of the old preachers, but it is a lesson to which multitudes of feminine pupils are now for the first time giving eager attention. It is as a means of cultivating grace and beauty that exercise has its strongest attraction for them, and the teachers, themselves women, understand that fact instinctively and experimentally. This ambition for physical improvement has distinguished the young women of the gay and more luxurious society for twenty years past. It has accompanied the simultaneous passion for athletic development among the young men of the same social circles; but now, through the impulse of these popular teachers of physical culture, it is extending rapidly among girls who before had been taught that adeptness in such exercises is a distinctly unfeminine accomplishment. It is a great and happy change, and it will have consequences of the highest value to the race.

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HER FIVE PROPOSALS.

The summer I was sixteen was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose-covered house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirtation as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam, and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. To a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it or speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving, he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels, when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back, I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blustered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the welt has ever been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said, abruptly. In the silence which followed, my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said: "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my own-found courage and indignation at once.

"Sorry?" he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you will be down here, without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks," I said, puzzled; "how do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude, I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously.

"So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"Not well enough to—marry you," I said, with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! I please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after a while, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me, they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And, as he helped me down at our own door, he added: "I shall never get over this, I shall never marry."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. But—he did not, he married another girl.

The next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overheard the honeysuckle and nephews roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface, he said: "If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife."

I was too stunned to answer.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped.

"I love you, sweetheart," he said; "you are the only woman I have ever loved." I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbore to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said, eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology, and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up North, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down South who loves you, and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed, sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

For a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to school-days and my debut.

Presently I had a curious and disagreeable experience—a proposal, which makes me by turns angry, amused, and remorseful.

It was from a young Englishman. His haughty mother openly detested America, and regarded American girls as only bearable if enormously wealthy. Her eldest son married a cool million. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowdier girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate, something made him follow me.

I remember that he was playing the "Pilgrim Chorus" when I came in from a walk, and he said, admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"

"Use the plural, please," I said.

"Plural, how?" he questioned, stupidly.

"Phyllis, too filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse! I detest it."

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love you."

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American at that! Take care!"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although, I confess, I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. What does she say?"

"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."

"Haag me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed, in delight. "What a high-stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well-known habits. I've remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad lover; you would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you'll marry me. If I could be with you always, I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone, first. You are going downhill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood, and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't; I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said, eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

"No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say 'yes.'"

"No, no!" I said. "I hope you won't think me unkind, but I can't."

"Unkind!" he echoed. "I think you are the cruellest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why, of course I don't! Did you think—"

"I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes, just say to yourself, 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him, and I wouldn't.'"

"I shan't," I said, hastily and inelegantly. "Because it isn't; it won't be; I don't."

"Phyllis, you little think what you have done today. If you persist, you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men's souls are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as I received it. I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed both my hands to his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the devil, then!" he said, and—I think he kept his word.

One day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl and who is the only lover I ever had who became my friend afterward. It seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and he is still so unselfish and patient a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone this far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "No" and began to excuse myself, he stopped me:

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventional help one through a crisis.

The last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress-coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease me by saying: "Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat, that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade, my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his, and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure, without reproach; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chamber, where at least you can refuse him properly.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

The fourth annual outing, picnic, and shoot of the Country Club will take place at Del Monte on August 25th, 26th, and 27th. Both ladies and gentlemen, friends of members, are invited to attend, as also are the members of the Pacific Union, Bohemian, University, and Cosmos Clubs. A special train will leave here for Del Monte at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, August 25th. The Country Club has of seventy-five pieces will give a series of concerts every day in front of the hotel. The programme of the outing has been arranged as follows:

Friday evening, eight o'clock.—Meeting of shooting team to arrange sides for a match between the "Reds" and "Blues."

Friday evening, nine o'clock.—Concert by the Country Club band.

Saturday morning, nine o'clock.—Club shoot for prizes and medals; also a match between the "Reds" and "Blues."

Saturday afternoon, one o'clock.—Lunch "Under the Greenwood Tree," at the shooting grounds in which all guests of the hotel are expected to participate.

Saturday evening, eight o'clock.—Concert by the Country Club band.

Saturday evening, ten o'clock.—Country Club ball and supper.

Sunday morning, ten o'clock.—Sacred concert by the Country Club band.

Sunday evening, eight o'clock.—Grand illumination and fireworks at Del Monte Lake and a concert by the Country Club band.



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The American people of to-day are a reading, thinking, and bargain-seeking class, and they as naturally turn to the advertisements in the columns of their favorite newspaper for places in which to secure needed articles at the lowest current price, as the traveler refers to his guide-book and time-table for information when about to start on a journey.—*Geo. M. Guernsey*.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude L. Stanford, eldest daughter of Mr. Jerome B. Stanford, and Mr. Leland S. Lathrop, son of Mr. Charles G. Lathrop.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lilabel Crane, daughter of Mr. L. P. Crane, of the Southern Pacific Company, to Mr. Joseph Henry Marshall, who is connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company. The wedding will take place on Wednesday evening, August 23d.

Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush gave a delightful lunch-party last Tuesday at "Enemere," her villa in Fruitvale, and bountifully entertained Mrs. Henry C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Tucker, Miss Margaretta Smith, and Miss Cromwell, of Baltimore, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mrs. William A. Magee, of Fruitvale, and Mr. Frank Hagemeyer, of New York, who is returning home after an eighteen months' tour of the world.

Mrs. Clinton Jones gave a delightful matinee tea last Saturday at her villa in Ross Valley and pleasantly entertained many of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. F. B. Latham, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mrs. John F. Bigelow, Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Mrs. Abner S. Mann, Miss McMahon, and Miss Buneman.

The midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held this evening at Meeker's Grove on the banks of Russian River. Some account of the proposed festivities was published in our last issue.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman are passing the season at Castle Crag.

Miss Genevieve Good will leave in September to attend an Eastern seminary.

Mrs. Charles Knowles, of Boston, and her sister, Miss Ella Adams, will go to the Hotel del Monte next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte, and in September will go to New York city to remain through the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey left for the East last Thursday, and will return late in September.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie and the Misses Friedlander will pass the remainder of the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenreid returned to the city last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckles are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are passing a few weeks at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Mrs. William M. Lent is staying at the Windsor Hotel, in New York city.

General W. H. Dimond and the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond will go to Del Monte on August 21st to remain a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes, the Misses Delmas, and Mr. Paul Delmas have left Mountain View to pass several weeks at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs have returned from an interesting Eastern visit.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney and family have returned to the city after passing the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mrs. Webster Jones is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin at their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Soutard Hoffman and Miss Alice Hoffman are occupying a cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. C. G. Miller and family, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks at Castle Crag.

Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland, is enjoying a visit at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emelie, Alice, and Ethel Hager went to the Hotel del Monte last Monday to remain during August.

General John H. Dickinson is entertaining his father at his home in Sausalito.

Dr. L. Neumann left on Friday for Meeker's Grove to attend the jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Baron Joyld, of Vienna, is here on a visit, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and her daughter, Miss Eliza D. Keith, who have been in Chicago during the past two weeks, will return to the city next Thursday.

Miss Alice and Ella Hobart and Miss Vassault have returned from a four months' visit to Europe.

Mrs. Juliet E. Mezes and her son, Mr. Sidney E. Mezes, returned from Europe last Monday. Mr. Mezes has just been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Harvard University.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming J. Bremner left last Saturday on their wedding trip to Chicago, after which they will go to their new home in New York city, where Mr. Bremner will act as private secretary to Mr. J. B. Haggin.

Mrs. B. F. Norris and Mr. Frank B. Norris have returned from an enjoyable trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelie and Josie

Hanlon have returned from an enjoyable visit at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Gilbert Palache, Miss Palache, and Miss Jean Palache are passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold returned last Monday from a two weeks' sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hatch are in Chicago.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall returned to the city last Tuesday after a delightful visit of two months to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Senator George C. Perkins left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Gonzales, of Santa Cruz, are in Chicago.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay have returned to the city after passing the season in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett and Miss Jean Reed, of Stockton, are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. Otto Favre is passing a couple of months at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Wieland have returned to the Palace Hotel after a month's visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. William Alvord and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and family have returned to the city after passing a month at San Rafael.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin will close Golden Gate Villa late in August, and go East for a month.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will leave soon to pass a couple of years in the East and Europe.

Mrs. Andrew S. Mosely and her daughter are passing a few weeks at Ben Lomond. Later in the season, they will visit Lake Tahoe and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Dougherty and Miss Ada Dougherty, of Fruitvale, have been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer are now residing at 2001 Pine Street.

Mrs. Volney Spalding returned last Wednesday from an enjoyable visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. D. H. Whitmore returned to her home in San Rafael last Wednesday after an enjoyable visit of a week to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilkie at their residence, 1208 Leavenworth Street.

Sir Henry Heyman is recuperating his health in San Rafael.

Misses Emma and Lulu Huntsman have returned from a visit to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have returned from a pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold are at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. R. P. Doolan will go down to Santa Cruz Saturday to spend a few days with friends.

Mrs. James Irvine and Mr. J. William Byrne will pass the last two weeks of August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Maurice E. Kenely, the son of the late Dr. Kenely, who was the claimant's lawyer, is now at his family home, Bushey Grove, Watford, Hertfordshire, Eng., the first time after an absence of nine years on this coast.

Mr. Kenely was engaged in newspaper circles during his stay in Alaska and in San Francisco. His sister, Miss Annesley Kenely, was appointed by the English commissioners as judge of the Hygienic and Sanitary sections of the World's Fair. Another sister, Dr. Arabella Kenely, accompanies this lady to Chicago. Dr. Arabella has just published a most successful novel, "Dr. Janet, of Hartley Street," which has run through three editions.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Thomas M. Groves, U. S. N., of Mare Island, is visiting at Lake Tahoe.

Captain Selden A. Day, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying on the coast a well-earned absence.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, U. S. A., is making an inspection of the cavalry camp at Wawona.

Captain Leonard Wood, U. S. A., of the Presidio, has been ordered to duty at Fort McPherson, Georgia.

Major J. A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return from the East in a few days.

Lieutenant George H. Stafford, U. S. N., who has been on waiting orders for some time, has been ordered to the Baltimore at the New York Navy Yard.

Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred to Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., now East on recruiting service, will join his company at Angel Island on October 1st.

Curiously, just as the dress-reformers are attempting to show the tyranny of the skirt come Loie Fuller and the skirt-dancers, and now the Frantz family.

The theory of the reformers is that the skirt, by fettering the movements of women, has ever prevented the accomplishment of great things. The skirt-dancers, under yards of extra stuff, are friskier than ever, and point their toes at the very stars. The Frantz family (according to the *Evening Sun*) wear demure black satin gowns to the feet, as primly cut as a Quaker widow's. When a lady can turn thirty somersaults without stopping and come up smiling without turning a hair, or run up and down two superimposed men as a cat runs up and down a tree, it seems that no lack of achievement on woman's part can be properly ascribed to her dress. It is interesting to notice how essentially feminine are the soft, feline, graceful movements, as well as the dress of these entertaining women.

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Inferior to Royal
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THE INNER MAN.

One wonders how many cooks, however expert in their art they may be, could explain the origin of the names by which some of their most renowned gastronomic triumphs have been known? Perhaps the celebrated *poulets à la Marengo* is too familiar to puzzle any one. All must surely have heard how Napoleon commanded to be served with a chicken on the day of that great battle, and how his cook, being without saucepan, or oven, or anything he required, save a solitary fry-pan, was perforce obliged to fry the bird, and being also without lard or butter, substituted oil. His imperial master pronounced the dish excellent, and *à la Marengo* has been a favorite way of cooking chicken and other meats ever since. The true gastronome, however, would probably prefer the *poulets à la Villeroy*, which takes its name, not from a battle, nor from an emperor, but from the residence of a marshal, for whose wife—the famous Mme. la Maréchale de Luxembourg—the delicacy was first prepared. It was a king, "the Grand Monarch" himself, who was first served with *pain à la d'Orléans*, while his daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, whose *petits soupers* were as notorious as herself, gave her name to *filet de lapereau à la Berri*. Other dishes have been named after beauties of even more questionable character, for instance, the *filet de Volaille à la Bellevue*, that being the residence of the celebrated Marquise de Pompadour; while another royal mistress, Mme. de Maintenon, gave us the *côtelettes à la Maintenon*. *Pâtés de Carême* were much in vogue when the great Carême was chef to George the Fourth. The *côtelettes à la Réforme* we owe to Soyer during the period that he served at the Reform Club in London, while *galatin aux pistachies* must be ascribed to Francatelli.

The latest English fashion at dinner is to serve all the various courses, from the soup to the "sweets," upon large-sized dinner-plates. There is something characteristic of a race in the size and shape of its dinner-plates. John Bull, with his fondness for a large slice of underdone roast beef, with plenty of room for two or three vegetables besides, likes his plate of generous dimensions, ten inches in diameter and decidedly flat in shape. His epicurean neighbor across the channel would deeply offend his *gourmet's* appetite by such an array, and prefers a smaller plate, eight or nine inches in diameter, which is ample in size for his dainty morsel of well-cooked fillet, with its few but delicious attendant mushrooms. As for our Teutonic friend, his frugal mind contents itself with a plate not larger than the Frenchman's, but the centre is deeper, and in its bowl-like shape there lingers a suggestion of a fondness for soup.

Sir Henry Thompson, of London, is engaged in the somewhat quixotic enterprise of arousing the English mind to a just sense of the appalling insufficiency of British cooking and the hopeless inefficiency of British cooks—quixotic, because, so far as we are aware, the English mind, and, what is more, the English digestion, are fairly content with both cooking and cooks. The *Spectator*, which is the worthy organ of the thoughtful Englishman, while admitting that the cooks are bad and the cooking execrable, calmly suggests that this may be one reason for the conquering tendency of the English race. It points out that ruin overtook Persia, and Sparta, and Rome in proportion as their diet became first eatable, and then palatable, and finally luxurious. All of which may be true; but if we were Englishmen, we should distinctly and deliberately prefer digestibly cooked daily food.

—IT WILL WELL REPAY ANY ONE TO VISIT THE large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, directly opposite Grant Avenue, and make an inspection of the fine lines of society stationery that the firm carries. The newest tints of paper and envelopes can be seen to advantage, and the prices are surprisingly cheap. The firm does fine illuminating in colors on paper and envelopes, and it is eminently proper to have one's crest or monogram displayed in this manner. They employ only the most skilled artists in this class of work.

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To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to cheap low-grade mixtures of brass gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystallizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron, and lead with iron and copper, heretofore unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700 pounds, or \$80 per ton.

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AT A GARDEN-PARTY.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—A London lawn. A band, in a costume half-way between the uniforms of a stage hussar and a circus groom, is performing under a tree. Guests discovered slowly pacing the turf or standing and sitting about in groups.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [to her brother-in-law—who is thoroughly aware of her little weaknesses]—Oh, Phil—you know everybody—do tell me! Who is that common-looking little man with the scrubby beard and the very yellow gloves—how does he come to be here?

PHIL—Where? Oh, I see him. Well—have you read "Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece"?

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—No—ought I to have? I never heard of it!

PHIL—Really? I wonder at that—tremendous hit—you must order it—though I doubt if you'll be able to get it.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Oh, I shall insist on having it. And he wrote it? Really, Phil, now I come to look at him, there's something rather striking about his face. Did you say "Sabrina's Niece's Other Aunt"—or what?

PHIL—"Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece" was what I said—not that it signifies.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Oh, but I always attach the greatest importance to names, myself. And do you know him?

PHIL—What, Tablett? Oh, yes—decent little chap; not much to say for himself, you know.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—I don't mind that when a man is clever—do you think you could bring him up and introduce him?

PHIL—Oh, I could—but I won't answer for your not being disappointed in him.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—I have never been disappointed in any genius yet—perhaps, because I don't expect too much—so go, dear boy; he may be surrounded unless you get hold of him soon. [Phil obeys.]

PHIL [accosting the scrubby man]—Well, Tablett, old fellow, how are things going with you? Sabrina flourishing?

MR. TABLETT [enthusiastically]—It's a tremendous hit, my boy; orders coming in so fast they don't know how to execute 'em—there's a fortune in it, as I always told you!

PHIL—Capital—but you've such luck. By the way, my sister-in-law is most anxious to know you.

MR. TABLETT [flattered]—Very kind of her. I shall be delighted. I was just thinking I felt quite a stranger here.

PHIL—Come along, then, and I'll introduce you. If she asks you to her parties by any chance, mind you go—sure to meet a lot of interesting people.

MR. TABLETT [pulling up his collar]—Just what I enjoy—meeting interesting people—the only society worth cultivating, to my mind, sir. Give me intellect—it's of more value than wealth!

[They go in search of Mrs. MAYNARD GERY.]

FIRST LADY [on chair]—Look at the dear vicar getting that poor Lady Pawperse an ice. What a very spiritual expression he has, to be sure—really quite apostolic!

SECOND LADY—We are not in his parish; but I have always heard him spoken of as a most excellent man.

FIRST LADY—Excellent! My dear, that man is a perfect saint! I don't believe he knows what it is to have a single worldly thought! And such trials as he has to bear, too! With that dreadful wife of his!

SECOND LADY—That's the wife, isn't it?—the dowdy little woman, all alone, over there? Dear me, what could he have married her for?

FIRST LADY—Oh, for her money, of course, my dear!

MRS. PATTALLON [to Mrs. ST. MARTIN SOMERVILLE]—Why, it really is you! I absolutely didn't know you at first. I was just thinking "Now who is that young and lovely person coming along the path?" You see—I came out without my glasses to-day, which accounts for it.

MR. CHUCK [meeting a youthful matron and child]—Ah, Mrs. Sharpe, how do! I'm all right. Hello, Toto, how are you, eh, young lady?

TOTO [primly]—I'm very well indeed, thank you. [With sudden interest.] How's the idiot? Have you seen him lately?

MR. CHUCK [mystified]—The idiot, eh? Why, fact is, I don't know any idiot—I give you my word!

TOTO [impatiently]—Yes, you do—you know. The one nummy says you're next door to—you must see him sometimes! You did say Mr. Chuck was next door to an idiot, didn't you, nummy? [Tab. leau.]

MRS. PRATTLETON—Let me see—did we have a fine summer in '87? Yes, of course—I always remember the weather by the clothes we wore, and that June and July we wore scarcely anything—some flimsy stuff that belonged to one's ancestress, don't you know. Such fun! By the way, what has become of Lucy?

MRS. ST. PATTICKER—Oh, I've quite lost sight of her lately—you see, she's so perfectly happy now, that she's ceased to be in the least interesting!

MRS. HUSSIFF [to Mr. DE MURE]—Perhaps you can tell me of a good coal merchant? The people

who supply me now are perfect fiends, and I really must go somewhere else.

MR. DE MURE—Then I'm afraid you must be rather difficult to please.

[MR. TABLETT has been introduced to MRS. MAYNARD GERY, with the following result.]

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [enthusiastically]—I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance. When my brother-in-law told me who you were, I positively very nearly shrieked. I am such an admirer of your—[thinks she won't commit herself to the whole title—and so compounds]—your delightful "Sabrina."

MR. TABLETT—Most gratified to hear it, I'm sure. I'm told there's a growing demand for it.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Such a hopeful sign—when one was beginning quite to despair of the public taste!

MR. TABLETT—Well, I've always said—so long as you give the public a really first-rate article, and are prepared to spend any amount of money on pushing it, you know, you're sure to see a handsome return for your outlay—in the long run. And of course you must get it carefully analyzed by competent judges—

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Ah, but you can feel independent of criticism now, can't you?

MR. TABLETT—Oh, I defy any one to find anything unwholesome in it—it's as suitable for the most delicate child as it is for adults—nothing to irritate the most sensitive—

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Ah, you mean certain critics are so thin-skinned—they are, indeed!

MR. TABLETT [swarming to his subject]—But the beauty of this particular composition is that it causes absolutely no unpleasantness or inconvenience afterward. In some cases, indeed, it acts like a charm. I've known of two cases of long-standing erysipelas it has completely cured.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [rather at sea]—How gratifying that must be. But that is the magic of all truly great work, it is such an *anodyne*—it takes people so completely out of themselves—doesn't it?

MR. TABLETT—It takes anything of that sort out of them, ma'am. It's the finest discovery of the age, no household will be without it in a few months—though, perhaps, I say it who shouldn't.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [still more astonished]—Oh, but I like to hear you. I'm so tired of hearing people pretending to disparage what they have done, it's such a pose, and I hate posing. Real genius is never modest. [If he had been more retiring, she would have, of course, reversed this axiom.] I wish you would come and see me on one of my Tuesdays, Mr. Tablett, I should feel so honored, and I think you would meet some congenial spirits—do look in some evening—I will send you a card if I may—let me see—could you come and lunch next Sunday? I've got a little man coming who was very nearly eaten up by cannibals. I think he would interest you.

MR. TABLETT—I shall be proud to meet him. Er—did they eat much of him?

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [who privately thinks this rather vulgar]—How witty you are! That's quite worthy of—er—"Sabrina," really! Then you will come? So glad. And now I mustn't keep you from your other admirers any longer. [She dismisses him.]

LATER.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY [to her brother-in-law]—How could you say that dear Mr. Tablett was dull, Phil? I found him perfectly charming—so original and unconventional! He's promised to come to me. By the way, what did you say the name of his book was?

PHIL—/ never said he had written a book.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—Phil—you did!—"Sabrina's Other—Something." Why, I've been praising it to him, entirely on your recommendation.

PHIL—No, no—your mistake. I only asked you if you'd read "Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece," and, as I made up the title on the spur of the moment, I should have been rather surprised if you had. He never wrote a line in his life.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—How abominable of you! But surely he's famous for something? He talks like it. [With reviving hope.]

PHIL—Oh, yes, he's the inventor and patentee of the new "Sabrina" soap—he says he'll make a fortune over it.

MRS. MAYNARD GERY—But he hasn't even done that yet! Phil, I'll never forgive you for letting me make such an idiot of myself. What am I to do now? I can't have him coming to me—he's really too impossible!

PHIL—Do? Oh, order some of the soap, and wash your hands of him, I suppose—not that he isn't a good deal more presentable than some of your lions, after all's said and done!

[MRS. MAYNARD GERY, before she takes her leave, contrives to inform Mr. TABLETT, with her prettiest penitence, that she has only just recollected that her luncheon-party is put off, and that her Tuesdays are over for the season. Directly she returns to town, she promises to let him hear from her; in the meantime, he is not to think of troubling himself to call. So there is no harm done, after all.]

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

RELIEVES THE FEELING OF LASSITUDE
So common in midsummer, and imparts vitality.

MODERN GEORGICS.

From the "Atlanta Constitution."

COOL TIMES IN BILLYVILLE.

The folks keep cool in Billyville, for every blessed man Has got a linen duster an' a big palmetto fan;
An' when the weather riles 'em an' hiles 'em for a spell,
They jes' make the acquaintance of the melon in the well!

For the coolest dew that ever
On the pantin' lilies fell,
Ain't nothin' to the melon—
The melon in the well!

The folks keep cool in Billyville; none of 'em dress in style,
Ketch more breeze in a minute than you'd run down in a mile;
An' in a race with sunshine, heap quicker than you'd tell,
They heat it all to finders to the melon in the well!

For the coolest breeze that ever
Blowed the dabbies in the dell
Ain't nothin' to the melon—
The melon in the well!

A-WADIN' IN THE BRANCH.

You may talk about your pleasures of the summer time, an' sich,
An' jes' pile your money measures till the people say you're rich;
Take a trip off to the seashore, from your swelterin' city ranch,
But—the chap that has the most fun is a-wadin' in the branch!

You may kinder slip the weather by a trip across the sea,
An' feel the salty blowin' of the breezes brisk an' free,
An' pay some other feller for conductin' of the ranch,
But—the chap that keeps the coolest is a-wadin' in the branch!

Jes' take a look an' see him; his feet are bare an' flat;
Suspenders made o' cotton, an' him wearin' one at that!
His hat-brim torn an' hangin' '—jes' keep your city ranch—
The pictur' that's the brightest is the pictur' in the branch!

WHEN THE MELON CROP IS IN.

Oh, Georgia'll be a-livin' when the melon crop is in—
When there's little less o' summer an' o' sun;
For the corn is hangin' heavy, an' is ready for the bin,
An' the sweet-potato vines are on the run!

An' the cane is growin' juicy for the grindin' at the mill,
An' the punkin's like a big an' yellow moon;
An' the mountain dew is drippin' in the shadders o' the still,
An' the fiddle-strings are twangin' for a tune!

An' the fire-place is ready for the heavy logs o' oak,
An' a feller'll kiss his sweetheart, an' another'll tell his joke,
An' the cabin floor'll be crackin' to the dance!

Oh, Georgia'll be a-livin' when the melon crop is in—
When there's little less o' summer an' o' sun;
So, balance to your partners; for the dance'll soon begin—
An' the fiddle's in a fidget for the fun!

THE GOOD TIMES COMING.

Oh, the good times are comin', no matter what they say;
You kin hear 'em hummin', hummin', fer a bundered mile away;
They're a-sailin' through the summer, an' a-fightin' through the freeze;
A-ridin' down the rivers, an' a-blowin' in the breeze!

Comin',
A-hummin',
Like a regiment a-drummin';
Lane has got a-turnin',
Buttermilk's a-churnin',
So keep your lamps a-burnin'
Till the good times come!

Oh, the good times are a-comin'; you kin see 'em on the run;
A-twinkl'n in the dewdrops, an' a-shinin' in the sun!
A-dumpin' o'er the daisies, an' a-babblin' in the brook,
An' lookin' at a feller like his sweetheart useter look!

Comin',
A-hummin',
Like a regiment a-drummin';
Lane has got a-turnin',
Buttermilk's a-churnin',
So keep your lamps a-burnin'
Till the good times come!

GEORGIA IN JULY.

Would you like to have a sample of Georgia in July,
Jes' think o' brick-dust sprinkled on the bluin' of the sky,
An' clouds like milk that's curdled—all rumbled here an' there—
An' some like pantin' lions, jes' gaspin' for the air!

For it's hot on big,
An' it's hot below,
An' it's 'devils take the weather
When the wind don't blow!"

You kin see the field's a-twinkl'n with the bright and blinin' heat,
An' feel the grass a-crikl'n 'neath your hurnin', histerin' feet,
An' see the cattle pokin' to the ponds an' branches warm,
While a million frogs are croakin' for a shower or a storm!

Red hot an' still a-heatin'! but thar's water in the well,
An' a melon's juicy eatin' when you cool it for a spell!
As cool as all creation, an' you're happy in the South
When you strike the old plantation an' the melon strikes your mouth!

But it's hot on high,
An' it's hot below,
An' it's 'devils take the weather
When the wind don't blow!"

A tiny elephant, three years old, thirty-six inches high, three feet long, and weighing one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, is on exhibition in Berlin. The dwarf phenomenon is from Sumatra. Its normal kin weigh at the same age from three to three and a half tons.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies—OR—
Other Chemicalsare used in the
preparation ofW. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoawhich is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused
from a lack of that which is
never exactly digested—*fat*. The
greatest fact in connection with

Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is *partly*
digested fat—and the most
weakened digestion is quickly
strengthened by it.

*The only possible help
in Consumption is the
arrest of waste and re-
newal of new, healthy
tissue. Scott's Emulsion
has done wonders in Con-
sumption just this way.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

National Prize of
16,600 fr.
SIX GOLD
MEDALS

at
Vienna,
Paris,
Nice,
etc.

QUINA-LAROUCHE
AN INVIGORATING TONIC.
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan Wine,
For General Debility, Fever, etc.
E. Fougera & Co.,
22 rue de Valenciennes,
Paris.

Cowdrey's Deviled Ham

HAM SANDWICHES A LA PARISIENNE.

Between slices of thinly cut white bread spread a mixture of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs, and cream sauce. Stamp out in round, oval, square, or oblong shapes. Butter the tops. Sprinkle on one-half the number of sandwiches, finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve, and on the other half parsley and white of egg chopped very fine.

Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tld Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

SOZODONT

A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated
to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT.

which makes the teeth as white and as radiant
as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient
that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.
The Lyric and Dramatic professions are proud in
their praises of

SOZODONT.

Advertising is the rhetoric and not the
logic of trade; its business is to persuade
and convince.—The Modern Advertiser.
ment.

MT. VERNON COMPANY. BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR
THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures
of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of
all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to
15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the rebellion a regiment of volunteers was posted along the front in heavy timber. As soon as the firing began in earnest, a recruit limped off to the rear, but soon struck a gait that would have made Maud S. tremble for her record. He was halted in his flight, and when asked what was the matter, said: "I just couldn't stand out there in the open all by myself." He was then asked why he did not get behind a tree; he was puzzled a moment, and then said: "There ain't only enough for the officers."

Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches" that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Colonel John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote; but, of all your dialect verse, there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte; "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man. The honor belongs to my friend Hay."

Rufus Choate was once called into Maine to defend a brother lawyer who was under a cloud; and, while preparing the case, he was taken sick, the party in whose cause he was acting having to appear before him in his chamber with his witnesses. One of the latter was a good deacon who was deeply interested in the case, and was very earnest in deprecating the wrong done his legal friend. "Well, deacon," said the great lawyer, "what do you think of the treatment of your friend?" "I think," was the startling reply, "that it is a d—d shame!" "That is my opinion," said Mr. Choate; "but you have given it a pious emphasis which I would never have aspired to."

An old and popular Irish clergyman had a disagreement with one of his parishioners, a man of great wealth but vulgar habits and abusive tongue. Upon hearing from a third party that his ancestry had been spoken of disparagingly by this rich boor, the old parson, borrowing a Scriptural metaphor, exclaimed: "Why, sir, my father would not have set him with the dogs of his flock." This remark reached the ears of the nabob, who immediately repaired to the clergyman and demanded an apology. The good old man listened patiently to the ravings of his parishioner, and closed the discussion with the remark: "Did I really say that my father would not have set you with his dogs? I was wrong, sir; I believe he would!"

A Chicago attorney, noted for his sharp practice, sent his client one day to watch the case. Word came to him that his case was next on the docket, and he hurried over to find the opposing counsel already beginning. In vain he looked for his client. He was nowhere to be seen. In vain he asked for delay; but the court told him that the carelessness of a client would not allow such a thing. At last he glanced into the jury-box and saw his client there. The stupid man had thought he heard his name called, and had marched in with the rest. The opposing counsel was so anxious to hurry the case along that he neglected to examine the jury. Seeing the thing was in his own hands, the Chicago attorney turned to the court. "I withdraw all objection," he said; "I have my client where I want him."

One day, the illustrious Chocquart saw an elderly gentleman nestled in a corner of Tortoni's, reading the *Constitutionnel*. "Waiter," he cried, "give me the *Constitutionnel*." "Sir, it is in hand," was the reply. Five minutes elapsed, and Chocquart, growing impatient, again cried: "Waiter, I thought I asked you for the *Constitutionnel*?" "Sir, it is still in hand," he answered. Chocquart—who was a tall, thin man, with waxed mustache like rat-tails, a kind of Don Quixote—rose from his seat, advanced toward the elderly gentleman, and snatched the paper from him. High words followed, seconds were named, and the next morning Chocquart received a sword-thrust in his chest which laid him up for a month. As soon as he had recovered, he went again to Tortoni's, and found his adversary reading the same paper, and in the same corner. "Waiter!" he shouted, "the *Constitutionnel*!" "It is in hand, sir," was the response. He again waited five minutes, and then, placing himself in front of the gentleman in a military attitude, said to him:

"Well, sir, do you wish me to give you another lesson?"

The Chicago *Record* tells of a girl who was seized with the bicycle mania. About a month ago she invested her savings in a bicycle. Every morning she disappeared for several hours and returned home with bandaged fingers, torn skirts, a banged-in hat, a sour temper, and a painful limp. The other day she invited the family to assemble at a certain riding school to see her perform. She nimbly mounted, spun around the hall twice, jumped off and on with the agility of a young kitten, and excited the admiration of the whole crowd. Then some officious person said: "Go around the other way." She had always practiced in the one direction, but such a trifle did not worry her, so she wheeled around and rode off like a runaway cable-car. When she arrived at the first turn there was a terrible crash, a shriek, a resounding crack made by her head coming in contact with the floor, and then all was still. The family had her taken home in an ambulance, and she has already made arrangements to have the machine patched up and sold at half-price.

A famous English actor once undertook to take part in a certain amateur performance at Richmond; but as he had to act the same evening in the first piece at the Haymarket, as Lord Fopling, he had not much time to lose. He accordingly stepped from the theatre into a cab in his stage attire and used the vehicle, on his way to Waterloo Station, as a dressing-room, taking out of his carpet-bag the smock-frock and gaiters in which he was to play his rôle later on. He had not a minute to spare, and, throwing his fare to the cabman, was about to rush into the booking office, when he found himself pinioned from behind; the driver had got him fast. "Let me go, you fool; I have paid you sixpence more than your fare already." "Hang your sixpence! You are a murderer! Police, police!" The actor was soon in custody, and this was his accuser's story: "This countryman has murdered a nobleman who engaged my keb in the Haymarket." It took some time to explain matters, and in the meantime the actor lost his train.

At the time the anti-American fever in Chile was at its height, a large dinner-party was given, exclusively attended by gentlemen. There was present (as Fred May tells the story in the *New York Press*) a jovial Californian who was in the country distinctly to make money and avoid trouble. He had a fund of comic yarns, and spun them incessantly, his evident purpose being to allay as much as possible the local ill-feeling toward the Yankees and their flag. A young Chilean captain, who sat facing the Californian, at last fired in a bitter remark against Americans for their alleged interference in the late civil war. The Californian good-humoredly protested, his remarks being a general denial of the charge. "You are a liar!" suddenly said the Chilean, looking calmly and determinedly into the face of his *vis-à-vis*. There was instant consternation throughout the table. The Californian wiped his lips, threw down his napkin, and, slowly rising, quivered a moment and hissed: "Do you mean that, sir?" The Chilean arose also, folding his arms, while his face showed ugly satisfaction at having secured a long-sought fight. "I do," he replied, defiantly. "Then, by heaven, sir, you are saved," shouted the Californian, "for I will not be trifled with." Amid the universal laughter, the young captain was pulled into his seat, all hands being satisfied that it was impossible to get a senseless fight out of the commercial-spirited American.

Proved to be the Best.

Tested and proved by over thirty years' use in all parts of the world, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have the indorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Advance in Price of Coal

Need not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and druggists.

—THE HAYWARDS HOTEL IS FILLING RAPIDLY with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



AN OIL DRESSING NOT A VARNISH

RED SEAL DRESSING

FOR LADIES' FINE SHOES

SOLD AT ALL SHOE STORES

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United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

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Teutonic.....August 30th
Germanic.....September 6th

Majestic.....September 13th
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H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 25 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From July 26, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|-----------|--|------------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Yacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José..... | † 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and *Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..... | 6:45 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez..... | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Yacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | * 8:45 A. |
| * 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore..... | * 8:45 A. |
| * 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| † 6:00 P. | Vallejo..... | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| † 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 1 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | * 2:30 P. |
| † 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 1 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| † 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | † 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:25 P. |
| * 2:30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| † 12:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | † 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon):

SS. San Juan.....August 3d
SS. Colima.....August 14th
SS. San José.....August 23d
SS. Acapulco.....September 4th

Note—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, August 10, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.....Thursday, August 17, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, August 31, at 3 P. M.
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

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Gaelic.....Thursday, August 24
Belgic.....Thursday, September 2
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 10
Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 31

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TINTS



"Aristocracy" does not belie its name. It simply bristles with dukes, and earls, and princes. None of "Ouida's" loftiest flights into the upper ether of high life is more plentifully bedecked with titles. It is a long time since the audiences at the Baldwin have looked on at the joys and sorrows of such a very distinguished throng.

In the general gathering of the aristocracy of the effete monarchies, the aristocracy of our great and glorious republic is not omitted. We have a New York first family to keep up the national pride among Austrian princes and French dukes. They come of the finest Dutch blood on Manhattan Island, and they are all very common. The way the Ten-Broeck-Laurences brag about their ancestral glories would really eclipse the same performance from a member of "a fine old Southern family." When one of the Laurences comes on the stage we settle ourselves to listen to a description of the old and honorable house of Laurence. The son, Stuyvesant, is the gem of the collection. He always alludes to himself as "a member of one of our oldest New York families." And yet, with this reprehensible habit, he manages to make a beautiful Californian heiress fall distractedly in love with him.

As an offset to the earls, and dukes, and first families, there are a Californian millionaire—"seventy times a millionaire," he says himself—and his young wife and daughter. Despite the enlightening march of civilization and knowledge, playwrights and novelists still cling to a faithful fondness to this ideal figure of a Californian bonanza king—a man wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, generous, adventurous, careless, indifferent, flinging about money like an American in a French novel, intrepid, very good-tempered, taking a great pleasure in discoursing on his obscure origin and the hardships of his early days; as the head of his family, a model for mankind; in business, magnificent; in domestic life, irreproachable; very simple and friendly with the lords and dukes; but retaining some of the habits of his savage state, such as carrying a pistol or bowie-knife.

The womenkind of this ideal being are not what might be called typical Californians, though the daughter marries a prince and the wife is presented to the queen. They are an ingenious pair of ladies, and they get themselves into terrible scrapes by reason of their ignorance of the ways of titled members of the European aristocracies. These graceless patricians hover about the fair Californians with such persistence that the bonanza king has to guard his two ewe lambs not only with his red right hand, but with the national weapon—a small derringer. The patricians, though they may be ignorant of the use of fire-arms, can deal about them quite cleverly with daggers that belonged to their ancestors; and once they stab the bonanza king in the back. Altogether, Rizpab keeping the eagles away from her dead sons was not a circumstance to Mr. Jefferson Stockton protecting two fair females against the wicked wiles of the European aristocracy.

The two ladies who create such havoc in the hearts of infatuated princes are a simple, harmless pair, but they manage to get into a great deal of trouble. Virginia, the daughter, marries in pique a prince from Austria, whom she does not love. A small matter of this kind, however, does not disturb the prince. He promptly lays his heart at the feet of his mother-in-law, which, if not a strictly conventional, is, at least, a rather original thing to do.

This lady is Jefferson Stockton's second wife, and is young, beautiful, and frivolous. Miss Blanche Walsh lends to the character the regal splendor of her really striking beauty. She is quite a picture to look at, with a face of a most picturesque and unusual type, and a figure of the kind that is tall and extremely slender without being thin. She may lay the flattering unction to her soul that she is the handsomest leading lady on the American stage. Unfortunately she does not seem to understand the character of Mrs. Jefferson Stockton at all. She seems to have no grasp of the type that Bronson Howard's heroine belongs to—the woman who is foolish, ignorant, affectionate, well-meaning, and trivial; the sensitive and impressionable creature over whom the strong and imperious nature exercises a forceful and dominating control.

The central idea of "Aristocracy"—the besieging of the citadel of swiftness by rich American parvenus—is just at present one of the favorite themes of writers of light literature. It is one of the popular pivots for the ordinary story to turn upon. On the stage it has never before been so seriously and so comprehensively treated as it is in "Aristocracy." The author looks at it from a meditative and thoughtful point of view. Heretofore, on the stage, it has

been regarded either as a matter for humorous treatment, as in "Americans Abroad," or as a matter of secondary importance, drawn in to assist in the working out of the story, as in "Esmeralda."

Bronson Howard approaches this subject as the novelists do, taking it seriously as a condition of our American life sufficiently important to deserve thoughtful consideration. Mr. Jefferson Stockton's buying up of the Marquis of Normandale's debts and mortgages, in return for which the marquis is to float the Jefferson Stocktons into the innermost whirlpool of the swim, savors of caricature, but as soon as Mr. Howard gets his people in London, against the background of Normandale House, with its painted effigies of dead and distinguished Normandale lords and ladies, the play becomes dramatic and serious, and the nobility of Europe begins to show its claws.

Mr. Howard has dealt much more daringly with his subject than the novelists do. They, as a rule, approach it as a matter worthy of their distinguished consideration, but as one to be handled with engaging gaiety. Even Mrs. Burton Harrison, the high priestess of the upper circles, when she dons her canonicals and seeks to depict the Four Hundred at play, approaches the subject with a becomingly amiable levity. She treats of Americans who pursue noble loughs to their lairs and stalk princes and dukes all through Europe from London to St. Petersburg with the careless nonchalance of one who is to the manner born, and merely regards these little bunting excursions as permissible diversions of the American parvenu.

As for Julien Gordon, when she mounts the tripod and becomes possessed with the divine afflatus, she shows the outside world how the great spirits of those upper regions look upon the social strugglers. No wonder Mrs. Jefferson Stockton assumed a lugubrious aspect and a high-tragedy voice when she said they "would be called new people from the West." According to the standard that Mrs. Harrison and Julien Gordon show us obtains in the realms of the blessed, where McAllister sits enthroned, it would have been a great deal better for them if they could have been a broken-down family from one of the effete monarchies, with a very much blotted scutcheon and a large acquaintance among the nobility.

Since that singular genius, Lawrence Oliphant, wrote "The Strange Fortunes of Irene Magillicuddy," this subject has been one of irresistible charm to the American author and authoress. "Irene Magillicuddy" made a great sensation when it was first published, the supposition being that several of the women in the story were identical with one or two of the established New York belles of the day. Some time afterward he wrote another book on the topic of itinerant Americans in Europe. In this the loving heroine is made to remark to a *pretendant*, who is rather bashful about making his offer for her band: "Oh, shove ahead, old chappie." Old chappie, thus encouraged, shoved ahead, and then the cruel beauty laughed at him and refused him.

The first successful book on the subject of the ups and downs of New York society, with its ardent admiration for foreign titles and its simple enthusiasms for all that hails from the old countries, was written by an Englishman, and was followed by countless stories on the same subject by Americans. The last to try his hand at this favorite topic is Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College. Howells has not touched on the subject, but James has done it again and then again, and done it as one who knows whereof he speaks. Who can ever forget Mrs. Westbrook's unspoken thought as she converses with Lord Lambeth's mother and the Countess of Pimlico—"They will never know how well I'm dressed."

Mr. Howard has laid his play on the last fashionable lines. "The new people from the West" do not lay siege to the citadel by camping down in a palace on Fifth Avenue. They retire to London, hire Normandale house and Lord Normandale, marry princes, are presented, and then, with colors flying and lance in rest, charge down on the Four Hundred. Their first sortie, led by a prince and backed by the bonanza king's limitless coin, is a brilliant success, and the timorous Mrs. Jefferson Stockton, who was so dreadfully uneasy about being called "a new person from the West," has the pleasure of receiving the choicest blossoms of republican aristocracy in the shrimp-pink drawing-rooms of her "palatial residence on the avenue."

"Aristocracy" is not one of Bronson Howard's happiest efforts. It is clever, and modern, and piquantly satirical, but it has the defect, in the flatness of the last act, which is noticeable in most of this author's plays. Both "Shenandoah" and "The Banker's Daughter" show the same defect. The climax is reached in the third act, and the fourth is merely a tying up of loosened ends. It was, however, rather difficult to decide upon the play, as the company were not at all fitted for it.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 7th: The Tivoli Company in "Boccaccio"; Mantell in his repertoire; "Aristocracy"; and "Mr. Potter of Texas."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Marie Jansen has a new play called "Delmonico's at 6," so it is fair to presume that she has definitely decided to cut loose from Francis Wilson's company, and try her luck as a star.

The statement that Julia Marlowe has married her leading man, Robert Taber, has brought out the news that she is English by birth and has—or had, before her marriage—a legal right to the name of Sarab Frost.

Bronson Howard has just contracted to furnish Charles Frohman with a new play, which shall be a comedy on an American topic with only American characters in the cast, and he has hied him to Michigan to write it.

Clay Greene has become a librettist, it seems. An Eastern paper states that he and "Mr. Thorne, of Boston," have written a comic opera entitled "The Maid of Plymouth," for the Bostonians, in whose repertoire it will figure next winter.

Edna Wallace—or, rather, Mrs. Hopper, for she uses the matronly title both on and off the stage—has established herself as a firm favorite with New York audiences, and people are beginning to look forward with interest to the time when Della Fox comes back.

Zélie de Lussan is coming back to America at the head of a big operatic organization, under the management of Henry Abbey, after winning her way well up to the front in London. The row with Marie Stone that drove her out of the Boston Ideals, half a dozen years ago, has proved a good thing for Mlle. de Lussan.

A daughter of George K. Fortescue, the enormous burlesque actor who has been seen here as Dixey's Mountain Maid, made her debut in Australia with great success. She took the part of the leading woman at very short notice, and her voice and acting were warmly praised. She will be in an American company this winter.

It is but a short time now before Henry Irving will commence his American tour with a series of performances in this city. His example in coming to America is to be followed, next year, by Beerbohm Tree, who stands next to Irving on the English stage. He was the original Roger la Honte and Baron Hartzfeld, and is now in Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance."

A Boston writer says that we are behind our ancestors in putting animals on the stage. In 1680, he explains, Freschi's "Berenice" was produced in Padua. The stage-manager's book called for one hundred horsemen in iron armor, six trumpeters on horseback, six chariots, two lions led by elephants, a stable containing one hundred horses, and a forest filled with bears, deer, and wild boars.

"The Other Man" will be the next new play presented by Charles Frohman's Comedians. It is an adaptation from the French by Frederick Horner, the original being still on at the Nouveautés, in Paris, where it has passed its three hundredth performance. It will be produced in English simultaneously in London and New York, the latter cast including Henrietta Crossman, Joseph Holland, Charles S. Abbe, Herbert Standing—who makes his first appearance in America in it—and others of the company.

A correspondent draws attention to a misstatement in a recent paragraph in this column, wherein it was stated that Sibil Sanderson had posed for the statue of Phryne used in the production of the opera in Paris. It seems that the original statue, a copy of which was used in the opera, had been done by a sculptor who had never seen Miss Sanderson, and was first heard of by M. Carvalho, director of the Opéra Comique, after the opening of the Salon in which it was exhibited. When "Phryne" was about to be produced, M. Carvalho and Saint-Saëns were at a loss for a statue to use in the scene where Phryne beguiles the old man, until M. Carvalho recalled the Phryne of the Salon and arranged to have a copy of it made for use in the opera.

A curious story is told by Mr. Henry Daily, Jr., a lawyer of New York city. About ten years ago, he conceived the idea of cutting his initials on a silver half-dollar he had received from a client, in order to see if the coin would ever come back. The half-dollar was coined in 1852. A fortnight ago, in Wall Street, he met a friend and asked him to change a two-dollar bill. His friend took from his pocket a handful of change, and to Mr. Daily's delight the half-dollar with his initials was given to him.

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"Is Barton rich?" "Well, only relatively so. He has a rich aunt."—Puck.

Ripans Tabules act like magic in cases of indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, or headache.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will commence his new series of ballad concerts on Friday evening, September 1st, at the new hall, 625 Sutter Street, and will continue them, at intervals of two weeks, alternating on afternoons and evenings. Miss Agnes Burgin, who possesses a beautiful contralto voice, and Mr. Henry Strauss, a pianist of much ability, will be among the new attractions at the first concert, for which a most attractive programme is being arranged.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will resume their Saturday Popular Concerts at Golden Gate Hall on Sutter Street, in September, and the "Pop" trio is now rehearsing for the season a number of novelties in chamber music. At the first concert a quintet by Sinding, the new Norwegian composer, will be played and also a string quartet by Sebmann.

Miss Katherine W. Kimball, soprano of the First Congregational Church, is passing a month in Los Angeles.

One of the old-time kings of Spain, Charles the Sixth, had a brother, Don Antonio, who had a mania for making sausages, and the infection soon spread to his royal brother, both becoming victims of the same extraordinary mania; so a pavilion was erected in a lonely spot, where he devoted his time to learning the trade, so as to compete with his brother. At last, the monomania was suddenly cured by the visit of an Englishwoman of rank, who was surreptitiously introduced into the grounds surrounding the pavilion by the British Ambassador, to see the royal pork-butcher at work. The king discovered her and "embraced her," forgetting the greasy attire in which he was equipped, and the consequent soiling of her dress brought him to his senses and the relinquishment of this unseemly fad. In the present day we have, in the person of His Majesty Humbert, King of Italy, a royal amateur professor of the culinary art, at which report says he shows remarkable skill.

One of the many expedients resorted to by British farmers in the effort to save their crops, which have suffered so badly from the phenomenal fine weather, is to water them by the aid of fire-engines. In the fen districts several powerful engines have been at work pumping water from the fens and discharging it in the air through special nozzles so that it falls on the fields like fine rain. The results have been excellent.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

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The Argonaut

From 1877 to 1893.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is the Ancient Order of Hibernians, anyhow?" "Whisky."—Puck.

She—"I think I should like a widower, after all." He—"Very well; whom shall I marry first?"—Life.

Mother (impatiently)—"Willie, you mustn't interrupt mamma while she is talking." Willie (petulantly)—"Well; I can't keep quiet all the time."—Puck.

When women have their rights: Chairman of the board (reading)—"We have received a proposal—" All the feminine members (rising)—"Which of us?"—Truth.

"Do you ever have any rats on your boat, Mr. Jiggs?" asked Miss Smyther. "Never," returned Jiggs; "they're afraid of my boat. It's a cat-boat."—Bazar.

Man (in theatre, to woman in front)—"Madam, I paid one dollar and a half for this seat, and your hat—" Woman (calmly)—"That hat cost forty dollars."—New York Weekly.

Rosalie—"What makes you think he is in love with you?" Violet—"The first time he called he left his gloves, the second time his cane, and last night he forgot his hat."—Vogue.

City missionary—"What! Do you mean to say that poverty gave you this thirst for liquor?" Unfortunate—"Not exactly, mister; but when I was wealthy I never allowed myself to have a thirst."—Puck.

She—"It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her, you will have to give up smoking and drinking." He—"If I don't marry her, I shall have to give up eating also."—Life.

How those girls love one another: Etta—"I think Jack Birdie is disgusting! Why, last night he wanted to waltz with me when he was intoxicated!" Minnie—"He was intoxicated? Well, that explains it."—Truth.

"Are you talking to yourself or to the fish?" inquired the man on horseback, reining up. "To the fish," answered the sun-burned man on the log, intently watching his cork; "I am trying to draw them out."—Chicago Tribune.

Editor—"You are too slow for this work. We shall have to try to get along without your services after this week." Spacery—"What do you advise me to go into?" Editor—"You might do well as night editor of the 'Annual Encyclopædia.'"—Puck.

George—"That was rather a chilly smile Mrs. Highflor gave you just now. What's the trouble?" Miss Friendly—"Oh, that was because I enjoyed her dinner so much the other evening. Everything went wrong, and her consternation was delightful."—Truth.

Singular case of obscured vision: Inebriated gentleman (who is being assisted into his carriage)—"John, wh—where's door?" John—"Here, sir—you've got hold of it." Inebriated gentleman (feebly)—"Yes, John, I know. Wh—where's—carriage?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Fanny (who is studying her lesson)—"Papa, what is the definition of volubility?" Papa—"Volubility is the distinguishing feature of a car-driver, when he is thirteen minutes behind schedule time on his supper trip and an overloaded truck breaks down just in front of him on the rail."—Texas Siftings.

"I am hunting for a place to eat," said the hungry man with the lunch-basket. "You can look at all the places you please, sir," replied the Columbian Guard, stiffly; "but you can't eat any of them unless you get a conces—" But the hungry man had pulled his hat down over his eyes and trudged on.—Chicago Tribune.

The newly wed—"Edith did the hatefulest thing at our reception, and I'll never forgive her." Cousin Jane—"Why, what could it be?" The newly wed—"She addressed Charles in the most pitying manner, and said: 'I hope you'll be happy.' The way she uttered that word 'hope' was positively unbearable."—Boston Transcript.

It was evening upon the Midway Plaisance. "Yes, Abou Ben Maccaroni," the Arabic maiden was murmuring to her lover, "it is here that we must be married." "Wouldst thou not," he pleaded, "prefer to be united to the one thou lovest in sight of the boundless deserts of our native land, where the traditions of the forefathers surround and bless us?" "No," she persisted, "I'm stuck on the easy bow-knots they tie in Chicago."—Detroit Tribune.

Assaults Upon Health

Are frequently committed by people who dose themselves with violent medicines. Nothing but ultimate injury can be reasonably expected from such medicines, and yet, upon the smallest occasion, many unwise people use them repeatedly. If the digestive organs are sluggish, the most efficacious laxative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which never convulses and gripes, while it thoroughly regulates and insures healthful action of the liver, stomach, and kidneys. Use it in rheumatism and malaria.

CCCXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 6, 1893.
Purée of Green Peas.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams. Cold Stew.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce, Lyonnaise Potatoes.
String Beans, Stuffed Bell Peppers.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Port-Wine Sauce.
Lettuce.
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.
Coffee.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

Mormonism has taken a considerable hold in New Zealand, mainly among the Maoris, the latest statistics showing the sect to have 3,176 members in New Zealand, of whom but 232 are Europeans. The annual conference was held recently, and hundreds of Maori members, including several leading chiefs, attended. Twenty Mormon elders are at present in New Zealand trying to spread the faith.

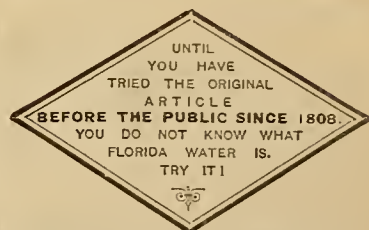
The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

Stalate—"I wish I could do something to achieve notoriety." Ethel Knox—"Why don't you try a sudden disappearance."—Bazar.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Argonaut Publishing Company, held as above noticed, an adjournment was taken until Tuesday, the fifteenth day of August, 1893, at one o'clock, P. M.

BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing Tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Skin Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c. per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

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As was expected, the President's message to Congress is confined almost exclusively to the financial question. With the exception of a short paragraph suggesting that the tariff question will be a good one for Congress to consider at some definite future time, the Sherman law occupies the sole attention of the Sage of Gray Gables. In regard to that, he asserts that it has entirely failed in its purpose. The expectation that the monthly purchase of four and a half million ounces of silver would increase the price of that metal, has not been realized, and the intention of maintaining silver and gold on a parity, he asserts, will be defeated by a further enforcement of the provisions of the law. The Sherman law provides for the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver bullion yearly, in equal monthly amounts, the

bullion being paid for in treasury notes. These notes are redeemable in either silver or gold coin, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury. But this option is limited by the requirement that the two metals shall be maintained "upon a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law." A refusal to redeem the Treasury notes in gold if demanded would discredit them and reduce them to the condition of silver notes. Therefore, in practice, the Secretary has always redeemed them in gold, and they have been practically gold notes.

As to the operation of the law, the message declares that, up to July 15th last, Treasury notes had been issued in payment for silver bullion to the amount of \$147,000,000. All but a small quantity of this bullion remains uncoined in the Treasury. During the last two and one-half months of the period under consideration, Treasury notes to the amount of \$54,000,000 were issued, and \$49,000,000 of these notes were redeemed in gold. In other words, all but \$5,000,000 of the silver bullion purchased during that time and stored in the Treasury vaults was paid for in gold coin. The result has been twofold. First, the gold reserve of \$100,000,000, held for the redemption of greenbacks, has been encroached upon; and, second, European nations have been encouraged to hoard gold. The net export of gold for this purpose during the year ending June 30th of this year amounted to \$87,000,000. This constant depletion of the stock of gold and increase of the stock of silver must, if continued, result in the complete substitution of silver for gold in the circulating medium, and thereby defeat the declared intention of the Sherman law to maintain the two metals upon a parity with each other.

It is the knowledge of this danger, the message continues, that causes capital to refuse support to new enterprises and to withdraw from trade and commerce. Foreign investors also decline to purchase American securities, and make haste to dispose of their present holdings in such securities. In such hoarding, the rich man has every advantage over the poor man; because, while money can be hoarded, labor, the capital of the poor man, can not, and when not employed is irretrievably lost. The rich man may speculate on the fluctuations of an unsound or unstable currency; the poor man must pay out his earnings as soon as he receives them, and gets no profit from the misfortunes of others.

Such, in brief, is the case presented by the message against the Sherman law, and there the message ends, with an appeal to Congress to repeal that law. Any plan of relief is conspicuously absent; whether the executive approval will be given to a substitute for the Sherman law, or to any measure calculated to retain silver as a part of the circulating medium of the country, does not appear. International bimetalism is obscurely hinted at when the President says that this country alone can not maintain silver, and an inclination toward a single gold standard is suggested by the closing recommendation that "legislative action may be had to put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention of the government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries." But, on the whole, the message is disappointing as any expression of the preferences of the President, and leaves the whole question open for Congress to act upon, with the uncertainty as to Cleveland's approval or disapproval thereafter.

It is astonishing how many are still skeptical about the Midwinter Fair. They believe, or affect to believe, that the scheme will soon collapse and that the money subscribed will be lost. The time for such a catastrophe has passed. The fair must be carried out, if for no other reason than to avoid the discredit that would attach to California from a failure. This State now stands extremely well in the eyes of the world; the financial storm that spread disaster in its track throughout the East, barely affected this community. Only two banks have failed in this city, and they were so intimately connected that they constitute but one failure. And this failure has been proved by later developments to have been the result of reckless methods of banking rather than of any financial stringency. The condition of the other banks in this city is stronger than it was two years ago.

Throughout the State there have been few failures, and these were caused by inability to realize promptly enough on ample securities. The commercial world knows these facts, and the eyes of investors and desirable immigrants have been turned in this direction. To declare, in the face of this fact, that the people of this entire State can not raise five cents where the city of Chicago alone raised a dollar, would be simply suicidal from the commercial point of view. The world, knowing that there is sufficient money here, would attribute it to a timidity that would render legitimate investment unprofitable. And they would look elsewhere to invest their own surplus capital.

But, apart from this, any one who has followed the proceedings of the Midwinter Fair committees can not but be convinced that success is assured. Their energies have so far been devoted to the necessarily slow and difficult work of raising money, and the results already achieved prove beyond doubt that the mass of the people are interested in the movement and are determined that it shall be carried to a successful issue. The collections have been in small amounts and from the middle classes rather than from the rich, and on that account the showing is not so large as it might be in consideration of the work done. But large subscriptions come in more slowly; many of them are from corporations and other bodies that require more time for action than individuals. Nobody can afford to hold back in this matter, and, in the end, it will be found that everybody has contributed according to his means.

It must be confessed that there has been some delay from another cause, which it is best to admit and discuss openly. Those who are at the head of the movement are unpopular in some quarters, and there has been hesitancy in supporting a scheme which is to redound to their credit. It is humiliating but true that San Francisco is as full of petty jealousies as a small country town. Nothing arouses the energy of the people here so actively as the probability that some local aspirant will receive preferment, whether political, social, or commercial. It is the mill-stone around the neck of San Francisco's progress, and it is as well to face the fact without squirming. The men at the head of the Midwinter Fair are those who took hold of it when nobody else would, and they have devoted their time and energies to it. Whatever credit they get is deserved, whether their efforts have been inspired by vanity or local patriotism. Certainly their detractors are inferior to them in both qualities. The Midwinter Fair is for the benefit of the city and the State, and therefore for the benefit of every individual in the State. It is a short-sighted and narrow policy to refuse support to a measure of public benefit because of hostility to those who are doing the lion's share of the work.

That the Midwinter Fair will benefit this State temporarily there is no question. The work of preparation will give employment to labor and relieve the labor market, which would otherwise become congested during the winter months. And the work expended upon the buildings and grounds will be locally productive; that is, it will bring people here who would not come otherwise, and they will spend money here that they would otherwise spend elsewhere. From this point of view, the effect of the Midwinter Fair will be, first, to redistribute the money already here, transferring it from the pockets of the subscribers to the pockets of those who expend labor upon the enterprise; and, second, to bring new capital here from other localities greater in amount than that already invested. This new capital will come both from the exhibitors and from the visitors, and, by the regular action of the laws of trade, it will be distributed throughout the community.

This will be a benefit to the State, but it will be of a temporary nature only; and if the fair were to be of no further advantage, it would be folly to hold it. San Francisco was at one time the distributing centre of the Pacific Coast; to-day its market is confined to a small area in California. Future prosperity can come only through an extension of trade relations, and the Midwinter Fair will offer the opportunity for such extension. How far the attractive power of the fair will reach, remains to be seen; but it is

reach out in all directions, and will bring here people from the north, the south, the east, and the west. It will enable these people to see what advantages this State has to offer in trade, and it will enable the merchants here to become acquainted with those whom they ought to be dealing with. Acquaintance goes a long way toward deciding the lines of trade; Seattle, geographically more distant than Tacoma, has far more business with this city than the latter; Tacoma has more business with the East than Seattle. The great advantage of the fair is the opportunity it will offer to extend our lines of trade. If this opportunity is not made the most of, the whole enterprise will have failed in its object. And whether this State will reap the full benefit of the fair depends upon how thoroughly all the people in the State work together to make it a success and to profit by the opportunity to show visitors what advantages they have to offer.

The social attentions that have been showered upon the Nawah of Rampur and the Maharajah of Kapurthala in the East, and the deep interest aroused throughout this country by the royal wedding in England, emphasize anew a fact already pointed out in these columns—that the American people, while thoroughly democratic in their political and business ideas are, socially, essentially aristocratic. Absolute equality is a dogma in the faith of every American, and he will maintain, with every show of conviction, that he believes in it without any qualification or mental reservation whatever. He will contend that an American is just as good as any other American, and considerably better than any man of any other nationality. But let a person with a title of nobility, or with a suggestion of the blue blood of royalty running through his veins—whether a Spanish princess or an Asiatic potentate—come to these shores, and immediately your true American will kotow, with the awkwardness of unfamiliarity, it is true, but with an awkwardness that fills his soul with bitterness and humiliation. Nor is it the American social aristocrat alone who thus abases himself before the glamour of title; the same deference, the same desire to secure favorable recognition, asserts itself in all grades of society.

The framers of the political constitution of this country, with a natural, though perhaps indiscriminating, hatred of everything that pertained to monarchy and monarchical institutions, endeavored to prevent anything having even the semblance of inequality by declaring that the United States should grant no titles of nobility. Wise though they were, they failed to recognize the actual conditions that surrounded them. They were young men who had passed their lives actively participating in the stirring political and military struggles of the day. They had no time for social relaxation or to observe those who did so indulge. Had they done so, they would have seen that the very social conditions they desired to guard against had already established themselves. New England, New York, and Virginia, the three types socially as well as politically among the colonies, each had their aristocracies, whether based upon the church, the landed proprietorship, or the family.

And to-day, despite a century of attempted repression, the sense of caste asserts itself as strongly as ever, though it may not be openly acknowledged. In our midst an aristocracy of wealth and of family has grown up, notwithstanding the absence of titles of nobility as the outward and visible sign of the fact. The general recognition of the fact is evidenced by the resentment of "the people" when one of their idols hobnobs with the aristocrats. It is true that the line of demarcation between classes is not so distinctly drawn in this country as in the so-called aristocratic countries, and that passage from one class to another is easier, but this difference is in degree rather than in kind. We resent the acknowledgment of this as being a confession of the failure of the great American experiment. But such a feeling arises from a failure to distinguish clearly between social and political activity. Political equality is an accomplished fact and has justified itself; social equality is as far from accomplishment in this country as in those countries where social distinctions are more openly recognized. We simply deceive ourselves and close our eyes to facts when we refuse to acknowledge it.

It is somewhat the habit in this country to sneer at the English for clinging to the shadow of a thing when the substance has departed from it. The queen, for instance, is theoretically at the head of the political organization, while actually she exercises no direct political power. But, on the other hand, she is actually at the head of the social organization, and in that field exercises very direct and very positive power. And in this the people of England are far ahead of the people of this country in recognizing the separation of society and state. When the House of Lords shall have been abolished, or based upon something other than social position, the separation will have been completed. Sentiment in this country stands in the way of any formal recognition

of the social distinctions, and probably always will. But the very fact that such distinctions have continued to grow stronger and stronger despite every effort to eradicate them, indicates a natural force existent in human nature which can not be overcome by legislative or constitutional enactment.

For the first time in the history of the country, currency commands a premium over gold. From one to three per cent. advance is being paid in New York for small bills. Its scarcity is due to the hoarding which is always noticeable in hard times. Everybody is economizing; on the same principle that banks are increasing their coin reserves, the mechanic and the workman are storing away in the family stocking as many quarters and dimes and half-dollars as they can save out of their weekly wages. The practice has reduced the floating stock of fractional currency, and retail dealers have to pay a premium to get it from the banks. A similar scarcity quite frequently prevails in the river valleys. Dealers object to change a half-eagle or even a silver dollar for a small customer; change does not actually command a premium, but no one likes to part with it. There is a story in Colorado of a traveler who got all the drinks he wanted for a year by throwing a twenty-dollar piece on the counter when he had emptied his glass; barkeepers preferred to lose the price of a drink rather than "break a twenty."

Public taste in currency varies with the meridian. We, in this State, use gold. We object to paper, probably from no better reason than that we are not used to it. All through the war, when our friends at the East went to market with wallets full of shin-plasters, we stuck to gold. We adhere to the yellow metal still, and when, by any chance, we receive a five or ten-dollar bill, we hasten to a bank to exchange it for gold. The banks send their paper East, having no call for it here; there is probably no bank in the city which could pay a twenty-five-thousand-dollar check in paper money. We have no use whatever for one or two-dollar greenbacks; when we break a "V" we take the change in silver. But, for obvious reasons, no one wants to carry over five dollars in silver. When a debtor pays a debt in silver, the coin is taken to a bank and exchanged for gold.

In the States east of the Alleghenies, people use paper with silver fractional currency. They profess to dislike gold, and declare that when they have it they too often pay out a half-eagle for a quarter. It is certain that at night one coin may easily be mistaken for the other. But, on the other hand, greenbacks can not be carried loose in the pocket; and a clumsy wallet must be added to its other contents; and in the rain, greenbacks are likely to tear and to blur. At the latest report from the Treasury, the government had made about twenty millions by the destruction or disappearance of greenbacks. During the war, the volume of paper-money which was torn up, or defaced so that it was not legible, or mutilated in one shape or another, was positively enormous. The smallest paper token of value now in use in the East is the dollar-bill. That and the two-dollar bill will presently be called in, and then the silver dollar will obtain a larger circulation in New England and the Middle States. At the present time, almost the only silver coins which circulate east of the Ohio are the fifty-cent, twenty-five-cent, and ten-cent pieces.

The cart-wheel dollar is mainly used in the river valleys and at the South. Where people accumulate large savings, they are held in the shape of gold; but on the rivers and in the Cotton States, savings are small and seldom amount to more than a dollar or two at a time. So at the grocers', few people spend more than a dollar or two, and silver answers their purpose. Outside of the large cities, in the river valleys and in the South, few people are lucky enough to become owners at one and the same time of so much money that it is inconvenient to carry it in the pocket in the shape of silver dollars. This habit has led the Western and Southern farmers to identify the standard dollar with money in the abstract. It is the only money they know. When the Populist party demands an increased coinage of silver dollars, it means that it wants more money, as the Greenbackers did. Its members cling to the rudimentary notion that the more tokens of value there are in circulation, the richer will the people grow; hence they play into the hands of the silver miners and clamor for more silver dollars. Their experiment in the shape of the Sherman Act can hardly have strengthened their faith in their theory; but an older experiment bred in their minds a distrust of paper representatives of silver which has not been eradicated.

The kind of money which a community uses is a test of its wealth and its commercial development. Where people are poor, they use silver and copper coins; they never own enough of them to make the weight of the coins an inconvenience, and they never swell their savings to such an amount that they need to resort to a more concentrated form of currency. In more highly developed communities, gold, or its paper representative, is chiefly used. In England and California, gold is the popular currency. English-

men do carry five and ten-pound notes of the Bank of England, but the great bulk of the English people are satisfied with sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and, as supplementary to these, with silver shillings. In India, a few rich people carry gold mohurs; but there, again, the bulk of the population live from hand to mouth, and the silver rupee answers all their purposes. Thirty or forty years ago, in France, silver was the chief currency, and it was so inconvenient that the Napoleon or Louis d'or commanded a premium of four or five sous. Large business exchanges can not be conducted in silver—it would take a clerk half a day to count ten thousand silver dollars and to make sure that none of them were spurious.

Girls declare that the famine of former years was nothing to the dearth they are now experiencing. In the hardest seasons of the past, they could count that Saturday night would bring to the fashionable summer resorts of the day one man to each four girls, which gave a wing or a leg to each. Frequenters of Santa Cruz, Monterey, Castle Crag, Santa Barbara, San Mateo, and San Rafael now declare they sometimes have barely a man among twelve, and that so small a ration will not go round or assuage the smallest appetite. They are questioning whether it would not be wise to abandon their Adamless Eden and read the "Princess" in the fogs and dust of the Western Addition.

On the other hand, men openly avow their turpitude and confess that they are devoting their time to cultivating their muscle instead of spooning. New athletic clubs are being started, and young men are joining them. They say it is far better fun to play golf or practice foot-ball than to dance attendance on a little chit of a girl who takes devotion as her right and thinks it sufficiently requited when she permits her adorer to kiss the tip of the little finger or her left hand. An afternoon in the field will at any rate develop the *biceps cruris* and the long *perineus*; whereas an afternoon spent in spooning will only be apt to engender disrespect for the brain and the heart of the girl of the period. They declare—these young fellows, for they know everything and have lived forever—that a time was when woman was true and tender, and when she gave more than a smile to him who brought her an eagle's plume from the summit of the continental divide; whereas now she is puffed up, without being propped up, by conceit, that ever Mary Jane who believes that Shakespeare wrote "Vanities Fair" and who spells flirt with a *u*, fancies herself a Helen of Troy. This is the opinion of the young gentlemen who might be making themselves useful and oratorical at the watering-places, and who, instead, are concentrating their energies on muscular development and cocktails, with a vision of Keeley's cure in the distance.

Whether they will or no, the girls have no choice but to acquiesce. It is impossible to take a gentleman by his scalp lock and make him dance a German. When a girl pens man in the corner of a balcony, and hides him "spooned," he is apt to exhibit ruthless brutality in his efforts to escape. A cad, like a worm, will turn. It is far better for the girls to say to their fleeting swains: "Erriog hrethren, go in peace!" Henneries are said to be dull places; but when the rooster refuses to enter the barn-yard, what are the delicate young female broilers to do?

One of the Eleusinian mysteries used to be: What do the women say to each other after dinner, when they leave the men to their wine? In our time, the old custom of post-prandial separation of the sexes has fallen into desuetude; but at the five o'clock tea, the sex revels in manliness. If the evidence of young ladies who have taken part in these ceremonies can be relied upon, they are weird and ghastly scenes. Girls doff the mask they usually wear and exhibit themselves before each other *au naturel*. They speak ill of their neighbors quite naturally, gossip regarding their best friends, exchange confidences over family ailments, and deplore the backslidings of the gentlemen who were once attentive and are not now. But surely this is not the utmost possible limit of feminine intercommunion.

Tendresse apart, a man and a woman never get on well together as when they forget their sex. Then they uncork themselves, and the aroma of their nature flows undiluted. Why can not women enjoy a similar abundance with each other? The answer, of course, is that women hold each other in light esteem. A girl knows how small and pitiful a thing she is, how mean her impulses, how narrow her scope, how ungenerous her judgments. And she not unreasonably concludes that all girls are like unto herself. Therefore she will not commune with them if she can help it; or, if she does, she will govern her converse by the law laid down by Denys of Burgundy: In talking to an enemy, tell him nothing but lies. At five o'clock tea, it is said Sapphira would have fainted to see herself so outdone.

Yet if girls only knew it, and were as honest with each other as men are, they can be very good company even without a man to flavor the pot. Many girls are shrewd

servers. Almost all are keener judges of character than men. Not a few possess the gift of expressing a bright thought in vivid language. Why should not a choice party of such girls enjoy themselves just as well without as with male companions? We do not mean that they should organize a female club, with a lot of old, grinning tabbies at its head, cut out in cardboard after the model of Mrs. Chapone; but a little quiet sisterhood of congenial girls who have been educated on the same lines, have read the same books, and met the same people, and consequently are apt to have many thoughts in common—would not that be agreeable a society as any which it took a young snob to flavor?

A lieutenant of Cortez, wending his weary way north from Mexico in quest of treasure, fell in with a chief of vast experience and erudition, who told the Spaniard in strict confidence that far to the north there was an island called California, which was surrounded by heeling cliffs. The island was inhabited exclusively by women, who occasionally made forays into the neighboring country in search of plunder. But they allowed no man to accompany them to their island home. There they lived in freedom and sweet communion with nature, and the chief added that they were the happiest women in the world.

Something of a sensation has been created by President Andrews, of Brown University. In a haccalaureate sermon recently delivered, he declared that the best service the young men who were about to leave college could render to the world was to devote their energies to the accumulation of wealth. The happiness of the poor, he declared, was largely dependent upon the accumulation of wealth. In these days, when it has become so much the fashion to decry wealth and to speak of the wealthy as if they were guilty of some heinous crime in accumulating riches, it is refreshing to hear a little common sense on this subject. To the future historian who studies the present day, the most curious feature will undoubtedly be the Populists, a national party who succeeded in cutting a considerable figure in the last election, and who are held together by the one idea that wealth is the curse of humanity. They point to the unquestionable fact that a very large part of the human race is in absolute want, suffering the pangs of hunger and lacking the necessary raiment to protect their wasted bodies from the rigors of the weather. And they declare that all this want and destitution result from the unequal distribution of wealth; the rich have more than their share, and there is not enough left to shield the others from misery and want.

This idea that there is a limited amount of wealth in the world, and that one man's gain is another man's loss, is shared by many who have not cast their lot with the Populists. They realize the inequalities, they recognize the suffering, but they are in a comfortable position themselves and their sympathy is not strong enough to arouse them to action in behalf of the suffering side of humanity. However wrong-headed and foolish the Populists may be, their intentions are good. But they are intensely narrow-minded and short-sighted. They can not see that their so-called reforms, if carried out, would result in destitution more far-reaching than any the world has yet known.

If these people will but stop to think how the wealth of nearly every millionaire in this country has been acquired, they will realize how foolish is the outcry against the rich. Some, it is true, have made a large part of their fortunes in gambling—speculation, they would call it. Some have manipulated railroad stocks; others have indulged in the far less defensible pastime of speculating in the necessities of life. But these people have but a transitory hold upon their riches; their wealth is apt to be swept away any day. And they form but a small part of the rich men of the country. By far the larger part of the wealth of all the millionaires of this country has been accumulated in legitimate business. They are men who have shown unusual ability in the direction of large affairs. They have seen, with a clearness of vision that was granted to them alone, that immense profits would result from the construction of a certain railroad or the development of a certain industry. Anybody else might have done the same thing, but anybody else did not see it in time. The construction of the railroad or the development of the business opens a market for thousands of people that was formerly closed to them and renders their production profitable where it would have been conducted at a loss otherwise. It gives employment to thousands of people who would not otherwise have obtained it. In this way, by the creation of millions of new wealth, only a small portion of which remains in the hands of the man who has furnished the brains of the enterprise, the millionaire is created. The large portion of the profits of the enterprise which he does not retain is divided among thousands of people, and though their individual share may be small, it raises them from poverty to comfort. From being compelled to labor from dawn to dark and to expend all their vitality for a bare living, they are enabled to enjoy a few hours of leisure when they may meet in conventions and pass resolutions denounc-

ing the man who has raised them from the pit out of which they could not otherwise have crawled.

That distinguished Populist who gained distinction in Kansas by the fact that his wardrobe was incomplete, has formulated a plan by which he proposes to crush the bloated bond-holders. He advocates the construction of a railroad from Bismark to Galveston, to be owned by the people of the States through which it is to run. Should he get his road built—which is extremely improbable—he will learn a valuable lesson. He will find it necessary to engage skilled managers, or the road will prove a dismal failure. He will then find that a skilled manager must be paid a large salary, or he will go elsewhere. And then he will discover that the men who are making large amounts of money are doing so because their services are worth every penny they are paid.

In the same way a little thought will convince anybody of the value of the services of one employed in the industries usually considered unproductive. The lawyer, for instance, is usually regarded as an excrescence on the social system. Were human nature perfect there would be no need of laws or lawyers. But, unfortunately, it is not perfect. In the complex relations of human life the necessity arises for an extensive system of laws. It is manifestly impossible for every man to gain familiarity with all these laws and with the interpretation that the courts have placed upon them. His time, if it has any value at all, can be more profitably employed otherwise. And so he finds that he actually saves money by going to a man who devotes his whole time to becoming familiar with such questions. It may take a lawyer only five minutes to render an opinion on a given statement of facts. But the knowledge necessary to the formation of this opinion has cost him years of study. It is the capital of the lawyer, and he takes it into account in fixing his fee, just as the merchant figures in his capital in estimating his profits. The lawyer also considers the value of his services as measured by the value of the time of his client. The consideration of both elements is legitimate.

It is undeniable that all the progress of the world from the condition of savagery to the highest stage of civilization yet attained has been due to the accumulation of wealth. Without capital, labor would have no opportunity for productive employment. The absurd and mistaken idea that labor alone gives value to a product has led more people astray than the doctrine of infallibility. The watch-spring, which is transformed from the coarse iron ore to the delicate steel hand, and is increased in value a thousand-fold in the process, is usually brought forward as an instance of the great value added by labor. But in every step of the process capital, in the shape of machinery, is employed, and the laborer might work a thousand years without accomplishing the desired result, did not capital step in and assist him. When the millennium shall have arrived and newspapers shall have become as honest as the Populists are ignorant, we may expect to have an end of the stupid inveighing against wealth, but hardly before.

The new departure inaugurated by the Rev. John E. Fray, of the Duryea Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in having the prettiest girls of his flock officiate as ushers, is likely to accomplish the desired object in drawing young men to the church. It is in line with the sensational preaching of Mr. Talmage and of the late Mr. Spurgeon, of London, which fulfilled its purpose by drawing crowds to the sanctuary. These reformers reason that if they can once attract sinners within the range of their fire, they will bring them down and hag them.

In New York, opinion is divided on the merits of the innovation—one party holding that the lady ushers are an attractive feature of the services, while another declares that using pretty girls as decoys is degrading to the influence unconsciously exercised in the church by feminine piety. The controversy is not new. It is at least as old as the Reformation. One of the complaints of the Calvinists was that the Roman Church relied upon the meretricious aid of show, and music, and incense to hold believers; whereas they should be drawn to the church by pure reason only. There was a good deal of pretty writing on both sides, but when all the arguments were in, sensible people inclined to the notion that the devil ought not to have a monopoly of the allurements which appeal to the eye, and the ear, and the nostril. Thus most of the Protestant churches retained enough of the Catholic forms to make their services attractive to persons who did not care much about doctrine. Not so the Presbyterians. John Knox and his coadjutors scented satanic influence in music, and poetry, and sweet savors, and bright shows; they eschewed them as symbols of superstition. They accepted the hymn-book only on condition that it should not contain a line which could fairly be accused of being poetic, and they allowed the voices of the congregation to rise in chant only with the understanding that their melody should be of a kind to which no one would willingly listen.

The Duryea Presbyterians of Brooklyn have now joined a society called the Society of Christian Endeavor, which

has for its object the revival of the religious instinct among the masses. Mr. Fray argues that if he can draw the crowd by getting his prettiest girls to act as ushers, he would be derelict in his duty to his society if he neglected so to do. In this, reasonable people will agree with him. He is bound to use all lawful and proper means to entice people, and especially young men, into a place where they shall have no choice but to hear what he has to say. In so doing, he violates no law of propriety. Nor do the young lady ushers expose themselves to a charge of immodesty by taking strangers by the hand and leading them to a pew where they shall be exposed to his raking fire. If the end be pure, it justifies the means.

A sneering cynic observes that the employment of girls as ushers in church is like having pretty harlots and pretty waiter-girls to stimulate the custom of saloons and restaurants. What if it is? Shall the devil have all the beauty that is going? If Beelzebub corals all the bright eyes, and laughing mouths, and rosy cheeks, leaving to the church nothing but tough old maids, with red noses and rasping voices, how can it be expected that young men of taste will eschew the spot where they compound mixed drinks for the gloomy chapel where the prayers must be taken standing and last half an hour? There must be some reason in these things. Man is a composite animal. He has senses as well as intellect, body as well as mind. If you desire to capture him you will not neglect either vulnerable spot. Your chance of converting him to the doctrine of predestination will be the better if you can soothe his soul into a quiescent frame by the seduction of sweet sounds and the contemplation of beauty. Among the best of us the animal instinct is stronger than ascetics imagine. No higher type of the metaphysical theologian ever lived than Jonathan Edwards; but if he had not seen Sarah Pierrepont's pretty ankles as she was swinging in her garden, he might have lived and died a bachelor, and Aaron Burr might never have lurched the frontispiece of our history.

Since the abolition of nunneries, the sex has never fulfilled its religious duty. Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Protestant Sisterhoods, are faint substitutes for the vigorous organizations of females which, in the early days of the church, held men to the right path by the clutch which an attractive woman can lay upon a man of sensibility. There was a time when the most powerful members of the hierarchy were deaconesses. To curb their growing authority it became necessary to deprive them of the privilege of performing the rite of baptism. It is the least the girls of our period can do to follow the example of their ancestresses and take such share as they may in religious services. It is not more seemly now than it was in the days of St. Paul that a woman should be heard from in the pulpit; but there are other offices which she can fill without sacrifice of delicacy, and one of these is that which has been instituted in the Duryea Church. Many a young man who now wastes his Sunday morning would go to church if he could reckon on being welcomed by a pretty, kindly, modest maiden, who would requite his attendance with a friendly smile—a harpinger, perhaps, of a future acquaintance which might ripen into intimacy.

The employment of convicts in making and improving roads has been advocated in these columns. The experiment has been tried in New York and the result has been extremely satisfactory. A small number of convicts confined in the Clinton State Prison were recently so employed under the direction of the State engineer. The experiment is still new, but the engineer reports that the convicts are doing good work and are giving little trouble, and it is probable that the system will be extended until a large portion of the convicts of the State are so employed. It is true that the conditions are more favorable in New York, where the country is thickly populated, than they would be in some parts of this State. But with active guards, known to the convicts to be determined to defeat any attempt at escape, there would be comparatively little danger of an outbreak. The experiment is well worth trying here, and the result would undoubtedly establish its wisdom.

Russia and Germany are now engaged in a tariff war that the people of this country can afford to look upon with perfect equanimity. The early reports in Germany indicated that the crop in that country would be unusually light. Thereupon, Russia, always ready to turn an honest penny at the expense of her neighbor, applied her maximum tariff on German products. It was the expectation of Russia that Germany would have to call on her for the deficiency in the supply of grain, and, therefore, would not dare to retaliate. But later crop reports were more favorable, and Germany retaliated by increasing the tariff on Russian products fifty per cent. The result will be decreased trade and increased friction between the two countries, and during this complication the United States can step in and get a good share of the patronage of both.

THE SCARLET BLOSSOM.

A Tale of Madness.

The words, "In the name of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Peter the First, I announce the inspection of this asylum," were uttered in a harsh, strident voice.

The secretary of the asylum, who was entering the name of the patient in a large book, could not restrain a smile. But the two young men who had escorted him did not laugh; they could hardly keep erect on their feet after spending forty-eight sleepless hours alone with the madman whom they had just brought by train. He was a terrible figure. Above his suit of gray clothes, which had been torn to shreds in his fits of violence, he wore a loosely shaped jacket of coarse sail-cloth; long sleeves held his arms crossed over his breast, and were then tied behind his back. His bloodshot, widely staring eyes (he had not slept for ten nights) shone with an eager, restless glare; his lower lip worked with a nervous, convulsive movement; his tangled, curly hair fell like a mane over his forehead; he strode, with a quick, heavy step, from one corner of the office to the other, observing curiously the old bookshelves and oil-cloth-covered chairs, and, from time to time, glanced at his fellow-travelers.

"Take him away to the ward—on the right."

"I know—I know. I was here last year with you. We inspected the asylum. I know all about it, and it would be difficult to deceive me," added the patient.

He turned to the door. The keeper opened it for him, and, with the same quick, heavy, decided step, he left the office and turned almost at a run into the asylum buildings. His companions could hardly keep up with him.

"Ring the bell. I can not—my hands are tied."

The porter opened the door, and the travelers entered the asylum.

The fresh arrival was taken into the bath-room. Even on a healthy man it would have made a dismal impression; but on a deranged, excited imagination it reacted in a most painful manner. It was a large, vaulted room, with a greasy, stone floor, lit by a single window placed in one corner; the walls and vaulted ceiling were painted with dark-red oil paint; sunk into the floor, so as to be on a level with its blackened and grimy surface, were two stone baths, like two oval holes, filled with water. A large brass stove, with a cylindrical boiler for heating the water, and a long array of brass pipes and taps occupied the corner opposite the window. The whole impressed a deranged mind as a place of the most unusual and fantastic character, and the warder who superintended the bath-room—a stout, silent little Russian, with a gloomy countenance—only added to the depressing effect.

And when the patient was conducted into this alarming chamber, to be given a bath, and, in accordance with the medical treatment prescribed by the celebrated doctor who directed the asylum, to have a large blister placed on the back of his neck, he was seized with rage and terror. Absurd ideas, each one more fantastic than the last, chased each other through his brain. What was this place? The Inquisition? A secret prison, where his enemies could make away with him? Possibly hell itself. It occurred to him finally that this was some place of probation. In spite of his frantic resistance, several warders succeeded in undressing him. With the strength of madness he broke away from them, throwing them to the ground. At length four of them succeeded in dragging him down, and, seizing him by the arms and legs, they thrust him into the warm water. To him it seemed he was boiling, and there rose up in his deranged brain incoherent memories of trials by boiling water or by red-hot iron. Choking with the water and struggling convulsively in spite of the warders, who continued to hold him firmly down, he shrieked out disconnected words which it would have been impossible to understand, even had any one taken the trouble to listen to him. Prayers and curses were intermingled. He screamed until he had exhausted himself, and then, gently, with bitter tears, he repeated over and over again a sentence which had absolutely no connection with his previous utterances: "Blessed Martyr Gregory, into thy hands I commend my body. But my soul—ah, no, no."

The warders still continued to hold him down, although by this time he had grown quieter. The warm bath, together with the bag of ice placed upon his head, was beginning to take effect. But when they lifted him nearly unconscious out of the water, and placed him on a seat, in order to put on the bluster, his wild thoughts and his remnant of strength once more burst forth.

"What for? What for?" he exclaimed. "I have never wished evil to any one. Why should you kill me? Oh, my God! Oh, you, who have been martyred before me! I beseech you to spare me!"

The burning sensation at the back of his neck made him struggle in utter desperation. The attendants were quite unable to restrain him, and did not know what course to pursue. "It is no use," said the soldier who was superintending the operation; "we shall have to take it off again."

At these simple words the invalid shuddered with terror. "Take it off! Take off what? Off whom? Off me!" he thought, and in deadly fear he shut his eyes. The soldier, taking a rough towel by its two ends and twisting it up tightly, suddenly passed it over the back of the patient's neck, rubbing off the blister and with it the outer skin, and thus disclosing a reddish scar. The pain of the operation, hardly perceptible to a tranquil and healthy person, seemed to the lunatic the end of all things. In his despair he struggled with all his might, broke away from his keepers, and fell naked on the stone floor. It seemed to him as though his head had been cut off. He attempted to scream, but could not. He was carried to his hammock in a state of unconsciousness, which passed into a long, deep, and death-like sleep.

He came to his senses in the night. Everything was

silent; from the large room next to his, came the sound of the breathing of the patients. Somewhere, in the distance, a patient in a strange, monotonous voice talked to himself as he spent the night in the dark room; upstairs, in the women's quarter, a hoarse, contralto voice sang some wild song. Our invalid listened to these sounds. He suffered from fearful weakness and exhaustion through all his limbs, and his neck pained him extremely.

"Where am I? What is the matter with me?" he asked himself. And then suddenly, with marvelous clearness, he realized the whole of his life during the preceding month, and he understood that he was ill and in what way he was ill. A long array of senseless thoughts, words, and deeds came back to his memory, and made him shudder through his whole being.

"But it is ended, thank God! It is ended!" he murmured, and once more he fell asleep.

"How are you feeling?" the doctor asked him on the following day.

The patient had only just awakened and still lay beneath his blankets. "Very well," he answered, as he jumped out of bed, put on his slippers, and seized his dressing-gown. "First-rate! There is only one thing—there!" And he pointed to the back of his neck. "I can not turn my head without pain. But that is of no consequence. Nothing matters if one can only understand, and I do understand."

"You realize where you are?"

"Perfectly, doctor! I am in the mad asylum. But if one only understands, everything comes to the same; nothing really matters."

The doctor looked fixedly into the eyes of his patient. His handsome, sympathetic face, with the well-brushed, golden beard, and the tranquil blue eyes glancing out from under the fair lashes, was immovable and undecipherable. He was on the watch.

"Why do you observe me so closely? You can not read what is in my mind," continued the invalid, "and I can read so clearly in yours. Why do you do what is wrong? Why do you collect together this crowd of unfortunate beings, and keep them shut up here? It does not matter to me; I understand all about it, and am quite quiet; but for them! What is the use of such suffering? For a man who has attained to the height of great thoughts—universal thoughts—it does not in the least matter where he lives, what he undergoes, or even whether he lives at all! Is it not so?"

"Possibly," answered the doctor, as he sat down on a chair in a corner of the room, in order the better to watch his patient, who strode rapidly to and fro in his enormous horse-skin slippers, sweeping the floor with his dressing-gown, which was made of some cotton material, adorned with broad red stripes and bunches of flowers. The assistant-surgeon and the superintendent, meanwhile, stood at the door, according to the regulations.

"And now I possess the truth," exclaimed the patient; "and when I discovered it, it seemed to me as though I had been born again. My senses became keener, and my brain worked as it had never worked before. What in former times I could attain only by a long process of reasoning and conjecture, I now know by instinct. I have reached in reality to that which has been worked out by the philosophers. I have learned to know that the great ideas of space and time are fiction only. I live in all centuries. I live without space, everywhere or nowhere, just as you please. Consequently, it is all the same to me whether you keep me here or let me go, whether I am free or in prison. I have observed that there are one or two people here who resemble me in this respect. But for all the rest, the position is a horrible one. Why do you not release them? For whom is it necessary—"

"You said," interrupted the doctor, "that you live outside time and space. Nevertheless, you surely can not deny that we are here with you in this room, and that it is now"—here the doctor drew out his watch—"half-past eleven o'clock, of the sixth of May, of the year 18—. What do you make of that?"

"Nothing at all. It is all the same to me where we are, or when we live. If it is all the same to me, does not that show that I exist always and everywhere?"

The doctor smiled. "Curious logic," he remarked, as he rose from his chair. "Well, perhaps you are right. Good-bye. Won't you have a cigar?"

"Thanks!" He stood up, took the cigar, and nervously bit off the end. "It helps one to think," he said. "This world is a microcosm. At one end, alkalies; at the other, acids. Such is the equilibrium of the world, in which opposite elements neutralize each other. Good-bye, doctor." And the invalid, left to himself, continued to stride impetuously from one corner to the other of his room.

They brought him a large cup of tea, and, without sitting down, he tossed it off at a single gulp, and in a moment ate up the large slice of white bread. Then he left the room, and for the next few hours he strode without intermission with his quick, heavy step, up and down, from one end of the building to the other.

The day was rainy, so the patients were unable to go out in the garden. When the assistant-doctor came to look for the new patient, he found him at the end of the corridor. There he stood, his face pressed against the panes of the glazed garden door, staring fixedly at the flower beds. His attention had been arrested by an extraordinarily brilliant red flower, one of the poppy species.

"Will you come to be weighed?" said the surgeon, touching him on the shoulder. But when his patient turned his face toward him, he well nigh staggered with terror, such wild anger and hatred shone out of the madman's eyes. On seeing the surgeon, however, he immediately changed the expression of his countenance, and followed him submissively without a word, as though he were sunk in deep thought. They entered the doctor's consulting-room; the patient stepped of his own accord on to the platform of a small decimal weighing-machine; after weighing him, the surgeon entered the amount—one hundred and nine pounds—in a book, opposite his name. The following day the

weight had fallen to one hundred and seven; on the third day, to one hundred and six pounds.

"If he goes on much longer like this, he can't live," said the doctor, and he ordered that the patient be given as much nourishing food as possible.

But in spite of this and in spite of his exceptionally good appetite, the invalid grew steadily worse, and each day the assistant-surgeon entered a yet smaller and smaller number of pounds weight. The invalid hardly ever slept, and spent the whole day in incessant motion.

In the meanwhile, the weather had become fine and bright, and the patients spent the whole day in the open air in the garden. The superintendent made all the inmates help in the garden who were fit for the work; all day long they swept and sprinkled the paths with sand, or weeded and watered the flowers. Not far from the front porch, there grew three poppy plants of some special variety; it had a much smaller bloom than the ordinary kind and was further distinguished by the extreme brilliancy of its scarlet color. This was the flower, the sight of which had so staggered our invalid when, on the day of his arrival, he had looked out into the garden through the glazed door.

On going out for the first time, even before descending the porch-steps, he stopped to look at the brilliant flower. It grew a little apart from the other plants and in a somewhat neglected spot, so that only thick hog-weed and high grass surrounded it.

The patients filed out one by one through the door, near which stood a warder, who handed to each a thick, white, knitted-cotton cap, with a red cross on the front. These caps had been worn through a campaign and had been bought at auction. But our invalid, as a matter of course, imagined that this red cross had some special secret meaning. He took off his cap and looked at the cross and then at the poppy. The color of the flower was the brighter of the two.

"The cross conquers," said the patient; "but who knows?" And he walked down from the porch. Looking round, but without noticing the warder, who was standing behind him, he stepped across the border and stretched out his hand toward the flower, but could not make up his mind to gather it. He felt a sudden heat and pain in his outstretched arm, and then through his whole body; it was as if a powerful current of some hidden and unknown force had passed from the scarlet petals and penetrated through his whole being. He drew still nearer and stretched out his hand to the blossom itself, but the flower, so it seemed to him, defended itself and emitted a poisonous, deadly breath. His head grew dizzy; he made a last despairing effort and had already seized the poppy-stem, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. It was the warder who held him back.

"You must not pick it," said the old Russian; "and do not walk on the flower-beds. There are a number of you here in the asylum; if every one were to take a flower the whole garden would soon disappear," he continued, persuasively, still holding him by the shoulder.

The madman looked him in the face, silently freed himself from his grasp, and walked away down the path in great agitation.

"Oh, miserable men!" he thought; "you are so utterly blind that you do not even see that you are defending it. But, nevertheless, I shall make away with it. If not to-day, then to-morrow, we will measure our strength. And even were I to perish, it would make no difference."

He had well-nigh forgotten about the flower, when, in leaving the garden and mounting the porch steps, once more he saw what appeared to be two glowing coals among the thick grass, which looked dark in the twilight and was already covered with dew. Then he separated himself from the rest, dropped behind the warder, and awaited a favorable moment. Nobody noticed how he sprang across the flower-bed, seized the flower, and hastily concealed it in his breast, under his shirt. When the cold, dewy leaves came in contact with his skin, he grew deadly pale and his eyes stared wide open in horror, while a cold sweat gathered on his forehead.

The lamps in the asylum were alight; while waiting for supper, most of the inmates lay down on their beds, only a few of the more restless walking rapidly up and down the rooms and passages. Among these was the patient with the flower.

As he walked he held his arms convulsively crossed on his breast; it seemed as though he wished to crush and destroy the hidden plant. When he met any of his companions, he carefully evaded them, as though fearing to touch them even with the hem of his coat. "Do not come near me, do not touch me!" he exclaimed. But in the asylum such exclamations attracted no attention. And he strode up and down, ever faster and faster, with longer and longer step, for one, two hours, in a fit of fury.

"I destroy thee! I crush thee!" he repeated, sullenly and angrily, and from time to time ground his teeth in his rage.

At length, supper was laid in the dining-room. A few who indulged in food of a superior quality were served apart. Our invalid, having hurriedly swallowed his portion, which had been brought him by the warder who had summoned him into his room, was dissatisfied with what he had received and entered the general dining-room.

"Have the goodness to let me eat here," he said to the superintendent.

"Have you not had your supper?" asked that official, as he poured a further supply of gruel into the bowls.

"I am very hungry, and it is necessary for me to have sustaining food. All my strength is derived from my food; you are aware that I simply do not sleep at all."

"Eat as much as you like, my dear fellow. Taras, give him a spoon and some bread."

He sat down in front of one of the bowls and consumed a second large helping of gruel.

"Come, come! That will do," said the superintendent, at last, when all the inmates had finished their supper, and our patient still sat on in front of a bowl, ladling up gruel

out of it with one hand, while he held the other tightly clasped on his breast. "You will over-eat yourself."

"Oh, if you only knew what strength I require—what strength! Good-bye, Nicholas Nicholaich," said the invalid, rising from his chair and shaking the superintendent warmly by the hand. "Good-bye!"

"Why, where are you going?" asked the superintendent, with a smile.

"I? Nowhere. I shall remain here. But possibly tomorrow we may not see each other. I thank you for all your kindness."

And once more he warmly clasped the official's hand, while his voice trembled and tears stood in his eyes.

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow, calm yourself," said the superintendent. "What is the use of such morbid thoughts. Go and lie down; you ought to have more sleep; if you could only sleep well, you would soon be all right. Try, now, to take a nap."

Half an hour later everybody in the asylum was asleep except one man, who lay, still dressed, on his bed in the corner room. He shivered as though in high fever, and convulsively clutched his breast, which seemed to him to be impregnated with some unheard-of deadly poison.

He had plucked the flower, because he saw that his doing so was something which he was bound to do. The blood-red petals had attracted his attention at his very first glance through the glazed door, and it seemed to him that he had fully realized at that moment exactly what he was destined to accomplish on earth. In this scarlet blossom was concentrated all the evil of the world.

It was necessary to pluck and destroy it. But this was not all—he must prevent it, with its last dying breath, from pouring out all its evil on the world. That was why he hid it away in his breast. He hoped that before morning the blossom would have spent all its force. The evil spirit would have been transferred to his breast, to his soul; and there it would either conquer or be conquered. Then he himself would perish and die; but he would die as an honorable warrior, as the first champion of humanity, for, until then, no one had dared to bid defiance to all the evil of the world at once.

The patient felt that the evil spirit wound itself out of the flower in long, winding streams, like serpents; they encircled him, squeezing and pressing his limbs and restraining his whole body in a ghastly imprisonment. He wept and prayed to God in the intervals between the curses which he poured out on his enemy.

In the morning they found him dead. His face was peaceful and serene; his wasted features, with the thin lips and the deeply sunken, closed eyes, were illuminated by a look of proud happiness. They tried to unclasp his hand in order to take away the scarlet blossom. But the hand had stiffened, and he carried his trophy to the grave.—*Translated from the Russian of Vsyevolod Garshin.*

Young gentlemen who intend to compete for the prizes offered by James Gordon Bennett for the best political "leaders" written by college undergraduates, may do worse than to read, learn, and inwardly digest the following remarks in *Harper's Weekly*: "In composing political 'leaders' for newspapers it is of importance, first, to say something; second, to say it so that it will be read. If any aspirant for Mr. Bennett's prizes finds that he can not do both of these desirable things, let him concentrate his energies on the second one. To say nothing in particular may seem hardly worth while; but, from the newspaper point of view, it is vastly better to say nothing to somebody than to say something to nobody. A newspaper that is published every day in the year is sure to have some dull days and some waiting days, on which the man who can say nothing in particular about politics, and say it with such wisdom and grace that it is worth reading, gets ample opportunity to earn his pay. Political silence is oftentimes too invaluable to be marred by the alloy of actual speech; but dead silence in any company is embarrassing, and to temper it with an appearance of talk that occupies the ear without leaving any sediment in the mind, is a useful sort of jugglery by which, if nothing better offers, a pen-and-ink living may sometimes be earned."

When Mr. Vanderbilt was purchasing his nine-thousand-acre tract of land in North Carolina, he found right in the centre of it fourteen acres owned by an old negro named Jerry Collins. The remainder of the land was easily secured, but Jerry was not to be thrown out. He finally named a price which was five hundred dollars more than Mr. Vanderbilt had offered him and about five hundred times more than the land was really worth. His price was at first refused, but, at last, when Mr. Vanderbilt came to Uncle Jerry's terms, the negro refused to sell at any price, remarking that the greatest desire of his life had been good neighbors, and, as he was now Mr. Vanderbilt's nearest neighbor, he should decline to sell and move into a less aristocratic neighborhood. Mr. Vanderbilt has had the lot fenced in, but, of course, he is compelled to allow Uncle Jerry an outlet.

The bicyclist's stoop (*kyphosis bicyclistanum*) seems to be practically confined to boys. Girls ride bicycles more and more, but for some reason they do not find it necessary to hunch their shoulders forward and double themselves over the handles of their machines. Perhaps that is because they are vainer than the boys and care more how they look. Perhaps it is merely because they have more sense. Perhaps there is another reason still, and the mothers of stooping cyclists might correct their youngsters' deformity by putting them into corsets.

Harris, the composer of "After the Ball," will make over one hundred thousand dollars out of his song. He publishes it himself at a cost of four cents a copy and makes sixteen cents clear on every copy sold to music-dealers.

OLD FAVORITES.

Where shall the Lover Rest?
Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast—
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the fair billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu lora
Soft shall be his pillow.
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are lavioing;
There, where the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs wavioing;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never!
Eleu lora
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could wio maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying:
Eleu lora
There shall he be lying.
Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall bellow it
Never, O never!
Eleu lora
Never, O never!—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Sisters.

We were two daughters of one race:
She was the fairest in the face;
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revoege became me well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame:
She mixed her ancient blood with shame.
The wio is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait:
O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upoo my lap he laid his head:
O the Earl was fair to see!

I kissed his eyelids into rest:
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passioing well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabbed him through and through.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I curled aod combed his comely head,
He looked so grand wheo he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!—*Lord Tennyson.*

The Mother's Last Song.

Sleep! The ghostly winds are blowing,
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire),
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel deeps,
Aod bide in the deepest depths—aod die?
—*Barry Cornwall.*

Eveleo's Bower.

O weep for the hour
When to Eveleo's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came!
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds passed soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
Aod beaveo
Smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleo's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor;
Aod many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleo's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace
Oo the path where the false lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alooe cao remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleo's fame.
—*Thomas Moore.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The death of Jacob, the renowned fencing-master, has caused very widespread regret. He was the fencing-master in particular of the journalists of Paris.

George B. McClellan, not yet twenty-eight years of age, only son of the great war general of the same name, formerly a newspaper reporter and now president of the New York Board of Aldermen, is the acting mayor of New York while Mayor Gilroy is sojourning in Maine. He is the youngest man who ever sat in that chair.

Postmaster-General Bissell is too heavy to get about much, and when he plants himself in his chair behind the great glass-covered desk on which Mr. John Wanamaker had a complete postal map of the United States framed, he is almost anchored, sitting there steadily and only half-rising to give a fat, chubby hand to his callers.

Sir Samuel Lewis, who has just been raised by Queen Victoria to the dignity of a "knight of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George," is a full-blooded, coal-black negro, who, having taken his degree at the London University, is now a member of the legislative council of Sierra Leone. It is the first time that a British order of knighthood has ever been conferred upon an African.

His Excellency Herr von Brandt, formerly German Ambassador in China, is now living with his wife in Wiesbaden. Herr von Brandt, it may be remembered, resigned his post because the emperor would not grant him permission to marry the daughter of the American Consul-General in Korea. He was one of the most distinguished members of the German Diplomatic Corps. For many years he was dean of the foreign representatives living at Pekin.

Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, of the Tenth United States Cavalry, who is reported to have been drowned near Fort Custer, Mont., was the *beau-ideal* of a soldier, being of commanding physique, muscular, and active. Many stories are told of his bravery on the frontier. On one occasion, in 1885, he rescued a colored corporal who had been wounded by the Apaches and left on the field. At the risk of his own life Lieutenant Clarke carried the corporal on his back to a place of safety. For this act he received a medal.

Congressmen Holman, of Indiana, and O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, bid fair to beat the record. Each is now entering upon his fifteenth term, and no man has ever served thirty years in the House of Representatives, though Judge William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, would have done so had he lived to the end of the term he was serving when he died. Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, has been in the House and Senate together thirty-eight years, and Thomas H. Benton ("Old Bullion") was in the Senate thirty years and afterward in the House.

Dr. John Rae, whose death at the ripe age of eighty years is announced from London, was, perhaps, the most famous of Arctic explorers after Sir John Franklin. To Dr. Rae's tireless energy is almost wholly due the determination of the entire coast line of the North American continent facing the Arctic Archipelago. In the pursuit of this end, both as leader of a number of overland expeditions in search of Franklin and later on in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, he traveled over twenty-three thousand miles in sledges, boats, and on snow-shoes. Measured merely by the number of his discoveries, he stands easily first among Arctic geographers.

Sir Henry Blake, governor of the British colony of Jamaica, now on his way back from England to his post, is a brother-in-law of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and altogether a self-made man. Lady Blake is his second wife, and it was owing to a scape-grace son by his first marriage that he was forced to content himself with the governorship of Jamaica instead of the far more lucrative and important post of governor of Victoria, to which he had been gazetted in the first place. Sir Henry's son is married to a barmaid and lives in Victoria, where the existence of the couple is not of a particularly reputable character. The present Lady Blake, like her sister, the Duchess of St. Albans, has Hebrew blood in her veins, being a daughter of the well-known wit and diner-out, Bernal Osborne.

Professor Koch, the Berlin discoverer of the so-called consumption cure, has recently, it is said, secured a divorce from his wife, a very estimable woman, and has married an actress, telling his friends that if they want his society in future it must always include that of the present "Frau doctor." Berlin has made no outspoken objection, but in the little Harz mountain village of Clausthal, where Professor Koch was born, and where he has been regarded as the man who sheds the greatest glory on the place, his conduct has raised considerable commotion. Within a few weeks five hundred women of that village went in a body to the place where a tablet had for some years marked the birth spot of this illustrious citizen, and with their own hands tore it down, saying, "they would have no man honored in Clausthal who had so dishonored his own wife."

The Duke of Beaufort, who now is staying at Newport, is a notable patron of the stage, and figured prominently two years ago as the protector of the Gaiety actress and skirt-dancer, Connie Gilchrist, who is now married to the young Earl of Orkney, the duke having given her away in *loco parentis* at the marriage ceremony. The fair Connie's memorable visit to his country-seat at Badminton, while his wife and daughters were staying there, occurred previous to her marriage. The duke is the father of that degraded creature, Lord Arthur Somerset, the ex-equerly of the Prince of Wales, who was forced to fly from England in consequence of his connection with the horrible Cleveland Street scandal. His family have done everything in their power to rehabilitate him in the eyes of the world, and have sought in vain to effect a reconciliation with the Prince of Wales.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

New London, July 17th.—Day before yesterday the Larchmont Club started on its annual cruise, to last a week. The first day's run was to New Haven, the second to this port. There was not a very good sailing breeze, hence the time was not fast. To-morrow we sail for Newport.

Last night I went in to the Pequot House, to see if there was any mail. The Pequot House was once one of the leading summer resorts of New England. Perhaps it is still, to an extent, but has lost much of its ancient glory. A newer hotel on the opposite side of the river, the Fort Griswold House, has drawn away many of the maidens who formerly adorned the verandas of the Pequot.

It was Sunday evening. There were notices posted around, announcing that "divine service would be held" at various places which were specified. A Sabbath quiet brooded over the hotel—it seemed almost deserted. After going to the office, I walked toward the hotel "parlor," whence sounds of music came. This was rather surprising, for it was in Connecticut, and music on Sunday night in Connecticut amazed me. In the Land of Wooden Nutmegs they do not even allow railway trains to run across the State on Sunday, hence my surprise. When I reached the "parlor," I found that apartment to be one of those charming rooms found only in hotels. It had a number of horse-hair chairs ranged stiffly against the wall, a horse-hair "sofa," and a marble-topped table, with gilded legs. On the table reposed several volumes—from past experience in New England hotels I divined the library to consist of a Bible, a hotel directory, and a Patent-Office report. Seated at this table was a spinster of about fifty—she was a spinster, if ever there was one—thin, angular, sharp-nosed, and clad in black bombazine. In her claw-like hands she held the hotel Bible, over the top of which she glanced at times with an expression of acid disapproval upon her thin lips. In one corner of the room, behind a screen, was what is generally called "a macaroni band," consisting of three Italian fiddlers and a harpist. They were playing "The Sweet By and Bye," and playing it very badly indeed, if that exhilarating melody can be played badly.

This was the front of a New England hotel. Now for the back.

In the rear of the Pequot House is the "club-room." This on Sundays is supposed to be tightly closed. As a matter of fact, the back door was open, and around this back door was a mob of men. Sailors from fishing-smacks, sailors from yachts, longshoremen, and negroes made up this motley mob. All were more or less drunk. They were being served with liquor, while a sober stranger who wanted to sit down in the "club-house" and drink a glass of wine with a friend would have been told that "no intoxicating beverages are served on Sunday."

This is probably the Connecticut idea of decency and temperance—a "sacred connect" in front, and a mob of drunken negroes and longshoremen at the back door.

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Newport, July 19th.—Last night we anchored at Newport, having come around Point Judith at ten o'clock.

"Pint Jude" has an evil reputation among mariners—the whitening bones of an old wreck decorate to-day the extremity of the Point. Many a good ship has been wrecked upon and between Watch Hill Reef and Point Judith. Passengers on the Sound boats share the feelings of mariners concerning the Point—many a man who has just finished an excellent dinner, including "a large cold hottle and a small hot bird," and who has just lighted a fat, black cigar, and is pacing the deck at peace with the world and stuck on himself, stops suddenly as the boat rounds Point Jude. It is the long Atlantic swell that heats upon the Point, and it seems seriously to disturb the stomachs of many people. After two minutes the gentleman with the large black cigar stops smoking; after five minutes he throws his cigar away; and after ten minutes he suddenly seeks his state-room.

I have been around Point Judith five or six times—sometimes on yachts and sometimes on the Fall River boats. I had never been around by night in a yacht, and once when I went around in a heavy fog it was on the big steamer, *Pilgrim*. All my yachting trips had been by day, sometimes with a stiff breeze, but never in a fog. This trip, however, was on a yacht, by night, and in a dense fog.

It is very different—being in a fog at sea aboard of a steamship and aboard of a yacht. In the first case, you are reasonably certain, in case of a collision, to stand as good a show as the other boat—perhaps a better one, for a large vessel under steam is apt to run down a small vessel under sail. But when you are aboard of the small boat under sail, you feel that you would like to give a wide berth to steamers.

None the less, the sail was most exciting. Around us in the black fog sounded bells from the hell buoys on rocks far out at sea, while hoarse blasts every now and then indicated the proximity of a steamer. Far off could be heard the dull monotone of the fog-siren on Point Judith. In the bow of our yacht we had a seaman sounding a fog-trumpet worked by a machine. From time to time a sickly glimmer through the fog would indicate the port or starboard light of a vessel as we passed or met some craft bound east or west. Once a large three-masted schooner started out of the dark. She was right across our bows, and we just missed her. As she shot by, her steersman yelled:

"Any more of them yachts comin'?"

Quick went the answering shout:

"A whole fleet!"

And as the schooner disappeared in the darkness, there was a faint sound of curses wafted back upon the wind.

We were whirling through the water—the way we passed the schooner showed that. And the next moment we picked up the lights of a big steamer—she was ahead of us about four points on the starboard bow, as her lights showed.

Presently we uncovered both her red and her green lights, and left her astern. She was evidently one of the big Providence freight-boats; they are not very fast, but we must have been moving pretty rapidly to drop her as we did.

But the wind suddenly stopped. It did not die away—it stopped. Where a minute before we had been scudding through the water, now she had no way on her. We lay there rolling in the long ocean swell, around us the dense fog, while overhead the sails flapped and the blocks rattled, as the hooms hanged to and fro with the rolling of the boat.

It was exhilarating before. But to be hecalmed under such circumstances is unpleasant. It is not agreeable to be hecalmed even on a pleasant afternoon, with the sun shining. But to be hecalmed at night—in a black fog—in the track of a number of steamers, which are running along while you have to stand still without being able to get out of their way—this is distinctly depressing.

But a little whisper of wind came up at last, and we slowly drifted into Newport.

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Manhansett, July 21st.—The Larchmont cruise closed with a reception aboard the flag-ship, the *Dawnless*. The fleet was anchored off Shelter Island. All the yachts were dressed with hunting, and as the gigs and launches plied to and fro, threading their way through the scores of yachts, loaded down with girls smartly dressed in yachting togs, the scene was a very pretty one. The mimic display of naval etiquette, the commodore's pennant flying, the salutes, the signals to the fleet and the replies, the natty seamen at the gangways to handle the incoming boats—all made a striking picture. Then there was a series of races for the yachts' crews—prizes for gigs, for cutters, for dinghies, and for naphtha launches. These were all hotly contested, and very exciting. The whole affair was admirably managed, and most successful.

Talking of signals, when the fleet was coming to anchor at Morris Cove, the *Azalea* came up the harbor, with a string of signals fluttering from the halliards. Thinking it might be a distress signal, scores of glasses were fastened upon her, and the signals were spelled out by the signal-book. When interpreted, they read:

"There are no words in the signal-code to express what we desire to say."

Then it was noticed that the *Azalea* had carried away her topmast.

**

Glen Cove, July 24th.—In a few days the New York Yacht Club begins here its annual cruise. The races and cruise are to last for a week and the number of vessels entered is nearly two hundred. This is but one of the scores of yachting clubs.

The number of pleasure craft in these Atlantic waters is extraordinary. I have just looked over "The American Yacht List for 1893" and the number of vessels there entered as belonging to clubs is two thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight! Many of these, of course, are small sloops and yawls, but hundreds of them are big schooners and steamers. There are, in fact, four hundred and sixty-eight yachts entered on the list as steam yachts. A few notes culled at random from the long list will not be without interest. This gives a few of the owners of steam yachts:

Elbridge T. Gerry—*Electra*: iron; screw schooner; length, 174 feet.

Perry Belmont—*Golden Fleece*: composite; auxiliary screw schooner; length, 125 feet.

Lloyd Phenix—*Intrepid*: steel; auxiliary 3-mast screw schooner; length, 163 feet.

John H. Flagler—*Isolene*: composite; screw schooner; length, 134 feet.

August Belmont—*Itawa*: steel; Lloyd's 100 A1; 2 decks, 4 bulkheads; screw schooner; length, 140 feet.

Rev. William L. Moore—*Kanapoha*: iron; screw schooner; length, 185 feet.

Rev. William L. Moore—*Lagonda*: screw schooner; length, 139 feet.

Grace W. James, Sarah E. Campbell—*Marguerite*: screw schooner; length, 87 feet.

E. D. Morgan—*May*: steel; 2 decks, 6 bulkheads; electric light; length, 226 feet.

Horace Daniel's Estate—*Norma*: screw schooner; length, 150 feet.

John J. Astor—*Nourmahal*: steel; 2 decks, 6 bulkheads; length, 246 feet.

Joseph Pulitzer—*Romola*: screw schooner; length, 186 feet; iron; 3 masts, 2 decks.

Edgar Scott—*Sagamore*: steam; 3-masted screw topsail schooner; length, 186 feet.

Henry M. Flagler—*Alicia*: screw schooner; steel; length, 180 feet; brevet under Lloyd's inspection; rated 100 A.

Henry M. Flagler—*Adelante*: screw steamer; length, 48 feet.

George J. Gould—*Atlanta*: screw schooner; iron; 2 decks, 3 masts; steel; length, 243 feet.

Alexander Brown—*Ballymena*: screw schooner; steel; length, 148 feet.

Fred W. Vanderbilt—*Conqueror*: iron; screw schooner; length, 203 feet.

J. Pierpont Morgan—*Corsair*: steel; screw schooner; length, 241 feet.

W. J. White—*Say When*: composite; screw schooner; length, 138 feet.

A. B. Claffin—*Seneca*: screw schooner; length, 148 feet.

James Gordon Bennett—*Namouna*: 3-masted; iron; steel decks; screw schooner; length, 226 feet.

James Gordon Bennett—*Sereda*: steel; 4 bulkheads; twin-screw schooner; length, 93 feet.

Henry E. Abbey, James H. Breslin, Henry R. Wolcott—*Stella*: screw schooner; length, 68 feet.

Trenor L. Park—*Sultana*: steel; 3 masts; rated *A1, 20 years; auxiliary screw, topsail-yard schooner; length, 187 feet.

Louise E. Bates—*Elf*: screw schooner; length, 78 feet. W. Seward Wehh—*Elfrida*: steel; screw schooner; length, 117 feet.

F. Aug. Schermerhorn—*Empress*: screw schooner; length, 108 feet.

E. A. Du Vivier—*Emu*: screw schooner; length, 96 feet. Stuart Rohson—*Fauzene*: screw steamer; length, 50 feet.

H. W. Jordan—*Firefly*: screw schooner; length, 51 feet. W. H. Crane—*The Senator*: screw steamer; length, 60 feet.

H. H. Westinghouse—*Floss*: steel; screw steamer; length, 58 feet.

E. S. Stokes—*Fra Diavolo*: screw schooner; length, 107 feet.

A. V. Armour—*Gryphon*: screw schooner; length, 81 feet. J. M. Hills, M. D.—*Herald*: screw steamer; length, 63 feet.

Theodore Hostetter—*Juda*: screw schooner; length, 102 feet.

John A. Morris—*L. W. Brown*: screw steamer; length, 50 feet.

Geo. W. Vanderbilt—*Lucile*: screw schooner; length, 69 feet.

Mrs. T. M. Carnegie—*Missioe*: iron; screw steamer; length, 75 feet.

Norman L. Munro—*Norwood*: screw steamer.

R. V. Pierce, M. D.—*Mydia*: screw schooner; length, 98 feet.

A. B. Claffin—*Puzzle*: screw schooner; length, 96 feet. C. A. Chesebrough—*Ripple*: paddle schooner; length, 115 feet.

Joseph Stickney—*Susquehanna*: steel; screw schooner; length, 170 feet.

Mrs. George T. Stagg—*Tarpon*: auxiliary screw; length, 52 feet.

Pierre Lorillard—*Reva*: twin screw schooner; length, 148 feet.

Rev. John A. Aspinwall—*Thyra*: screw schooner; length, 79 feet.

W. R. Hearst—*Vamoose*: screw steamer; length, 112 feet.

Pierre Lorillard—*Idler*: launch; length, 30 feet.

Pierre Lorillard—*Caiman*: screw steamer; length, 120 feet. L. Z. Leiter—*Daisy*: screw steamer; length, 64 feet.

H. H. Warner—*Siesta*: composite; screw schooner; length, 98 feet.

Howell Osborn—*Sindbad*: screw steamer; length, 42 feet.

Colonel W. M. Singerley—*Sparkle*: screw steamer; length, 60 feet.

T. H. Havemeyer—*Wigeon*: length, 46 feet.

There are some interesting things about these names, gathered at random in turning over the pages. One is the fact that certain family names are repeated several times, such as the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. Whether it is because a taste for yachting runs in certain families, or whether Mrs. John must have a yacht because Mrs. William has, it is difficult to say.

Another thing that struck me is that a number of yachts are owned by ladies—many more than I have here set down—some of these ladies being spinsters and some of them widows. As will be noticed, also, some yachts are owned by estates.

The ways in which these yacht-owners acquired their money are as diversified as the rigs of the yachts themselves. Many, of course, have inherited their money. Mr. George J. Gould, for example, not only inherited his money, but his boat as well. The *Atlanta* is the steam yacht in which the "Wizard of Wall Street," Jay Gould, used to travel to his country home on the Hudson. Mr. George Gould also owns a sailing yacht called the *Hildegarde*. There are four newspaper millionaires among the yacht-owners—James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, W. R. Hearst, of the *Examiner*, and William M. Singerley, of the *Philadelphia Record*. It will be noticed that Mr. Bennett has two steam yachts. Mr. Pierre Lorillard goes him one better, and has three—that is, if they can be called "yachts." One of them, the *Caiman*, is a luxurious seaworthy house-boat, designed to navigate the Florida rivers and lagoons. A humble man of God, the Rev. William L. Moore, is the possessor of two steam yachts. Rev. John Aspinwall is another yacht-owner. Not a few clergymen own yachts. In contrast to these men of the cloth is Mr. John A. Morris, who acquired his money in running the Louisiana lottery. The Westinghouse who owns a yacht is probably one of the family of the millionaire air-brake inventor. Dr. R. V. Pierce and Dr. H. H. Warner acquired enough money to buy steam yachts through the vending of patent medicines. There are a number of other physicians on the list—probably "ethical" practitioners. The names of several dry-goods millionaires will be noticed, such as Jordan, of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Leiter, of Field, Leiter & Co., and others. The Armour on the list acquired his fortune through the humble hog. Norman Munro made his money publishing the "Seaside" novels. There are several hotel proprietors on the list, such as Stokes of the Hoffman, Breslin of the Gilsey, and Hoyt of the Victoria. Henry Abbey, the theatrical manager, has a steam yacht. So has Crane, the comedian, and his former partner, Stuart Robson, also possesses one. Richard Mansfield has this year put in commission a new steam yacht, which he calls *His Royal Highness*. She was lying alongside of us at New London the other day, with a deputy-sheriff on board of her, as Mr. Mansfield refused to pay his sailmaker for her sails.

**

The amount of money invested in yachts in America must be something enormous. True, many of the boats set down on the lists as "yachts" are small, but, on the other hand, the large ones cost fortunes. To run some of the large sailing yachts costs from three thousand dollars a month up. W. K. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht, *Valiant*, is to cost eight hundred thousand dollars. She is three hundred and twenty feet long,

and will accommodate over fifty guests. What it will cost to run her, only heaven knows. Probably Mr. Vanderhilt himself is not quite certain.

Even the yachts on which but little entertaining is done are not cheap. Running "racing yachts" is an expensive amusement. The "cup-defenders" which are to challenge the British yachts, to attempt the recovery of the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, and to defend the *America's* cup, are now in these waters, with the exception of the *Navahoe*. On one of them, the other day, the *Vigilant*, I counted a crew of thirty-two men. That is quite a respectable number of men to run a sloop, when one often sees in New England waters a fishing-smack of equal size with a crew of about six.

Yes, yachts are expensive playthings. Yachting in Atlantic waters is emphatically a pastime of millionaires.

**

Newport, July 30th.—The last time I was here it took us about nine hours to sail from New London to this harbor—about thirty miles. To-day we came all the way from Execution Rock—about one hundred and thirty miles—and made it in eight hours.

This morning, Mrs. Langtry's fine steam yacht, the *White Lady*, was anchored on one side of us, and Mr. Benedict's *Onida*, with President Cleveland on board, on the other. Three Russian war-ships, the *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Nachimoff*, and *Rynda* came into the harbor, and saluted and were saluted by Fort Mason and the naval station, but as Mr. Cleveland was on a fishing-trip, and presumably *incognito*, I presume he cut no figure in these gunpowder courtesies. The Russians lay in the harbor quite near us, and I noticed that at "colors" their hands always played "The Star-Spangled Banner" in addition to the Russian national hymn. Quite a courteous custom.

The *White Lady* is now chartered by Mr. Ogden Goelt.

**

Narragansett Pier, August 1st.—For many years I have heard of "the Pier" as one of the most fashionable, the most crowded, the most swell, and the most beautiful watering-place on the Atlantic coast. Another illusion gone. It is none of these things, in my opinion. It is certainly not as beautiful as Newport. I am not a good judge as to whether it is more swell or not. But from the standpoint of an ordinary person, the people at Newport are certainly more solemn, and therefore I suppose more swell. I saw there the other day a fat fairy of about forty climb into a fat cart, assisted by a fat footman. A fat tiger then laboriously climbed up behind. The fat fairy pursed her fat cheeks and flicked a fat whip. Two fat nags waggled two fat tails, and the outfit rumbled down Bellevue Avenue on its adipose way. It fairly exuded wealth, solemnity, and fat.

There was nothing like that at Narragansett.

But the Pier is disappointing. There are a lot of enormous wooden hotels that look like barracks, where they cook beefsteaks in the frying-pan and dine at two o'clock. These are both unpardonable sins. As for the women, they dress well, but the famous Southern beauties of whom I have heard so much as frequenting the Pier are evidently off duty this summer. The men are few, as usual. At the hop on Saturday night their scarcity was appalling. Among them one notices the same elderly-young-men, who wear giddy garments and straw hats with red, black, green, blue, yellow, and orange hands.

The beach at Narragansett is a fine one, but it is defiled by the squalid pavilions and bathing-houses. These structures are of wood, and are old, rotten, and mangy. The planks under foot give way under the chairs of the spectators, and the entire beach has a forlorn and bedraggled air. Coney Island is swell beside it.

The Casino, however, is a handsome stone building, where there is a very good restaurant, and excellent service. After luncheon, the guests gather in front of the Casino, while a hand plays, and gaze feebly at each other. A photographer then goes into the balcony, and bleats upon a hugh. Everybody turns, gazes at him and his camera, and looks pleasant. He snaps the camera. In a day or two Bella huys a photograph, and when she returns home points out in the picture to Popper herself and Mommer seated among the swells at Narragansett Pier.

**

August 3d.—On our return from Narragansett, while going up the Sound, we had rather an odd experience. We were going along at about five or six knots an hour when a large naphtha launch suddenly appeared, headed directly toward us. She certainly could not intend to run down a big schooner yacht, but she had every appearance of trying to do so.

We hailed her, but there was no reply. In another second she hanged into our port quarter, rebounded, and shot off into the darkness. We hailed her again, but heard nothing but the puffing of her engine. In a few moments she approached us again, describing a large circle as the currents struck her helm. A launch was lowered, and she was pursued. When the pursuers came alongside, the first to board the derelict stepped upon the stomach of a gentleman who was lying asleep, and very much intoxicated, in the bottom of the launch. He was aroused with great difficulty, but when awake refused to accept any assistance, saying that he "knew his business." He was at last allowed to go, on condition that the red and green lanterns which launches, like steamers, are required to carry, were lighted. This was done, and we left him, shooting out toward the Atlantic Ocean.

He was heard of the next morning, about forty miles off, on his way back—sober.

Collisions are not infrequent on the Sound between vessels carrying the proper lights and navigated by skilled seamen. Yet here was a launch wandering around the Sound all night in the darkness navigated only by destiny and a gentleman with a jag.

There is surely a special providence for drunkards.

JEROME A. HART.

A PARISIAN "GRANDE DAME."

"Sibylla" writes of the Duchesse d'Uzès, who inherited the Clicquot Millions—Her Love of Hunting—How She Backed Boulanger—The Death of her Son.

The death of the young Duc d'Uzès is a subject of general mourning in Parisian society, for, besides the fact that he perished in his country's service, his mother is one of the most popular persons in the French aristocracy.

At the time when the Duchesse d'Uzès excited political animosity by taking an active part in the Boulangist movement, her adversaries found it piquant to make jokes about her *bourgeoise* origin. They feigned to ignore that if by her mother she is the granddaughter of the Widow Clicquot—universally celebrated for her champagne vintage—she was born a Mortemart, that is to say, the issue on her paternal side of one of the oldest French patrician families. This mixture of races is evident in her, and contributes no little to the originality of her character.

Married to "the first duke of France," according to the ancient order of precedence, and become a widow when very young, she was obliged to take the entire and sole care of an immense fortune, and proved herself in so doing to be none the less a business woman than was her grandmother—the intelligent and energetic wine-grower of Rheims—whose large fortune she inherited.

The ducal family of D'Uzès had become impoverished, like the majority of French patricians, and it was the "widow's flutes"—as the long, slim bottles of Clicquot champagne were called in fashionable restaurants twenty years ago, when it was considered the best brand—that resuscitated the family's rank and prestige.

Although the Clicquot mark is now manufactured by Comte Werlé—a Papal, not an aristocratic, count—who pays the duchess one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, the latter retains a certain interest in the house and a rôle of authority which she exercises for good socialism; that is to say, she takes care of the workmen and gives them a share in the profits by a cooperative organization of which she is the author and of whose excellent results she is not a little proud.

None the less proud is she of her pack of hounds. The Duchesse d'Uzès is one of the few masters-of-hounds in France, where this luxury has become too expensive for the diminished fortunes of the nobility, and she is one of the most devoted to the sport and one of the most active, for which reasons her favorite residence, among her many splendid ones, is her Château de Bonnelles, at an hour's distance from Paris, situated on the border of the governmental forest of Rambouillet, of which she rents a large portion of the hunting-ground from the state. There, three days a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from the first of November until Easter, except when the snow prevents, the duchess goes out stag-hunting, and her meets are better arranged than any in France.

She is fully acquainted with all the traditions of the French huntsman's craft, which she has made the object of her special study, and she herself directs all the details of this noble sport. She keeps her dogs in a little, half-ruined Louis Treize château, about two and a half miles from Bonnelles, which she has had arranged into a model kennel. She rides there every morning to inspect them and to talk with her huntsmen. She knows every member of her pack and interests herself about them as a colonel does in the soldiers of his regiment.

This magnificent pack, composed of a hundred white dogs, with brown spots, all exactly alike, but which their mistress, however, can distinguish from one another, has often been remarked at the annual dog-show at Paris. It is a curious sight to see these splendid animals, with strong muscles, a short, broad neck, with formidable jaws and legs of steel, and with their resounding voices, kept in file, like so many soldiers at parade, under the huntsman's severe eye and menacing whip, in front of their *pâtée* standing before them in large troughs, and not making a movement, till, with a gesture, he tells them to eat, when they fall upon their food ferociously, like so many famished wolves.

The duchess shows the same solicitude for her horses. An accomplished and indomitable horsewoman, so soon as she is in saddle to take the direction of the hunt she thinks of nothing else, and has but one idea: to run down the stag. But she has arranged the hunt so well beforehand—everything has been so methodically planned out and foreseen—that nobody has need of her; and her enthusiasm infecting her invited guests, even the least ardent among the hunters scarcely breathes until the stag is taken.

If any one on reading this should expect to see an unfeminine and coarse person, he would be much astonished, should he find himself in her presence, to behold a woman of short stature, with a delicate and well-molded figure, rendered supple by constant exercise, not pretty, with unaccentuated features, but with an intelligent, frank, and pleasing physiognomy, remarkable especially for the extreme sweetness of her voice, of her smile, and of her light-blue, almost child-like, eyes. Although the Duchesse d'Uzès is about forty-five years old, her healthy, open-air life has kept her very youthful in appearance, and at a few steps off you would almost take her for a young girl.

This proves that physical and mental activity preserves, instead of using, us when it is hacked by good health. The Duchesse d'Uzès does not limit herself to hunting and to taking care of her fortune. She finds leisure to do sculpture which is really excellent for an amateur, and, also—"alas!" so say her friends—to dabble in literature. One can not help confessing that the dramas she has written, and which she has had played at her own château and at those of her friends, and even at theatres which she has hired and to which she has invited her friends, are not worthy of her large and practical mind. Still less is a certain novel about which even those who love, admire, and respect her the most have laughed a little. But every one has

his or her weakness, and hers is overbalanced by so much real merit that it is idle to dwell upon it.

Blamed by some, praised by others, was she for the part she took in politics when she placed her money and her influence at General Boulanger's service, with the *arrière pensée* of making him the Monk of the Comte de Paris. The wisest criticism on this event is that in such affairs one must succeed. If Boulanger had done so, the majority of those who laugh at this venture to-day would have raised the enthusiastic and devoted woman to the skies for having had faith in his star. At all events, it is neither egotistical nor commonplace to devote one's self sincerely to a political course, he it good or bad.

Finally, and this is not the least of her merits, the Duchesse d'Uzès is an excellent and devoted mother. Her eldest daughter married the young Duc de Luynes a few years ago. On the occasion of the marriage, which was celebrated with great pomp in the Church of St. Philippe de Route—the duchess's parish, who resides, when in town, at the superb antique *hôtel* of the late Queen of Spain, Marie Christine, the mother of the ex-Queen Isabella, which is situated on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées—the two ducal families brought out their gala equipages—coaches with their boxes draped with cloth, two powdered lackeys standing behind, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, and with the coachmen dressed in like manner. The people of Paris had not for a long time seen such a luxurious display, and the great pleasure they evinced at the gorgeous spectacle shows how much less democratic they are than they think themselves. French aristocracy reconquered that day a part of its lost prestige.

The young Jacques de Crussol, Duc d'Uzès, has been a victim of the fatal idleness to which young men of his rank are doomed through political strife, which keeps them apart and forbids their having any share in the government of their country, while their large fortunes lead them into temptation, giving them, at the same time, all leisure to yield to it.

On leaving the regiment of dragoons in which he had accomplished his one year's obligatory service, the young Duc d'Uzès led a life of dissipation and libertinage at Paris which caused his mother great anxiety. Remorseful, and himself realizing the culpability of the frivolities in which he was spending his youth—his mother having been obliged on paying his large debts to interfere and place him under a judiciary council—he asked her to grant him sufficient money to make a perilous exploration in the heart of Africa, in order to rehabilitate himself by doing some noble work. Like a veritable great woman, who puts her son's honor before his safety, she consented, and, for eighteen months she had heroically supported a separation, rendered all the more cruel by the thought of the dangers—alas! too real—to which her beloved son was exposed. The sad intelligence reached her lately at her Château de Boursault, near Epinay, her summer residence, that her first-born had died of dysentery just as he was on the point of embarking to return to France.

The blow is a cruel one. Two charming children who are with her will help her to hear it—Mlle. de Crussol, her youngest daughter, and her second son, Louis de Crussol, a cavalry officer, who entered the service through love of military life, and who is now the Duc d'Uzès. She has something to console her which is better still: the strength of an elevated and healthy soul, religious without bigotry, and she possesses, moreover, that interior peace which goodness and kindness to the suffering give. For those who are scandalized at her originality of character, and who cry out against her because, indifferent to gossip, she drives her own mail-coach, with four horses, to the race-course of the Croix de Berny from the Place de la Concorde at the annual spring meeting of the coaching club, have not on their conscience all the good acts of this profoundly charitable woman.

Not only does the Duchesse d'Uzès devote a great deal of her money toward solacing misfortune, but what is more difficult and more meritorious, she gives her time and her heart to the suffering. It was in the course of one of her charitable visits, made regularly without ostentation, that she met in a poor sick-room the celebrated anarchist, Louise Michel, whose acquaintance with her made a great deal of talk in Paris at the time. But all her charity does not prevent certain people from complaining that she has refused to give them money. Here is a detail which will show to what a degree persons of her rank and fortune are overwhelmed by solicitations for help: She kept an account during a week of the demands to lend money—which she always refuses, being a good business woman—and they amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars! "Riches entail great responsibilities," the Duchesse d'Uzès says with truth, "but not the obligation to ruin one's self for the benefit of intriguers or of 'chevaliers d'industrie.'" PARIS, July 22, 1893. SIBYLLA.

There was never a more perfect exemplification of the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," than the way in which some Spaniards regard the achievement of Columbus in discovering America. At the port of Palos, from which Columbus sailed, a sailor was asked if he did not regard Columbus as a bold navigator. He replied, with a shrug of the shoulders: "No; for if you drop a chip into the water at this very point, it will float to Cuba. The currents are such that it can not go anywhere else."

Stewart McKay, the proprietor of a Truckee hotel, is now alive and well, yet he has prepared a final resting-place for his body after death. The grave is carved in a granite boulder as large as an ordinary house, and the sepulcher is at the top. A stone-cutter put in an entire winter in making the opening. A heavy plate-glass will cover the tomb, so that the corpse will be visible at all times, except when covered by the snows of winter.

The Duke of Bedford has declined to renew the lease of Drury Lane Theatre, which has existed for two hundred and sixty-six years.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In addition to his twenty volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series of novels, M. Zola has published nine other volumes of fiction, one volume of plays, and seven volumes of criticism. This is certainly industry—whether profitable or not to civilization posterity must decide. It is, without doubt, profitable to the author, for the public has paid out for the Rougon-Macquart Series alone the sum of one million dollars. The other nine volumes of fiction have also had a large sale.

Miss Kate Sanborn, the author of "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," has written a book entitled "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," which will be published immediately in Appletons' Summer Series.

In appearance Charles G. Leland has been likened to a Viking chief in nineteenth-century dress, "the gaunt, massive frame, snowy hair and beard, and, more than all, the frosty blue eyes, with their shrewd, fearless expression," making the comparison inevitable.

Of Bret Harte, the London *Literary World* says: "He can not work except in seclusion, and when he is busy on a story, he will hide himself away in some suburban retreat known only to his closest friends. Here he will rise just after dawn, at his desk several hours before breakfast, and remain there, with an interval of an hour for a walk, the whole day. When he finishes his book, whatever it may be, he hands it to his publisher, and considers his work at an end, for he dislikes the reading of proofs as much as Byron disliked punctuating his verses."

Colonel John Hay, who is now in Europe with his family, left a charming poem, which is to appear in an early number of one of the magazines. "When Phyllis Laughs" is its piquant title.

Giovanni Verga's "Cavalleria Rusticana"—the story on which both the opera and play of that name were founded—has been translated into English by Alma Stretell, and will soon be brought out in a volume of the "Pseudonym Library."

It is said that Mr. Carl Schurz is writing a history of this country covering the decade between 1850 and 1860.

Mr. Stead has practically completed his plans for the issue of the new "pocket daily." It will consist of from thirty to forty pages of the same size as the *Review of Reviews*. Illustrations will be freely employed. There will be no betting news and no Stock Exchange news, but space will be given to religious movements. Arrangements are being made for the issue of the paper in five European capitals.

The exhibition of the portraits of journalists of the past and present, which is now open in Paris, reveals the identity of various writers, who use a pen-name, thus:

"Jacques St. Cere," of the *Figaro*, whose signature is to be found at the bottom of all articles on foreign affairs, is a Gallicized German by the name of Rosenthal. "P. de Grandlieu," the writer of political articles representing conservatism of the old-fashioned type, and the standard-bearer of the old Monarchical party, is M. Lavedan, and his son is the author of the brilliant articles in *La Vie Parisienne* signed "Manchecourt." "M. de St. Genest," whose sentiments are as aristocratic as his pseudonym, belongs, like M. Lavedan, Sr., to the *Figaro*, and bears the plebeian name of Boucheron. "Jacqueline," of the *Gil Blas*, is Mme. Severine. "Jean de Paris," is no other than Georges Grison. "Eticelle," who furnishes to the *Figaro* such dainty accounts of the principal entertainments of the smart world and those of the noble faubourg, is a Baroness Double. "Paris," the popular *chroniqueur* of Parisian life, is not a woman as is generally supposed, but a man, Emile Blaret by name. "Caliban," the leader writer of the *Figaro*, is Emile Bergerat. "Le Masque de Fer," is Philippe Gille. "Valbert," of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is the popular novelist and Academician, Victor Cherbuliez. "Philip Daryl," of the *Temps*, is the same Pascal Grousset who was sentenced to death in 1871 for his connection with the Commune, of which he was one of the ring-leaders, while the dean of the French press, Jules Simon, who is a senator, and Academician, and an ex-prime minister, was born as Joseph Schweitzer.

Mr. Sala has written a novel, which will soon appear in serial form. It is to be called "Miss Forster, a Romance Within a Romance."

There is a report that Thomas Hardy is severely bitten with the theatrical mania, and has seriously in mind the idea of letting novel-writing rest for a period and devoting himself to the drama.

One result of the Librarians' Congress at Chicago may be discerned in the resolution of the authorities of the Kansas City Public Library to purge their shelves of Oliver Optic's, Horatio Alger's, and Harry Castleman's books, and to substitute for them romances based on historical facts. "It is simply a waste of time for children to read such books," says the librarian.

The "Life of Captain Burton," by his widow,

promises to be an interesting narrative. The contents of the last chapter read as follows:

"The two contested points between a small section of antagonists and myself—My defense about the Scented Garden—The burnt MSS.—The second bone of contention—On religion—I take my leave and say good bye."

Lady Burton is also preparing a memorial edition of her husband's works. She says in the prospectus that in no case will any expurgation or omission be made either in the text or notes, but leaves rather uncertain the question as to whether or not the edition is to include her husband's translation of the "Arabian Nights."

A new English edition of the poems of D. G. Rossetti, in two volumes, will appear in the autumn and winter, the first volume having the title "Ballads and Narrative Poems."

The life of Robert E. Lee for the Great Commander Series of the Messrs. Appleton will be written, it is understood, by Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia. The life of George Washington will be by General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland.

Of Guy de Maupassant, Mrs. Emily Crawford writes in *Truth*, of London:

He was admittedly the son of Flaubert, from whom he inherited his sanguine temperament, ruddy complexion, the full, starting veins in his temples, the bull neck, and the flaw in the nervous system. Flaubert was subject to epileptic fits, and Guy de Maupassant died of general paralysis, preceded by madness, before he had reached middle age. As a writer, he was with ease what Flaubert tried to be by great efforts, and something more, he having a deeper insight into what seem the ordinary circumstances of life. But he was agog for sensations, and fancied that women could only be understood where off their guard, and, therefore, could only be advantageously studied in the intimacy of *demi-monde* relations. All his lady friends did not belong to that sphere, but most of them acted as if they did.

Mr. Norman Lockyer's observations among the old temples of Egypt will bear good fruit in his forthcoming book, "The Dawn of Astronomy."

Sheridan's great-grandson has placed at the disposal of Fraser Rae the carefully preserved papers of Sheridan which Moore inspected, but could not print. Mr. Rae will use this material in expanding his biography of Sheridan, which has been long out of print. The material includes letters that passed between Sheridan and his first and second wives and those written by him and the Prince of Wales, as well as a corrected copy of "The School for Scandal."

A young Kansas City literary woman, who attended the World's Congress of Authors at Chicago, has been giving her friends her impressions of these professional people:

George W. Cable she considered "very insignificant in appearance and very reticent, but possessed of a beautiful voice that redeemed physical failings." R. W. Gilder she thought modest, and Kate Field exactly the opposite, for "in her long address before the congress, she talked mostly about herself." Hamlin Garland, this discriminating observer regarded as "the most hateful man she ever met anywhere—blushing like a school-girl if you looked at him"; while Eugene Field had the best stage presence of any one at the congress. As for Walter Besant, he was "very English in his manner and speech."

The vacancy created in the committee of the London Library by the election of Leslie Stephen to succeed Lord Tennyson as president, has been filled by the election of Walter Pater.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has been editing a volume of "Short Stories" for the Duffett Series.

Robert Buchanan, having delivered the other day a fiery sermon on the foolishness and wickedness of an author's desire to make money, has now relieved his mind on the demoralizing pursuit of fame. He says:

"More than one of the great writers paid the spiritual penalty of inordinate literary success. Tennyson, we know, suffered torture from a slightest breath of adverse criticism. George Eliot, kept by G. H. Lewes in a moral hot-house, screened from every leak wind that blows, said to me on one occasion, with an air of beatified superiority: 'I think Mr. Dickens has done a great deal of good.' The good, the only Dickens, endured agonies of mortified vanity when a hook of his failed to reach the high-water mark of sale and profit. Even those who have to wait long and wearily for appreciation are seldom content to estimate the world's opinion at its exact worth. Browning, according to Leigh Hunt, hungered eagerly for the praise of even his washerwoman."

Congressman W. S. Holman has for many years taken notes of events which he has witnessed and of conversations he has had with public men, with a view to writing eventually a book of personal reminiscences.

New Publications.

"Abraham Lincoln: Was he a Christian?" by John E. Remsburg, has been published in paper covers by the Truth Seeker Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Terrible Family," a new novel by Florence Warden, has been issued as the initial volume of

the Authors' Library published by the International News Company, New-York; price, 50 cents.

"Buffalo Bill: From Prairies to Palace," compiled by John M. Burke ("Arizona John"), is a life of the famous Indian scout, Colonel William F. Cody. Half of it is taken up with frontier adventures of the hero which read almost like "dime-novels," and the latter part tells of Colonel Cody's triumphs in the eastern United States and Europe with his Wild West Show. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Americans in Europe by One of Them" is a volume of gossip about the American colonies and representatives abroad, written by a man who conceals his identity, but is understood to be an American clergyman. He is not a member of whom the cloth may be proud. The book is simply a mass of scandal and backbiting personalities, with occasional laudations of obscure persons who evidently enjoy the author's favor. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Adolphe Flamant, a French resident of California who has contributed dainty verses to the local French papers, has been led by their popularity, evidenced by their being widely copied in other French journals, to print them, with other of his productions, in a little volume entitled "Pensées, Fables, Monologues, et Poésies Diverses." It contains a brief sketch of M. Flamant, by Alfred Faucompré; a number of philosophic quatrains grouped as "Petites Pensées Familiales," "Penchées d'un Auvergnat," and "Conseils à Mes Fils"; several fables and monologues in verse; and, finally, twelve pretty love-poems collected under the general title "L'Album d'Hélène." Published and for sale by J. Tauzy & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Cy Warman, whose name has been appended to some decidedly clever verse in the New York *Sun* and other papers, has collected half a hundred of his poems and publishes them in a little book entitled "Mountain Melodies." The preface is characteristic: "The author offers no apology to the public for the publication of these rhymes. They were inspired largely by nature and nature's god. If you have a kick coming, kick higher." The poems express really poetic feeling, most often inspired by the beauty and grandeur of nature, and the diction is smooth and melodic; but the breezy vernacular of the mines crops out here and there, adding a picturesque quality that is not without its charm. Published and for sale by the author at Denver, Col.; price, 50 cents.

In "Pietro Ghisleri," F. Marion Crawford has drawn another picture of the higher ranks of Italian society. Some personages who figured in the Saracinesca trilogy appear again in "Pietro Ghisleri," but the political element that was so important a factor in those stories is here, happily, lacking; it is only society that Mr. Crawford paints now. The hero is a strong character and one that the reader sees developed before him with as much pleasure as Mr. Crawford must have experienced in depicting it. Ghisleri has had a passion for a married woman which resulted in a duel with her brother, and the story concerns itself chiefly with his love for another woman, also married and also responsive to his passion, whose step-sister, a very demon of jealousy, bends all her energies to his destruction. The novel is an intensely dramatic one, and in the analysis of character, the portrayal of Italian society, and the presentation of an ingeniously constructed and artistically narrated story, it is the highest work Mr. Crawford has yet done. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Heavenly Twins," by Mme. Sarah Grand, is the novel all England is talking about. The name signed to it is a pseudonym; but it is known that the author is an Irish lady who has also written "Ideala" and "Singularly Deluded." "The Heavenly Twins"—the sobriquet of two delightful children who are not, however, the hero and heroine—is as long as a novel by Dickens or Thackeray, and for that reason was refused by several London publishers; but the author brought it out at her own expense in three volumes at \$7.50, and she has been rewarded by calls for edition after edition. Her heroine is Evadne Frayling, a girl who was brought up on *Punch* and the *Saturday Review* and has ideas of her own on heredity and the duties of parents. She falls in love with the first man of the world she meets, and marries him; but immediately after the ceremony she discovers that he had been a libertine, and she leaves him. She escapes to her aunt's house, and from there she engages in a correspondence on the subject to capitulate the story: it is full enough of incidents to make half a dozen ordinary novels. It presents striking, sometimes audacious, views on religion, morality, and other questions, and contains much food for thought, and, at the same time, it has many light and very amusing scenes. Published in one volume by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

The *travailleurs* of the Russian army are to be equipped with snow-shoes next winter. The Prussian troops on the Russian frontier have used snow-shoes with satisfaction for several winters.

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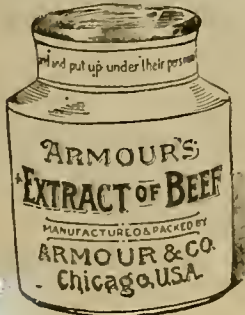
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VANITY FAIR.

Apropos of the ridicule that has been lavished upon Mr. Higginbotham for having appeared in evening-dress at a ceremonious luncheon-party given at Chicago in honor of the Spanish Infanta, some few weeks ago, "Ex-Diplomat" writes to *Vogue*: "According to etiquette and usage on the continent, he was distinctly right in appearing thus garbed at the entertainment. The luncheon was undeniably an official function, tendered to the princess in her official capacity. It was expressly stipulated that all hospitalities offered to and accepted by the Infanta at Chicago should be regarded in that light. This being the case, it was Mr. Higginbotham's duty to appear in what the French would call the *habit de grande cérémonie*—that is to say, if he had been a European official, he would have appeared in uniform, unless expressly requested to do otherwise by the Infanta or by her chamberlain. Mr. Higginbotham not having a uniform, and the evening-dress being regarded at all the European courts as the American equivalent to an official uniform, Mr. Higginbotham was just as right to array himself therein as was your ambassador, Mr. Bayard, who, on the occasion of the Duke of York's wedding and at the breakfast that followed at Buckingham Palace, appeared in full evening-dress. It is only a few years since that the custom has been abandoned on the continent of Europe of making, early in the day, ceremonial social calls in evening-dress, and, even to this day, when any great nobleman in France, Austria, or Germany has occasion to pay some ceremonial visit, such as, for instance, when asking the parents of his son's prospective wife for their daughter's hand, he invariably dons evening-dress. A man invited while on the continent in Europe to any court entertainment, or even to an ordinary private audience, by the sovereign, or by any members of the reigning family, is certain to be notified by the chamberlain or aide-de-camp-in-waiting that evening-dress is *de rigueur*, no matter what the hour of the day. I well remember the dismay caused in Germany among the etiquette-bound officials and dignitaries of one kind and another, when it was learned that the late Emperor Frederick was in the habit, prior to his accession, of intimating to those who visited him or who were invited to attend *dîners* or dinners in the early part of the afternoon, that they were at liberty to do so in a frock-coat instead of in evening-dress.

"The Infanta gave expression to the opinion," the same authority continues, "that among all the people that she had met in this country no one had pleased her more or impressed her more favorably than this gentleman. It seems that at the very outset he explained to her that he was ignorant of court etiquette and of conventionality, his youth having been passed as a cowboy on the plains, and he asked her pardon in advance for any solecisms that he might unwittingly commit. This pleased the Infanta beyond measure, and she declared before leaving that Mr. Higginbotham was the most attractive and manly type of American that she had ever met, inasmuch as he was entirely free from every kind of affectation or pose. Americans fail to realize that Europeans recognize no social or class distinction in this country. In their eyes all Americans are equal, and the question as to what coterie or clique their American acquaintances belong to in this country weighs but very little with the *grand monde*. They do not care one brass farthing whether he or she happens to be a 'born millionaire' or a 'made millionaire,' and they take their American friends purely and entirely on their individual merits, altogether irrespective of the social status and prestige they may enjoy on this side of the Atlantic. But once an American has succeeded in getting himself accepted by the best European society, his position is really a most delightful one, since he is regarded as beyond the pale of class distinction and is allowed a freedom and a latitude which would never be accorded to any native, no matter how high his or her rank. Notwithstanding all that is claimed to the contrary, there are relatively very few Americans who may really be said to have penetrated the inner circles of European society. And the people who please most over in Europe are not the so-called smart set of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, whose cheap imitation of English fashions, manners, and tone verges upon caricature. Even the American girls who have achieved the greatest social successes in Europe have been, not the belle New Yorkaise, the fair Philadelphian, or Bostonian, but Western and Southern types of American beauty, such as, for instance, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, who hails from Michigan; the Duchess of Manchester, who comes from the South; and Lady Arthur Butler, the future Marchioness of Ormonde, who is a native of Chicago."

If any additional evidence were needed of the conservative nature of the English, it might be found in the brief announcement in a London newspaper that "several of the principal banks have informed their clerks that during the hot weather no reproach will be cast on them if they come to business in light coats and straw hats." What would an American bank-clerk think if he had to obtain the cashier's permission to wear a negligée shirt or a "buzz-saw hat?" The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than is the custom which pre-

scribes for Englishmen the wearing of tall hats and dark clothing in "the city." A high hat is the first article of attire an English boy puts on when he goes to a public school like Rugby or Eton, and it is the last thing he lays aside when he says "adsum" to Death. The extreme hot weather in England this summer has led some adventurous Londoners to defy fashion and replace the silk hat with a straw one, and this innovation, though made "surreptitiously," the *London Daily News* says, excites in that journal a fear that "the dethronement of the chimney-pot is, perhaps, near at hand."

A change in the dress of women is something that has been agitating the minds of women for more than a generation. As the ancient restraints upon feminine life have been removed, a girl going to and from her pursuits about the streets has found the long draperies round her feet not only in the way, but, inasmuch as they are unsuitable and so in opposition to the principles pertaining to the eternal fitness of things, defective and improper. Countless appliances and contrivances have been invented, to the end of better convenience and more fit appearance, from the hideous bloomers for all weathers to the under-all and over-all arrangements that put one into a suit of rubber armor; but nothing has yet met all the requirements. Utility is a great thing; but women have been accustomed from immemorial time to charm, or to endeavor to do so. But if there were no question of charming in the case, women, as a whole, would still regard beauty with something like love and worship. They will never accept permanently (the *Basar* declares) any uniform that is merely convenient and that only; it is also to be beautiful. So long as men admire small feet, so long will women with large feet desire to hide the alleged defect, and feel embarrassed if they may not cover it. Common sense, as with men, will abolish this feeling with women; if the common sense be never exerted, use and custom would soon put the well-shod woman at her ease in any event. So long, too, as men love best the weak and dependent woman, will the majority of women prefer to remain weak and dependent. But the women who are now showing the greater charm of women when strong, and sensible, and self-supporting will create in time a different standard for admiration in the male view, and will pass the weak and dependent woman and leave her out of sight. It is this woman who will finally arrange the female dress, who will evolve it from its need and make it all that is wanted. But she will not propose it, and other women in a body will not accept it, unless it is as lovely as it is suitable.

A story is told in the *New York Tribune* of a newly made millionaire who has distinct social aspirations, but was ever an affectionate and dutiful son to the plain old farmer and his wife who gave him his first start in the world. One of his inheritances, when they died, was a pair of portraits, done by a rural painter, startlingly like as such daubs often are, with the homely Sunday clothes of the wearers realistically represented, and his first impulse on receiving these staring and unmistakably *bourgeois* portraits was to relegate them to the garret. Filial affection, however, pleaded for the familiar old figures, and in the midst of his perplexity a brilliant idea struck him. He sent for a famous artist, and induced him to dress up his old parents in the most aristocratic garments of their day, leaving the faces intact, but even going to the length of arranging the old lady's hair, so that when the picture was hung in his magnificent hall, she might have been taken for a duchess, so regal were her attire and surroundings; while the old gentleman, fondling the head of the setter between his knees, looked like "a real old English gentleman all of the olden time."

The world seems to be moving, indeed; *vide* these extracts from a recent English print: "Cigarette-smoking by three lady visitors in full evening-dress was one of the attractions on the terrace of the House of Commons last week, while the Russian Government has just issued a decree making it compulsory on Russian railway companies to provide smoking-carriages for ladies."

The following extract is from an unpublished letter from Thomas Carlyle to a friend whose engagement had been broken off: "The young lady's conduct I can find an explanation, if not an excuse, for, and the evidence of testimony forces me to believe that her general demeanor displayed many graceful qualities. But she was a person of genius, if I mistake not, and much as I admire, not to say idolize, that characteristic in a mistress (or sweetheart, as we call it), I confess I should pause before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l, when you take them on the wrong tack. I know very well that I myself—if I ever marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunny weather in nature, then whirlwinds, and sleet, and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms all mingled together in the same season—and the sunshine always

in the smallest quantity! Judge how you would have relished this, and sing, with a cheerful heart: 'E'en let the bonny lass gang!'"

Mr. Bickford-Smith, in his recent book on modern Greece, has an interesting chapter on "Society," in which he relates as follows: "A young man gets embarrassed financially. What does he do? Go to the Jews? He can not do that, for he is a Greek, and Jews do not flourish in Greek cities. No; he looks about for a likely girl—that is to say, the girl with the largest dowry, for whose hand he would have any chance—and, with a little professional help, gets betrothed. His debts are paid, and often enough they are unhappy forever afterward. This is not the only serious aspect of the question. It is looked on as bad form, or worse, for a brother to marry until his sisters are disposed of, and for a younger sister to marry before an elder. The result is that an over-sanguine elder sister celibates the whole establishment."

It is a peculiar fact that at the very moment when the rich New Yorkers, Bostonians, and Philadelphians are commencing to abandon the city as their principal residence in favor of country seats, just the reverse should be taking place in Great Britain, where the rural magnate, the manor-house, the squire, and all that country-house life which constituted the most attractive and healthy feature of existence in England are disappearing. The various new laws and measures enacted by legislators for the benefit of the British peasant have served (as a writer in the *New York Tribune* points out) to alter the relations that formerly existed between the hall or manor-house on the one hand and the villagers and farmers on the other. There was something patriarchal in the old times in the feeling that prevailed between the squire and the peasant. The latter used to regard the squire as his father, his guide, his philosopher and friend. The squire's interest would follow him throughout life, and not only him but also his sons and his daughters, the people at the ball regarding themselves to a certain extent as responsible for the welfare of the villagers. It is no longer the squire who is the big man of the village, but "Hodge," who does less work and gets more pay than ever before; whose children are educated free of cost by the state, his daughters being taught the piano just as are the young ladies at the hall; and who henceforth will control the affairs of the village in lieu of the squire. From this time forth the domination of the squire and of his lieutenant, the parson, is over. Under the circumstances, it is not astonishing that the squire and his family should prefer London or the continent to the perpetual irritation to which they are subjected when at the old manor-house, where they no longer have anything to interest them. The squire and his boys in days gone by had no mind for anything save hunting and shooting, and were content to wind up the day with eating, and especially drinking, a good deal more than was good for them. Their women-folk, when they had terminated what they considered to be their duties with regard to looking after the welfare of the villagers, used to go in for croquet, wool work, and tapestry-making. Nowadays, when the daily newspaper brings them within immediate reach of the happenings of London and the continental capitals, they have other interests. The topic of discussion at table is no longer "Hodge" or the parsonage, but the last new play at the theatre and the naughty pranks in the divorce court, and every one of them years for town and talks of country life as something very much akin to burial. The consequence is that instead of ten months in the country and two in town, it is two months, and sometimes only half that, in the country, while the remainder of the year is whiled away in London or on the continent.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's twin daughters, who have turned forty, are both unmarried.

Emily Faithfull smokes cigars, but does so in order to relieve the chronic asthma from which she suffers.

Mrs. Anna Bronson Alcott Pratt, who died at Concord the other day, was the second eldest one of the four "Little Women" made famous by her own famous sister.

Miss Clara Barton, so famous as the head of the Red Cross Society in this country, began her career almost by chance. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Miss Barton was a copying clerk in the Patent Office at Washington.

The Princess May, just before she became the Duchess of York, sent a letter to a titled friend in which she said she knew all about Prince George's left-handed marriage, but whether she liked it or not she did not say.

Mrs. Peary, of Arctic fame, is a tall, willowy woman, whose personality is very attractive. She says her height aroused much curiosity among the Esquimaux women, who are rather below size, and they were anxious to know if all white women were "so high."

The Countess of Clancarty, somewhat widely known as Belle Bilton, may have to go back to the stage to make a living. The English courts have decided that the dowager-countess, mother of the present earl, has absolute control over all the property left by her late husband.

Mrs. Crook, the widow of the Indian-fighting general, has attracted more attention in Chicago, recently, than most other feminine visitors to the World's Fair. She is a very fine-looking woman, with snowy white hair that is in striking contrast to her youthful and vivacious spirits.

Since Mrs. Lease started in with the Populist movement she is said to have cleared her farm of a considerable mortgage, set her husband up in the drug business, purchased a city home in Wichita, and sent all her children to expensive schools. Mary "Yellin" is not in politics for her health.

Queen Victoria was very fond of gardening in her younger days, apropos of which the following story is told:

The queen was one day tending her flowers at Osborne, with watering-pot and rake in hand, when Mario, the great tenor, came along. He was on his way to sing in the palace at the command of the queen, and, being delighted with the garden, had sent his carriage ahead, and was walking alone. Suddenly he came upon the lady with the watering-pot. "Would you be so good as to direct me to the apartments of the queen?" he asked. "What can you want there?" said the lady. "I want the queen because I am Mario and am to sing for her." "You could arrive I am the queen," was the reply. Mario was her slave from that hour.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in Chancery and heiresses to one hundred thousand dollars each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in Chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing, or education.

The *Tribune* speculates on the Spanish regency in this wise:

"Should Christina, the Queen-Regent of Spain, fail to survive the dangerous operation which now constitutes the only chance of saving her life, the regency will devolve on her sister-in-law, the Princess Isabella, widow of the Count Girgenti. The princess, who is one of the most masterful and ambitious women in Spain, is devoted body and soul to the ultra-conservative party, and is a bitter foe of every species of reform, progress, or popular enlightenment. A bigot in all religious matters, she would, if she could have her way, revive all the terrors of the Inquisition, restrict almost to the point of total annihilation the legislative powers of the Cortes, and rule the kingdom autocratic fashion by 'right divine.' Should she in turn die before the baby King of Spain reaches his majority, Princess Eulalia would become regent."

Mme. Scalchi has eleven parrots and seven dogs waiting to greet her when she arrives home at Villino Sofia. These parrots are very intellectual birds, the prima donna says, and she loves them. Ooe sings two verses from the "Marseillaise," and the others render music-hall songs. When one of Mme. Scalchi's parrots or dogs dies, it is interred with becoming ceremony and a monument erected at its grave.

A traveler newly returned has this to say of an old woman now living on the wido-swept noor of Caithness, who, though not one of the Six Hundred, was the heroine of Balaklava:

"Her name is Elizabeth Coull. She is the wife of John Coull, a sergeant of the Ninety-Third Highlanders. Kinglake tells her story in his history of the Crimean War. The Ninety-Third, that 'thin red line,' was drawn up to repel an attack of Russian cavalry. It was supported by a regiment of Turkish artillery, which, as they saw the Russians approaching, became panic-stricken and fled. As they ran between the Highlanders and their camp, says Kinglake, they met a new and terrible foe. A woman came out of one of the Scottish tents armed with a stick, and with pitiless invective beat every Turk within reach. The Highlanders were drawn up to receive the charge; but, although staring death in the face, they were so amused they burst into laughter. The Turks, confronted by this new foe, rallied. The Russians were repulsed. The Highlanders covered themselves with glory, and Mrs. Coull was known far and wide as the woman who thrashed an army."

Mrs. Krüger, the wife of the Transvaal president, has (if the Johannesburg *Critic* is to be believed) for the ten years and over during which she has represented the leading lady of the state, never put in a

face at any public function nor contributed to any public ceremony, function, or charity. She attends the Dopper Church, fifty paces from the door of the presidency, and was once induced by the ruling passioo to go and see the mint when it was supposed to be coining silver stamped with her husband's leonine head.

Mrs. Dodge, the pretty young matron who saved George Vanderbilt from a watery grave in his own private swimming-pool at Bar Harbor, is the daughter of one of the most charming and eccentric women this country ever produced—Mrs. John Bigelow, who died some years ago. The *Recorder* says:

"Her husband was at one time minister to France under the régime of Napoleon the Third. On one occasion, when some of the high dignitaries of state came to dine with the Bigelows, a real old-fashioned American deep-dish apple pie was served. Every one noticed that a huge slice was missing, and Mrs. Bigelow laughingly explained that the pie had looked so tempting just before dinner that she could not resist eating a piece of it. On one occasion, the emperor of the French sent Mrs. Bigelow his box at the opera, a compliment of the highest consideration. Mrs. Bigelow had another engagement that evening, so she sent her servants to occupy the imperial loge. She often used to nurse her youngest child in the drawing-room while receiving visitors."

The fourth daughter of the Sultan of Turkey, who has been selected as the bride of the Khedive of Egypt, is named Nasle, an ominous name in Egyptian ears. The daughter of the first Khedive, Mehemet Ali, also bore that name. She occupied a palace at Cairo where no less than sixteen foreigners, some of them of distinguished rank, are known to have met their death. Finally the outcry made by the foreign ministers and envoys became so strong that the Khedive was obliged to exile from Egypt this Oriental personification of Marguerite de Bourbon. She is now dead.

The "beautiful Irish patriot" who figured in the forgery by which Clemenceau was charged with having sold Egypt to the English, is thus described in an exchange:

"Maud Gonne is an Irish girl who has always appeared to regard herself as a sort of understudy to George Meredith's brilliant heroine, 'Diana of the Crossways.' Her physical requirements fitted her for the part—a tall, handsome Irish girl, with the art of draping herself picturesquely with capes tossed over one shoulder and majestic trams that added to her commanding figure. She has a brilliant, eloquent flow of speech, and, to carry further the verisimilitude, was accustomed to go about familiarly attended by a great dog. Her father, a colonel of dragoons, a man of wealth and position, was well known as a Tory. His daughter, accordingly, became a Home Ruler, and showed her devotion to the Irish cause in speeches that gained her the name of a second Corinne. Thrown over by her friends and family, Miss Gonne, with her handsome face and substantial income, went to France. There the beautiful Irish patriot, as she was called, has moved from sensation to sensation among the French people, who are keenly sensible to picturesque patriotism."

The new tax on stock-exchange transactions, which went into force in France the first of last month, has well nigh paralyzed business on the French market and almost caused the total abandonment of the Bourse. The huge building, usually crowded with brokers, is now almost deserted. Receipts at the telegraph and telephone offices have fallen off seventy-five per cent., and so far from the tax realizing to the government forty thousand francs a day, it will not pay the cost of collection. Old Boursiers say that the present aspect of the Bourse resembles the appearance that it presented during the siege.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair. Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

Stop-over privileges allowed at Salt Lake and Denver.

For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

Dr. R. J. Gatling, whose revolving machine-gun has attained a world-wide reputation, has applied a feeder for the gun, which renders it more convenient and useful than ever. The small bullets used in this gun, with smokeless powder, have been fired through forty one-inch pine boards. They can be fired two miles, and then have force enough to pass through the body of a man.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

Only five passengers lost their lives on British railways in 1891, but there was a veritable slaughter of railway servants. Over five hundred employees were killed and more than three thousand injured.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carniani's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Hilda Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, and Mr. Marcus L. Gerstle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, will be married at the Temple Emanu El at noon on Thursday, September 14th. A breakfast will follow at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Sadie Hecht will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Hattie Hecht, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Bella Gerstle, Miss Rosebud Hecht, Miss Alice Gerstle, and Miss Grace Hecht. The best man will be Mr. William Gerstle, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Bert Hecht, Mr. Louis Greenebaum, Mr. Max C. Sloss, Mr. Warren Gregory, Mr. Henry Brandenstein, and Mr. Frederick Gerstle. Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger will officiate. The wedding tour will consist of a three months' tour of the Eastern States.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Bertha Wangenheim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Wangenheim, to Mr. Benjamin Arnold, of the Alaska Commercial Company. They will receive their friends at the home of the bride-elect, 1714 Bush Street, on Sunday, August 13th, and on subsequent Wednesday afternoons.

An announcement has been received from Europe of the engagement of Miss Harriet Marshall, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Hill Marshall, formerly of this city, to Mr. Stanton F. Purdy.

The engagement is announced of Mr. A. C. Stevens, of this city, to Miss Mary W. Southworth, of Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Charles Page gave a delightful lunch-party last Thursday at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, and entertained eight ladies.

The tennis tournament to be given by the Haywards Law-Tennis Club at Haywards next Friday and Saturday is attracting much attention, as all the players of note in Alameda County intend to compete. The list now numbers eighteen, with more to be heard from. The players will be entertained by the club at the Haywards Hotel. Entries will close next Tuesday, and should be addressed to Mr. J. D. Garretson at Haywards.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General W. S. Rosecrans, U. S. A., is at Redondo Beach recuperating his health.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Bellevue, Nch., to compete in the cavalry competition there.

Ensigns De Witt Blamer, Arthur L. Willard, Henry H. Hough, Harry L. Caldwell, Thomas J. Senn, and Charles F. Preston, of the navy, will leave here next Thursday for the East, via Panama, under orders to the *Destroyer*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Meale, U. S. A., will leave to-day for Portland, Or., on official business.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., is at Hot Springs, Virginia.

Mrs. A. E. K. Benham, wife of Rear-Admiral Benham, U. S. N., is passing the season at the Thorndike Hotel, Jamestown, R. I.

Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted three weeks' leave of absence.

Dr. Charles E. B. Flagg, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty at the Yosemite National Park, relieving Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., who will soon go East.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., have been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. K. Moore, wife of Lieutenant Moore, U. S. N., has returned from a prolonged visit to Honolulu.

Commander R. E. Impey, U. S. N., who is now in Switzerland, has been ordered to proceed to the Asiatic station to take command of the *Monocacy* on October 4th, relieving Commander Barber, U. S. N. The latter may delay his return to the United States one year if he desires.

Lieutenant O. M. Lissak, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, has gone to Fort Winfield Scott, Cal., on business for the Ordnance Department.

Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in charge of the branch hydrographic office at

New Orleans, and ordered to report at Mare Island for duty on the *Thetis*.

Captain Selden A. Day, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Mr. Richard G. Broderick, of the city, has passed the examination for admission to the Medical Corps of the Navy and will soon receive his appointment.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), is at the Hotel Elmore in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Fred W. Sladen, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., after a four months' absence in the East and Europe.

Lieutenant D. P. Menefee, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Adams* at Honolulu.

Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is away on a two months' leave of absence, is staying at 353 East Fifty-Eighth Street, Chicago, where he will remain until August 31st.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles is at the Hot Springs, Va., in attendance on her father, Judge Charles Sherman, of Cleveland, O., who is ill there.

A modern postal system is soon to be established in China. The imperial government has approved a plan, drawn up by Sir Robert Hart, under which the native postal organization will entirely disappear and will be replaced by an imperial post-office, with branches throughout the country, under the management of qualified foreigners. When the reform is completed, China will ask for admission into the Postal Union.

Miss Etta Rabbitt, of New Bedford, Mass., has had her name changed by the probate court to Ella Rabbitt.

CLEVELAND'S Mothers Know

more about household matters than fathers do. It is their duty. When baking they might think about

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Interesting to watch it work. Food remains moist and is always light and wholesome.

"Pure & Sure."

BAKING-POWDER

EDWARD TYLER



Edward Tyler: Books Stationery & Periodicals: at number 205 Powell Street, San Francisco.

Will Open March 30, 1893.

HOTEL MATEO

And Cottages.

A Summer and Winter Resort

M. CLARK, Proprietor,

SAN MATEO, - CALIFORNIA

An Illustrated Circular will be mailed to any address.

Rooms may now be secured.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

THE MOST POPULAR

Sanitary and Health Resort

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

Completely Renovated and Improved. No Winds or Fogs, and surpassingly grand Mountain and Valley Scenery. Write for particulars to JOHN S. MATHESON, Assistant Manager.



SOCIETY.

The Shortridge Dinner.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge gave an elaborate dinner in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday evening, complimentary to General James S. Clarkson, of Iowa, who is passing a few weeks on this coast. Covers were laid for ten at a round table that was ornate with a beautiful array of long-stemmed La France roses rich with their own glossy foliage and fronded with fine fern sprays. Artistic menu-cards were at each plate and the list of viands and wines was most perfect. Several hours were passed in their enjoyment, after which the party adjourned to the parlors of the host where another hour was devoted to interesting discussions and rounds of anecdotes. The affair was a delightful one in every respect. Those present were:

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, General James S. Clarkson, Colonel Isaac Trumbo, Hon. M. M. Estee, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Judge W. F. Fitzgerald, Mr. Robert P. Wieland, Mr. J. O'H. Cosgrave, Mr. George Hazelton, and Mr. Hugh Hume.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick will pass September at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Miss McNutt are passing a few weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe were at Saratoga, N. Y., when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Kip have returned from San Mateo, and are residing at the south-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Geary Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses Fanny and May Friedlander will remain at San Rafael until September.

Mr. George Loughborough is passing a few weeks at Castle Crag for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. E. Everett Wise are passing a month at the Jarboe cottage, Concha del Mar, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will be at the Hotel del Monte during the meet of the Country Club.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina is passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel will pass the remainder of this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Frank D. Madison has returned from a pleasant visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis have returned to the city after passing a couple of months at San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss Leontine Blakeman have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda and family have returned to the city, after passing the season at San Mateo, and are occupying the Atherton residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have returned from a month's visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston will pass the latter part of August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. R. M. Hamilton and Miss Eleanor Hamilton have gone East, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Bowen will be at Del Monte during the Country Club shoot.

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood has returned to the city after passing a couple of months at Wawona and the Yosemite Valley. She contemplates an Eastern trip in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Livingston were in Vienna when last heard from.

Miss Mary E. West has returned to the city after passing the season at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and the Misses Castle will leave early in September to pass a couple of years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have been passing a couple of weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered and Miss Wethered are passing the season at Castle Crag.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow have returned from a visit to Redondo Beach and other Southern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne will remain at the Hotel del Monte until September.

Mrs. William Harvey Jardine and Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire have returned from an enjoyable visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Miss Arguello, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox are visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Rose Rich will leave for the East on August 15th, to visit relatives and friends in New York and Chicago for about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman are passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Susie Wells has returned from an enjoyable visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Dutton left last Monday for Chicago and will return early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory and Mr. John D. Yost will leave in a few days on a fishing and hunting trip to Humboldt County.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedel, and Mr. Harry Simpkins are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. J. Somers and Mr. Burbank G. Somers have gone East, and will make a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Charles Knowles, of Boston, and Miss Ella Adams are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are occupying Meadowlands, their country villa at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Frank Hereford, of Tucson, A. T., is here on a month's visit, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Duncan Hayne is confined to his residence through a painful accident he met with a week ago while out riding. His foot was seriously injured.

Mrs. A. Chabot and Miss Chabot, of Oakland, have been passing the week in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse and Mrs. D. A. McKinley have returned from the mountains, and will receive their friends at their residence, 2003 California Street, on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Magee have returned to Fruitvale after passing several weeks at San Rafael.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

General W. H. Dimond and General John H. Dickinson are attending the National Guard encampment at Ukiah.

Mr. O. F. Willey is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck returned last Monday from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. R. P. Doolan has returned from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will remain at the Hotel del Monte until September.

Miss Beth Perry has been enjoying a visit at Castle Crag.

Sir Henry Heyman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss at their villa in San Rafael. He still suffers from the effects of his recent accident, which is more serious than was supposed at first. It will be several weeks before he will be able to be around.

Miss Ruth Benson, of Alameda, has been visiting Mrs. H. W. Wright at San José.

Miss Louise Moulder is at Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

Mr. Frank L. Fair is visiting at Saratoga, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie are at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mrs. P. Nord, McBean and Miss McBean have been at the Hotel Metropole during the week.

Dr. R. W. Payne, who is now in Vienna, will attend the International Medical Congress, to be held in Rome on September 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition. Miss Anna Hobbs, who sailed from here, is visiting relatives in Maine.

Miss Alice Mau has returned to the city after a prolonged visit to her sister, Mrs. Kleinschmidt, in Helena, Mont., and a visit to Yellowstone Park and the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann have returned after passing the season at Leysin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hecht and Mrs. Hecht, of Boston, arrived here on Friday, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William Gerstle, who has been passing several months in Unalaska, will return here early in September.

Mr. Max C. Sloss and Mr. Joseph Sloss returned on Friday from a prolonged tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. Charles Lux has been passing a few days in San José.

Mr. James de la Montanya, Jr., and his sister, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry will remain at their Napa Valley villa until the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer will go to Chicago early in September for a few weeks.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer will go to Chicago early in September for a few weeks.

The Marquess of Anglesey's famous leg, lost at Waterloo and buried under a huge monument, has a rival in Major-General George Heery's arm. Sir John McNeill, who has been inspecting the British graves in the Crimea, brings back with him a curious addition to epitaph literature. When inspecting the memorial stones he came upon the following: "To the memory of the arm of Major-General George Heery."

It appears that this officer lost his arm in the trenches. It was amputated at the shoulder, buried, and a stoop erected over it bearing the above inscription.

— THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN THE NEW STYLES in visiting-cards are appearing, and a fine display of them is made at the large establishment Sanborn, Vail & Co., 600 Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. Of course engraved cards must always be used for calling purposes. In the line of copper-plate engraving, Sanborn, Vail & Co. have unrivaled facilities for doing the most artistic work at very reasonable prices. They also furnish engraved invitations for weddings, receptions, and other affairs in the very latest styles.

The Salvation Army has reached its twenty-eighth year and still lives. The event was celebrated by an enthusiastic meeting in London recently, when General Booth told the great crowd that Great Britain now mustered 1,203 corps, 110 outposts, and 4,466 officers. Outside of Great Britain there are 1,915 corps, 1,154 outposts, and 6,383 officers, making a total of 3,118 corps, 1,264 outposts, and 10,849 officers. There are 234 social institutions, worked by 875 officers, and \$275,000 was expended in countries outside Great Britain in social operations.

"Our Society" Blue Book. The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Eight thousand dollars, the entire fortune of Miss Mary Wales, a spinster of Boston, was recently bequeathed by her to Otto, her pet tomcat.

— DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL.

This is the sorrowful story

Told when the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

"Our fathers lived in the forest,
Foolish people were they;
They went down to the corn-land
To teach the farmers to play.

"Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung in the branches,
Our fathers danced in the street.

"Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew;
Only they caught our fathers
And set them to labor, too!

"Set them to work in the corn-land,
With plows, and sickles, and flails,
Put them in mud-walled prisons,
And cut off their beautiful tails!

"Now we can watch our fathers,
Sullen, and bowed, and old,
Stooping over the millet,
Stirring the silly mold;

"Driving a foolish furrow,
Mending a muddy yoke,
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
Steeping their food in smoke.

"We may not speak to our fathers,
For if the farmers knew
They would come up to the forest
And set us to labor, too."

This is the horrible story

Told as the twilight falls,
As the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

— Rudyard Kipling.

An interesting exhibit at the National Museum shows the physical ingredients which go to make up the average man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds. A large glass jar holds the ninety-six pounds of water which his body contains. In other receptacles are three pounds white of egg, a little less than ten pounds of pure glue, thirty-four and a half pounds of fat, eight and a quarter pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of fluoride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesia, and a little ordinary table salt. Divided up into his primary chemical elements, the same man is found to contain ninety-seven pounds of oxygen, enough to take up, under ordinary atmospheric pressure, the space of a room ten feet long, ten feet wide, and ten feet high. His body also holds fifteen pounds of hydrogen, which, under the same conditions would occupy somewhat more than two such rooms. To these must be added three pounds and thirteen ounces of nitrogen. The carbon in the corpus is represented by a foot cube of coal. A row of bottles contain the other elements going to make up the man—four ounces of chlorine, three and a half ounces of fluorine, eight ounces of phosphorus, three and a half ounces of bromine, two and a half ounces of sodium, two and a half ounces of potassium, one-tenth of an ounce of iron, two ounces of magnesium, and three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium. Calcium at present market rates is worth three hundred dollars an ounce, so that the amount of it contained in one ordinary human body has a money value of eighteen thousand three hundred dollars.

— THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN THE NEW STYLES in visiting-cards are appearing, and a fine display of them is made at the large establishment Sanborn, Vail & Co., 600 Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. Of course engraved cards must always be used for calling purposes. In the line of copper-plate engraving, Sanborn, Vail & Co. have unrivaled facilities for doing the most artistic work at very reasonable prices. They also furnish engraved invitations for weddings, receptions, and other affairs in the very latest styles.

The Salvation Army has reached its twenty-eighth year and still lives. The event was celebrated by an enthusiastic meeting in London recently, when General Booth told the great crowd that Great Britain now mustered 1,203 corps, 110 outposts, and 4,466 officers. Outside of Great Britain there are 1,915 corps, 1,154 outposts, and 6,383 officers, making a total of 3,118 corps, 1,264 outposts, and 10,849 officers. There are 234 social institutions, worked by 875 officers, and \$275,000 was expended in countries outside Great Britain in social operations.

"Our Society" Blue Book. The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Eight thousand dollars, the entire fortune of Miss Mary Wales, a spinster of Boston, was recently bequeathed by her to Otto, her pet tomcat.

— DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.



HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains Relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town. Strictly first-class. For terms address

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

EL CAMPO

ON THE BAY,

Via the safe and large steamer UKIAH.

RE-OPENED AS A FAMILY RESORT.

Choice programme of popular music. Refreshments, Fishing, and Boating. No Dancing. Table and Seats for Family Lunches. Decorum will be preserved. Round trip and admission to the grounds, 50 cents. Children under 10 years, free, if accompanied by parents. Steamer Ukiah leaves Tiburon Ferry foot of Market St., every SUNDAY at 10.30 A. M. and 1.45 P. M. Leave El Campo at 12.45 and 5 P. M.

F. FILIPPE'S (ESTAB'D 1871) ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 320 POST ST.

French, Spanish, German, English, and Latin. New classes formed August 15th. PROF. DE FILIPPE, graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, continues to instruct in SPANISH and FRENCH, by his simplified and practical method. Saving months of study. THE ONLY METHOD for acquiring a foreign language.

The Memphis, Tenn., Commercial expounds its ideas on advertising as follows:

"To make a picture in words—which is what the successful writer of an attractive advertisement must do—requires a great deal of experience, a superior knowledge of the business advertised, and of the public appealed to. An advertisement to be effective ought to be direct, and to be direct, it must be brief. Instead of occupying a page, therefore, with a grouping of one thousand articles for sale at such and such prices, it would be better for an advertiser to divide that much space in equal parts in all the advertising pages of a paper. Thus, for instance, if there are five pages devoted to advertising, he would be represented on every page and be brought to the attention of the public in five different places. Nothing pays a merchant better than direct advertising. It keeps him before the public and makes custom for him. It is constantly drumming for him and sounding his praises as a man every way preferable in his line. It is taken for an evidence of enterprise. And on the principle that the man who travels farthest, sees the greatest number of dealers, and sells the greatest quantity of goods is the best drummer, so the newspaper that travels farthest and is seen by the greatest number of readers is the best paper to advertise in."

RHEUMATISM

Gout
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Liver and Kidney Trouble
Blood and Skin Diseases
Nervous Disorders

CAN ALWAYS BE CURED AT

Byron Hot Springs

The WATERS and BATHS
Have Cured

THOUSANDS

And will Cure You
Send for Descriptive Pamphlet

C. R. MASON, MANAGER

BYRON HOT SPRINGS CALIFORNIA

California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

W. B. Rieing

Prof. Chemistry, University of California,
Analyst California State Board of Health, etc., etc.

No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

MR. PARGITER, THE GHOST.

How Lady Tomlinson Developed her Individuality.

When I first knew Gwendoline Gilbert I very nearly fell in love with her. At that time I had a penchant for healthy-looking girls; and, being young, I was an ardent admirer of the British blonde. Gwendoline Gilbert was Hygeia herself; Emma, Lady Hamilton, when she was in the service of Dr. Graham, the quack, could not have looked the part more thoroughly than did Gwendoline. How I adored that girl! At that time, you know, Mr. Burne-Jones hadn't invented the young lady with the tously hair, the ungainly attitudes, the green complexion, and the prehensile toes; so it was quite permissible to admire a girl who looked like the Goddess of Health. She was a parson's daughter; she hadn't a penny in the world, Sir John Tomlinson was the member for Ratcliff Highway, and had made pots of money by the adulteration of the poor man's beer—I beg his pardon, I take that back—I mean by his improvements in the art of producing malt liquor of a superior description. He came, he saw, he conquered; of course he did. They were married, they started on their honeymoon; and I went to Herne Bay for a fortnight in a huff, and wrote my celebrated monograph on "Sour Grapes."

Lady Tomlinson was nice, beautiful, and, as we all know, as good as gold. She was by no means inclined to encourage society philanderers; and from what those gentlemen called her "stand-off" way, and from a certain disinclination toward gossip and scandal and small talk, and private theatricals and music-halls, she got the reputation of being rather stupid. At any rate, in spite of her beauty and her husband's millions, Gwendoline was not altogether a social success. Now, husbands, as we all know, are brutal persons; they have a nasty trick of not mincing matters with their wives, and of calling a spade a spade.

"Look here, Lady Tomlinson," said Sir John (he always called her Lady Tomlinson), "you don't shine in society; you're not a dancing woman, nor a talking woman, nor a political woman, and you ain't literary. I wish to heaven you'd develop some sort of individuality of your own, Lady Tomlinson."

Lady Tomlinson retired instantly to her boudoir and had a good cry. For three whole days did Lady Tomlinson brood and meditate, and then she sent for Mr. Pargiter, the painter.

Mr. Pargiter hastened to present himself at Palatial Crescent, W.

"Mr. Pargiter," said Lady Tomlinson, "I want to paint—I want to paint in oils."

"Oh, certainly, Lady Tomlinson," said Mr. Pargiter; and he smiled, and rolled his eyes, and rubbed his hands, and bowed. Mr. Pargiter was too much of a gentleman ever to contradict a lady, besides being a popular art teacher, with a highly aristocratic connection. Therefore, he would have said "Oh, certainly," if Lady Tomlinson had wanted to learn to dance on the slack wire.

"I want you to give me lessons, Mr. Pargiter," said Lady Tomlinson. "I mean to exhibit at the Royal Academy," said Lady Tomlinson; "I mean to be a distinguished amateur, and I want you to show me how, and give me lessons, Mr. Pargiter."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Pargiter.

"Pray name your own terms," said Lady Tomlinson; "expense is no object, but I want the whole thing to be a secret from my husband and my friends. Can we begin to-morrow?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Pargiter once more.

And then Lady Tomlinson handed Mr. Pargiter a check for a substantial sum, and requested him to attend at ten o'clock the next morning with what she called the necessary outfit.

Next day, at ten precisely, a four-wheeled cab containing Mr. Pargiter, a large easel, several canvases, numerous brown-paper parcels, and a lay figure, drew up at the Tomlinsons' house in Palatial Crescent. Mr. Pargiter was shown at once into her ladyship's boudoir.

"Now, Mr. Pargiter," said Lady Tomlinson, when she had welcomed the artist, "I should like you to paint me an ideal head."

Mr. Pargiter stared at Lady Tomlinson and suggested that the usual way was to begin by drawing from what he called "the roud" in charcoal.

"Mr. Pargiter," said Lady Tomlinson, "you wouldn't refuse to oblige a lady. I'm sure I shall learn much more easily by seeing you work. My idea, you know, was that you should paint and I should look on—just at first, you know, till I get my hand in."

So Mr. Pargiter began to paint the head of what he called a two-guinea rustic. Mr. Pargiter was accustomed to dispose of heads of this description to Wuggles, the frame-maker and picture-dealer, for forty-two shillings. It would be labeled:

ORIGINAL OIL-PAINTING, BY PARGITER . . . £4. 4s.

"I want you to leave the background till the very last," said Lady Tomlinson.

"Oh, certainly," replied the artist.

"I believe you artists," said Lady Tomlinson, "often smoke while you paint. Are you a smoker, Mr. Pargiter?"

"I work twice as well when I smoke," said that

gentleman; and there was a knowing twinkle in his eye as he said the words.

Lady Tomlinson left the room; she returned with a box of Cabinet Partagas.

"These are what Sir John smokes," she said; "pray make yourself at home, Mr. Pargiter."

That gentleman took her at her word; he worked away for four hours at his rustic head, and he smoked no less than seven choice cigars. Then he received permission to depart; and as he walked home he wondered considerably, for Lady Tomlinson had been engaged upon a three-volume novel from Mudie's during the whole of the—well, lesson.

"However, it's none of my business," thought Mr. Pargiter, who was a philosopher; "and besides she makes it worth my while."

It took Mr. Pargiter four "sittings" to finish that rustic head. When it was quite done, he remarked to Lady Tomlinson that there was nothing more to do than to smudge in a background of burnt sienna.

"That's where I come in," said Lady Tomlinson. "If you'll do the edge of the background in all the little in-and-out places round the head, I'll finish it."

They carried out that simple programme.

"Now there's nothing left but to sign it, I suppose?" said her ladyship.

"Exactly so," said Mr. Pargiter; and he took a little squeeze of ivory black on the point of a small brush and was about to affix the magic name of Pargiter.

"Let me try," said her ladyship. She took the brush from Mr. Pargiter's hand, and in great sprawling letters she wrote in the right-hand corner of the picture, "Gwen. Tomlinson."

"Madam," said Mr. Pargiter, with a low how, when she had finished, "you're a genius."

And then she placed an envelope in the artist's hand. "I can trust you, Mr. Pargiter?" she said, in those soft, purring tones of hers.

Mr. Pargiter laid his hand upon his heart, gave Lady Tomlinson what looked very like a wink, and assured her, in solemn accents, that she could.

Two days afterward Lady Tomlinson was "At Home." I was there; I am an art-critic by profession, you know. On a green plush easel, draped by a heavy curtain of green plush, stood the rustic head in an eight-inch gilt frame. I don't know what the head was worth, but the frame was cheap at a five-pound note.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Scorchers?" bleated that innocent lamb, Lady Tomlinson, to me; "I've just got it home from my frame-maker's, and it's the first of my efforts that I've had the hardihood to show to my friends."

I compared it to Greuze. I said it reminded me of Mme. Vigée le Brun, and various other artists. Next spring they hung it at Burlington House; they hung that two-guinea Pargiter, and we all went into ecstasies at the private view.

But the measure of Lady Tomlinson's iniquity was not yet full. She pulled down the wall-papers from her boudoir, and she decorated the walls of that apartment with an extraordinary composition of trees, flowers, sunsets, wheat-sheaves, and good-looking children and girls, under the superintendence of the villain Pargiter. Half London went to see it.

Sir John Tomlinson is justly proud of his wife. She is an artistic light now. She has only got to take a young artist by the hand and his fortune's made.

"I'm very fond of Lady Tomlinson," said Mr. Pargiter, "the other day; she throws a good deal of work in my way." C. J. WILLS.

Growing Old Pleasantly.

The cheerfulest old folks you can find are those wise enough to mitigate the infirmities of age with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest tonic in declining years, infirmity, delicate health, and convalescence. It stimulates digestion, renews appetite and sleep, and insures regular action of the liver and digestive organs. Against malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaints it is a reliable safeguard.

The use of "my uncle" to signify a pawn-broker, is a pun on the Latin word *uncus*, a hook. Pawn-brokers employed a hook to lift articles up a spout down which the money and the pawn-ticket would be sent. Hence the term "up the spout."

—THE HAYWARDS HOTEL IS FILLING RAPIDLY with summer guests. The splendid reputation of this well-known summer resort has not diminished through change of management, but is even better than before; especially is this the case concerning the table, which is unsurpassed in California.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

The German Government has bought the Farnese Palace in Rome, and will establish in it a school of fine arts for German painters and sculptors.

Ripans Tabules cure headache. A standard remedy. Order through nearest druggist.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Double Reason.

Miss Parade and Miss Beach
Go so much with each other
Not for friendship, but each
Has an unmarried brother.—*Judge*.

A Foot-Note.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat,
'Twas a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet.—*Puck*.

He has his Reasons.

I never thought before
That I'd like to learn to shoot,
But I'm living now next door
To a man who plays the flute.
—*New York Herald*.

The Way of the World.

There never was a dewdrop
That filled a flower's cup,
But quick there came a sunbeam
To drink the dewdrop up!

There never was a dollar
That jingled in the till,
But quick there came a fellow
And scooped it with a bill!
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Georgian Nocturne.

Now, where the starlight's sleeping,
The whip-poor-wills commence,
And the Georgia darkey's peeping
At the melon through the fence.
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Her Peculiarity.

It's when the sun sinks in the West
The Summer girl is at her best.
For when the twilight charms her soul,
'Tis then she loves to take a stroll;
And by these presents he it known,
She hates to take that stroll alone.
—*Westchester News*.

A Keenly Felt Want.

"My darling girls," the mother penned,
"Stay at the seashore dear,
And if there's ought that we can send
Why do, please, let us hear."

Back came the answer quick next day:
"Dear mamma, do not mind
To send to us, without delay,
Two diamond rings, by male."—*Vogue*.

O'Connor's Illoquint Spache.

'Twuz whin O'Connor shpoke the crowd
Grew pathrictic, truly;
For thin O'Dooley, in batcheg eggs,
And Healy shtruck O'Dooley;
And Redmond giv' Muldoon a swat
And all wint well, hegorry,
And there wuz home rule on that shpot
Till to his fate O'Connor got
An' sez, sez he: "For sayin' phwat
O' did," sez he, "O' m' sorry!"
—*Engene Field in Chicago Record*.

Repertoire in the Barn-Yard.

The chanicleer announced with joy:
"The day, my dear, doth dawn";
And the hen, engaged in batcheg eggs,
Rejoiced in brief: "I'm on."—*Puck*.

Compensation.

Now the mammas and their families
To the seaside have gone down,
While their poor, overlabored papas stay
To decorate the town.—*New York Herald*.

New Nursery Rhymes.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor hoarders a lunch;
When she got there she was combing her hair
And left in the butter a hunch.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
Their fall to fill—oh, dear!
They both fell down and soiled Jill's gown—
The pail was filled with beer.
—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Geography of Marriage and Divorce.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast";
Maidenhood here may wed her going West;
And those unhappily wedded in the East,
By going West may also be released.
—*New York Herald*.

The Row in the Commons.

"There was a sound of rivalry by night,"
It was in the House of Commons, and a Tory had the floor,
The rafters of the chamber with his eloquence did roar,
And, oh, he had a pretty wit, a wit so pretty that
Beside it that of London *Punch* seemed very stale and flat.

He talked not of the weather, and he chatted not of sport,
But such remarks as made T. P. O'Connor wildly snort,
Whereat T. P. observed, amid a lot of Irish grins,
It seemed to him that Joseph and old Judas must be twins.

That set the ball a-rolling; Mr. Healy then arose
And tapped a British Commoner upon his Roman nose,
Whereon a noble Tory, to the credit of his race,
Sent both his fists a-coursing into Mr. Healy's face.

Then sixteen members from the Isle let out a wild hurroo!
And twenty-seven Tories they proceeded then to "do."
They smashed them on the benches, and they tossed them
to the sky;
The only thing they couldn't catch was Mr. Speaker's eye.

When every Tory nose was red, and every eye was blue,
When every Irish hat was smashed, the scimmagers got
through.

And Mr. Gladstone, grand old man, in language fit and
pat,
Called for the question previous, which was—"Where are
we at?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

For Mental Depression

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. L. C. S. TURNER, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am
very much pleased with it in mental depression from
gastric troubles."

The thrifty peasants of Poltava, Russia, have
shown themselves smart enough to take advantage
even of a pest. Recently their fields were invaded
by swarms of Spanish flies, which they captured and
found a ready market for at the druggist's at one dol-
lar a pound.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET,
cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Increased Appetite

is one of the first good effects
felt by users of Scott's Emulsion
of cod-liver oil with Hypophos-
phites. Good appetite begets
good health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a fat food that provides its
own tonic. Instead of a tax up-
on appetite and digestion it is a
wonderful help to both.

*Scott's Emulsion ar-
rests the progress of
Consumption, Bron-
chitis, Scrofula, and
other wasting diseases
by raising a barrier of
healthy flesh, strength
and nerve.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16600 FR

QUINA-
AROCHE'S
INVIGORATING TONIC,

CONTAINING
PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,
AND A
RICH CATALAN WINE,
used with entire success by the Hospitals of
Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED
CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA,
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &C.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the
most powerful weapons known in the art of
curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and
forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark
affords life to the organs, and activity to
their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,
30 North William St., N. Y.

COWDREY'S
Deviled Ham

HOW TO SERVE

FOR BREAKFAST—Prepare an omiclet and spread
a layer of the Deviled Ham between its folds.

FOR LUNCH—Cut loaf-bread into thin slices, butter
to suit taste and spread with Deviled Ham.

FOR TEA—Upon well-toasted bread spread a layer
of Deviled Ham and cover with scrambled or
dropped eggs.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

THE undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR
THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures
of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;

HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;

DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment
of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to
15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

ALUMINUM ALLOY
COMPOSITE

Has given entire satisfaction to Brass and
Iron Founders. Two per cent. added to
cheap low-grade mixtures of metals gives
30 per cent. increased strength. Makes
hard metal soft, sound, and non-crystal-
lizing, prevents blowholes and sponginess.
Aluminum Alloy unites copper with iron,
and lead with iron and copper, heretofore
unknown. Price, \$28 per barrel of 700
pounds, or \$80 per ton.
Book of Government Official Report and
other indisputable testimonials from Foundry-
men free.

The Hartsfield Furnace and Refining Company
NEWPORT, KY.

Branch Offices and Depot—Judson Mfg. Co.,
San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Montreal and To-
ronto, Canada; Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England;
Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome, Ga.;
Geo. Orenshaw, Henderson, N. C.; D. W. C. Carroll Co.,
Pittsburg, Pa.; Frank D. Espy, New York; Foundry
Supply Co., Boston, Mass.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Richard Briosley Sheridan was once talking to a friend about the Prince Regent, who took great credit to himself for various public occurrences, as if they had been directed by his political skill or foreseen by his political sagacity: "But," said Sheridan, after expatiating on this, "what his royal highness more particularly prides himself on, is the late excellent harvest."

Sydney Smith was sitting at breakfast one morning at Combe Florey, when a poor woman came begging him to christen a new-born infant, without loss of time, as she thought it was dying. He instantly went to her cottage, and on his return was greeted by queries as to what state he had left the child in. "Why," said he, "I just gave it a dose of castor-oil, and then I christened it; so now the poor child is ready for either world."

A member of the House of Commons had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was perfectly posted to its rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet, saying: "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She promptly replied: "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand'." He blushing accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

Whoever has seen a Cornish funeral knows how "ilka lassie has her laddie" in the melancholy procession, and not only are there lads and lassies, but more mature couples. It is a matter not only of ceremony, but choice. A clergyman was ministering, the other day, to a parishioner whose end was approaching, when the voice of the sick man's wife, who was something of a virago, made itself heard through the open window: "I don't care what comes or goes, but I will not follow the corpse with a little man."

Rossini was blessed with a not very retentive memory—especially for names of persons introduced to him. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah! my dear Mr. —," but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him, Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which the English Mozart recognized, and would as readily have heard as his less musical suzerain.

In "Glimpses of Italian Society," the author says that a woman of quality, at the fine ball Bragadio made in honor of the season, inquired how she had passed the morning. The Englishwoman named several churches she had looked into, particularly that which they esteem beyond the rest as a favorite work of Palladio, and called the Redentore. "You do very right," said the Italian, "to look at our churches, as you have done in England, I know; but then you have so many other fine things, such charming steel buttons, for example," pressing the Englishwoman's hand to show that she meant no offense.

At the American chapel at Lucerne, a Protestant Episcopal minister from this country (Low Church) read the lessons with such naturalness of manner and propriety of emphasis as to elicit the admiration of a visitor, who afterward remarked: "How delightful to hear the Scriptures read with such sense and feeling!" She was surprised to hear the sister of a (High Church) rector, American also, exclaim: "I can't agree with you. I think it almost blasphemous for a man by such stress and emphasis to impose his own interpretation on the Word of God. The Scriptures should be read in monotone."

Ferdinand Hassler, the father of the United States Coast Survey system, was once waited upon by a committee of Congress sent to inquire into the progress of the work. The committee reached New York and wended their way upstairs to the room where Hassler was drilling his classes and preparing them for the work. Hassler, who allowed no intruders, met them at the door and inquired their business. They answered that they had come to investigate. "What part of the work do you wish to inspect?" inquired the Swiss mathematician. Congress had no definite idea on the point. "Then you had better go and find out," returned Hassler, as he

shut the door to the face of the astonished committee. The committee looked at each other, and, on second sober thought, concluded that Hassler was about right, and quietly wended their way downstairs and back to Washington.

Gambetta, prior to the overthrow of the Empire, was in the act of addressing the court in behalf of a prisoner, when suddenly he perceived that the presiding judge was visibly dozing. He paused for a minute, and then, bringing down his fist with a terrible thump on the desk in front of him, he shouted in his most resonant and clarion-like voice: "As I was saying before the awakening of the court!" This apostrophe was immediately punished by the indignant judge suspending the young lawyer from practicing his profession for a period of two months. Less energetic, yet equally effective, was Maitre Rousset, who, having likewise observed that the presiding magistrate was indulging in a nap, suddenly stopped talking. The prolonged silence, which lasted for four minutes, had the effect of waking the judge, and, as soon as he opened his eyes, Maitre Rousset made a profound bow and resumed his speech, as follows: "As I was saying, Messieurs de la Cour, at your last audience," laying special stress on the word "last." The reproof was so delicate that everybody smiled, even including the judge himself.

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir!" (thundered Blackie, "hold your book to your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending pitiously at the wrist. "Sir, I have nae right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was overrough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and, with a look and tone that came straight from his heart, he said: "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

The triumphant success obtained by Fanny Elssler, in the "Diable Boiteux," was by no means relished by her lady colleagues, who profited by any mode of annoying their rival. One evening, Burat de Gurgy, author of the libretto, knocked at the door of the charming dancer's dressing-room and found her in a great state of excitement. "My dear M. Burat," she exclaimed, "I am in a terrible rage. I have scarcely time to dress, and some one has stolen my chalk." "Your chalk!" began Burat. "Yes; I have asked everybody for some, and they all say they have none. It is a conspiracy, you see, to hinder me from dancing. So now, M. Burat, you will get me some, will you not?" "But, my dear lady, I don't know where to go for it." "Make haste," insisted Fanny; "I will pay whatever you like; but I must have it. You have just a quarter of an hour before the curtains rise, and I shall expect you." It was then eleven o'clock, and all the shops were shut, consequently M. Burat was highly perplexed what to do. However, at last he returned, bringing five little bits of chalk, but looking extremely doleful. "Enough!" cried Mlle. Elssler, triumphantly; "you are, indeed, a friend to oed. What do I owe you?" "Twenty-five sous for five glasses of execrable cognac," was his answer; "I have been obliged to go to five cafés in order to steal the chalk from the billiard tables."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From July 26, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José..... | 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton..... | 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..... | 6:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez..... | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2:30 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:25 P. |
| 2:30 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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| | |
|--------------------------|---|
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| City of New York..... | Thursday, August 17, at 3 P. M. |
| City of Peking..... | Thursday, August 31, at 3 P. M. |
| China..... | (via Honolulu), Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3 P. M. |

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At the California Theatre, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mr. Robert Mantell gave two pictures of the artist of modern and of ancient times. The first was M. Maurice Lasarge, leading man of the Comédie-Française; the other, Parrhasius, the Greek painter, who flourished within sight of the Acropolis at Athens so many centuries ago that it is hardly worth while to count them.

Mr. Mantell's portraits of the artist, modern and ancient, are not all in keeping with the generally accepted idea of this exalted being, whom the novelists would have us regard as a dweller in attics, subsisting upon crusts and raw turnips and drawing inspiration from the stars. In the morning, he gnaws a roll, drinks a cup of chocolate, and leans out of his garret-window, smoking a pipe and surveying the chimneys with the unseeing eye of inward contemplation. In the evening, he indites great thoughts by the flickering light of a tallow-taper—great thoughts which editors always refuse until, when the artist is on the point of starvation, his genius is discovered; he is immediately famous, and becomes the object of the affections of duchesses, if not queens.

In Mr. Mantell's world the artist is enormously famous, not at all Bohemian, and extravagantly wealthy. He is the modern type of the artist who makes a great fortune, lives in a great house, entertains great people, and will have none of the beer-drinking, impecunious, not invariably talented, world of Henri Murger. The geniuses of modern France and ancient Greece both had a liking for the luxuries of life. They both, it is evident, liked to patronize a good tailor and had a first-class chef. They both had large, handsome houses; and, while the French actor reposed in big, soft arm-chairs, the Greek painter took his ease upon a square of the purest white marble, and each was quite comfortable according to the fashion of the times.

When Maurice Lasarge returns from the Comédie-Française, with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, he sits down by the fire, puts on his slippers, and prepares to take a nap like an ordinary *père de famille* who does not know the difference between Hamlet and Othello. Those who have cherished the dream that a great artist is a creature who has fed on honey-dew and drank the milk of Paradise, and is as a being of another sphere, will suffer a great disappointment in seeing Mr. Mantell, calm and commonplace, arrange himself on two chairs in comfortable preparation for an afternoon nap. He even is so far ordinary and like other people as to have a wife for whom he cherished a hearty, *bourgeois* affection, though this lady is fifteen years his junior and has the poor taste to elope with a man named Alphonse, who looks as if Nature intended him to be a waiter in a French café.

This little curtain-raiser is one of the good ones of its kind. It is a very clever piece of work, artistic and delicate. If Mr. Mantell had had a good support, it would have been a satisfactory performance; as it was, Alphonse looked so remarkably like a waiter that it was a wonder people did not accost him with cries of "Garçon, un verre d'eau," and Lucille, the wife, talked so very low that half of what she said was lost, and when Alphonse dashed in in his impetuous way—just as if he were carrying four cups of coffee, one order of beefsteak, and one of omelet—and folded her in his arms, nobody knew whether he was the husband or a brother. It was a shock to the auditors' feelings to hear later that Alphonse was a lover, who was about to carry the fond and trusting Lucille off to Italy. In fact, Lucille did not seem to be burdened with many scruples about eloping, and went with him willingly, dropping a perfunctory tear or two, and carrying with her as sole baggage a white silk sun-shade.

Parrhasius was also a great artist and a man who liked luxury and comfort. He did not live in a big, retired mansion on some quiet Parisian boulevard, but in a white marble palace, on a hill near Athens, with marble arches framing a view of sunlit hills and sapphire water. Instead of the sumptuous luxury of a modern drawing-room, embroidered screens, divans full of pillows, deep arm-chairs, umbrella lamps, Louis Quinze sofas, and desks in birdseye maple, we see the severely classic interior of a Greek studio, with polished columns, curtains of Pompeian red, and square blocks of marble for the *élite* of Athens to sit on when they came to buy the artist's masterpieces.

In this inspiring abode of genius, Parrhasius is in a state of great unhappiness. During the whole first act he moaned of his misfortunes without revealing to the audience just what they consisted in. As a young Hebrew gentleman was heard to remark in a pause in Parrhasius's jeremiads: "What is it he

wants, anyhow?" This question was in most people's minds. Later on they learned that the reason of the painter's misery was his inability to find a model for his "Prometheus," his *magnum opus*, which was as yet incomplete. And the spoiled child of fortune gones on groaning, and sighing, and invoking the aid of the gods until one of them sends an old slave straight into his arms, and this old slave is just the person for the model of Prometheus.

The isles of Greece—the isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung—must have been rather a dreadful place for the slaves in those days. The proud Parrhasius, having purchased the slave who looks so like Prometheus, chains him to a rock, has his tongue cut out, and calling in two stalwart colored minions, has them torture the model, while he paints the anguish upon the old man's visage. Everything is there for Parrhasius to paint but the eagle. The audience is spared the torture. But they see the colored men of blood armed with two big knives, and, as the curtain falls, they have a last fleeting vision of their dark-brown legs hastening to the rock upon which the slave is stretched, prepared for the sacrifice.

It is all very ghastly and, as Toddy in "Helen's Babies" remarked, "very buggy." The old slave hardly ever appears that he is not streaming with gore and battling fiercely with half a dozen minions, who are always hanging to his arms in the tumult of the affray. Even when he is represented as peacefully slumbering in the quiet hall of Xenocles, the slave-dealer, his brow still is shown to be stained with the blood of the last conflict.

"Parrhasius," roughly speaking, is one of the stupidest plays in the world. Its author—or authors, the name is Espy Williams, which may be the appellation of either a man or woman—can feel with pride that he has certainly taken the booby prize. Why a sensible actor like Mr. Mantell should want to produce such an extremely dull piece of dramatic writing, is a question. The whole of the two first acts is boring to a degree and written and arranged in the most old-fashioned manner. Parrhasius rants and raves because he can not find a model, as the bad people who were left out of the ark may have done when they saw Noah sailing away quite comfortable and secure. Then there is a soldier called Lychos, who is always throwing out mysterious hints which nobody can make out and which complicate the already complicated story, and two women, who have a chance to look pretty in the Greek dress, but who have nothing to say that is not commonplace and dull.

It is all the more a pity that Espy Williams had not some talent for play-writing, as he (or she) had chosen a central idea that has all the large, simple terror in it which marks so many of the stories of the old Greeks. It is a fine and fearsome idea, that of the great artist—artist first, human being second—who, in the frenzy of his art, sacrifices the life of a slave. Some one has written a poem on the subject, which, in the Middle West, where the elocutionist flourishes like a green bay-tree, you may hear recited at every school commencement and small-and-early party. It tells how Parrhasius ordered his slaves to tear the half-healed wounds open that he might depict upon the canvas the supremest expression of mortal agony. Parrhasius, in the play, was so fond of hearing himself declaim in magnificent periods that he had no time to give such simple and straightforward orders as these.

The character of the painter, too, as it comes down to us in the scrappy descriptions of various chroniclers, is as clear and living as some of the characters in the Old Testament—the great artist, with his superb egotism, his inextinguishable belief in himself, that tremendous self-confidence that comes from the knowledge of supreme talent. His was a figure, too, well adapted for the stage. He was one of those splendid, showy, conquering sort of people who in their large magnificence are better adapted for the broad affects of the theatre than the little philosopher, Theon, who was almost lost sight of in the blazing effulgence of Parrhasius, the painter.

Beyond these figures is the splendid background of Athens in its glorious heyday—the Athens of the Acropolis, of gods and goddesses, of the great sculptors who produced the statues that show what art was when the world was young, Parrhasius himself "not least but honored of them all." He himself, magnificent in talent, in riches, in fame and glory, another "faultless painter" like that one who followed so many hundreds of years later, unrivaled in his power of absolutely accurate drawing. If the story of his competition with Zeuxis be true—when Zeuxis painted such life-like grapes that the birds came and pecked at them, while Parrhasius depicted a curtain so accurately that Zeuxis tried to draw it aside—the great modern painters would rather have scorned him as an artist, calling such painstaking accuracy "the photographic art" of small, cramped imitators, not the broad, flowing realism of those dowered with creative genius.

With such a gorgeous central figure as this, with all the richness and splendor of Athens in its golden prime as a background, with such a finale as the torturing of the slave to work up to, Espy Williams, if he had had any dramatic talent in him, ought to have made a better play than he did. That he made a failure of the attempt is an unhappy fact. Mr. Mantell did the best that he could with the character

of the painter; but the dialogue is so stilted and so terribly long-drawn-out, the style of the play so old-fashioned and pretentious, that his performance savored of the general dullness.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 14th: The Tivoli Company in "Boccaccio"; Jennie Yeamans in "Jane"; "Aristocracy"; and "Ranch 10."

Emma Vaders has sent word to Tom Keene that she has quite recovered from her recent illness, and will resume her place in his company next month.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's novelette, "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," has been arranged as a one-act piece by Mrs. C. A. Drennon, and will be played by Ramsay Morris's comedy company, Elsie de Wolfe taking the leading rôle.

Balzac's story of "Père Goriot" has been dramatized by Clyde Fitch, the clever young author of "Beau Brummel," and has been produced at St. Paul with some degree of success. The chief fault found with it is the small opportunity it affords for scenic effect.

Jessie Bartlett Davis and Eugene Cowles have given up domesticity and study for oratorio, respectively, and will be with the Bostonians after all. Camille d'Arville, who is to head a new light-opera company in "Venus," will be the only notable defection from the company.

Coquelin and Jane Hading, accompanied by Jean Coquelin, Mme. Pauline Patry, and other members of the Comédie-Française, will sail for America in the middle of September. They will appear in Chicago and New York in Sardou's "Thermidor" and "Nos Intimes," and will produce a new play, "Les Heureux."

Suppé's amusing light opera, "Boccaccio," will be sung at the Tivoli, commencing on Monday night, with the following cast:

Boccaccio, Faany Liddiard; Leonetto, Frank Ridsdale; Pietro, Phil Branson; Lotterio, George Olmi; Lambertuccio, Ferris Hartman; Sciala, Thomas C. Leary; Checco, Duocan Smith; Fratelli, G. Napoleoni; Fresco, Fred Kavanagh; the Unknown, George Harris; Chicometto, George Hilde; Hametta, Gracie Plasted; Beatrice, Carrie Roma; Isabella, Lena Salinger; Peronella, Irene Mull; Tofano, Julia Simmons; Chicibio, Minnie Jurgis; Guido, Mamie Gray; Cisti, Belle Emmet; Federigo, Trulia Shattuck; Giodto, Susanne Easton; Filippa, Mae Atkins; Oretta, Gretchen Hirsch.

The Coghans are to play Oscar Wilde's "Woman of No Importance" in America this winter, Rose appearing as Mrs. Arbuthnot, which Mrs. Bernard Beere does in England, Charles in Beerbohm Tree's rôle of Lord Illingworth, and John F. Sullivan as Gerald Arbuthnot. The play is so successful in London that Mr. Tree canceled his Berlin engagement and remained in London all summer.

Here is the latest information about the minor American dramatists:

William Young, author of "Ganelon" and "Pendragon," is negotiating for the production of his latest story of revolutionary times, "A Ride with Marion's Men." Blanche Marsden is writing a comedy for Roland Reed. Grace Livingston Fureas has completed a comedy for Felix Morris. Fred Wilcox will star as a Chinese in his own three-act farcical piece, "A Crash in China." Marion Sackett has entirely rewritten "Killarney" for Katie Emmett. A French empress is the central figure of a new four-act drama by Frank Carlos Griffith. "Fra Diona" is the title of a one-act play by Robert Drouet, recently produced in Chicago. "An American Emperor," a historical comedy-drama founded on the life of Aaron Burr, has been accepted by Richard Mansfield. It is by Will Wright, of Minneapolis. Mansfield has also commissioned Clinton Ross to write a play for him, with Napoleon as the hero. Edward E. Ross's new plays, "The Man of War's Man" and "The Snare of New York," are to be produced by Thomas E. Shea. Hal Reid's society melodrama, "The Lily and the Rose," promises to be a very unconventional piece of work. Marion Booth, a niece of the late Edwin Booth, is to be starred in it. "Our Daily Bread" is the title of a new comedy from the pen of Lulu Klein. Julian Edwards, composing the music and J. Cheever Goodwin is writing the book of a comic opera for Digby Bell.

Peter F. Dailey, who made his first hit as the sport in "A Straight Tip," is to be well supported in his new farce-comedy, "A Country Sport." In the company will be May Irwin, Ada Lewis (the "tough girl"), John Sparks, of Harrigan's company, and, presumably, May Hanley, who has lately changed her name in private life from Mary E. Angus to Mrs. Peter F. Dailey.

M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie-Française, has been giving his views on Hamlet to an English reporter, who says:

"When he first thought of playing the part, he read that the great literary and dramatic critics of the world had to say of the rôle. When he got through, his mind was chaos. No two conclusions apparently agreed, so he swept them all away and began reading the play carefully in the original. He found it a very simple tragedy, and concluded that Hamlet posed as being mad the greater part of the time; but in the scene with his mother he undoubtedly, for a time, lost possession of himself. Ophelia M. Mounet-Sully regards as a decoy, and will not have her as the angelic, simple-minded creature she is usually pictured."

But M. Mounet-Sully went the further length of trying to act Hamlet in French at the Drury Lane Theatre. Clement Scott declares him to be the strangest and maddest Hamlet he has ever seen. "He may be feigning madness," he says, "but it is uncommonly like the real article. Such squawks and gibberings were surely never heard out of Hanwell or Colney Hatch." Another critic writes:

"To M. Mounet-Sully the gods have given the physical qualities needful for a great actor, yet have denied wisdom in the use of them. Ludicrous is a hard word to use, but not beyond truth in speaking of his antics when pretending to be insane, while his strange noises, in the way of inarticulate groans, were both perplexing and unpleasant. There were moments when he held himself in check and played

with power and discretion, but they were outweighed by minutes of ranting. Of his conception of the part his acting gives no very clear idea; judging from his performance, he thinks Hamlet a boisterous, very undignified young man, with a strong taste for practical joking."

The grand opera season in Chicago and New York, under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, will be an attractive one in point of artists and repertoire. The four great stars will be Emma Eames, Melba, Lascalle, and Jean de Reszke, with Scalchi, Nordica, Matilde Bauermeister, Rinaldini, and some thirty others as lesser lights. Among the operatic novelties they will produce are Verdi's "Falstaff," Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," and "Philemon et Baucis," a new opera by Gounod.

James Lewis is the latest member to announce his intention of leaving the Daly Company. The reason may be inferred from the following statement of an English actor recently arrived in this country:

"It appears that the discipline at the London theatre is even firmer than in the New York house. An hour before the curtain goes up every one in the company, from Miss Kehan to the property boy, is obliged to assemble in the greenroom and stand in line like school children. The stage manager comes in with a big book and calls off the names in alphabetical order."

Mr. Clark is the man with the book. He was so rattled on the first night that when he got to the C's he shouted: "Clark!"

"No answer," for the others were afraid to speak. "Clark!" More silence. Then Clark fined himself one dollar for being late. He had to pay it, too. A little farther down the list he called: "Rehan!"

"Present, sir," replied the actress. "I didn't hear you," said Mr. Clark. "Fine her fifty cents," spoke up Mr. Daly; "next time she will speak up."

Jimmie Lewis laughed at this, and he was fined eighty-five cents for disorderly conduct. And this is the performance that goes on every night before the play begins.

If any of the slaves speak to Mr. Daly, either in or out of the theatre, they are fined twenty-five cents. All complaints to Mr. Daly must be written out and delivered to the back-door man. He turns them over to the stage-manager, and he gives them to Mr. Daly's clerk, and from there they go to head-quarters. If a personal interview is granted, the player must have three different passes before he can stand in front of Mr. Daly's door. He will not receive any one unless his big bull-dog is in the office to protect his master in case of trouble. Life in the siberian mines is one wild gallop compared to existence in Mr. Daly's London company, so the members say. Not even the favored Rehan is free from these fines and annoyances. There is only one member Mr. Daly does not dare fine. That's the dog.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The blonde—"I wonder if I shall ever live to be a hundred?" *The brunette*—"Not if you remain twenty-two much longer."—*Puck*.

Papa—"Do you say grace at the seminary?" *Product of modern education*—"Certainly. I never heard of more than the one pronunciation."—*Truth*.

Jovial passenger (to sufferer leaning over the side of the boat)—"Waiting for the moon to rise?" *The sufferer*—"No, no; I didn't swallow that."—*Elmira Gazette*.

Citizen—"They ought to hang Crackshot for killing Barker." *Western editor*—"Hanging is too good for him. Why, Barker was one of my subscribers."—*Truth*.

"My friend, let me remind you that the wages of sin is death." "Oh, never mind! We'll soon have an A. O. U. Sinners, and they'll strike for two deaths."—*Puck*.

Maude—"How on earth did you ever get him to propose?" *Myrtle*—"Oh, I kept him in that sweet little brick model of a house in the Midway for an hour."—*World's Fair Puck*.

"He's an entomologist. Just been to New Jersey to study the mosquito." "Why did he leave?" "Found out that instead of learning entomology, he was teaching anthropology."—*Life*.

Charley Adelpate (in Machinery Building)—"Aw—th' wattle of the machines drowns one's conversation." *May Cutting* (who is bored)—"Yes; isn't it grand?"—*World's Fair Puck*.

Lord d'Massé—"You have no marriage settlements in the States, I hear." *Miss Harcourt*—"No, but we have something far better." *Lord d'Massé*—"Aw—what?" *Miss Harcourt*—"Alimony."—*Vogue*.

Fweddý—"Miss Walkah paid me an agreeable compliment last night." *Cholly*—"What was it, deah boy?" *Fweddý*—"I asked her if she would dance with me, and she said she liked my face."—*Chicago Tribune*.

He—"I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it?" *She*—"I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter."—*Life's Calendar*.

Minnie—"I never could bring myself to marry a man who had been divorced. Ugh!" *Mamie*—"He'd be lots better than a widower, anyway. He couldn't be bragging about his first wife all the time."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

In the Cairo Street: *Gussie*—"Why don't you like Egyptians, deah boy?" *Reggy*—"Why, don't you know, they ah called 'fellahs'?" And one always associates fellahs with high hats and sack-coats; don't you know."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Safe: Livermore—"The man in the attic hall, hack, hasn't paid a cent yet on his board." *Mrs. Livermore*—"I suspected him the first time I saw him, and gave him windows an inch narrower than his trunk."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Mistress—"How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening?" *Servant-girl*—"Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat!"—*Lustige Blätter*.

Elder Berry—"Johls made a bad break in church to-day." *Mrs. Berry*—"What did he do?" *Elder Berry*—"Subscribed ten dollars toward sending Dr. Thirdly to Europe, and offered to double the amount if they would make it Africa."—*Life*.

Tired William—"I was not always this way, madam. Up to recently I was a member of the theatrical profession." *Lady of the house*—"What part did you take?" *Tired William*—"I was understudy to the sleeping beauty."—*Judge*.

Dime-museum manager—"Great heavens! the show is ruined! The hearded lady was almost run over by a carriage just now." *Dog faced boy*—"But she wasn't hurt, was she?" *Manager*—"No; but she had a close shave."—*World's Fair Puck*.

Mabel—"What made you get so red and embarrassed just before you went out of the room just now?" *Marie*—"If I tell you, don't breathe it to a soul. You know the clock on my stocking?" *Mabel*—"Yes." *Marie*—"Well, it had run down."—*Club*.

"That was a disgusting tramp I helped this morning," said old Mrs. Smythe, of Bungtown Corners; "I gave him a pie and asked him to saw some wood, and about ten minutes later he came in and asked me if I'd mind if he ate the wood and sawed the pie."—*Bazar*.

"What shall we name him, Hiram?" said the wife and mother. The poor, honest, hard-working husband and father looked at his fourteenth cherub, blinking helplessly in its cradle, and sighed: "I think, Mary Jane," he said, "we'll call him Dennis."—*Chicago Tribune*.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

DCCXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 13, 1893.

Okra Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce, Parisienne Potatoes.
Broiled Chickens. Green Peas.
Stuffed Tomatoes. Boiled Ham.
Beef à la Mode.
French Artichokes.
Sponge Cake, with Peaches.
Fruits. Coffee.

SPONGE CAKE, WITH PEACHES.—Bake a sponge cake in a shallow pan, so that the cake will be about two inches thick when done. Just before serving, pour some boiled custard over this and spread a layer of sliced peaches upon it. Beat the whites of four eggs (which may be reserved from the custard) to a stiff froth, sweeten, and drop over the top.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

The citizens of Sandoval, Ill., will not allow any negro to live in their town. Several weeks ago, two strange negroes were employed by a new carpenter who was not acquainted with the color-line law of the place, but it did not take him long to learn it when seventy-five of the "best people" of the town waited upon him and threatened to lynch the negroes if they did not leave at once.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

During the illumination: *Mosenberg* (as he is struck blind by a ten-thousand-candle-power search-light)—"Himmel! If I could only veer dot at Aaronstein's hall!"—*World's Fair Puck*.

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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What is the cause of the present financial stringency throughout this prosperous country? What is the reason that so many mills are closing down? Why are railroads taking off trains, and other railroads passing into the hands of receivers? Why are hundreds of thousands of workingmen walking the streets, looking for work that does not come?

The answer is not hard to find. The Democratic partisan organs are vainly trying to make a scapegoat of silver. It is perhaps the first time in the history of the world that a great and prosperous country has been told that ruin stared it in

the face from the possession of too much of one of the precious metals.

The answer, as we have said, is not difficult to find. The public memory is short, but it can readily go back to the Democratic platform on which that party swept into power last November. Here is the vital clause:

"WE DENOUNCE REPUBLICAN PROTECTION AS A FRAUD; A ROBBERY OF THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE FEW. WE DECLARE IT TO BE A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS NO CONSTITUTIONAL POWER TO IMPOSE AND COLLECT TARIFF DUTIES EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF REVENUE ONLY."

That is the answer. When the Argonaut and other Republican journals warned the American people of the dangers sure to flow from Democratic free-trade, the reply from the Democratic organs was "calamity-shriekers." When Republican speakers pointed out that free trade meant the paralysis of American industry, the Democratic orators made merry. The deluded workingmen who followed these false prophets laughed, too. They are not laughing now.

The mere threat of free trade, resulting from the Democratic accession to power, has caused such a cataclysm in the United States as has not taken place for twenty years. The Democrats have had full possession of the government for less than six months, and under the menacing influence of their British free-trade plan they have already caused wide-spread ruin.

Let us take a glance at this gloomy picture. The Northern Pacific Railway is in the hands of a receiver. The Reading Railway is in the hands of a receiver. The Erie Railway is in the hands of a receiver. The Union Pacific is threatened with bankruptcy; it is taking off trains, discharging men, and closing shops. The Southern Pacific is taking off trains, discharging men, and closing shops. The New York Central has taken off eight of its express trains, is discharging men, and closing shops.

Here are a few dispatches which may serve as object-lessons in this Democratic kindergarten of tariff reform:

PHILADELPHIA, August 3d.—President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has issued an order for the reduction of the hours of labor in the mechanical department from six days a week of ten hours per day to five days of nine hours each.

OMAHA, August 3d.—Oliver W. Mink, of the Union Pacific system, has to-day ordered the discharge of one hundred clerks and other sub-ordinates.

SIOUX CITY, IA., August 3d.—The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul has ordered another general reduction of the forces in its commercial department, offices, etc., as well as a large reduction of the operating force. The Illinois Central will reduce the expenses of its Iowa lines by discharging employees and reducing the train service.

HARTFORD, CONN., August 3d.—The New York and New England Railroad has already discharged one hundred and twenty-five section hands. It was announced to-day by Superintendent Quigg, of the Western Division, that forty-five or more men employed in the repair-shops at East Hartford will be discharged to-morrow.

SACRAMENTO, August 8th.—Four thousand men discharged. The Southern Pacific Company has reduced the working time in all its shops to eight hours a day for four days a week instead of ten hours a day for six days, with wages correspondingly less.

SACRAMENTO, August 15th.—One thousand more men are out. The Southern Pacific's annual pay-roll is reduced by nine hundred thousand dollars. Its passenger-train service is reduced by fully fifteen thousand train-miles a day. Workers are turned out of statoo, shop, telegraph-office, section-gang, and train. The train-dispatchers' offices at Truckee, Ogden, Tucson, Los Angeles, and Fresno are abolished. Over five hundred trackmen are given their walking-papers, and others may follow before long.

SANTA MARGARITA, August 16th.—A thousand more men are out. The Pacific Improvement Company takes a big force out of the tunnels. There is a practical cessation of work on the new road between Santa Margarita and San Luis Obispo. The discharge of these workmen will delay the completion of that part of the coast division until 1896. Only enough men are kept on to preserve the work thus far done in fair condition.

Since the Democratic party came into power, American securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have shrunk in value \$625,000,000. The bonds of American railways have declined in value \$325,000,000. Wheat has fallen from ninety to seventy cents a bushel; corn, from

sixty-two to forty-nine cents a bushel. In short, the shrinkage in values of American property can be shown by figures to be thirteen hundred millions of dollars.

One hundred and five national banks, says the Controller of the Currency, have failed in the last six months—or since the Democrats came into power—"only one hundred and five," say the Democratic organs. We have no statistics concerning the failures of banks other than national, but they are up in the hundreds. Scores of mills are closed in the manufacturing districts; thousands of factory hands are idle in the New England factory towns. In New York city, 36,177 men are out of work in fifty-seven trades, as counted by their trades-unions. And to add to the misery, other scores of thousands are pouring from the West into the East, a grand army of brawny laborers seeking for employment—crying out for a chance to earn bread, that their souls may not be parted from their sturdy bodies.

One can feel nothing but pity for these deluded men. It is by their votes, it is true, that a political revolution has been effected. But they are not to blame. It is the leaders of the Democratic party at whose doors lie this destitution, misery, and want. A condition of unparalleled prosperity has suddenly been changed into a desolation so wide-spread that it has riveted the attention of the civilized world.

In 1885, which ushered in Cleveland's first term, there was no danger of a free-trade revolution, as Congress was Republican. But with Cleveland's second term, the Democracy had entire possession of the government. The result is at hand. The gloomiest pictures drawn by Republican journals do not equal the present condition of affairs. Manufacturers are closing down their mills, to avoid competition with pauper European labor. Merchants are preparing for free trade and lower prices by reducing their stocks. Thousands of clerks and workingmen are being turned into the streets. This destroys the principal market of the farmers, which is the home market. "Free trade" was held forth as a delicate bait to the farmer by the Democratic organs. Before this free-trade fever is over it will be a stench in his nostrils.

It is a black and gloomy picture—the condition of the United States in 1893 under a free-trade Democratic administration. But this is only the beginning—this is but the shadow cast before. "For if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

The lukewarm support that the Midwinter Fair is receiving from the well-to-do members of this community is thoroughly characteristic. The lower and middle classes are subscribing liberally in proportion to their means; the rich have given beggarly amounts in a grudging manner. It is the misfortune of this city that it contains a number of men who have acquired wealth as a result of fortunate accident rather than through business ability. Not understanding just how they became wealthy, they fear that their riches will as suddenly and as mysteriously disappear, and they cling with a miserly grip to every cent. Not only do they refuse to assist any enterprise for the public benefit, but they derive a certain pleasure from predicting ruin and disaster for every scheme that the more broad-minded and public-spirited advocate.

Fortunately this class is not numerous; their wealth and self-assertion render them more prominent than their mental ability or their numbers would justify, and thus their power for creating a feeling of depression among the others is unduly exaggerated. It is not probable that they number more than one thousand in the whole city, and there are enough people left to make the Midwinter Fair a success without their assistance. If the population of San Francisco consists of 270,000 white people, 30,000 Chinese, and 1,000 rich curmudgeons, the 270,000 whites ought to be able to get along.

There has been considerable enthusiasm manifested in favor of the fair, but it is by no means so general as it should be. The opportunity offered to this city and State is an unusually favorable one. Chicago has expended over twenty millions of dollars and devoted two years of labor to its

Fair. It has been advertised far and wide and the nations of the earth have sent their rarest and best products for exhibition. San Francisco has an opportunity to secure the cream of these exhibits and to profit by the work that Chicago has done. The English, French, Belgian, German, Swiss, and Italian exhibitors at Chicago are anxious to send their exhibits here, and the attractions of the Midway Plaisance will come, almost without exception. Can it be possible that San Francisco, with one-fourth the population of Chicago, can not raise one-fortieth as much money?

Apart from the advertisement of the enterprise of California, the Midwinter Fair will prove a profitable investment. It is true that comparatively few visitors will come from the Eastern States; but there is another extensive population to be drawn from. The eight Pacific States and Territories have a population of more than two and a half millions, and it is a safe estimate that fifty thousand of these will come here during the continuance of the fair. From the Pacific Islands, Mexico, Central and South America, Australia, and the Asiatic countries the visitors will number not less than ten thousand more. The exhibitors, with their necessary employees, will number between five and ten thousand. Each visitor will remain here an average of one week, and can not spend less than thirty-five dollars during that time. The exhibitors will remain six months, and will spend an average of three hundred and sixty dollars apiece during that time. Thus, at the lowest estimate, excluding all Eastern visitors, on an investment of half a million dollars, the income would be more than four and a quarter millions.

The principal beneficiaries will, of course, be the hotels, restaurants, theatres, street-car and transportation companies. Some people complain that the Southern Pacific Company will profit more than any other single concern. Perhaps it will; but what of it? It has become so much the habit to rail at that monopoly that it is hard to realize that it is short of money and is obliged to retrench. The men in the shops at Sacramento have already been reduced from six to four days a week, which is equivalent to a reduction of one-third in their wages. The present indications are that further reductions in the pay-roll will become necessary. Is it nothing to the people of this State that this army of thirteen thousand employees must reduce their expenditures one-third? The objection to the Southern Pacific reaping a legitimate profit from the fair is but another instance of the narrow-mindedness that refuses an opportunity to make money because somebody else may make some, too.

It is probably too much to expect in San Francisco any such public spirit as Chicago has shown. When a bank failed there, holding seventy thousand dollars of foreign exhibitors' money, twelve Chicagoans at once met and drew their checks for that amount, rather than have their city shamed. It would be a long time before that would happen in San Francisco. But while nothing in the way of public spirit can be expected here, private spirit and individual avidity should urge the San Franciscan on. Why should he hesitate to risk a dollar when with that dollar he can make two?

It is to be feared that the proceedings of the Board of Lady Managers at Chicago are not calculated to demonstrate woman's capacity for parliamentary work. The squabble between Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Ball might have occurred anywhere. But it would have been treated differently in an assemblage of men. Mrs. Ball charged Mrs. Meredith, who was chairman of the committee on awards, with incompetency and disregard of business principles, which destroyed the usefulness of the committee; and she wound up with saying that she is "an arrogant, malicious, ungenerous, vindictive woman." The latter imputations belong to the category of invective, and could not well be the subject of a parliamentary inquiry; but the charge of incompetency is clearly one which should have been investigated, in the interest of the fair. Yet when a motion was made to appoint an investigating committee, Mrs. Meredith burst into tears, and the motion was withdrawn. That is not the way to do business in a parliamentary body.

Then another member of the board—a Mrs. Barker—fulminated a protest against the dance shows in the Plaisance. These are the performances given at the Persian theatre, the Algerian theatre, the Cairo theatre, the *café chantant* of the Turkish village, and similar side-shows. Mrs. Barker said she had visited them from a sense of duty, and that she had never been so shocked or grieved in her life as she was by what she saw. The performances were disgusting, and no mother could endure the thought of their being witnessed by her sons or daughters. Mrs. Barker's views were indorsed by the Board of Lady Managers.

As a matter of fact, these shows have been witnessed by many who read these lines, and while the performances are certainly dull, stupid, and unattractive, it can not be said of them that they are "immoral." The Oriental dancer at Chicago is a fat, clumsy creature who is draped to her

ankles, and who rarely raises her feet from the ground. Her idea of dancing is to wriggle her hips and abdomen. This may be Oriental, but it does not seem "immoral." It appears that the Orientals attach some licentious meaning to the serpentine writhings of their dancers; no such meaning is apparent to Occidental spectators. Nearly all these Oriental dances strike Americans as tedious and tiresome. The women look as if they never washed themselves and as though a life of inaction and an oleaginous diet had brought them to the porcine stage of creation. To a person with a sense of humor, the sight of a fat woman violently wriggling her abdomen suggests nothing so much as an attack of colic.

Good people—and we dare say that Mrs. Barker and the Board of Lady Managers are very, very good—do a world of mischief through their ignorance of the world. Before the Lady Managers' arraignment of the wicked Plaisance, the Oriental shows were thinking of closing their doors for want of patronage. After the Lady Managers declared that they had seen all sorts of wickedness there, men who had visited the places thought there was something very choice which they had missed, and they hastened to pay a second visit. In the desire to crush out the elephantine wrigglers, the Lady Managers have really given them a first-class advertisement, for which they ought to be grateful. If Mrs. Barker had known more of the world in which she lives, she would have been aware that publishers sometimes pay money to get the issues of their press denounced as immoral and indecent.

For the second time in the history of the country, Congress has been convened in extra session to consider questions of finance. Once before, when the panic of 1837 had come as the result of Democratic ignorance of finance, it was found necessary to convene an extra session. The present financial stringency is by no means so serious as that of 1837, but it presents difficulties and peculiarities of its own. The President's message calls only for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law, and were that the sole task of Congress it would be simple indeed. It is generally admitted that the Sherman law, like all compromises which express the deliberate judgment of nobody, is a failure. But it is to be hoped that Congress will take some action toward simplifying the currency.

There are in this country to-day eight varieties of legal tender, and the national bank-notes, which are practically legal tender, would make nine. In paper money, there are gold certificates, silver certificates, Treasury notes, United States notes, currency certificates, and national bank-notes. Such is the confusing legacy of the financial legislation of the last thirty years. Congress can not do better than to wipe out these distinctions which really mean nothing. But there is a more important consideration: the constitution expressly declares both silver and gold to be the coinage metals, and it is the plain duty of Congress to maintain both metals in the currency.

The problem before Congress, therefore, is to maintain silver and gold in the currency and to wipe out the unnecessary varieties of paper money that have been issued under recent legislation. The modern era of money may be said to date from 1870. At that time all the countries of Europe, except England and Portugal, were using silver in their coinage to the same extent as gold. Then came that series of events which so seriously depreciated the price of silver and discredited it as a money metal. In 1870, Germany began the process of substituting gold for silver in its coinage; in 1872, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark demonetized silver; in 1873, the United States and Belgium followed; in 1874, Switzerland; in 1876, France; and in 1878, the Latin Union formally decreed the suspension of the coinage of the five-franc piece. Side by side with this largely decreased demand for silver came a largely increased production. Thus the ratio of sixteen to one which undervalued silver in 1870 is now far above the market price of that metal. The demand of the free-coinage advocates for the old ratio of sixteen to one, simply because it was maintained at one time, is absurd. They speak of that arbitrary human ratio as if it were a God-given revelation. A ratio should be adopted that will more closely approximate the market value.

The law of 1873, which suspended the coinage of the silver dollar in this country, left us with gold, subsidiary silver, United States notes, and national bank-notes. The paper money represented ninety per cent. of the total circulation, divided nearly equally between the "greenbacks" and national bank-notes. By 1878, the decrease in the price of silver had brought the free-coinage men to the front again, and the Bland Act was passed. This law required the purchase each month of not less than two millions of dollars' worth of silver and not more than four millions of dollars. This was to be coined into standard dollars, and any holder of these dollars to the amount of ten or more could have them exchanged for silver certificates. Thus the Bland Act brought two new varieties of money into circulation.

In 1886, the issue of silver certificates in denominations of less than ten dollars was begun, and the next change in the

coinage laws was in 1890, when the Sherman law was passed. This provided for the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, to be paid for in Treasury notes. These notes are redeemable in either gold or silver coin.

As a result of all these laws, the money in circulation in the country on the first of this month was divided as follows:

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------|--------------|
| Gold coin | | \$16,909,941 |
| Standard silver dollars | | 56,223,989 |
| Subsidiary silver | | 64,007,129 |
| Gold certificates | | 87,611,029 |
| Silver certificates | | 330,188,309 |
| Treasury notes | | 143,774,138 |
| United States notes | | 324,394,404 |
| Currency certificates | | 7,855,000 |
| National bank-notes | | 180,134,997 |

As compared with the statement of July 1st, there has been an increase of \$17,000,000 in the circulating medium, the bulk of the increase being in the gold coin. The paper money, it will be noticed, forms only two-thirds of the total, instead of nine-tenths, as it was in 1873; but, on the other hand, instead of only two kinds of paper money there are six. There is clearly room for reform in this direction. And in bringing about this reform there is an opportunity to create a largely increased demand for silver in this country by retiring all paper money of smaller denominations than five dollars. In the Eastern States there is now a strong prejudice against silver dollars, just as there was formerly against silver halves and quarters. But the retirement of the fractional currency or "shin-plasters" compelled the use of silver for "change," and the Eastern people soon became educated to it. So it would be with the silver dollars if the one and two-dollar bills were retired. By this means Congress could put into circulation many millions of silver dollars. It might even be necessary eventually to purchase more bullion. But the amount to be purchased and the times of the purchases should be left entirely with the government. The Treasury is so intimately associated with the banks of the country that the Treasury feels immediately the need of any particular kind of currency when a shortage exists. This should be the cue for the purchase of bullion and its coinage. To purchase a certain amount of bullion each month or to purchase all the bullion offered is unscientific, and in the end will prove ruinous. Free coinage regulates the supply of money, not by the demand for it, but by the production of the mines. It should not be allowed with regard to either silver or gold.

It is quite within the bounds of reason to assume that new auriferous mines may be discovered, like those of California and Australia, which may flood the world with gold. It might then be inexpedient for this government to permit the free coinage of gold.

The Federal constitution says: "The Congress shall have power . . . to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign money."

"No State shall . . . coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts."

The minting of coin is a function which the government closely guards; if the mere mechanical process of turning bullion into coin be so jealously maintained, how much more important is the regulation of the amount of such minting, the volume of such currency.

It is evident, from the language of the constitution, how strictly that document guards the money-producing functions of the government. "Free-coinage" means taking away from the government one of its most important functions—to wit, the regulation of the volume of the currency. The constitution expressly deprives States of the power to coin money, yet the free-coinage men would give that power to individuals. For a Colorado mine-owner who could turn unlimited quantities of silver bullion into dollars at the United States mints would practically possess a power of which the State of Colorado is specifically deprived by the Constitution of the United States.

The *Argonaut* is not an enemy of the white metal. It believes in the use of both gold and silver for money, as the constitution provides. But it also believes that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, should be worth one hundred cents.

The World's Congress Committee of the Columbian Exposition have sent out to a number of eminent thinkers invitations to take part on Monday, August 21st, in a public discussion of certain phenomena, which they class under the head of "Psychical Science." Among these are the phenomena of telepathy, or the action of one mind upon another independently of the recognized channels of sense; of hypnotism; of mesmerism; of apparitions, clairvoyance, table-tippings, mediumism, rappings; and the bearing of these various phenomena upon human life and a future life. A list of persons constituting an advisory council of the Psychical Science Congress is given in the invitation. It embraces such names as Sir Edwin Arnold, Don Emilio Castelar, Dr. Charcot, of Paris, the Rev. Robert Collyer,

Thomas A. Edison, Camille Flammarion, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Gerald Massey, the Bishop of Ripon, but it does not appear that these persons have consented to be present; and it is to be remarked that the names of persons eminent in medicine and in biological science occur rarely.

The prospectus of the meeting might have drawn a line of distinction between phenomena which are capable of explanation by a study of the nervous and cerebral systems, and phenomena which can not be accounted for except on spiritual theories. Many of the most curious examples of telepathy and hypnotism are now known to be due to a morbid condition of the convolutions of the brain, or an abnormal state of the nervous system; they should be studied from the standpoint of anatomy and not psychical science. If the assemblage be wise, it will rule out of its sphere of study symptoms which properly belong to the anatomist and the physician, and will concentrate its attention on phenomena which the spiritualist claims as his own. Here it will naturally be guided by the conclusions reached by the English Society for Psychical Research and by the report of the scientists who signed the Seybert report. Mr. Seybert, it will be remembered, was a rich Philadelphian who left a large sum of money to lay the foundation of a system of psychology, which should lead to the establishment of a chair in the University of Pennsylvania for the especial study of that science. He appointed a few of the most eminent scientists in Philadelphia to take evidence on the subject. They heard and saw all kinds of mediums, mesmerists, and other professors of the occult science, and they reported that there was no science to investigate—that psychology as expounded by its professors was simply a hald fraud.

No one can read their report and the other literature of psychology without coming to the conclusion that there is nothing in table-tipping, or rapping, or communication in any way, manner, or shape with the spirits of the dead that is not fraud, imposture, and delusion. There never was an instance in which the spirit of a dead person communicated with the living. There never was a case where an embodied spirit became perceptible to the eye, the ear, or the touch. When a person is dead, he is dead. What he may be in another world, if there be another world, we can not tell; but we may be quite certain that there is no channel of intercourse between that other world and the world in which we live. Those who say differently either delude themselves and are victims of a highly wrought imagination, or they are trying to deceive others and are knaves. By far the larger portion of the so-called spiritualists belong to the latter class.

Apologists for the occult science ask unbelievers what they are going to do with the mass of evidence of spiritual phenomena, in the shape of audible sounds and visible shapes, which is contained in the books of believers of the class of Robert Dale Owen and Epes Sargent. To this the reply is, that nothing is so deceptive as human testimony. We are, unfortunately, without complete reports of the trials of the witches at Salem, Mass. But a number of similar trials, which took place in England, were very fully reported, and the reports are in print to-day. In them we find that persons of the highest class in society—divines, lawyers, merchants, and gentlewomen—testified to that which we know to be false. They were not willful liars. They were carried away by the delusion of the hour, and swore that they saw things which they could not have seen, and heard sounds which they could not have heard. Their perceptions were ennumbed by excitement, terror, and fancies of the supernatural. On the trial of the clergyman who was hanged at Salem, persons who seem to have been honest testified that they fell prostrate at a look from the accused. That they fell, is perhaps true; but that his glance was the cause of their fall was mere delusion. And yet they may have fancied they were telling the truth.

All these spiritualist stories are haked in the same oven. It goes without saying that long-haired men and short-haired women will appear on the platform at Chicago on Monday and will declare that they have enjoyed conversations with their dead grandmothers. They will drag the Witch of Endor into the witness-box to confute the unbeliever. And yet their utterances will either be palpable falsehoods, concocted with a view to delude, or the dreams of minds not securely balanced. There are people who will not start on a journey on Friday, or sit down thirteen to dinner, or rest easy if a mirror is broken or the salt spilled. There are persons who, from congenital intellectual weakness or from a habit of neglecting to use the logical faculty, become incapable of reasoning, and accept what other people say without questioning. A large proportion of spiritualists belong to this class. Others, and it is to be feared a majority of them, are simply impostors, who go about preaching that which they know to be untrue, either to gain money or to attract self-importance.

Last week, Won Dep Ken, a non-registered Chinese, was placed by a deputy United States marshal on board the

steamer *Rio de Janeiro*, bound for China. This is the first deportation under the Chinese Registration Law. Won Dep Ken was deported under an order of Mr. Justice Ross, of the United States District Court.

Oceans of drivel and rivers of rot have deluged the land since the Chinese Registration Bill was passed. Able editors, like the Children of Israel by the rivers of Babylon, have sat down and wept. The key-note of their wailing has been that this country has disgraced itself by the passage of such a bill; that the registration of foreigners is "medieval"; that their deportation when they refuse to obey the laws of this country is "harbarism." In view of the fact that most civilized nations register not only aliens but their own citizens as well, this editorial lamentation is rather ludicrous, but, in view of the recent action of France, it is distinctly comic.

No one, whether Gallophile or Gallophobe, can deny to France the possession of a high degree of civilization, yet she has just passed a bill strikingly similar to our own registration law. By its provisions, every foreigner who settles in France, including artists who intend to follow their profession there permanently, must obtain a permit from the authorities of the city or town where they intend to remain. Foreigners already permanently domiciled in France must take a permit within a month. Under the new law, provision is made, as in the United States, for the expulsion of aliens who fail to register. France goes even further than the United States, as there is also provision made in the new law for the punishment of those who employ uncertified aliens.

This movement against foreigners in France is due to their large numerical increase in recent years, and to the further fact that they are exempt from military conscription. Thus this curious phase has come to pass—that the foreigners there enjoy the protection of the French Government, without being in turn obliged to protect it, as are the Frenchmen here. We know something of that in the United States—there are a good many foreigners here who use this country to make money in, and assume none of the responsibilities of the native-born citizens. The French Government also claims that the aliens permanently domiciled in France send out of that country every year surplus earnings estimated at one hundred and seventy-five millions of francs. That is another little matter about which the United States knows something by experience.

We commend the action of France to the attention of the Eastern editors and clergymen who are shedding crocodile tears over Won Dep Ken, California, and the Registration Law. We commend the strong good sense which actuates France in thus looking out for its own citizens before those of other nations. When the United States becomes as practical as other and less sentimental countries, it, too, will look out for its own citizens—first, last, and all the time. When the golden age returns, and the fatherhood-of-God-and-brotherhood-of-man idea prevails all over the world and not in New England alone, then we can begin looking out for other nations, as they may then, perhaps, be looking out for us. Up to date they have shown no such inclinations.

On the whole, considering the decline in silver, the scarcity of money, and the price of pork, it may be well for all good American citizens to devote themselves to their own wives, their own families, and their own country, and to leave other men's wives, other people's families, and other countries' troubles to the pseudo-philanthropists of New England.

Mr. J. W. Keller, editor of the *New York Recorder*, writing in the *August Forum*, says that the fundamental principle of modern journalism is to buy paper at three cents a pound and to sell it at twelve cents a pound, and that the successful journalist is he who can sell the largest number of pounds. This view of the case places journalism on a purely commercial basis, and ignores the duty of a newspaper as a public teacher, except in so far as the public taste can be assumed to be so sound that the best newspaper will also be the most popular. As a matter of fact, that is known to be not the case. The newspaper which contains the largest amount of scandal and sensational matter will attain the largest circulation, though it be deficient in knowledge, scholarship, and principle, as compared with its rivals. The *World*, which is one of the worst newspapers in New York, has a larger circulation than the *Tribune*, which is one of the best; there are half-penny papers in London which circulate five copies to one of the *Times*; the *Petit Journal* of Paris has a circulation ten times as great as that of the *Débats* or the *Siècle*. It is evident that mere circulation is no test of merit, and that the publisher who sells the largest number of pounds of printed paper must be content with a mercantile success and can not likewise claim supremacy in journalism.

At the same time it is clear that a newspaper devoted to high problems in politics or sociology, and to other lofty aims, may shoot over its readers' heads and acquire neither circulation nor influence. The mass of mankind, for whom

newspapers are written, are neither learned nor judicious; the most that can be expected of them is that they will move on a dead-level of mediocrity. To influence them and to command their support, a public journal must not be very much better or very much wiser than they are. If it falls below them in intelligence, they will despise it; if it soars too far above them, they will ignore it as beyond their comprehension. This does not mean that a newspaper should truckle to caprices and whims begotten of prejudice and ignorance. No conscientious journalist will abet that which his principles condemn as wrong. But if he is wise, he will couch his condemnation of popular errors in such a manner as not to alienate his readers or to provoke them to reject his teachings altogether. If he runs amuck at the public, he will simply sacrifice any influence he might have exercised. He must show that he differs in opinion from the rank and file of his readers without slapping them in the face.

The time-honored controversy between the business end and the editorial end of a newspaper has lately been discussed at some length in the *Forum*. Low-class journalists act on the principle that the business end must govern, and that a hurglary should be handled delicately, because one or two of the burglars may be subscribers. On the other hand, doctrinaire journalists sometimes insist on the publication of radical views though they are odious to the class upon which the journal depends for support. It is clearly impolitic for a journal to make itself constantly and persistently offensive to those on whose support it relies for existence. But the man who subscribes to a newspaper does not buy the editor, body and soul.

Editors are frequently misled by fancying that they will destroy the value of their property if they express unpopular opinions. As a matter of fact, if they make a good paper, their subscribers will rarely quarrel with them because the paper's views do not agree with their own. In time of war, a paper must not take sides with the enemy. In time of rebellion, it must not aid and abet the rebels. But these are extreme cases, in which popular passion is roused. In ordinary times, newspapers are pretty free to speak their minds, so long as their conductors appear to be honest. A journalist is more likely to lose standing and his paper to lose business if he acquires the reputation of a lickspittle who is always cringing in the hope that thrift will follow fawning than if he holdly tells the truth that is in him at some risk of temporary popularity.

Last week the feast of Saint Emidius was celebrated, and special services in his honor were held in all the Roman Catholic Churches of San Francisco. Saint Emidius has great power in averting earthquakes, and hence some years ago, at the suggestion of the archbishop, he was elected patron saint of this diocese. Saint Emidius had a very powerful pull, and was in the habit, in his lifetime, of going around and praying down pagan temples. Thus he once brought on an earthquake, purely by the power of prayer, completely destroyed the Temple of Jupiter, and knocked the socks off of all the idols therein. Many veracious instances are related—in Roman Catholic miracle books—of persons whose lives were saved from earthquakes by praying to Saint Emidius. Therefore, the good Catholics of San Francisco have made him their special patron, and hold extraordinary services on this saint's day. It is melancholy, however, to be forced to record that at a quarter-past one o'clock on the morning of Saint Emidius's day there was a smart shock of earthquake in San Francisco. This would seem to imply one of two things—either that the faithful have been neglecting Saint Emidius and coquetting with other saints, or that Saint Emidius was off his heat.

A FABLE FOR FREE-TRADE WORKINGMEN.

A certain Number of Mill Hands, who won a Great Victory over Protection-to-their-Own-Industry last November, were celebrating. As they passed their Employer, over whom they had Triumphed, they waved at him Banners, and Roosters placed upon Poles.

This made their Employer very sad.

After the Mill Hands had celebrated their Victory over Themselves and their Employer, they went back to Work.

But when Midsummer came, there was no Work—only Victory, and Triumph, and Things—but no Work. So the Employer said to the Mill Hands:

"I must close down the Mills."

"But," said the Mill Hands, "we shall have no Work."

"That is true," said the Employer, thoughtfully. "But," he added, with a Bright Smile, "you have Victory, you know."

"That is true," replied the Mill Hands, with Pride. "But—but—what shall we eat?"

"Well," said the Employer, who was a kind-hearted Man, although a Wag, "you might eat those Roosters you were carrying around last Fall."

AT THE CORNER.

From the French of Jacques Le Romancier.

A man, with a gardenia in his button-hole, sits looking dreamily out of the window of an apartment in a tall house on the corner of the Rue des Bellemères and Place de Manger. The room is furnished in that style which proclaims to all who enter it: Here is the home of one who consults his own wishes solely.

Let us pause upon the threshold and observe this curious jumble of luxury and simplicity. There, behold a silk-covered divan, with a threadbare smoking-jacket trailing from it to the bearskin rug upon the floor; here, the carved wooden table littered, heaped with books, cigar-boxes, little letters (*billets-doux*), boxing-gloves, cuff-buttons—in fact, what you will. Upon the mantel stands a small replica of the Venus de Medici, while around her neck hangs a Turkish pipe. Upon the wall are some admirable etchings of landscapes by that master, Garance Foncé—a grim forest, with a lean wolf trotting sullenly across a little opening; a bare plain, with a glimpse of gray ocean beyond, such as one sees on the melancholy coast of Normandy. And to relieve the sombreness of these are several water-colors—an *almée* at the bath, by Terre de Sienne, with all the sensuous languor and grace for which De Sienne's women are famed; a copy, in pastel, of Bitume's inimitable Cigale—a slight miss who, having improvidently danced all summer, now that the winter is come is compelled to shrink from the blast in the scanty attire of her own black hair and a mandolin. There, too, is a picture of Diana—a sketch, by Vert Emeralde, of his well-known painting (No. 2,051, Salon 1889)—and plainly this is a favorite, for on one corner of the frame hangs a jockey-cap.

Yes, clearly, this is the home of a man—a man who consults his own wishes solely, a man who idealizes woman and crowns her, not with laurel wreaths, but with his own personal belongings; who approvingly hangs his pipe around the neck of Venus, his hat on Diana's picture. In short, it is the apartment of a bachelor.

All men are either bachelors, husbands, or widowers. The bachelor idealizes woman and dreams of a future; the husband realizes woman and is awake to the present; the widower—alas! the poor widower—he has neither the present nor the future, he has but the past; and yet this is not always a case for commiseration.

The man at the window arouses himself from his listless attitude. Putting his hand in his coat-pocket he draws forth a silver cigarette-case ornamented with a monogram, extracting a cigarette he replaces the case, and, producing from a vest-pocket a silver match-box bearing a duplicate of the monogram, he lights his cigarette. Blowing out the match, he hesitates for a moment what disposition to make of the charred bit of wax; then, arising, he looks about him for a receptacle, and finally drops it into a huge Chinese jar, around which writhes a green dragon. Returning to his chair, he relapses into his former indolent posture, breathing forth the blue smoke with relish.

It does not require the acumen of a Le Coq to infer from this solicitude in regard to the disposal of a burned match, that the man with the gardenia in his button-hole is not the bachelor of the apartment. Who, then, is he?

Outside, in the streets below, where two great thoroughfares meet at the corner, sounds the ceaseless turmoil of moving humankind. Well-dressed loungers of the boulevard, tradesmen carrying bundles, elegant ladies leaning back in their carriages, with high-bred indifference to the common world, flower-girls, soldiers, nurse-maids wheeling their little charges, crossing-sweepers, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, passing, meeting, avoiding, here friends smiling, there enemies scowling, here a word, there a glance. It is a kaleidoscope, in which the bits of glass are men and women; each time they touch, their lives alter by the contact.

Again the man at the window moves. He leans forward and gazes down into the street with sudden interest. The opposite corner is occupied by one of those enormous shops where they sell everything, from bonbons to carpets, from pins to elephants. Its plate-glass windows are fringed with idlers and possible purchasers contemplating the display, while through its many doors people come and go in procession. At the edge of the sidewalk are several waiting carriages. In one of these is seated a woman, and it is at her that the man in the window stares. She is young, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and very beautiful. Listlessly she glances at the passing crowds, her wandering gaze betraying little concern in the life and movement about her. Suddenly—can it be that the ardor of his fixed regard has made itself felt?—she raises her lovely dark eyes to the window. He starts to his feet, the better to see and be seen. But before his purpose is achieved, her glance once more wanders away. Has she observed him? He stands there impatient, insistent, for several minutes, and then—yes, surely, her eyes are stealing again to the window. They meet his. A scarcely perceptible smile quickly succeeded by a faint blush lights up her youthful features as she turns away her face. In a flash the man with the gardenia seizes his hat and hurriedly quits his post. Stopping for a moment to look at himself in a mirror, he settles his tie with a satisfied air and quickly leaves the room. The next instant he stands beside the carriage at the corner.

The lady, with an appearance of being deeply interested in the shop-window, pretends to be unaware of his approach. He speaks. She starts at the sound of his voice, and with a pretty air of embarrassment feigns surprise at his presence. He talks in a low tone. She draws herself up, then laughs, then becomes serious. It is flattering to a man when the woman he talks to becomes serious—that is, if she be neither offended nor bored. The lady in the carriage is apparently neither, for after listening doubtfully to his eager words, she finally bows her graceful head in assent, and then, as he raises his hat, leans back in the carriage once more smiling

as she watches him from under her drooping lids. The man with the gardenia walks down the street. He, too, has a smile upon his lips, but it is a smile of pride, of triumph.

It is eight o'clock in the evening. The electric lights in front of Epinard's cast a radiance on the sidewalk, where men in evening-dress sit at little tables over their coffee and wine. Inside, the main room is still crowded with diners. An illumination, soft yet brilliant, blends the warm tones of the frescoed walls and ceiling with the cooler tints of burnished silver, cut-glass, and snowy damask of the table-service, harmonizing the black and white of the men's dress with the rich color of the women's costumes. It is a picture, which but for the noiseless movement of the hurrying waiters, the subdued hum of conversation, the tinkle of ice against glass, and the repressed pop of corks, might, indeed, be one of poor James's favorite compositions. Such is Epinard's at eight o'clock. Upstairs, in a private parlor furnished in the style of the Empire, a gentleman and lady are dining alone. The confections and coffee are on the table, and the gentleman is about to light a cigarette. As he draws forth his silver cigarette-case, it is easy to see that it is he of the gardenia. And the lady? It is she who, in the early part of the afternoon, occupied a carriage at the corner of the Rue des Bellemères and the Place de Manger.

"Come," she says, reaching out her hand and letting it rest on the table near him, "it is time to go."

"We are very comfortable here," he protests, laying his hand on hers.

"But," she remonstrates, "we will lose the first act, and it is in that, you know, Brûléeur wears her famous rose-colored costume."

"Ah," he replies, laughing and shrugging his shoulders, "I had forgotten about that rose-colored costume." And, releasing her hand, he rings the bell and demands the bill.

While they are waiting, the lady arises and the gentleman, taking her cloak from the chair where she has thrown it, gallantly adjusts it on her shoulders. As he does so, she inclines her head back slightly, so that her sparkling eyes look up into his, and says: "Thank you." Whereupon he leans down and kisses her.

She draws away from him slightly, while the color in her cheeks, beautiful evidence of youth, deepens and suffuses her face. She is about to speak, but the words die away upon her lips as the returning waiter discreetly announces his approach by a cough. All of the waiters at Epinard's have a cough.

It is eleven o'clock. The performance at the Théâtre Joyeux is ended. The spectators are issuing forth in a glittering stream, while the clatter of wheels and the cries of the attendants on the carriages resound through the street. The night is warm and balmy and filled with the radiance of the moon, which seems to reproach with its holy calm the feverish noise and gayety. A gentleman and lady who have emerged from the theatre with the others, pause for a moment on the sidewalk, in front of the line of carriages. A servant, in response to a signal from the gentleman, opens the door of a coupé. As he assists his beautiful companion to enter, it is easy to recognize them as the couple who dined a few hours before at Epinard's—the man of the gardenia and the lady of the corner of the Rue des Bellemères and the Place de Manger. The carriage drives rapidly through the streets, leaving the more populous thoroughfares, and stopping finally in the semi-obscure of a *porte-cochère* which forms the entrance of a handsome house in a remote part of the city. The front of this house gives no sign of life; it is dark and silent.

They alight and the gentleman, dismissing the carriage, draws from his pocket a latch-key with which he opens the door. A large Moorish lamp sheds a soft glow upon a square hall furnished with antique, carved chairs, a soft, Persian rug, and rich Oriental drapery which conceals the doorways leading thence. It is cleverly planned, this hall. It is an invitation to enter; it is a promise, a persuasion, a provocation.

The gentleman turns to his companion "Come," he says.

But she does not move. With her little gloved hand resting against one of the pillars, she looks up at the peaceful heavens. What thoughts are thronging through her mind at this instant? Who can tell!

The man approaches her. "Come," he says. She shivers slightly.

"You are taking cold," he protests, gently putting his arm about her. And then for the third time, "Come!" And thus supporting her he leads her into the hall.

The next moment the door of the house has closed upon them.

About an hour after the gentleman with the gardenia had taken his hurried departure from the room situated at the corner of the Rue des Bellemères and Place de Manger, a young man of about twenty-five years of age impetuously throws open the door of the same apartment. As he enters he takes off his hat, and with a twist of his wrist sends it sailing through the air on to the sofa, his spring overcoat he skillfully tosses on the back of a distant chair, while by this time having arrived at the table, his gloves and cane are quickly find a resting place among its varied contents. Taking a cigar from a box on the mantel, he lights it, pitching the match over his shoulder as he walks to the window, and there throws himself into an easy-chair. Evidently this gentleman is at home—yes, plainly, he is the bachelor of the apartment.

Blowing forth a cloud of smoke, the bachelor suddenly turns his head and calls, "Gustave! Gustave!"

A middle-aged serving man appears at a doorway leading into an inner room, and answers, "Monsieur?"

"Has any one been here?" asks the gentleman.

"Yes, monsieur," replies the servant. "M. de Rochelle was here a half an hour since."

"Well," says the gentleman, impatiently, "and why did he not wait? Did you not tell him I would return soon?"

"Yes, monsieur," replies the servant. "But he saw madame—"

"Aha! That was it," interrupts the gentleman, flipping the ash from his cigar with a smile. "Peste! That is easily understood. When a man has been married but three weeks it is quite natural that he should abandon an appointment with a friend for an engagement with his wife."

ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1893.

A CAMPAIGN POEM.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Workmen who Carried Free-Trade Banners Last Fall.

O, 'twas glorious last November when the victors marched away
With red-fire, drums, and banners in magnificent array
How their eyes with rapture sparkled, how each loyal heart grew warm

At the thought of poor old Benny swamped by cyclones of reform!

And bow double extra jolly it would be to scotch and kill
Our W. McKinley and his blamed old robber bill;
But a different sort of feeling seems to permeate the tow,
And gas don't count for glory

When

The

Mills

Shut

Down.

O, 'twas altogether lovely then to nag the G. O. P.

And furnish season tickets up Salt River, don't you see!
Slashing up official pudding, sure, such happiness must bring,
While Maxwell gives his hatchet just a little extra swig.
But hold! here comes another sort of music in the air,
That tells of empty stomachs and of pockets plucked and bare!
Where are these tariff-killers now, these spouters of renown?
Where, oh, where these great reformers

When

The

Mills

Shut

Down?

Lo! the great and noble Grover, what a valiant knight was he,
To plant his No. 11's squarely on "plutocracy."
And Adlai, the fearless, of the weird and awful oame,
How his stirring deeds should echo oo the trumpet-blast of fame!
How they'd turn the country over, then turn it back again,
And scatter all the rascals from among the haunts of men!
'Tis a glorious prospect truly, for many a thriving town,
But it peters out so easy

When

The

Mills

Shut

Down.

—Ware River News.

A congress of French scientists and economists, held for a special purpose, and that purpose a rather curious one, has just finished its labors in Paris and adjourned. It endeavored to determine by discussion the best methods of increasing the number of children in French families. The population of France, as is well known, has been nearly stationary for many decades. The last census showed that the number of deaths among Frenchmen exceeded the births slightly, and but for the children born to foreigners domiciled or naturalized in France, there would have been an actual decrease in population. The importance of the matter to the nation is illustrated by a fact often reiterated in the congress—that the male births are twice as numerous in Germany as in France, and consequently that after a few years the active army of Germany may be twice as numerous as that of France. The plan adopted by the congress, however, and which will be recommended to the Chamber of Deputies, is the matter of interest. First, that a tax should be imposed on men having no children; second, that the land tax should be diminished in proportion to the number of children; and third, that the parent should be permitted to leave the bulk of his property to one son. Under the existing law in France, a product of the Revolution, the owner of land is compelled to divide it equally among his children. The result, long ago, was a minute division of the lands held by peasant proprietors. The congress evidently believed that the fear of further division of the land, into farms too small to support a family, operates to keep the population of rural France stationary. The belief is probably well founded.

This eternal question, whether the "United States are," or the "United States is," has come up again, and Boston papers are taking a hand in the discussion. In a letter to the *Transcript*, the other day, Charles Dudley Warner wrote: "The United States of America is a nation, and that is its name. If I were speaking of it as a nation, I should say *is*—no matter about the grammar. Speaking otherwise, I might say: 'The United States are distinguished by great variety of production.' I should then be thinking of the several States, rather than of the political nation." But, on the other hand, in a letter to the *Journal*, Mr. S. C. B. Tillinghast, of Medford, has the following patriotic communication: "Concerning 'the United States is' and 'the United States are' the late Jefferson Davis held that the latter is the only correct form. It cost the rebellion to demonstrate that the United States *is*. The whole doctrine of State rights is in 'the United States *are*.' Let us insist that our children be taught that 'the United States *is*.'"

"SOCIETY IN LONDON."

"Cockaigne" discusses an Old Book in a New Light—Who Was Who Eight Years Ago, and Who they are Now—The Great Ones of Britain's Capital.

The other day I came across a book that I found very interesting and amusing. It is called "Society in London by a Foreign Resident," and, although published by Chatto & Windus as far back as 1885, I do not remember hearing of the book at the time. Nor do I recollect ever having seen either reference to it or extract from it in any American paper. London society changes very little in eight years, and, therefore, the book is in many respects as fresh to-day as when it came from the press. But even where the finger of time points to mutation, it bears an additional interest where the individuals altered survive. When one knows what prominent people are, it is pleasing to be able to ascertain what they were not very long ago, and to compare past with present, detect inconsistencies, etc. In this book so many well-known personages, their ways, habits, and peculiarities, are so freely commented on and discussed, and clearly, by one who knew whereof he wrote, that it struck me a few extracts might entertain the readers of the *Argonaut*. Speaking of the queen, to whom many pages of the book are devoted, the author says:

"At Balmoral, she lives as much as possible in the open air, reading state documents and being read to by her ladies during the summer in a tent. . . . Her constitutional functions of sovereignty may be dismissed in a sentence: She signs documents and suggests or vetoes the appointment of bishops—that is about all."

Of the Prince of Wales, we are told:

"As his royal mother is apt to sit in judgment upon him, so he is his turn criticisms, counsels, castigates, those who are subject to his authority. He is prodigal of advice on great matters and small. Whether it be a conjugal quarrel or a questionable marriage, the pattern of a coat or the color of a frock, the prince, if he is interested in those whom the matter concerns, volunteers his advice. . . . He combines with devotion to decorum a love of mystery. It pleases him to be selected as the exclusive confidant of any friends, of either sex, in whom he takes a special interest. . . . Nor does he ever violate the faith reposed in him. . . . He is the Bismarck of London society; he is, also, its microcosm. All its idiosyncrasies are reflected in the person of his royal highness. Its hopes, its fears, its aspirations, its solicitudes, its susceptibilities, its philosophy, its way of looking at life and of appraising character—of each of these is the heir-apparent the mirror. . . . The introduction of the cigarette or cigar after dinner, when the ladies have retired, and the economy of wine it promotes, the diffusion of a taste for music and the theatre; the personal as well as the professional welcome accorded to the theatrical and operatic artists in society, and the extent to which at evening parties their services are in requisition; smoking concerts; the growing practice of serving the joint at dinner as the *pièce de résistance* immediately after the fish and before the *entrées*; above all things, the tendency toward curtailment of the menu—trifling as in themselves they may appear—these, each of them, illustrate the potency of the prince's initiative."

Of Prince George, now the Duke of York, the author says: "If, like his elder brother, admirably conducted, he is of a more vivacious temperament, has more go, and may, therefore, yet give trouble!" Can this be prophetic of that Malta marriage-scandal? If so, the trouble, thanks to Princess May, has been nicely smoothed over. "The Duke of Cambridge," we are told, is "a bluff, fresh, hale country gentleman, with something of the vigorous, healthy frankness of the English skipper, and something, too, of the Prussian martinet; industrious, punctual, rising early, seeking rest late, fond of life and its pleasures, of good dinners, good cigars, pleasant women, of the opera, of the play, slightly given to slumber before dinner is well over, joyous, cheery, still retaining traces of the ardor of youth—this is His Royal Highness, George, Duke of Cambridge." One would almost think it was a word-portrait of the great leader of New York's Four Hundred the author was painting, and that the final "this is," might have been supplemented by "Ward McAllister, Esq." However, as further on we are informed that "he has an immense regard and an exaggerated fear for public opinion, especially when that opinion finds articulate expression in print," one is compelled to admit a destruction of the resemblance.

The Duke of Edinburgh is described as "a clear-headed, astute, sagacious, and careful man of business." "His manner" is said to be "less charming, polished, and conciliatory than that of his elder brother, and is apt to be brusque, sometimes even a little contemptuous or disparaging in his comments. If he is shown an heirloom, or introduced to a rare vintage, he spontaneously compares it with something of the same sort which he himself possesses. It is a good wine, but not so good as some in his own cellar," etc. The Duke of Connaught is called "a good patriot and a good soldier, whose face, with its bronzed complexion, well-shaved chin and heavy mustache, is that typical of the English or German officer. He is singularly modest and unaffected, anxious to learn, and when he thinks he has mastered his lesson, then, and not before, confident."

Singularly prophetic is this comment upon the Duke of Fife. "Lord Fife [he was not yet married and a duke] is a peer whom the Prince of Wales delights to honor in a marked degree. Had he been born in a lower station, had he been less the spoiled child of fortune, he would ere now have done great things, for he is very highly gifted, and beneath the softest and pleasantest manner in the world conceals the quickest perception and the most robust judgment." Notwithstanding the impediments mentioned, he has since then achieved a dukedom, the honor of being the Prince of Wales's son-in-law, and may from that possibly attain the distinction of, like Banquo, being father to a race of kings. That is to say if (as has been predicted) the recent royal marriage should prove unfruitful.

Apropos of this alliance, the allusions to the Teck family are, to say the least, rather peculiar. Viewed in the light of recent events, they are almost astounding. "The Princess Mary," remarks the anonymous commentator, "with her ducal husband, Prince Teck, has quitted the English capital, probably forever, and, as is well known, is now settled in Florence." This was the time when the report was current that the Tecks were in straitened circumstances, and were obliged to economize abroad. Princess

May was little more than a child then. The author goes on:

"She [the mother] was always much liked in England. Teck, however, was not a success. The Prince of Wales and his people never took kindly to him. They recognized in him something which the English call bad form. His manner lacked the repose which English taste demands. Physically by no means ill-looking, and with a fine presence, he possessed by nature and he acquired by art nothing of the graceful manner. He missed the due proportion of things, and showed an ignorance of their fitness. He presumed upon his position with a curious clumsiness. He was habitually late for appointments, and when he apologized for his unpunctuality, he did so in a manner which aggravated the original offense. Then he was not always happy in his conversation at dinner, contriving too often to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. He himself said that he was never well received in England. Whether his grievances were real or imaginary, he paraded them too much. He went about complaining of his treatment and protesting, without the slightest provocation, that he intended henceforth to look after himself. He was supposed to be wanting in deference to his wife altogether; and he rubbed up the most fastidious and sensitive portion of English society the wrong way."

And yet this man is now the father of the Duchess of York. Talk about the whirligig of time after that!

But let us leave the royalties and turn to a few of the mortals in ordinary life to whom the book refers. Out of the multitude of great and prominent people spoken of freely, it is difficult to select. But we can not leave out Gladstone:

"Of Mr. Gladstone's manner and conversation in society, different opinions are entertained. He is a voluble, eager, interested, and apparently omniscient talker upon every topic which may suggest itself. Whether he is equally accurate and profound is another question. I once heard a Japanese gentleman, who had dined in his company and had listened to him while he held forth on every subject, Japan itself included, exclaim: 'What a wonderful man is Mr. Gladstone. He seems to know something about everything, except Japan.' For myself I can not say that this most encyclopedic of septuagenarians [he is octogenarian now] statesman has ever struck me as particularly entertaining. He assumes too much of infallibility, and when he takes his seat at a private dinner-table, he is apt to pose, even in his small talk, as the symbol of traditional authority against which there can be no appeal. The selection of his familiar friends may also appear a little odd. He loves to liberate his soul to extremely commonplace people. There are, of course, his old Eton and Oxford friends, his Whig and aristocratic friends, all of whom are respectable, and some of whom may be distinguished. But then, in addition to these, he commands a petty contingent of satellites, sycophants, and toad-eaters, who are picked up from the pavement."

This extract is but a few lines from pages devoted to the "Grand Old Man," all of them bright and interesting enough.

"In private life, Lord Randolph Churchill," we are told, "is agreeable, hospitable, and sumptuous in his ideas of hospitality. His love for display and magnificence is only tempered by the perfect taste of Lady Randolph Churchill—one of the most accomplished women in London society. Everything in the Randolph Churchill establishment is *comme il faut*. The dinners are never too long or too large. The dishes are always the best of their kind—perfect simplicity, combined with the highest merit. . . . He entertains splendidly, and when he is not kept up late at Westminster, woos slumber at the first opportunity, and when he can snatch a day's rest he spends it in the delicious languor of doing nothing except the smoking of cigarettes and the reading of French novels." This is but a tithe of what is said of Lord Randolph, but it must suffice.

To give an idea of the scope of the book, I will add the names of some more of the people mentioned and discussed in it: Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Granville, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Admiral Tryon, of the ill-fated *Victoria*, whom the author describes as "overbearing," adding "the overbearing manner of the man does not please or conciliate"; Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Plunket, Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Jeune, Lord Spencer (whose "belief in Gladstone amounts to an enthusiasm"), Sir Henry Hawkins, Mr. Justice Stephen, Lord Coleridge, Mr. Lecky, James Russell Lowell, Joseph Chamberlain, Labouchère, and dozens upon dozens of leading personages of both sexes in and about London society.

The book is thoroughly worth reading. It is both entertaining and instructive, and I should strongly advise all Americans, who wish to be introduced to a knowledge of the inside of London society by one who himself knows, to get the book and read it. They will not be sorry.

LONDON, July 28, 1893.

COCKAIGNE.

The following remarks appeared in the Chicago *Herald* the day Congress assembled in Washington: "To-day will be marked by the reappearance on the stage of national politics of 'a gentleman high in the councils of the administration.' He arrived at Washington last night accompanied by the 'Democrat of national reputation, but whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld,' and by the 'senator from a Western State whose sly predilections are understood to have undergone a change because of powerful arguments advanced by the President.' These gentlemen, with the 'leading member of the coinage committee,' the overworked statesman known as 'one enjoying the fullest confidence of the President,' and that old stager, the 'quiet but influential member of the ways and means committee,' have all engaged quarters in Newspaper Row, where they will be kept on tap at all hours of the day and night for the benefit of the correspondents. We shall hear from them all to-morrow morning, and as they are refreshed by a few months' vacation, their utterances will, no doubt, be more sapient and oracular than ever before."

Henry Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier Journal*, offers this advice to the President: "Speed the President on to his duty, let the cowards loiter where they may. Be the wisdom of the serpent in his brain, the glow of passion in his heart, and God over all! Let him nail to his bed-post the Democratic platform, and every night as he kneels to pray let his prayer be this: 'Before I yield a word or blot a line may yon woods deny me shelter, earth a home, the grave a resting-place, and eternal life the gates of heaven.' Ap- parently the Star-Eyed Goddess is on deck in Kentucky."

In London a small syndicate is looking—with a half-million sterling to offer—for a paying daily newspaper, the capitalists being in despair of finding a better investment.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Fitz-John Porter has been appointed cashier of the New York Post-Office, at a salary of two thousand six hundred dollars a year.

Lord Beaumont, who is descended from the last King of Jerusalem, succeeded to the title last year at the death of his elder brother. He has traveled extensively in the United States, with the avowed purpose of wedding an heiress. His name figures honorably on the service records of the British army.

The elevation of Lord Queensberry's eldest son, Lord Drumlanrig, to the English peerage as Lord Kilhead results in the curious anomaly that the son is higher in rank than the father. This creation is without precedent, and is naturally regarded as a slight to Lord Queensberry, who is the only Scotch marquis without a seat in the House of Lords.

Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday with a great dinner at his new house, Kenilworth, Annaldale, Sydney. He has just completed two triumphant tours in the country, where he traveled two hundred miles in a buggy and addressed seven public meetings. Everywhere he was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Sir Benjamin Baker, of Fort Bridge fame, who came over from England to open the Congress of Engineers at Chicago, is a man of diminutive physique. As he stood on the quay at Queenstown waiting for the tender to take him out to the *Teutonic*, it happened that Jackson, the colossal negro pugilist, stepped up alongside of him, and the contrast in the physical proportions of the two men amused and interested the spectators.

Governor William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio, has determined to drop the "Jr." from his name at the end of his present term of office. He would have done so immediately after the death of his father, who had borne the same name, but it was held by some that as he was elected as "William McKinley, Jr.," some complications might follow a change of his signature. His name will be printed William McKinley on the ballots this fall.

Mrs. Stella B. Conger, wife of ex-Senator O. D. Conger, of Michigan, died recently, and her will occasions some comment. She was rich and he was poor. To him she leaves the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and makes provision for his funeral and for the erection of a suitable monument over his remains. She does not, however, leave him any ready money—no lump sum—only this annuity of eighteen hundred dollars, payable monthly.

The Siamese Commodore, Armand Duplessis de Richelieu, has the same name as France's great cardinal, who was himself an admiral. The Duchess of Monaco, the only living descendant, so far as is known, of Cardinal Richelieu's family, does not recognize the Siamese naval officer as related to her, but the commodore himself believes that he is descended from a Richelieu who emigrated after the Edict of Nantes. He is a man of fair complexion and reddish hair, with a German type of face. His rise in the Siamese King's service has been phenomenally rapid.

Dr. T. Hayward Hayes, a graduate of the Maryland University and a few years ago a struggling drug-clerk in Baltimore, is now, although still a young man, surgeon-general of the Siamese army and physician to the household of the king. He is also at the head of large educational institutions, which he has modeled after prominent schools of learning in Baltimore, is in charge of all the hospitals, and, moreover, frequently preaches to the natives and foreign residents, being an accredited minister of the Presbyterian Church. He receives from the king a salary of seven thousand dollars a year and perquisites, and turns over a part of these emoluments to the mission board.

Ibsen is desirous of visiting England, not on account of the attractions that lure other foreigners to the "tight little isle," but solely to see the old men. "In all other countries," he says, "the best work is done by men between forty and fifty years of age; in England, the best work is done by much older men, and a man of seventy or eighty is often still in his prime. I should like to see such men as Gladstone, Salisbury, and Herbert Spencer." The dramatist might have added to this list the name of John Blackie, the Scotch poet, philologist, and philosopher, who has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. Ibsen himself is sixty-five. He is very rich, though when he began to write he was so poor that he used beefsteak paper for manuscript. Physically he is very short and in marked contrast to his son-in-law, Björnson, who is one of the tallest men in Norway.

The late Duc d'Uzès, before he started on his ill-fated journey into Africa, squandered three hundred thousand dollars within a few months on one of the performers at the winter circus in Paris—a girl whose profession it was to exhibit trained rabbits in the arena. When reproached by the duchess for his prodigality, the duke asked whether he had been set a good example in busbandry. This was a reference to the fortune the duchess had dissipated in fostering Boulanger's cause. She thereupon had the young duke declared incompetent to manage his fortune, and he, in a fit of pique, started out on his African exploration. *Vogue's* Paris correspondent says there were quarrels between mother and son on the settlement of accounts which, according to his father's will, she should have made on the attainment of his majority, and if the rumors on the subject are to be believed, her action in providing him with a *conseil judiciaire*—that is, in depriving him of all civil rights and of the control of his fortune, reducing him to the state of a minor—was merely with the object of preventing him from taking any steps against her.

MAN-SIZE IN MARBLE.

I never in my life knew what it was to have as much money as I required to supply the most ordinary needs—good colors, books, and cab-fares; and when we were married, we knew quite well that we should only be able to live at all by "strict punctuality and attention to business." I used to paint in those days, and Laura used to write, and we felt sure we could keep the pot at least simmering. Living in town was out of the question, so we went to look for a cottage in the country, which should be at once sanitary and picturesque. So rarely do these two qualities meet in one cottage that our search was for some time quite fruitless. But when we got away from friends and house-agents, on our honeymoon, our wits grew clear again, and we knew a pretty cottage when at last we saw one. It was at Brenzett—a little village set on a hill over against the southern marshes. We had gone there, from the seaside village where we were staying, to see the church, and two fields from the church we found this cottage. It stood quite by itself, about two miles from the village. It was a long, low building, with rooms sticking out in unexpected places. There was a bit of stone-work—ivy-covered and moss-grown, just two old rooms, all that was left of a big house that had once stood there—and round this stone-work the house had grown up. Stripped of its roses and jasmine it would have been hideous. As it stood it was charming, and after a brief examination we took it. It was absurdly cheap. The rest of our honeymoon we spent in grubbing about in second-hand shops in the county town, picking up bits of old oak and Chippendale chairs for our furnishing. Soon the low oak-beamed, lattice-windowed rooms began to be home. There was an old-fashioned garden, with grass paths and no end of hollyhocks, and sunflowers, and big lilies. From the window you could see the marsh-pastures, and beyond them the blue, thin line of the sea. We were as happy as the summer was glorious, and settled down into work sooner than we ourselves expected. I was never tired of sketching the view and the wonderful cloud effects from the open lattice, and Laura would sit at the table and write verses about them, in which I mostly played the part of foreground.

We got a tall old peasant-woman as servant. Her face and figure were good, though her cooking was of the homeliest; but she understood all about gardening, and told us all the old names of the coppices and corn-fields, and the stories of the smugglers and highwaymen, and, better still, of the "things that walked," and of the "sights" which met one in lonely glens of a starlight night. She was a great comfort to us, because Laura hated housekeeping as much as I loved folk-lore, and we soon came to leave all the domestic business to Mrs. Dorman and to use her legends in little magazine stories.

We had three months of married happiness, and did not have a single quarrel. One October evening I had been down to smoke a pipe with the doctor—our only neighbor—a pleasant young Irishman. Laura had stayed at home to finish a comic sketch of a village episode for the *Monthly Marplot*. I left her laughing over her own jokes, and came in to find her a crumpled heap of pale muslin weeping on the window-seat.

"Good heavens, my darling, what's the matter?" I cried, taking her in my arms. She leaned her little dark head against my shoulder and went on crying. I had never seen her cry before.

"It's Mrs. Dorman," she sobbed.

"What has she done?" I inquired, immensely relieved.

"She says she must go before the end of the month, and she says her niece is ill; she's gone down to see her now, but I don't believe that's the reason, because her niece is always ill. I believe some one has been setting her against us. Her manner was so queer—"

"Never mind, dear," I said; "whatever you do, don't cry, or I shall have to cry, too, to keep you in countenance, and then you'll never respect your man again!"

She dried her eyes obediently on my handkerchief, and even smiled faintly.

"But you see," she went on, "it is really serious, because these village people are so sheepy, and if one won't do a thing you may be quite sure none of the others will. And I shall have to cook the dinners and wash up the hateful, greasy plates; and you'll have to carry water about and clean the knives—and we shall never have any time for work, or earn any money, or anything. We shall have to work all day, and only be able to rest when we are waiting for the kettle to boil!"

I represented to her that even if we had to perform these duties, the day would still present some margin for other toils and recreations. But she refused to see the matter in any but the grayest light.

"I'll speak to Mrs. Dorman when she comes back, and see if I can't come to terms with her," I said; "perhaps she wants a rise in her wages. It will be all right. Let's walk up to the church."

The church was a large and lonely one, and we loved to go there, especially upon bright nights. The path skirted a wood, cut through it once, and ran along the crest of the hill through two meadows and round the church-yard wall, over which the old yews loomed in black masses of shadow. This path, which was partly paved, was called "the bier-balk," for it had long been the way by which the corpses had been carried to burial. The church-yard was richly treed and was shaded by great elms which stood just outside and stretched their majestic arms in benediction over the happy dead. A large, low porch led one into the building by a Norman doorway and a heavy oak door studded with iron. Inside, the arches rose into darkness, and between them the reticulated windows, which stood out white in the moonlight. In the chancel, the windows were of rich glass, which showed in faint light their noble coloring and made the black oak of the choir pews hardly more solid than the shadows. But on each side of the altar lay a gray marble figure of a knight in full plate armor lying upon a

low slab, with hands held up in everlasting prayer, and these figures, oddly enough, were always to be seen if there was any glimmer of light in the church. Their names were lost, but the peasants told of them that they had been fierce and wicked men, marauders by land and sea, who had been the scourge of their time and had been guilty of deeds so foul that the house they had lived in—the big house, by the way, that had stood on the site of our cottage—had been stricken by lightning and the vengeance of heaven. But, for all that, the gold of their heirs had bought them a place in the church. Looking at the bad, hard faces reproduced in the marble, this story was easily believed.

The church looked at its best and weirdest on that night, for the shadows of the yew-trees fell through the windows upon the floor of the nave and touched the pillars with tattered shade. We sat down together without speaking and watched the solemn beauty of the old church with some of that awe which inspired its early builders. We walked to the chancel and looked at the sleeping warriors. Then we rested some time on the stone seat in the porch, looking out over the stretch of quiet moonlit meadows, feeling in every fibre of our being the peace of the night and of our happy love; and came away at last with a sense that even scrubbing and black-leading were but small troubles at their worst.

Mrs. Dorman had come back from the village, and I at once invited her to a tête-à-tête.

"Now, Mrs. Dorman," I said, when I had got her into my painting-room, "what's all this about your not staying with us?"

"I should be glad to get away, sir, before the end of the month," she answered, with her usual placid dignity.

"Have you any fault to find, Mrs. Dorman?"

"None at all, sir; you and your lady have always been most kind, I'm sure—"

"Well, what is it? Are your wages not high enough?"

"No, sir; I get quite enough."

"Then why not stay?"

"I'd rather not"—with some hesitation—"my niece is ill."

"But your niece has been ill ever since we came."

No answer. There was a long and awkward silence. I broke it.

"Can't you stay for another month?" I asked.

"No, sir. I'm bound to go by Thursday."

And this was Monday!

"Well, I must say I think you might have let us know before. There's no time now to get any one else, and your mistress is not fit to do heavy housework. Why must you go this week? Come, out with it."

Mrs. Dorman drew the little sowl, which she always wore, tightly across her bosom, as though she were cold. Then she said, with a sort of effort:

"They say, sir, as this was a big house in Catholic times, and there was a many deeds done here."

The nature of the "deeds" might be vaguely inferred from the inflection of Mrs. Dorman's voice—which was enough to make one's blood run cold. I was glad that Laura was not in the room. She was always nervous, as highly strung natures are, and I felt that these tales about our house, told by this old peasant-woman, with her impressive manner and contagious credulity, might have made our home less dear to my wife.

"Tell me all about it, Mrs. Dorman," I said; "you needn't mind about telling me. I'm not like the young people who make fun of such things."

Which was partly true.

"Well, sir"—she sank her voice—"you may have seen in the church, beside the altar, two shapes."

"You mean the effigies of the knights in armor," I said, cheerfully.

"I mean them two bodies, drawn out man-size in marble," she returned, and I had to admit that her description was a thousand times more graphic than mine, to say nothing of a certain weird force and uncanniness about the phrase "drawn out man-size in marble."

"They do say, as on All Saints' Eve them two bodies sits up on their slabs, and gets off of them, and then walks down the aisle, in their marble, and as the church clock strikes eleven they walks out of the church door, and over the graves, and along the bier-balk, and if it's a wet night there's the marks of their feet in the morning."

"And where do they go?" I asked, rather fascinated.

"They comes back here to their home, sir, and if any one meets them—"

"Well, what then?" I asked.

But no—not another word could I get from her, save that her niece was ill and she must go. After what I had heard I scorned to discuss the nice and tried to get from Mrs. Dorman more details of the legend. I could get nothing but warnings.

"Whatever you do, sir, lock the door early on All Saints' Eve, and make the cross-sign over the door-step and on the windows. And I'm sorry to inconvenience you and your lady, but my niece is ill and I must go on Thursday."

She was determined to go, nor could our united entreaties move her in the least.

I did not tell Laura the legend of the shapes that "walked in their marble," because a legend concerning our house might, perhaps, trouble my wife. I had very soon ceased to think of the legend, however. I was painting a portrait of Laura, against the lattice window, and I could not think of much else. I had got a splendid background of yellow and gray sunset, and was working away with enthusiasm at her face. On Thursday, Mrs. Dorman went.

Thursday passed off pretty well. Laura showed marked ability in the matter of steak and potatoes, and I confess that my knives, and the plates, which I insisted upon washing, were better done than I had dared to expect.

Friday came. It is about what happened on that Friday that this is written. Everything that happened on that day is burned into my brain.

I got up early, I remember, and lighted the kitchen fire, and had just achieved a smoky success, when my little wife

came running down, as sunny and sweet as the clear October morning itself. We prepared breakfast together, and found it very good fun. The house-work was soon done, and when brushes, and brooms, and pails were quiet again, the house was still, indeed. It is wonderful what a difference one makes in a house. We really missed Mrs. Dorman, quite apart from considerations concerning pots and pans. We spent the day in dusting our books and putting them straight, and dined gayly on steak and coffee. Laura was, if possible, brighter, and gayer, and sweeter than usual, and I began to think that a little domestic toil was really good for her. We had never been so merry since we were married, and the walk we had that afternoon was, I think, the happiest time of all my life. When we had watched the deep-scarlet clouds slowly pale into leaden gray against a pale-green sky, and saw the white mists curl up along the hedgerows in the distant marsh, we came back to the house.

We spent a happy hour or two at the piano, and at about half-past ten I began to long for the good-night pipe; but Laura looked pale, so that I felt it would be brutal of me to fill our sitting-room with the fumes of strong tobacco.

"I'll take my pipe outside," I said.

"Don't stay out too long, Jack."

"I won't, my dearie."

I strolled out of the front-door, leaving it unlatched. What a night it was! The jagged masses of heavy dark cloud were rolling at intervals from horizon to horizon, and thin white wreaths covered the stars. Through all the rush of the cloud river, the moon swam, breasting the waves and disappearing again in the darkness. When now and again her light reached the woodlands, they seemed to be slowly and noiselessly waving in time to the swing of the clouds above them. There was a strange gray light over all the earth; the fields had that shadowy bloom over them which only comes from the marriage of dew and moonshine or frost and starlight.

I walked up and down, drinking in the beauty of the quiet earth and the changing sky. The night was absolutely silent. Nothing seemed to be abroad. There was no skurrying of rabbits or twitter of the half-asleep birds. And though the clouds went sailing across the sky, the wind that drove them never came low enough to rustle the dead leaves in the woodland paths. Across the meadows I could see the church-tower standing out black and gray against the sky. I walked there thinking over our three months of happiness—and of my wife, her dear eyes, her loving ways.

I heard a bell-beat from the church. Eleven already! I turned to go in, but the night held me. I could not go back into our little warm rooms yet. I would go up to the church. I felt vaguely that it would be good to carry my love and thankfulness to the sanctuary whither so many loads of sorrow and gladness had been borne by the men and women of the dead years.

I looked in at the low window as I went by. Laura was half-lying on her chair in front of the fire. I could not see her face, only her little head showed dark against the pale-blue wall. She was quite still. Asleep, no doubt. My heart reached out to her as I went on.

I walked slowly along the edge of the wood. A sound broke the stillness of the night—it was a rustling in the wood. I stopped and listened. The sound stopped, too. I went on and now distinctly heard another step than mine answer mine like an echo. It was a poacher or a wood-stealer, most likely, for these were not unknown in our Arcadian neighborhood. But whoever it was, he was a fool not to step more lightly. I turned into the wood, and now the footstep seemed to come from the path I had just left. It must be an echo, I thought. The wood looked perfect in the moonlight. The large, dying ferns and the brushwood showed where, through thinning foliage, the pale light came down. The tree trunks stood up like Gothic columns all around me. They reminded me of the church, and I turned into the bier-balk and passed through the corpse-gate between the graves to the low porch. I paused for a moment on the stone seat where Laura and I had watched the fading landscape. Then I noticed that the door of the church was open, and I blamed myself for having left it unlatched the other night. We were the only people who ever cared to come to the church except on Sundays, and I was vexed to think that through our carelessness the damp autumn airs had had a chance of getting in and injuring the old fabric. I went in. It will seem strange, perhaps, that I should have gone half-way up the aisle before I remembered—with a sudden chill, followed by as sudden a rush of self-contempt—that this was the very day and hour when, according to tradition, the "shapes drawn out man-size in marble" began to walk.

Having thus remembered the legend, and remembered it with a shiver of which I was ashamed, I could not do otherwise than walk up toward the altar, just to look at the figures—as I said to myself; really what I wanted was to assure myself, first, that I did not believe the legend, and, second, that it was not true. I was rather glad that I had come. I thought now I could tell Mrs. Dorman how vain her fancies were and how peacefully the marble figures slept on through the ghastly hour. With my hands in my pockets I passed up the aisle. In the gray dim light the eastern end of the church looked larger than usual and the arches above the two tombs looked larger, too. The moon came out and showed me the reason. I stopped short, my heart gave a leap that nearly choked me and then sank sickeningly.

The "bodies drawn out man-size" were gone, and their marble slabs lay wide and bare in the vague moonlight that slanted through the east window.

Were they really gone? or was I mad? Clenching my nerves, I stooped and passed my hand over the smooth slabs and felt their flat, unbroken surface. Had some one taken the things away? Was it some vile practical joke? I would make sure, anyway. In an instant I had made a torch of a newspaper, which happened to be in my pocket, and lighting it, held it high above my head. Its yellow glare illumined the dark arches and those slabs. The figures were gone. And I was alone in the church; or was I alone?

And then a horror seized me, a horror indefinable and indescribable—an overwhelming certainty of supreme and accomplished calamity. I flung down the torch and tore along the aisle and out through the porch, hitting my lips as I ran to keep myself from shrieking aloud. Oh, was I mad—or what was this that possessed me? I leaped the church-yard wall and took the straight cut across the fields, led by the light from our windows. Just as I got over the first stile, a dark figure seemed to spring out of the ground. Mad still with that certainty of misfortune, I made for the thing that stood in my path, shouting: "Get out of the way, can't you?"

But my push met with a more vigorous resistance than I had expected. My arms were caught just above the elbow and held as in a vise, and the raw-honed Irish doctor actually shook me.

"Let me go, you fool," I gasped. "The marble figures have gone from the church; I tell you they've gone."

He broke into a ringing laugh. "I'll have to give ye a draught to-morrow, I see. Ye've bin smoking too much and listening to old wives' tales."

"I tell you, I've seen the hare slabs."

"Well, come back with me. I'm going up to old Palmer's—his daughter's ill; we'll look in at the church, and let me see the hare slabs."

"You go, if you like," I said, a little less frantic for his laughter; "I'm going home to my wife."

"Rubbish, man," said he; "d'ye think I'll permit of that? Are ye to go saying all yer life that ye've seen solid marble endowed with vitality, and me to go all me life saying ye were a coward? No, sir—ye shan't do ut."

The night air, a human voice, and I think also the physical contact with this six feet of solid common sense, brought me back a little to my ordinary self, and the word "coward" was a mental shower-bath.

"Come on, then," I said, sullenly; "perhaps you're right."

He still held my arm tightly. We got over the stile and back to the church. All was still as death. The place smelled very damp and earthy. We walked up the aisle. I am not ashamed to confess that I shut my eyes; I knew the figures would not be there. I heard Kelly strike a match.

"Here they are, ye see, right enough; ye've been dreaming or drinking, asking yer pardon for the imputation."

I opened my eyes. By Kelly's expiring vesta, I saw two shapes lying "in their marble" on their slabs. I drew a deep breath and caught his hand.

"I am awfully indebted to you," I said; "it must have been some trick of light, or I have been working rather hard—perhaps that's it. Do you know I was quite convinced they were gone."

"I'm aware of that," he answered, rather grimly; "ye'll have to be careful of that brain of yours, my friend, I assure ye."

He was leaning over and looking at the right-hand figure, whose stony face was the most villainous and deadly in expression.

"By Jove!" he said; "something has been afoot here—this hand is broken."

And so it was. I was certain that it had been perfect the last time Laura and I had been there.

"Perhaps some one has tried to remove them," said the young doctor.

"That won't account for my impression," I objected.

"Too much painting and tobacco will account for that, well enough."

"Come along," I said, "or my wife will be getting anxious. You'll come in and have a drop of whisky and drink confusion to ghosts and better sense to me."

"I ought to go up to Palmer's; but it's so late now I'd best leave it till the morning," he replied. "All right, I'll come back with ye."

I think he fancied I needed him more than did Palmer's girl, so, discussing how such an illusion could have been possible, and deducing from this experience large generalities concerning ghostly apparitions, we walked up to our cottage. We saw, as we walked up the garden-path, that a bright light streamed out of the front door, and presently saw that the parlor door was open, too. Had she gone out?

"Come in," I said, and Dr. Kelly followed me into the parlor. It was all ablaze with candles, not only the wax ones, but at least a dozen guttering, glaring tallow-dips, stuck in vases and ornaments in unlikely places. Light, I knew, was Laura's remedy for nervousness. Poor child! Why had I left her? Brute that I was.

We glanced round the room and at first we did not see her. The window was open and the draught set all the candles flaring one way. Her chair was empty and her handkerchief and hook lay on the floor. I turned to the window. There, in the recess of the window, I saw her. Oh, my child, my love, had she gone to that window to watch for me? And what had come into the room behind her? To what had she turned with that look of frantic fear and horror? Oh, my little one, had she thought that it was I whose step she heard, and turned to meet—what?

She had fallen back across a table in the window and her body lay half on it and half on the window-seat, and her head hung down over the table, the brown hair loosened and fallen to the carpet. Her lips were drawn back and her eyes wide, wide open. They saw nothing now. What had they seen last?

The doctor moved toward her, but I pushed him aside and sprang to her; caught her in my arms and cried:

"It's all right, Laura! I've got you safe, wife."

She fell into my arms in a heap. I clasped her and kissed her and called her by all her pet names, but I think I knew all the time that she was dead. Her hands were tightly clenched. In one of them she held something fast. When I was quite sure that she was dead, and that nothing mattered at all any more, I let him open her hand to see what she held.

It was a gray marble finger.

E. NESBIT.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Demon of the Gibbet.

There was no west, there was no east,
No star abroad for eye to see;
And Norman spurred his jaded heast
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.
"O Norman, haste across this waste,
For something seems to follow me!"
"Cheer up, dear Maud, for, thanked he Gnd,
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"
He kissed her lip; then, spur and whip,
And fast they fled across the lea;
But vain the heel and rowel steel,
For something leaped from the gallows-tree!
"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea;
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows-tree."
"O hny Gnd! O dearest Maud,
Quick, quick, some prayer, the best that be!
A bony hand my neck has spanned,
And tears my knightly clank from me!"
"Give me your wine, the red, red wine,
That in the flask hangs by your knee;
Ten summers burst on me accurst,
And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree."
"O Maud, my life! my loving wife!
Have you no prayer to set us free?
My belt unclasp, a demon grasps
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"
"Give me your bride, your bonnie bride,
That left her nest with you to flee;
Oh, she hath flown to be my own,
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree!"
"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!
Cling close!—Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"
A prayer, a groan, and he alone
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.
—Fitz-James O'Brien.

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.
No pity she looks for, no alms dth she seek,
Nor for raiment nor food dth she care;
Through her tatters the winds of the winter hlew bleak
On that withered breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.
Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay.
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.
She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy far life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.
'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windwds and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listened to hear the wind roar.
"Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.
I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head,
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead."
"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."
"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."
With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hllowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.
O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight,
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.
All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments she fearlessly passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.
Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And busily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on the ear,
She paused, and she listened intently, in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.
Behind a wide column, half-breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there.
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.
Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and behnd
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled;
She felt, and expected to die.
"Curse the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side;
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.
She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.
Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!
Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy;
The traveler beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.—Robert Southey.

A snap-shot photograph in the *Sketch* of the sinking *Victoria*, taken from the deck of the *Collingwood*, shows only the vessel's stern above water, with the screws revolving.

THE BATHING AT HOLLYWOOD.

Actresses, Politicians, and Men about Town—The Motley Gathering at the Late John Hoey's Place—Pen-Pictures of the Scenes There.

While the Four Hundred coquet with the edge of the Gulf Stream at Newport, politicians, actors and actresses, and men about town revel in the water at Hollywood. The bathing there is nearly all in tanks. The main one is one hundred feet wide by two hundred and eighty feet long, and from three to eight feet deep. On all four sides it is surrounded by galleries, supplied with comfortable chairs and tables, and adorned with statuary; here those who do not wish to bathe sit and watch the athletes and the naiads disporting themselves in the water. Above the surface are swinging-bars and trapezes at various levels from thirty-five to three feet; swimmers swing from them until they have reached the right height, then let go, and plunge into the water with a graceful curve. Daring swimmers dive from the heads of the statues which surround the tank. There is a rod which is thirty-five feet above the level of the water; from this Mr. John L. Conemay, of Philadelphia, takes his header, when he is not turning a double somersault from the trapeze.

Among the frequenters of Hollywood are some of the best-known men and women in town. John W. Mackay used to go there frequently when his health was better. Tom Ochiltree is a regular attendant; he has got up a base-ball club which plays with large inflated rubber balls, that will not sink. He is captain of the nine, and the short-stop is little Abe Hummel, who tears himself away from the criminal courts for a dip. Mayor Gilroy is often seen at the tank, with ex-Mayor Grace; Gilroy is a crack swimmer, and so is Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany. Pennsylvania Democracy is represented by Sam Josephs, who hobnobs with Senator Grady, the gentleman who elicited from the ex-Postmaster the retort: "We love Cleveland for the enemies that he has made." The idol of the fair sex is Congressman Rusk, who is over six feet high, and is said to be the handsomest man in Congress. He is a perfect Apollo in shape, and when he mounts to the head of Jupiter, in his skin-fit bathing-suit and poises himself for his plunge, the girls hold their breath, and even the bass-drum emits a high note. Rusk's rival is Ollie Teal, who is not an athlete, but a gentleman of symmetrical proportions and graceful attitudes, as becomes a leader of society.

The ladies include a large contingent from the stage. Among the latter one easily recognizes Sadie Martinot, Queenie Vassar, Laura Burt, Jane Burbank, Viola Allen, Jennie Goldthwaite, and Katharine Howe. But the whole sisterhood of comic singers and burlesque dancers are *habitués*, and demonstrate, in their elastic bathing-dresses, that the charms which they exhibit on the stage owe nothing to padding. There is nothing prettier than a beautifully shaped girl in a bathing-dress constructed with taste. The crack performers among the ladies are Edna Wallace Hopper and Della Fox. Both have taken the leap from the head of the statue, thirty feet from the water, and both have performed forward and backward somersaults from the trapeze and other feats which have alarmed the spectators in view of the shallowness of the water. All the actresses wear stockings to the knee, which are Nile green, sky blue, and flaming scarlet; the essential garment—is it called a tunic?—is generally either crimson and white, in stripes, or black and white. Rose Coghlan wears a severe costume of black.

The fun of the place is the commingling of the bathers and the spectators. Round the little tables on the gallery sit a heavy of well-dressed girls radiant in lace, feathers, and fluffy skirts, with their cavaliers in strict morning *tenue*. Waiters scurry round bearing trays of cocktails, sherry-cobblers, liqueurs, champagne-bottles. Presently out of the blue depths there emerges a dripping naiad, who makes herself at home at the table. A little Niagara streams from her face, her shoulders, and the extremity of her skirt. Wherever she stands, a pool collects. The ladies who are dry, and whose gowns and shoes will not be improved by a shower-bath of salt water, gather up their skirts, put their feet on chair-rungs, and scream when the wet girl approaches. At a little distance men lie on their stomachs with their feet lifted in air, and little creeks flowing from their bodies in search of the line of least resistance. They do not look beautiful, especially as to their feet, which are generally knobby; but they are good-natured, say things which make the girls laugh, and absorb cocktails with considerable resignation.

The Hollywood property was a fancy of John Hoey's old age. He was a poor man when he first bought a few acres at the Branch; when he grew rich, or fancied he was growing rich, he spent every dollar he could lay aside on beautifying Hollywood. He was determined to make an American place which should vie with Chatsworth or Ferrieres. And, indeed, he achieved his heart's desire. The continent contains no more beautiful place than Hollywood was in the second administration of Grant. There, on summer evenings, not only was the palate tickled with the finest wines and cigars which money could buy and the nostril soothed with the rarest exotics, but the best political company used to gather round the President to hear the words of wisdom which occasionally dropped from his lips. Those were days of gambling; everybody was speculating in gold, or stocks, or land, or contracts. The notion was that the President could give points if he chose. The fact was he knew no more of the probable course of the markets than his good-natured wife. When he was asked a question outright, he looked wise and said nothing, wherefrom it was inferred that he knew everything.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 12, 1893.

Queen Victoria keeps bedrooms in which her relatives have died locked, and entirely as they were at the time of the death

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," Maxwell Grey, has a new volume, called "An Innocent Impostor and Other Stories," ready for immediate publication in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

"A Child's History of France," by John Bonner, was published by the Harpers on August 15th.

The New York *Tribune* says that the two books which have been translated into more languages than any other volume except the Bible, are Dr. Smiles's "Self-Help" and Samuel Warren's "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician."

The series of the "Story of the Nations" is being translated into the Marathi and Gujarati languages, the volumes on "Egypt," "Persia," and "Turkey" having already been published. The work has been undertaken by the tutor to his royal highness, the Prince Gaikwar of Baroda, British India, at the national expense.

A new novel, entitled "Mather and Child," by Mr. George Moore, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Walter Scott.

The little dramas which are chronicled in Miss Alcott's "Little Women" as having been played by the sisters Jo, Meg, Amy, and Beth are soon to be published, in a book arranged by the late Mrs. Pratt, better known as that one of the four called "Meg."

Of three American literary women—one of them a Californian—who were recently in London, the *Pall Mall Budget* gallantly says:

"Three famous American women of letters have just been welcomed by their English friends and by each other in London. Mrs. Moulton is an annual visitor as gladly looked for as all the best things that are also annual; but Mrs. Douglas Wiggin was a stranger to many of us, and Mrs. Platt's passages through London are brief and few. To Mrs. Moulton's power and tenderness as a poet, a recent writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has done justice. Mrs. Platt's slender, slight, unique genius is, perhaps, less generally acknowledged. Hers is a muse whose heart is broken—nothing less—with love of children, and who is helpless, not weak, before the tragedy of their suffering."

Lady Burton has transferred the copyright of her husband's translation of the "Arabian Nights" to a firm of London publishers.

The author of "The Heavenly Twins" wrote under an assumed name—Sarah Grand—which, she says, came to her in a dream on the title-page of a book. She began to write in childhood, and her first long story was "Singularly Deluded." It was followed by "Ideala," of which "The Heavenly Twins" is a sort of sequel.

Portugal has just added her name in the list of European countries whose authors are entitled to copyright in the United States.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* prints the following interesting piece of news:

"A letter from Copenhagen to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that Bjornstjerne Bjornson is now residing with his wife in their fjeld house. During their absence, their eldest daughter, the wife of Sigurd Ibsen, Henrik Ibsen's son, has given birth to a boy, who is consequently the male descendant of the two greatest literary families of modern Norway."

Tolstai hopes to live long enough to complete one more novel, which will be named "God in the Man," and will deal with society under present conditions. The literary gossips say that it will be very socialistic and communistic in its sympathies.

According to a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, Dr. Edward Eggleston is engaged upon his last novel; far after it is finished he will devote himself entirely to historical work. The novel will deal with New York life. He is writing it slowly, at the rate of five hundred words a day, which is very different from the way he wrote "The Hansler Schoolmaster." That popular story was written at "white heat" for the *Hearth and Home* while the printer's boy waited for the "copy."

The group of the large game of the West, shown in the Kansas State Building at the Columbian Exposition, was collected by Professor Dyche, whose adventures in the pursuit of these animals are described in "Camp-Fires of a Naturalist," recently published, with illustrations, by D. Appleton & Co.

Eugene Field says in an interview printed in *McClure's Magazine*: "I'm going to write a sentimental life of Horace. We know mighty little of him, but what I don't know I'll make up. I'll write such a life as he must have lived—the life we all live when boys."

Here are the true names of some well-known ladies who write under assumed signatures: "Charles Egbert Craddock" is Miss Murfree; "The Duchess" is Mrs. Hungerford; "Alan St. Aubyn" is Miss Frances Marshall, of Cambridge, England; "Miss M. E. Braddon" is Mrs. Maxwell; "Lancelotti Falconer" is Miss Mary Hawker; "Graham R. Tomson" is Mrs. Tomson; "Julien Gordon" is Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger; "Octave Thane" is Miss Alida French; "John Oliver Hobbes" is Mrs. Craigie; and "John Strange Winter" is Mrs. Arthur Stannard.

Mrs. Deland's new novel, "Philip and His Wife," deals with the subject of divorce on the ground of incompatibility.

An English firm is about to publish the late Sir Richard Burton's version of "The Pentameron," by Giovanni Battista Basile, who lived in the seventeenth century. This work comprises fifty tales, and

has never been fully translated by any other English author. Lady Burton will write a preface for the book, which will be published in two expensive editions.

Theodore Tilton's new volume of poems, published in Paris, where he lives, is entitled "The Chameleon's Dish; a Book of Lyrics and Ballads Founded on the Hopes and Illusions of Mankind." The motto is from "Hamlet," when the Danish prince tells his uncle, the king, how he fares "as of the chameleon's dish; I eat the air, promise-cramped."

It is said that the *National Review* has passed from Mr. Alfred Austin's control to that of Mr. Leo Maxse.

The *Critic's* London correspondent retells this story, which Maupassant himself told in his preface to a French translation of Mr. Swinburne's poems:

"More than twenty years ago, when the future novelist was a mere lad, he was sailing his yacht outside the white cliffs of Normandy, when he saw approaching an object of unusual form and color. It was the figure of Mr. Swinburne, who had been carried out by the tide while swimming, and was now in a very perilous condition indeed. The poet was saved, and during the return voyage to Dieppe sat in the stern sheets wrapped in a sail, and recited the poems of Victor Hugo. In return for his succor, the square-built and ruddy young Norman (who looked as likely as possible like a future man of letters) was invited to dinner with Mr. Swinburne, who was then living near Dieppe. Legend reports that roasted monkey formed the *pièce de résistance* on this classic occasion."

A number of the poems of Lady Gifford will soon be made public by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

"The Private Life" is the title of a new book by Mr. Henry James, which is coming from the press. Three stories form the volume—"Lord Beaupré," "The Visits," and the sketch from which the collection derives its title. By the way, what does the *Spectator* mean by talking about the "ton-clever-by-half and annoyingly self-deprecating way in which, in these latter days, Mr. Henry James condescends to be entertaining?"

A French translation of Dr. Arthur MacDonald's "The Criminal Type" will be issued soon in Lyons.

Incomes of Literary Workers.

Julian Ralph, in a recent letter to the *Providence Journal*, has this to say of living on the earnings of one's pen:

"Of all the popular literary men whose names are now in everybody's mouth, and whose work is getting ready and frequent publication, I know of only two who are able to live in full comfort by their pens without other help or reliance. The two men who live by their pens in comfort are Frank R. Stockton and William D. Howells. I put Stockton first, because he became independent first, ceasing a few years ago to draw a salary from a publishing-house for work apart from writing. Mr. Howells has only been able to do so—or has only done so—within about a year. I have known him to suppose that General Lew Wallace is similarly fortunate. He has made a great deal more money, I fancy, out of one book than the other two gentlemen have either of them made out of all their books. If so, that makes three independent literary American men now in their prime and heyday—though Wallace is a provincial, and that is a very less costly thing to be than a New Yorker or Bostonian."

"I did not mention General Wallace positively, because I did not know about his private life and affairs. I do know what the Harpers have paid him, and it is a fortune. To pass to the women, I fancy that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has done so well that if women were to be judged as men are in literature, she would—and I fancy she does—rank as a fourth independent writer. And from what I have heard of Anna Katharine Green, she is entitled to rank as a fifth. However, the two sexes are not to be considered alike. A young or old maiden who writes can be independent of every other source of livelihood without getting very much—as men judge of and need money—by her pen. The married women writers are even less to be fairly compared with the men. They have husbands who, in most cases, pursue businesses of their own—indeed, so I have known them, all the husbands who as a rule have business—except one, and his business is the marketing of his wife's productions. Finally, there is the famous author of the 'Old Sleuth' detective tales, who makes fifteen thousand dollars a year, enjoys a fine library made up of his own abundant works and a copy of the Bible, and presumably dawdles in drawing-rooms to his heart's content."

"But all the rest have other sources of income. Henry C. Bunner is the editor of *Puck* and a partner in its ownership. Mr. Gilder is in the same delightful fix on the *Century Magazine*. Eugene Field has a newspaper salary. Richard Harding Davis is associate editor of *Harper's*. Brandt Matthews is of the faculty of Columbia College. Henry Loomis Nelson has a newspaper salary, and so has Montgomery Schuyler. F. Hopkinson Smith is a painter as well as a writer, and better than that, for his pocket, he is a shrewd and successful contractor and business man. E. C. Stedman does not live by his pen. And so goes the rule."

New Publications.

"Pen Pictures of the World's Fair," by Samuel P. Putnam, illustrated with cheap cuts, has been published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Midnight Elopement; or, Robert Wayne's Choice," a sensational novel by Emma Sanders, has been issued in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Seventy Years on the Frontier," being Alexander Majors's memoirs of a life-time on the border, with a preface by Buffalo Bill, has been issued in the Rialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"Within the Golden Gate," by Laura Young Pinney, a volume of verse inspired by the sights of San Francisco Bay, illustrated by Ella N. Pierce, has been published by the San Francisco Printing Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

"The Wise Women of Inverness: A Tale; and Other Miscellanies," containing William Black's "Rhymes of a Deerstalker" and four stories, has been issued in the new and revised edition of Black's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 80 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

The new volume of the American Essayists series is "Other Essays from the Easy Chair," by George

William Curtis. It contains thirty essays on a wide range of topics, such as "The Public Scold," "The Lecture Lyceum," "Tweed," "The Morality of Dancing," "Henry Ward Beecher," "Belinda and the Vulgar," "The American Girl," etc., and has for frontispiece a new portrait of the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

The one hundred and tenth anniversary of Washington Irving's birth is signalized by the publication of "The Work of Washington Irving," by Charles Dudley Warner, in the Black and White Series. It is a pleasant little essay, giving a good estimate of Irving's character, the spirit of his time, his contemporaries, his works, and his influence on American letters. Four portraits of Irving are given. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

"Stories of the Sea" is the fourth of the dainty series of little volumes containing short stories taken from one of the magazines. It contains a quartet of tales: "The Port of Missing Ships," by John R. Spears; "The Fate of the Georgiana," by Marie Blunt; "Captain Black," by Charles E. Carryl; and "The Last Slave Ship," by George Howe, M. D.—an admirable selection from a wide range of well-told tales; and in point of illustration, typography, paper, binding, and general appearance, this volume, like the others of the set, is a delight to the eye as its contents are to the mind. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Women of the Valois Court" is the latest volume in the series on Famous Women of the French Court translated from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand. It is in two parts, the first telling of Marguerite of Navarre, whose "Heptameron," if nothing else, will keep her name from being forgotten, and the second part chronicles the doings of Catherine de Medici and her contemporaries, including Diana of Poitiers, Mary Stuart as Dauphiness of France, Elizabeth of France, Jeanne d'Albret, Marguerite of Valois, and other noted women. It is a very interesting history of the Valois court, possessing the same charm of picturesque narration that has made M. de Saint-Amand's earlier volumes so popular. There are five portraits in the book, which is provided with an index. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The second volume of the Distaff Series—which are edited, written, printed, and bound by women, we believe—is "The Literature of Philanthropy," edited by Frances A. Gendall. It contains a general introduction by Mrs. Blanche Wilder Bellamy; "The Literature of Philanthropy," by Mrs. Goodale; "Criminal Reform," by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell; "Tenement Neighborhood Idea"—in general, by Mrs. Jean Fine Spahr and Miss Fannie W. McLean, and as regards "University Settlement," by Miss Helen Moore, and "Medical Women in Tenements," by Dr. Mary B. Damnn; "The Trained Nurse," by Miss Agnes L. Brennan; "The Society of the Red Cross," by Mrs. Laura M. Doolittle; and other essays by Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman—the poet who married an Indian—and other noted women. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

H. C. Bunner points out that one characteristic of Guy de Maupassant as a story-teller is that he presupposes on the part of his reader intelligence and a certain knowledge of the sphere of life in which the action of the story is set. This affords Mr. Bunner a good argument against occasional bald, literal translations of Maupassant's tales of a peasant life with which the American public is necessarily unfamiliar; and it also affords Mr. Bunner a good excuse for having bodily lifted the personages and incidents of ten of these tales from their French native land and rehabilitated them in America. Whether or not such work tends to bring the merits of the French writer to a wider recognition, it certainly has provided the American public with a volume of diverting tales, to which Mr. Bunner has given the title "Made in France: French Tales Retold with a United States Twist." Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Technique of the Drama," by W. T. Price, is a statement of the principles involved in the value of dramatic material, in the construction of plays, and in dramatic criticism. In the opening chapter Mr. Price defines the drama and the dramatic idea, and points out the uses of the drama; next he takes up the three elements of the drama—the ethical, the aesthetic, and the technical; and he concludes this part of the subject with a discussion of the principle of unity. The next three chapters consider the division into acts, the scenes and principles of action—monologues, dialogues, groups, masses, etc.—and character. Then follows a summary of certain laws in art, such as perspicuity, proportion, contrast, etc.; and the remaining chapters are "Adaptation and Dramatization," "Forms of the Drama," "Criticism," "How a Drama is Built Up," and "The Literature of Dramatic Principle." The book is an admirable one, and will be found very helpful to unskilled playwrights, critics, and the student of dramatic literature. The book is very closely indexed. Published at Brentano's, New York.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Greek statuary, much of it dated centuries before Christ, seems to prove that the Greeks had feet much like those of modern Americans. The most beautiful of the Greek feet are hollowed out well, both inside and out. They have short heels, high insteps, and long, straight toes, slightly spatulate at the ends. That is the type of the most beautiful modern foot. It is, on the whole, a foot not frequently seen in its perfection, for often one or the other element of beauty is wanting. The rarest point of beauty is the hollowing of the outside of the foot. It used to be that the shoemakers' lasts were made upon Greek principles, but for several years lastmakers have been making a hump on the outside of the last just above the point where the slight hollow should be. If any one would convince himself that the hollow on the outside of the foot is rare, let him watch the prints that seaside bathers leave when they step on a dry plank walk. Most of such footprints show a greater or smaller hollow on the inside of the foot, but nearly every one shows a straight wet mark on the outside. The saddled feet of the Greek goddesses in marble are much like the feet of the modern woman—at any rate, of the modern infant before the feet have been modified by leather shoes. All the goddesses have the fifth toe much smaller than the others, and, in every instance, this toe shows the snail-like twist so often ascribed to modern pointed shoes. The ancient statuary, whether of male or of female figures, shows often that contraction of the toes at the joints usually ascribed to the wearing of short shoes. Even the casts of ancient statues of athletes show this peculiarity. A few mummified feet are very modern in form, though they usually show the effect of the tight bandages wound about the corpse. Not only does art give small encouragement to the idea that pediciformities produced by footwear have become hereditary, but the modern infant bears testimony to the contrary. Perhaps the feet of women suffer more than those of men from injudicious footwear, but infants seem to inherit not the peculiarities of their mothers, but only the structural form.

The time may come (says the *Detroit Journal*) when the Government of the United States will have to place an export duty on American girls. The business of marrying titled paupers to American heiresses has become quite an industry in England, and it is being fostered and encouraged by all the relatives, rich and poor, of the titled pauper. Be it said to their credit, however, there are thousands of rich and beautiful American girls who go abroad every year and return with their hearts and earthly possessions still their own. They are flattered and fêted, but not fooled. They have a good time, but they are not there for the purpose of repairing broken fortunes. When one of a thousand does throw herself away, of course the nine hundred and ninety-nine, who never had any intention or desire to marry abroad, are included in the list of available for foreign consumption. This is a libel on the American girl. She knows her business, and yet it may be well to warn her that the matrimonial industry in England is in full blast and that there are thousands of hard-up titles looking for bargains.

Haryot Holt Cahoon's new book, "What One Woman Thinks," in the chapter on "Wives," says: "The selfish wife and the frivolous wife get the best husbands. They make them. They could take the truant husband of the delicate, complaining wife and of the tearful wife and make model men of them. They know how. The man who uses his wife for a door-mat could even be made over by the selfish wife. He would be as much surprised as anybody by the transformation she would bring about. The complaining, fault-finding wife usually gets a good husband. He grows patient and tolerant of the increasing woes of his better half. Sometimes he wonders what she will worry about next. He grows slow of speech as years roll on, and his shoulders bend a good deal. He does not have a very good time, but he never complains. He lets her do all the complaining." Of the wife of the future, Mrs. Cahoon writes: "The strongest weapon of the successful wife is strategy. She is the power behind the throne, and she rules by artifice. The wife of the future will be the power on the throne, and she will rule naturally, because she is capable of ruliog. The wife of the future will do her own thinking. Her day has already dawned. The few women who have opened their eyes are called advanced women. The advanced woman is the woman who is ahead of her time. But the time will catch up with her one of these days."

A dissipation of certain "summer young men" is a bad bad spec. A youth stoppiog at one of the fashionable hotels at Cape May made his appearance on the morning of his arrival with a hat trimmed with a blue band. In the afternoon, he strolled around the porch with a white band. Later, he donned the University of Pennsylvania combination of red and blue, and the next day he started in with yellow and white, followiog it up with more startling combinations. The rumor spread around that he had brought a hat-store with him, and some of the girls bribed the chambermaid to count his hats. She reported only one hat, but twenty-seven bat-bands,

which chappie took off and put on as readily as he would his coat or waistcoat.

Ten or twelve years ago the beauty of a woman's neck or arms was of less importance than it is now. True, every woman desires to be beautiful for her own sake, and so the girl who had a prettily rounded neck and well-shaped arms felt an innocent pleasure in them, and an equally innocent pride that the square or triangle of neck revealed by her party-gowns and the bit of arm that showed between elbow sleeves and gloves were comely to view. A great change has been wrought by the almost universal fashion of low-necked and short-sleeved gowns. To be *à la mode* the party-goer must wear them, and she mourns with great mortification if her throat is long and has a "salt-cellar" conformation, if her shoulder-blades are painfully prominent, and if her elbows are sharp and thin. The last defect may be partially concealed by long gloves that join the shoulder-strap, and hang loosely enough to leave room for the imagination. The shoulders and throat may, indeed, be veiled by gauze or lace, but in that case the low-necked gown is no longer a low-necked gown, and while the high-cut costumes may do very well for matrons and elderly maidens, bare-neck shoulders are decreed to be *comme il faut* for buds and half-blown roses. The best way to make the arms and neck round (says a writer in the *Bazar*) is to increase the plumpness of the entire figure by flesh-producing diet. Moreover,unctions of oil are recommended by some physicians. These consist simply of applications of olive-oil rubbed into the skin by vigorous friction. The oil is applied not only to the parts that especially need filliog out, but to the entire body impartially, since what fattens one part will fatten all. The oil is absorbed by the skin, which thus lends its aid to the stomach in taking in and assimilating nourishment.

A French guest, who traces his lineage back almost to that of the Bourbons, complained mildly while in Washington that the Americans had a talent for borrowing. "I oo little house of a merchant," he said, "I find a chamber fitted up with the *fauteuils* of the grand Louis, and the barber has io his shop, under glass, a cup of poor Josephine's. But conceive my astioishment when my hostess, at a dinner-party, shows me my own crest upon her glass! 'Don't speak of it,' she begged; 'but I chose it years ago. It was the prettiest I could find!'" A youthful English nobleman was escorted through one of our cities by a committee, and, at last, visited the superb private offices of an enormous retail shop. With somewhat of bewilderment, he looked at the Persian carpets, the Turkish divans, the Chinese vases, and the French pictures in which the soul of the proprietor delighted. "And the ceiling, you will please observe, my lord," said the guide; "it is that of Blank Abbey." The young man's face became red as he stared upward. "How did you get that roof?" he exclaimed; "Blank Abbey belongs to me!" It was in vain that he was assured that the ceiling he saw was only a reproduction in *papier-maché* of his own. He looked gloomily upward wherever he went afterward to find "whether the Yankees had taken any more of his roofs."

A Boston woman returniog from Europe with a wardrobe from Paris landed in New York city. In transporting her trunks to Boston by rail they were lost and never recovered. She accordingly brought suit for a substantial sum. The railway company's defense was that she owned no clothes. The wearing apparel, the value of which she was endeavoriog to recover, belonged to her husband. In it she had neither interest nor rights. This was found to be a legal fact, and her suit was thrown out of court. The knowledge that Massachusetts women were all wearing their husband's clothes ran like wild-fire through the State. Town meetings were held. In three years by agitation, eloquence, and importunity the legislature gave to woman the ownership of her clothes.

In London society float about many funny stories of people whose heads are turned by the acquisition of a small title bestowed by royalty in the progress of some official function. One is told of the wife of a city magoate who bought a country-place and was foolishly knighted. The lady was of very humble origin, and her elevation was too much for her. The clergyman of the village—a scion of a noble family—called upon the new knight to congratulate him, and was kept waiting in the drawing-room for some twenty minutes. Theo the door was flung open by a powdered flunkey, who, ushering in the fat and florid mistress of the house, bawled out at the top of his voice: "The Lady Jones!" Not long ago, the wife of another new-made knight was greatly aggrieved at receiving, on the very day this dignity was conferred, a letter naturally enough addressed to "Mrs. So-and-So." She proceeded to indite a scathing answer to her innocent correspondent—a epistle written throughout in the third person, and beginning "Lady So-and-So begs to point out that a mistake has been made in the address of the letter sent to her. Lady So-and-So requests that in future," etc.

"I want something pretty, but not too costly, as a wedding gift," a woman is reported in the *Tribune* as saying to one of the head men at a noted jeweler's,

"Is it for Miss B——, may I ask?" said the jeweler; "for in that case I think I can suit you exactly." And he produced a list written at length and io the bride's own writing, with everything she wanted io the way of silver distinctly described, from the soup-tureen to salt-spoons. It left her friends a wide margin of choice from the most expensive present to a simple token of remembrance. "Would you like to see the presents already selected?" continued the shopman, and, leading the way io the adjoining apartment, he pointed to several shelves completely covered with the glittering array. "Those are all Miss B——'s presents," he explained. "She seems quite satisfied with them so far, and comes every few days to look them over to see what is added."

Do the men who sit up in lordly disdain and talk about women's fickleness in the matter of styles realize that they do not know what they are saying? Not one of them has ever seen a picture of a woman of any period whose draperies were not more or less like the draperies of to-day. Skirts have varied io width, but there have always been skirts; sleeves have been enormous or scant, but there have always been some sort of draperies over the arms. Bodices have been tight or loose, but there have always been bodices. On the other hand, men's fashions have changed in marked degree from time to time. Caesar's wife, for instance, would not feel so hopelessly out of place io a modern drawing-room as Caesar himself would. Queen Elizabeth would have much more in common with her sisters of 1893 than her doubled and cloaked knight, Sir Walter Raleigh. Priscilla would not be half so ridiculous in a company of nineteenth-century damsels as her trusty John Aldeo among nineteenth-century youths.

One of the leaders of Parisian society possesses (according to a writer in the *New York Tribune*) an excellent maid, whom she apprenticed for a year to a great *couturière*, in order that the girl might learn how dresses are cut and put together by these autocrats of *la mode*. Theo four times a year, once every season, she orders a superb dress from Félix, Reboux, or Laferrière, who are popularly believed to be her *couturières*. All other dresses, morning-frocks, tea-gowns, etc., are made at home by her maid. With regard to her hats and bonnets, she does likewise, and the results are surprising. You will probably be told that her apparel costs at least ten thousand francs a month, whereas she has herself been beard to say that the total of her expenses (and she is one of the best-dressed women in the French metropolis) is not above twenty-five thousand francs a year. So thoroughly does she understand the difficult art of buying that she discovers at public sales superb antique laces, old brocades, jewels, etc., which go for a song, and are displayed on her person at balls, *soirées*, and dinners, to the admiration and amazement of the lookers-on.

The marrying off of daughters involves a good deal of sleeplessness. If a woman has a large family by the time the youngest girl is on the carpet, the mother has arrived at that time of life when she wants to get to bed early. Sometimes this is rather hard on the girl. There is such a mother, and every time she meets a new young man her conversation in some way or other always gets around to the advantage of keeping early hours. At length and with such enthusiasm she talks on this subject that by the time the young man comes to make his maiden call he is in a condition to be sensitive to the sounds he hears about the house, and especially in the rooms above. A young man in this nervous state paid the young woman a visit the other evening. The conversation was fairly launched when an alarm-clock went off overhead. He sprang to his feet. "Was that for me?" he asked. He was reassured that the clock often did that on its own responsibility. The young man sat down, and the conversation was again under way when sounds of violent pounding were beard in the room above. Again the young man sprang to his feet. "That is for me!" Vainly the girl assured him that her mother was only pounding dog-biscuit for a favorite pup. But the young man was unnerved and took his hat.

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SOCIETY.

The Country Club.

All of the arrangements are complete for the fourth annual outing, picnic, and shoot of the Country Club, and there can be no doubt that it will be a decided success. An exceedingly large number of rooms have been engaged, and the hotel will be enlivened by the presence of an unusually fashionable gathering. Many members of the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, University, and Cosmos Clubs have signified their intention of attending.

A special train will leave here for Del Monte at two o'clock next Friday afternoon, stopping at Menlo Park and San José only. On Friday evening the shooting team will meet to arrange sides for a match between the "Reds" and "Blues," and there will be a concert by the Country Club Band of seventy-five pieces, under the direction of A. Spadina. Saturday morning at nine o'clock, the club shoot for prizes and medals will commence, and there will be a match between the "Reds" and "Blues." Luncheon "Under the Greenwood Tree" will be served at one o'clock. At eight o'clock in the evening, there will be a concert followed by a ball and supper. Sunday morning at ten o'clock the band will give a sacred concert in front of the hotel. At eight o'clock in the evening, there will be a grand illumination, and fire-works at Del Monte Lake and a concert by the band. The pyrotechnic display will be most elaborate. The fire-works were secured in the East at large expense, and comprise twelve fancy exhibition pieces entirely different from anything ever seen on this coast. The display will terminate with a candle battery motto of the club, "Under the Greenwood Tree," followed by the discharge of an extra large aerial bouquet consisting of one hundred rockets of assorted colored stars and effects fired simultaneously.

The music will be a special feature of the outing. The programme for the several concerts are as follows:

Friday, nine p. m.—"Dragoons' Call," Eilenberg; overture, "Oberon," Von Weber; "Under the Greenwood Tree," Bishop; selections from "Lombardi," Verdi; waltz, "Flowers of St. Petersburg," Resch; "Ride of the Valkyrie," Wagner; "American Patrol," Meacham; scena arie, "Il Trovatore," Verdi; galop, "To the Park," A. Spadina.

On Saturday the band will render a number of choice selections during the luncheon hour on the picnic grounds.

Saturday, nine p. m.—"March 'Cadets,'" Sousa; overture, "Son and Stranger," Mendelssohn; "La Czarine," Gaiete; finale, third act of "Bohème," all songs, quartet, and storm scene, Verdi; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; overture, "Rienzi," Wagner; "Hebe," duet for trombone, Redding; selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; grand medley from "Boccaccio," Von Suppé.

Sunday, eleven a. m.—Overture, "Stabat Mater," arranged by Mercadante; "Serenade," Schubert; "Aubade Printanière," Lacombe; "Scènes Pittoresques," (1) marche, (2) "Air de Ballet," (3) "Angelus," (4) "Fête Bohème," Massenet; grand selection, "Huguenots," Meyerbeer; prelude from "Lohengrin," Wagner; fantasia, "Faust," Gounod; waltz, "Blue Danube," Strauss; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; march, "Salute Loin-tain," Doring.

Sunday, nine p. m.—Overture, "Light Cavalry," Suppé; selections from "Robin Hood," De Koven; mosaic from the opera of "Lucia," Donizetti; Orpheus, "Offenbach"; "Le Fils de Porthos," Delfile, Henri Sasse; overture, "William Tell," Rossini; intermezzo sinfonico from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; waltz, "Loin du Bal," Gillet; "Lorelei" Paraphrase, Nesvadge; introduction and bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," Wagner.

The first match on Saturday will be a contest of twenty-five birds to each man, between sides to be designated as "Reds" and "Blues." Five gold medals will be given for the five highest scores made at the twenty-five birds—handicap prize. The first twelve birds shot at shall score for the season's prizes. The prizes and medals are valued at six hundred dollars. The names of those who will participate are:

Mr. Faxon D. Atherton, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Mr. Charles P. Ellis, Mr. Thomas Ewing, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. William C. Murdoch, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. E. F. Preston, Mr. J. D. Redding, Mr. C. O. Richards, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. George B. Sperry, Mr. A. C. Tubbs, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. F. W. Tallant, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, and Mr. Robert E. Woodward.

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Directors—Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. William C. Murdoch, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. George Crocker, and Mr. William S. Kittle.

Chairmen of Committees—Entertainments and outings, Mr. Robert Oxnard; trap shooting and athletics, Mr. George Crocker; clubhouse, Mr. Henry W. Woodward; stable and dog kennel, Mr. William S. Kittle; golf and keepers, Mr. Richard H. Sprague; game, fish, and preserve, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson.

The membership of the club is limited to one hundred and twenty-five, and there are now thirteen names on the waiting list. The list of members is as follows:

Mr. William Alvord, Mr. Faxon D. Atherton, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. C. H. Belknap, Mr. William Berg, Mr. T. B. Bishop, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mr. A. H. Boomer, Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. J. J. Bowie, Mr. George Davis Boyd, Mr. Nathaniel J. Brittan, Mr. Emile A. Bruguère, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. C. W. Honyngue, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. Charles F. Crocker, Mr. Joseph R. Crockett, Mr. George D. Cooper, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Peter J. Donahue, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Consul Vladimir d'Artemovitch, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. R. A. Eddy, Mr. Charles P. Ellis, Mr. Thomas Ewing, Mr. Bernard Faymonville, Mr. John G. Follansbee, Mr. Arthur W. Foster, Mr. R. B. Forman, Mr. Byron Gillman, Mr. Daniel B. Gillette, Jr., Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. E. F. Gerald, Mr. J. O'B. Ginn, Mr. Louis T. Haggin, Mr. Henry E. Hall, Mr. Alex. Mc Hamilton, Mr. Robert Harrison, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. J. J. Downey Harn, Mr. William H. Heart, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. William H. Howard, Mr. E. W.

Hopkins, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. Harry A. Jerome, Mr. Charles Jesselyn, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. Nicholas G. Kittle, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. W. O'B. McDonough, Mr. H. R. Mann, Mr. Ward McAllister, Jr., Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. Robert McMurray, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Jr., Mr. Eusebio I. Molera, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. C. G. Mullins, Mr. William C. Murdoch, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. D. M. Murphy, Mr. W. H. Martin, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Hermann Odrichs, Mr. James G. Oxnard, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. Theodore F. Payne, Mr. G. W. Peltier, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. C. O. Richards, Mr. R. P. Ribbet, Mr. G. H. Roe, Mr. A. W. Rose, Jr., Mr. J. I. Sabin, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. F. W. Sharon, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. J. B. Steison, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. John W. Taylor, Mr. W. S. Tevis, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. William B. Tubbs, Mr. James E. Tucker, Mr. Charles W. Tuttle, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. George Whittell, Mr. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. John Scott Wilson, Mr. Charles L. Watson, Mr. J. P. Whiney, Mr. William S. Wood, Mr. Howard, Mr. Robert H. Woodward, Mr. Fred L. Wooster, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile.

THE FAMILY FIEND.

BELLA PEMROKE, 26. LOUIE PEMROKE, 14.
FRED PEMROKE, 23. MRS. SEPTIMUS LATHAM, nee PEMROKE, 28.

SCENE.—The school-room. BELLA sewing, LOUIE singing, FRED smoking. Enter MRS. LATHAM, in a rustle of silks and a clatter of high-heeled shoes.

MRS. LATHAM—Well, family, how are you? [kisses them all.] Good heavens, I've kissed you all! I can't think why I did.

FRED—It was an aberration that you needn't repeat, so far as I'm concerned.

MRS. LATHAM—When are you going to have tea? I didn't see any signs of it down-stairs.

BELLA [apologetically]—My dear Polly, it's only just half-past four.

MRS. LATHAM—Then it ought to be up. Well, this is a muddy house!

FRED—You see, Polly, since you left us—

MRS. LATHAM—Yes, you have let yourselves go since I married. Bella, don't suck your thumb! Louie, don't waggle about like that, you make me feel quite ill! What were you singing when I came in? Go on with it. [LOUIE obediently begins to sing, "Schön Kohtraut."] Sing up!

LOUIE [shutting the piano with a bang]—It's no good, I can't sing to you.

MRS. LATHAM [seriously]—My dear child, you don't suppose it's any pleasure to me to listen to you. I only thought I might give you some hints. I consider Fräulein Strümpf a per-fer-fool. Now don't sit winding your leg round the piano-stool [putting up her eye-glass]. It's really time they made your skirts longer. I must speak about it.

LOUIE—Mind your own business. I like 'em short. [Begins to dance a version of Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.]

MRS. LATHAM—Now don't! It's bad form—and quite out of date, too.

FRED—Aha! Polly had rather be wicked than old-fashioned.

MRS. LATHAM [dignified]—I beg your pardon, Fred, I don't consider music-halls wicked, I think them simply dull. Look, Louie, you've knocked something down. [Puts up her eye-glass again.] What are those messy little ferns for?

LOUIE [sharply]—They're not messy, and I'm bringing them up for the dinner-table.

MRS. LATHAM—They're sure to die—

LOUIE [perfly]—Die yourself!

FRED—Look out, look out! There'll be blood upon the moon in a minute if you make fun of Louie's ferns.

MRS. LATHAM—If only you knew, Fred, how I dislike your vulgar slang.

FRED [smiling sweetly]—I do know, dear.

[A head is put in at the door and hastily withdrawn.]

MRS. LATHAM—Whv, that was mother! Why didn't she come in and see me?

FRED—Probably she daren't affront you in her old cap!

MRS. LATHAM—Yes, really, Bella, you might dress mother more decently. It's your business, you are the one at home, and you know what a perfect babe she is about her own clothes; you really ought—How's father?

BELLA—Not very well, I'm afraid, poor dear. He had one of his attacks yesterday, and it left him so weak. We can't think what is the matter with him [sighing]. I suppose it is he overworks.

MRS. LATHAM—Overcats!

BELLA—Oh, Polly, don't be so heartless.

MRS. LATHAM—Not at all. All business men eat too much, and then fancy they're ill. People are always in such a hurry to consider themselves invalids! It's the greatest mistake to coddle any one. I never do. By the way, Bella, how are you?

BELLA—Much better, dear. I've actually got a color they say.

MRS. LATHAM—Yes, you have—but it's yellow. What are you making there?

BELLA—A blouse.

MRS. LATHAM—It will be dirty before it's made. Oh, that reminds me, I wish you would let me have that Empire muslin skirt Aunt Georgina gave you. It's the only thing of yours that I admire, and I know exactly how to arrange it—I see it all—

BELLA—But I want it myself.

MRS. LATHAM—You can't possibly go on wearing it—it's far too young for you.

BELLA—Well, I like that; you're two years older than me!

MRS. LATHAM—How funny! I seemed to think it was the other way. Besides, I'm married.

FRED—Marriage covers a multitude of evils. [Rising.] Well, if you two girls are going to talk clothes, I'll slope. Come here a minute, Louie. [They go out.]

BELLA [earnestly]—Polly, I do want to consult you. Be an angel, and tell me how to do up my pink—the one I wore at the Winters' on Thursday—you know.

MRS. LATHAM—No, I didn't notice you. Is it rather an ugly shade of magenta—with a plain skirt—that's too short in front?

BELLA—Yes; how is Mme. Célestine to do it?

MRS. LATHAM—Let me see—if it was me, I should go in for that Watteau plait that's still fashionable—but, then, for a short, dumpy figure like yours—let me see—Oh, do it—do it anyhow!

BELLA [crossly]—You're not helping me a bit, and I must wear it at the Masons'—and I've worn it twice there already—and I've nothing else—and my "new" won't have come home by then—and I did so want to look nice—

MRS. LATHAM—Keep calm. I suppose Mr. Blanchard is to be there?

BELLA—Yes—perhaps.

MRS. LATHAM—My dear girl, I wouldn't dress to him—I really wouldn't. It's simply waste of time. You know, you're getting on—you must get something settled. Why not give your mind to Thompson? He'd make a very nice little husband.

BELLA—Never, never! Why, you refused him yourself!

MRS. LATHAM [reflectively]—Did I? I quite forgot. Besides, it was ages ago. I was quite young. You're twenty-eight, Bella.

BELLA [hastily]—Twenty-six.

MRS. LATHAM—Oh, it's all the same. A girl is as old as she looks, and I really don't think you'll do better—you haven't at all a good way with men—you don't snub them enough. Look at me! [Bella regards her with awe.] Now, you are as civil to men as if they were women. I declare you haven't the spirit to cut a dance or tell a man you haven't got one when you have. That's the way to—

BELLA [piously]—I can't help it, Polly.

MRS. LATHAM—Don't whine. You can't alter yourself, of course. People are born different. But about Blanchard—take my advice, and leave off bothering about him. It's no use, you're not at all his style.

BELLA—He danced five times with me at the Winters'.

MRS. LATHAM—Oh, I suppose your dancing may suit him—but he doesn't care for you in that way one little bit—and never will. Now, what's the matter? [Bella rises and leaves the room in tears.] That girl's quite hysterical! [Reënter FRED.] Well, Fred, you've cut yourself trying to shave, I see. How badly you seem to do it.

FRED—Oh, do mind your own business!

MRS. LATHAM [sitting on the arm of his chair]—What's that extraordinary looking photograph you have there, on the mantelpiece?

FRED [nervously]—Which one?

MRS. LATHAM—The creature in white—that looks as if she were holding her mouth open for her eyes to drop into.

FRED—I fail to recognize it from your description.

MRS. LATHAM—Stupid! That one there—next to the flattered one of Bella—there, the girl with the violin. [Rising and looking at it.] What a comic face! First of all you think she's all nose—till you look again and see she's all mouth.

FRED [bitterly]—You have not left her a feature to stand on.

MRS. LATHAM—Oh, I daresay her feet are big enough. Who is it? [To LOUIE, who reënters the room.]

LOUIE—Oh, that's Mlle. Rika Kortosk—the little Baroness Kortosk—you know, the girl violinist. Such a dear, and she plays divinely!

FRED [enthusiastically]—She's quite young, too—only twenty—but I do think, Polly, she's got a great future.

MRS. LATHAM—I don't know about a future. I'm sure she's got a past.

FRED—What do you mean? I'd stake my life she's the straightest, best little woman in the world—

MRS. LATHAM—I know all about her, my dear boy. She's a regular Bohemian.

FRED—Well?

MRS. LATHAM—Not that I mind Bohemians—at a distance! They help to amuse us. But I should say your baroness was rather an advanced specimen—

FRED [severely]—What have you to say against her? Formulate.

MRS. LATHAM—Oh, don't bother me, Fred.

FRED—Please to explain, Polly.

MRS. LATHAM—Well, I wouldn't know her.

FRED—She probably wouldn't know you—except that you're my sister. [Leaves the room and bangs the door.]

MRS. LATHAM [innocently]—What's the matter with them all, I wonder? Why have they all gone away?

LOUIE—I really don't wonder they have, Polly! MRS. LATHAM—Idiot! And where did Fred pick up this Rika Kortosk? And why does she bother with a carrot boy like Fred?

LOUIE—He's in love with her, that's all. I'm not sure he isn't engaged to her.

MRS. LATHAM [quickly]—Since when—and why wasn't I told?

LOUIE—What's the good of telling you things? You always find out, you know.

MRS. LATHAM—I must speak to Fred.

LOUIE [triumphantly]—He won't give you a chance. He's in an awful rage with you.

MRS. LATHAM—Maniac! Where's Bella?

LOUIE—Lying on her bed, with her eyes regularly bunged up with crying. I have just been with her. She won't be fit to go to the Wildes' to-night. It's a horrid shame of you! [With violence.] Look here—why do you come and bully us all and make our lives miserable? There's Fred won't be home to dinner—it will be dull; there's mother, she couldn't be more afraid of any one than she is of you—unless it's the cook; there's father, you make him jump every time you speak. I can't think why people keep married sisters to plague them? You're the Family Fiend, that's what you are! Now, I'm going to Bella—poor thing! I hope you've enjoyed yourself! [Exit.]

MRS. LATHAM [ringing the bell]—Call a cab, please. I don't think I'll stay for tea!—Black and White.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT 'Amanya's, 24 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

An excellent programme has been prepared for the concert at El Campo to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon. It includes a medley from Dave Braham's music for "The Last of the Hogans," "Merry War" waltzes by Strauss, selections from "Robin Hood," Waldteufel waltzes, and several pieces by more classic composers.

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SOCIETY.

The Drexler Reception.

Last Wednesday evening at the parlors of Mrs. Louis P. Drexler on Van Ness Avenue there was a very pleasant literary and artistic gathering. A charming feature of the evening was a trio of vocal selections rendered by Miss Susie E. Hert. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Witham, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wakeman, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton Field, Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, Mrs. William Keith, Mrs. A. C. Waterman, Mrs. W. E. Peaslee, Mrs. Cadwalader, Mrs. A. M. Burns, Mrs. Alonzo Wakeman, Mrs. E. A. Orr, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Alexander Mac Callum, Miss Bridgeman, Miss Cadwalader, Miss May Keeler, Miss Ernestine Poole, Miss Mindora Berry, Miss Juliet Lomhard, Miss Alice Chittenden, Miss Elmer Pratt, Miss Susie E. Hert, Miss Marian Bybee, Miss Lister, Mr. Charles Edwin Markham, Mr. James A. Stephens, Mr. Curtis Hillyer, and Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Agnes D. Curtis, daughter of ex-Supervisor J. B. Curtis, to Mr. Frederick Lawrence Wight. The wedding will take place at the residence of Mr. Curtis, 7543 Page Street, at 0000 00 Thursday, August 31st.

Miss Lilbel Crane, daughter of Mr. L. P. Crane, of the Southern Pacific Company, will be married next Wednesday evening, to the First Co-Regimental Church, to Mr. Joseph Henry Marshall, who is connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company.

The wedding of Miss Marie Roedig and Mr. Ferdinand Weber will take place at the First Presbyterian Church at noon next Wednesday.

Mrs. A. M. Easton gave a delightful matinee tea last Monday at the Crocker cottage at Castle Crag. Among the ladies she entertained were: Mrs. Samuel Hort, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. Otto Favre, Mrs. J. F. Foster, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Frances Taylor, the Misses Goad, and Miss Eastland.

General W. H. Dimond and the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *nde* Curtis, gave a very pleasant informal reception last Thursday evening, at their home on Bush Street, and entertained a number of intimate friends. Musical numbers were enjoyed, and a supper followed.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Washington Street, in honor of Miss Tillie Brandenstein and Mr. William Grecochaum, of this city, and Miss Hattie Hecht, of Boston.

Miss Ethel Cohee gave an afternoon party last Monday afternoon at her home, Fernside, in Alameda, in honor of her cousin, Dr. Daggett, of New Haven, Conn. About twenty young ladies were invited to meet him, and they passed the afternoon in feasting, bowling, and dancing. In the evening the young hostess gave a dinner-party, followed by an informal dance.

A reception was tendered Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and her daughter, Miss Harriet Cooper, on August 17th by the teachers and normal pupils of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, after their three months' trip to the East.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Eva T. Shaw will go to the Hotel del Monte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Beth Sperry are at the Hotel del Monte and will stay there a couple of weeks.

Miss Ada Dougherty will go East next Friday and in

September will sail for Europe. She will be away about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin arrived in London last Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Burnham is visiting Lake Minnetonka, Minn. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. Charles Sonntag are visiting the Columbian Exposition. Colonel Sonntag will join them in September when they will go to Europe for a year's tour.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen will go to the Hotel del Monte to-day to take a night.

Mr. Walter S. Hobart is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace will go to the Hotel del Monte next Monday to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. M. C. Ten Broeck has returned from Alaska, and is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Misses Irma and Alice Adler have returned to the city after passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, of San Rafael, has been in Santa Cruz during the week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Campbell have returned from a pleasant visit to "Saint's Rest," the summer cottage of Judge Andros, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle and Miss Minnie Well have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill will remain at the Hotel del Monte until late in August.

The Misses Laura and Ennice Bates are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have returned from a pleasant visit to Castle Crag.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Miss Arguello, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, are at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond will leave this afternoon to pass a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinbart have returned from a pleasant sojourn at Castle Crag.

Dr. C. M. Richardson has returned from a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. J. C. Horo has gone East to visit Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia.

Miss Rose Rich left for New York city last Tuesday. She will be away about three months, and will visit Chicago when en route to Europe.

The Misses Grant and Miss Butler have been enjoying a visit to the Misses Cohen at their residence, Fernside, in Alameda.

Mrs. Thomas M. Cluff is passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. Bailey and the Misses Bailey have returned from Castle Crag.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland will remain at the Hotel del Monte until next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Wise have gone to Chicago.

Mrs. Frances E. Edgerton is passing a few weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family left for the East last Tuesday. The younger children will be placed in an Eastern school, after which Mrs. Rutherford and Miss Alice Rutherford will go to Europe.

Mrs. R. E. Williams and Miss Marie Williams have returned from a tour of Europe.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. D. J. Staples and Mrs. H. W. Yemans will leave to-day on a two months' visit to Chicago.

Major C. L. Wilson, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to take effect on September 15th.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Burton, Inspector General, U. S. A., is inspecting Fort Bidwell, Cal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Moore, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., to take charge of the small-arms competition for the Departments of California and the Columbia.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. McIver, U. S. A., *nde* Smedberg, will remain here about a month more before going East.

Major Edward Hunter, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Major C. L. Wilson, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to take effect on September 15th.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Burton, Inspector General, U. S. A., is inspecting Fort Bidwell, Cal.

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There are few American women of society who care for wildwood sports, the majority not sympathizing with the tastes of the many foreign women of high position who make notable catches of salmon, or return from a day's hunt with a bag of game. Some English girls of title have distinguished themselves as skillful salmon fishers; but it is mostly on the continent that women use the gun.

The Infanta Isabel, elder sister of the Infanta Eulalie, is a very successful shot. She heads shooting-parties to the royal preserves, and brings down, with unerring aim, partridges, woodcock, hares, and rabbits. She is one of the most daring riders to bounds in the rough country about Madrid.

A story is told of a Prague prior who got himself out of a very disagreeable dilemma by the use of his ingenious mind. He was once called upon to print a report of the board of trade of his native city in the two languages of the country, German and Czech, and the representatives of either nationality strenuously desired that their tongue should occupy the first of the parallel columns on each page. The wary printer got out of his dilemma by turning one column upside down throughout the book, and arranging the titles accordingly, so that each language had a front column on every page.

An interesting early morning sight on Fifth Avenue, in New York city, is the procession of dogs out for exercise. They are of all sorts and sizes, and they go singly, in pairs, and in trios, sometimes muzzled, and always in the care of a keeper. Between Forty-second Street and Twenty-Third, the dogs and their keepers are about as well known to the daily pedestrians on Fifth Avenue as the permanent landmarks of the thoroughfare.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Adolph Bauer will give a Wagner concert at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, September 1st. The programme will be interpreted by an orchestra of sixty-eight musicians. Mrs. Maud Berry Fisher has been specially engaged as soloist, and will sing "Parlate d'Amore," from "Faust," with full orchestral accompaniment.

The Saturday Popular Concerts will be resumed by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel early in September at Golden Gate Commandery Hall on Sutter Street. The novelties at the first concert will be a quintet by Sinding, the new Norwegian composer, and a string quartet by Schumann.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his first ballad concert of this season at Golden Gate Commandery Hall, 625 Sutter Street, on Friday evening, September 1st. An excellent programme is being prepared.

Howard Paul was present at a representation of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum a few years back, when Irving was Romeo and Miss Ellen Terry Juliet. Just after the balcony scene, when Irving's long, lean legs and strongly marked face were conspicuous in the impassioned balcony scene, two American ladies hehio Mr. Paul got to speculating on the ages of the hero and heroine. "How old is Irving?" asked one lady. "About forty-five," replied the other. "And Miss Terry?" "I should say thirty-five." The first lady reflected for a moment, and remembering the gorgeous love-passages, suggesting the effusiveness of youthful emotion in the scene just passed, quietly remarked: "Forty-five and thirty-five make eighty. It's my opinion they're both old enough to know better."

What some folks call providence and others fate is illustrated by the fact that there now lives in Brooklyn, grown to manhood and safe in his own family circle, the lad whom the kidnappers of Charley Ross probably intended to steal. The families of the child that was taken and the child that was left were neighbors in Germantown, Pa., and the Brooklynites believe, from several facts within their knowledge, that the child-stealers caught up Charley Ross by mistake for this country.

The only daughter of Prince Kurnatoff, a wealthy nobleman of Moscow, recently eloped with her father's coachman, taking one hundred thousand roubles with her. The young princess is only eighteen years old, and was one of the reigning belles of the old Russian capital. It is believed in Russia that the pair left Odessa for this country.

The warden of the Ohio State Prison at Columbus, having gone off on his vacation, his stenographer, Miss McMasters, insists upon running the institution, despite the objections of the deputy-warden and other officials, over whose heads she issues orders and has them carried out.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

A royal personage has been added to the list of operatic singers by the debut, in France, of the Princess Ahmaded, who is said to be a descendant of the house of Delhi. Unlike the rest of her immediate family, this Indian aristocrat is a Christian.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

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For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

Prince Bismarck expressed regret the other day that he had not kept up his piano-forte practice, and said that he thought that persons having talent for music should cultivate it assiduously.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BUSSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humors remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weakness. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

You can find quiet, pleasant, nicely furnished rooms, near the best restaurants, principal stores, theatres, etc., at the GLEN HOUSE, 236 Sutter, nr. Kearny and Market Streets.

EL CAMPO

ON THE BAY,

Via the safe and large steamer UKIAH.

RE-OPENED AS A FAMILY RESORT.

Choice programme of popular music. Refreshments, Fishing, and Boating. No Dancing. Table and Seats for Family Lunches. Decorum will be preserved. Round trip and admission to the grounds, 50 cents. Children under 10 years, free, if accompanied by parents. Steamer Ukiah leaves Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market St., every SUNDAY at 10.30 A.M. and 1.45 P.M. Leave El Campo at 12.45 and 5 P.M.

RHEUMATISM

Gout
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Liver and Kidney Trouble
Blood and Skin Diseases
Nervous Disorders

CAN ALWAYS BE CURED AT

Byron Hot Springs

The WATERS and BATHS
Have Cured

THOUSANDS

And will Cure You
Send for Descriptive Pamphlet

C. R. MASON, MANAGER

BYRON HOT SPRINGS CALIFORNIA

Buttermilk Toilet SOAP
Peerless for the COMPLEXION

A Splendid Toilet Requisite.
Excelling in Quality
any 25 cent Soap on the market
A trial will convince you that you want no other.
Note Package and insist on the genuine.
Sample cake by mail 12c.



GOSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. 186-187 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

For Summer Cookery
Royal Baking Powder
Is the Greatest of helps.

With least trouble and labor it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing, assuredly digestible and wholesome.

THE COLONEL AT THE PLAISANCE.

He indulges in "A Day of Great Divarshun."

Colonel Thomas Jefferson Dolan sat at a table in the little chop-house up the alley making his breakfast. The colonel's order evidenced either one of two things: He was not as hungry as he thought he was, or he had a hard trip before him. Adjusting his glasses on the bridge of his nose, he scanned the menu a long, long time, and thus he spoke to the expectant waiter:

"Me bye," he said, "bring me wan of thim little mushmelons—a cold wan, and thin, hie, bring me a shthew of kidneys, wid mushrooms and Jarman fried petatoes, and let the petatoes come double, and an ordher of tematoes, and a cup of coffee, and befor ye bring me anny of it bring me a cocktail—a Manhattan cocktail—made out of the whisky out of the barrel, d'ye moind?"

Colonel Thomas Brewer, who sat opposite Colonel Dolan at the table, noticing the liberality of the order, remarked:

"You must have beat a short horse at Washington Park yesterday."

"I did better than that," replied Colonel Dolan—"better than that, I bate three kings."

Then Colonel Dolan flagged the waiter again, and supplemented his order with the request for a bunch of young onions. Out of all this material the colonel laid in a good, hearty breakfast. He filled his pockets with cigars, and told the waiter to hand him a few cloves to kill the taint of the onions on his breath.

Arm in arm the two colonels made their way out on Dearborn Street, and an elderly man, who was minus a hand, stepped up to them soliciting alms. The colonels looked opulent, and the hungry individual was of the opinion he was accosting a couple of gamblers.

"I have lost my hand," he said to Colonel Dolan. "Can't you help me?"

"I'd like to," replied Colonel Dolan, softly, "but it's not my dale."

"I'm going," said Colonel Dolan, "to the World's Fair. I'm not going to bother away any time looking at codfish, and mackerel, and sharks, and bugles, and boats, and paintings, or anything of that kind. I'm going to the Midway. I'm going to the Streets of Cairo and there spend the afternoon."

"I've never seen Cairo and Egypt," he said, "that is, the Cairo beyond the says. I was well acquainted wanst with the other Cairo down in Southern Illinois, where the Ohio jines the Mississippi. It was in '63," said the colonel, "and I spint the summer and the fall there."

"Keeping saloon?" queried Colonel Brewer.

"In a hether business," replied Colonel Dolan. "I enlisted in the army in the morning, in the navy in the afternoon, and jined the marines in the evening. By twelve at night I was playing the bank and the next day I was leaping bounties again."

It must have been high noon before the colonel struck the street in Cairo, or rather the gate thereof. He purchased a ticket and made his way to the inside, and there he saw the crooked street filled with people, and he saw boys beating donkeys up and down the narrow road, and he saw what everybody sees who goes therein. He heard the cries of the dookie-boys and the shouts of the people who were selling all kinds of trinkets and "colicky" drinks for ready money.

"There's a dale of 'ki-yi' about this," he said; "but my, O my, luk at that camel—luk at that camel wid people ashrider of his back. 'The ships of the desert, they call them' wid a circus company."

As the camel passed the colonel, the beast reached down and bit a segment out of the rim of the colonel's straw hat, and theo the animal made a noise something like the whimper of a horse.

"Bi hivan," said the colonel, "he knows me and Oi know him. Oi know him by the whiskers he's got on his chin, and Oi know him by the stumpy shaved tail he carries wid him. I've known that camel for twelve mortal years, and he knows me, too. Luk at him standing over there winking at me. When I first met that camel, we were in the circus business together. I was traveling thin with Po-Corn George Hall's show down through Injanny—that is to say, I wasn't exactly wid the show, I was before it and behind it. Meself and some friends, wid a lot of walnut-hulls and bits of putty, were pranking about among the grangers, and very good graft it was, especially in wheat-thrashing toime."

"What part did you take in the proceedings?" was ventured.

"Oi was the sheriff from the adjoining county," said the colonel, "and I had a tin slitar. Whenever a sucker kicked and hollered fer his money back, Oi arrested him in the name of the law for gambling."

A high old afternoon Colonel Dolan had in Cairo Street. He rode his old friend, the circus camel, up and down, and by way of diversion he made a good many trips on the back of the little jackasses. He filled himself up with all manner of drinks, and he smoked cigarettes well doped with narcotics. Such a time he said he had not had before in ten years, and he did not know when he had enjoyed himself so much. He refused to go into the theatre, although friends endeavored to coax him so to do. He did not want to see any dancing, because he said it was out of his mind of dancing at all, and he left the place

greatly delighted with the enjoyment it had afforded him.

The colonel then went over to see the submarine divers who were at work in a big tank, in a little building up the Midway. A man stood in a box outside the show, crying:

"See the submarine divers! See the submarine divers! They are continually under the water all the time."

"D'ye see that guy at the dhoor?" said the colonel; "don't ye know that chap? Divil an ounce of salt water did iver he see and manny an afternoon's grief he's given me. Before the Crawford election law kent in, he was a shtandin' judge of primaries and election in the old third precinct of the ninth ward. I niver could jolly him up so as to vote me min, nor I couldn't do anything wid him wid a bit of dough, fer I couldn't git him away from the ballot-box. He was Johnny oo the Splot from start to finish, and he was in me road all the toime."

The colonel spent his evening at a table in Old Vienna. He ate wiener schnitzel, and goulash, and imported Frankfurt sausage, and sauer kraut, and he drank stein after stein of beer. He listened to the music, making all manner of comments on the band. It must have been midnight before he got back to town, and, when he took account of stock, he found that the thirty-four dollars with which he started to the grounds had shrunk to three dollars and a half.

"I've had a day of great divarshun," he said—"a day of great divarshun. Since the fair opened, I've gone through Oireland, Egypt, Jarmany, and have been to the bottom of the say. The next time I make a killin', I'll visit a few more furrin countries."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HER BRIGHT BLACK EYES.

And their Extraordinary Effect on a Masher.

A young woman with a strikingly handsome face boarded a down-town train at the Thirty-Third Street Station of the Sixth Avenue elevated at one o'clock on a recent afternoon. She wore a blue gown, and a natty straw hat was pinned over her brown curls. Her bright black eyes and smiling mouth had attracted the attention of all the passengers on the station platform. A dark-haired young man in a showy light suit and a broad-brimmed straw hat had stared at her for several minutes before the train arrived. He followed at her heels as she stepped aboard the train. She dropped into a seat on the west side of the car, and the young fellow in the showy suit sat in a vacant seat directly opposite her, and fastening his eyes upon her, smiled impressively.

The young woman fixed her black eyes steadily upon him, and she, too, smiled. The effect of her smile and her singularly steady gaze afforded unique entertainment for the passengers for the next twenty minutes. It was self-evident that the man in the showy clothes had started in to make "a mash" on the pretty girl, and it was equally self-evident that she was aware of it and determined to thwart it. After he had encountered the gaze of the dancing black eyes of the pretty girl for about two minutes, the masher took out a newspaper and read a little. Then he looked over the top of the newspaper and smiled at the beauty. She kept her eyes fixed on him, and again a smile played about her mouth. It was a very peculiar smile, though, like the steady look of the young woman's eyes.

The masher's eye dropped back to his newspaper. Presently he looked up again, and once more smiled. It was a fainter smile than its predecessor. Again the peculiar smile came into the pretty woman's face, and she gazed at the masher as if looking clean through him. He smiled again after trying to read his paper, and then yawned. He began to gaze at the young woman opposite timidly after that, and yawned several times. The pretty young woman closed her eyes, and, to the astonishment of all near the couple, the masher did the same. Wheo she opened her eyes, he did the same. The singular smile came into the young woman's face anew as she noted this, and then she closed her eyes, and kept them shut a full minute. The train was nearing Chambers Street when she opened them again. The masher, who had closed his eyes when she did, let his newspaper fall into his lap, and his head fell over against the ledge of the car-window. He was sound asleep. There was something of a triumphant look in the young woman's face as she saw the newspaper drop. She looked around at the other passengers, and this time her smile was good-tempered and cheerful. It appeared to be used in direct attention to the unconscious condition of her would-be masher. She arose as the train rounded the curve at Park Place, and got off and walked toward Broadway. Two men, who had made a study of mesmerism, had watched the manœuvring of the young woman's eyes and lips during the trip with great interest.

"If that woman hasn't hypnotized that dude off there," they said, "then there is no such thing as hypnotism. She put him to sleep as sure as we are alive."—*New York Sun.*

For Sleeplessness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

And you will exchange a night of restless tossing for one of dreamless sleep.

INTAGLIOS.

Love is Love.

Art is fine—but love is finer.
Who can paint a soul?
Seek'st thou beauty? What's diviner
Fragment or the whole?

Song is sweet—but love is sweeter.
Was there ever hymn
That for compass and for meter
Awed the seraphim?

Thought is great—but love is greater.
Who can search out truth?
Love alone is revelator;
Love is love, in sooth.—*Richard Realf.*

Two Men.

One was a king, and a wide domain
He ruled as his sires had done;
A wooden hovel, a bed of pain,
Belonged to the other one.

The king was ill, and the world was sad—
But the monarch languished, the monarch died;
The hegar was sick unto death, but he had
No one to watch at his low bedside.

Then under the minster the king was laid,
While o'er him the marbles were piled;
But a shallow grave in the fields was made,
By careless hands for Poverty's child.

But now there are those who profanely declare,
If you opened the tomb and the grave,
You could not distinguish, whatever your care,
The dust of the king and the slave.

—*Charles Noble Gregory.*

Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?

How do we know?
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinneth more than we?

How can we tell?
We think our brother walketh guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?

Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help and pity, too;
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,

God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way;
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
We are but human and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God help us all!

September.

A haccchanal fair, at the edge of the wood
She stands, where the grapes hang purple and low.
Her crimson hodie is torn aside,
And her soft, pale bosom glows like snow;
Amber licks in her tresses droop;
Her sensuous lips are red and rare,
And carved in a dazzling, treacherous smile;
Her arms and her feet are white and bare;
Her cheeks are stained with the blood of the vine;
A jeweled serpent is on her neck;
Her sleepy eyes are filled with the light
Of baleful heacons in time of wreck.
A Circle of beauty, half-divine,
Yet wholly earthy—a Queen of Wine.

—*Fanny Driscoll.*

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work,
and teeth without plates a specialty.

1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Queen Amelie of Portugal is generally out of bed before seven A. M. and always takes a cold plunge-bath on rising.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Thin Children Grow Fat

on Scott's
Emulsion,
because
fat foods
make fat
children.



They are
thin, and remain thin just in
proportion to their inability to
assimilate food rich in fat.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is especially
adaptable to those of weak diges-
tion—it is partly digested already.
Astonishing how quickly a thin
person gains solid flesh by its use!

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600.

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LAROCHE'S
INVIGORATING TONIC,
CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, and
Pure Catalan Wine.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of
Paris, as the Best Remedy for

LOSS of APPETITE,
FEVER and AGUE,
MALARIA, NEURALGIA
and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experi-
mental analysis, together with the val-
uable aid extended by the Academy
of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M.
Laroche to extract the entire active
properties of Peruvian Bark (a result
not before attained), and to concen-
trate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest
degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free
from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

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30 North William street, N. Y.

LAROCHE

Cowdrey's Deviled Ham

DEVILED HAM LOAF.

Take two cupfuls of cracker or bread
crumbs, one quarter of a pound of Cow-
drey's Deviled Ham, two cups of milk,
using a portion to moisten the ham. Stir
in two eggs, add salt to taste, put into but-
tered bread pan and bake one hour in a
moderate oven. Serve cold, cut in thin
slices.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

SOZODONT

A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated
to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT.

which makes the teeth as white and as radiant
as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient
that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.
The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in
their praises of

SOZODONT.

ARTISTS WANTED! "LUCKEY'S HINTS
ON DESIGNING AND
ENGRAVING" is a handsomely illustrated little book-
let, which gives you a \$500 art education at home, for only
25 cents in silver (don't send stamps). I write advertise-
ments and illustrate them, and among my patrons I have
general advertisers who use the great city dailies and maga-
zines, as well as progressive country merchants who are
anxious to lead their competitors. I always have a de-
mand for creditable advertising sketches sent by those
who have the booklet, and you can make some money.
J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Illinois.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR
THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures
of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of
all qualities, 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to
15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was Paul de Cassagnac who wrote to Victor Noir: "I am the offended party. I have the choice of weapons. I choose the French grammar. You are dead."

Heine said of Savoye, a mediocre diplomat appointed ambassador to Frankfurt by Lamartine in 1848: "Ordinarily he is insane, but he has lucid moments, when he is only stupid."

Vogue tells a good story of a New York wit's remark, apropos of a newspaper paragraph which opened with "I dropped in at Mrs. Astor's last night," etc. "Dropped in at Mrs. Astor's!" he exclaimed; "good heavens! for what—the ash-barrel?"

At an evening reception, Mme. de Staël observed that Talleyrand was very attentive to Mme. Récamier. She went to him and asked: "If both of us—Mme. Récamier and I—fell into the sea, which one would you think would be saved first?" "I am sure, madame," he replied, "that you swim like an angel."

An English lawyer, Mr. William Willis, was once rather amusingly interrupted in a speech. In addressing a political meeting, Mr. Willis found an opportunity of referring to Charles Dickens's character, Barkis, and of exclaiming: "Barkis is willin'!" "No, oo," shouted a workman in the audience; "it ain't 'Barkis is willin'', but 'Willis is barkio'!"

A gentleman who had promised to meet his wife in a large establishment where all sorts of things are sold at low prices, was making his way (says the *Bazar*) through the throng of women. Forced to pause for a moment near a counter behind which stood a pretty saleswoman, he blurted out: "Is there anything on earth that would reconcile a man to such a crowd as this?" "Yes, sir," was the quick reply; "belonging to the firm."

An Irishman went to a lawyer with a case, but the attorney wanted a retainer. The Irishman was poor, and finally the lawyer said he would take the case on a contingent fee. It was settled, but the contingent fee part of the agreement bothered the client. He confided his ignorance to his friend Paddy, and asked for an explanation. "Ao it is the meanin' of a contingent fee yer after knowin'?" Sure, I'll tell ye. A contingent fee means that if ye lose the case, the lawyer gets nothin'; if ye win, you get nothin'."

Just before one of his recitals in London, Rubinstein was accosted by an old lady to the entrance hall, and thus addressed: "Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?" "Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it." "Oh, yes; and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply. "At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.

"For heaven's sake, look at that dark man across by the punch-bowl!" said one lady to another at an assemblage of newspaper men and literarians; "he has drunk twelve glasses of punch, one after another!" "Ah, indeed?" said the other, dryly; "that is my husband." But the woman boro to tact and luck fell on her feet. "Is it possible? Let me congratulate you, lucky woman, for having a husband able to drink twelve glasses of punch without growling tipsy. Why, if my husband drinks two, he gets simply roaring. You fortunate thing, bow I envy you!"

Mr. C. K. Tuckermore records an instance in which Charles Sumner neatly evaded a tact criticism from Macaulay. It was at a London dinner-party, when one of the guests asked the American where Washington's body was buried. "His ashes," replied Sumner, somewhat sententiously, "repose on the banks of the Potomac." "His ashes!" said Macaulay, who was present; "was his body buried?" "No," replied Sumner, who perceived the intended satire; "it was buried, like the forefathers of the hamlet, and, like them, 'in his ashes live his wonted fires.'"

In 1855, Lord Palmerston offered Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, a seat in the cabinet he was

forming. The offer was declined, and Disraeli received a letter from Stanley to this effect: "MY DEAR DISRAELI—I write to you in confidence, to tell you that I have been offered and refused the Colonial Office. As it is due to Lord Palmerston to keep his offer secret, I have told nobody of it but myself and my father, and I beg you not to mention it to anybody." On receiving this note, Disraeli began to concoct an answer in his mind of rather a sentimental kind; but before he put pen to paper he got the *Times* with a letter in it from Lord Stanley to another correspondent, which was tantamount to a disclosure of the whole thing, on which he wrote instead: "DEAR STANLEY—I thank you for your letter; but I had already received your confidential communication through your published letter to Sir —."

During the last Egyptian campaign, Queen Victoria and the ladies of the household employed themselves in knitting quilts, which, at the end of the war, were sent to Netley Hospital for the use of the wounded. One of these, made entirely by her majesty, and bearing an elaborate "V. R." in the centre, was the coveted *par excellence* of the institution, and in universal demand for a time. In assessing the claims of the candidates for the honor of sleeping under it, the medical staff naturally gave the precedence to the most severely wounded, and, as the most severely wounded was the one most likely to die, very soon an evil omen attached itself to the distinction, the climax of which was reached one night when a poor soldier, feeling something touching his bedclothes, woke up with the perspiration pouring down his face, and cried out: "Oh, sir, do anything you like with me; but, for God's sake, don't give me the quilt!"

Some years ago when old Colonel H—, of dragon fame, was stationed with his regiment in camp near a small frontier town, he was visited by a young officer who was rather anxious to establish a reputation as a wild blade. He even went so far as to boast of one of his conquests. Colonel H— eyed him curiously for a moment, then called "Orderly!" in a stern manner. The grin-looking dragon was at the tent-door in an instant, and when he had saluted and stood rigidly awaiting orders, the colonel said, quietly: "Strubb, did you ever seduce a girl?" "Ach, God, no; I would be ashamed to look the colonel in the face." "I believe you, Strubb; but I just wish to say, if you ever do, Strubb, why do not boast of it." The young officer stole away after the severe rebuke, and, seeing the error of his ways, turned over a new leaf, and was gaining a good name in his profession when he was cut down by an Apache bullet.

The vandal, with his barbarous and active jack-knife and peccol, who has an insane longing to associate his meaningless name with the great places of nature and history, has not so free a hand in the Yellowstone Reservation (says *Harper's Weekly*) as he enjoyed before the park was guarded by the soldiers of the United States army. It has been the custom of this creature to carve his initials on the front of the terraces, and to write his name in the liquid left in the pools after a geyser has been playing. Years after the writing in the water, the name is legible and the pencil-marks are fresh, so slowly do the geysers build up their deposits. The Upper Geyser Basin is fifty miles from Fort Yellowstone, at the Mammoth Hot Springs. The telegraph is the enemy of offenders the world over, and if a tourist writes his name in a pool, he may be reasonably certain that the fact will be telegraphed to the post through which he must pass when his trip is done, and there he is very likely to meet a captain of cavalry, who will hand him a rubber and send him back fifty miles under guard to erase the name.

Regeneration.

To secure a normal and regular tissue change throughout the body use BRANDRETH'S PILLS. This tissue metamorphosis consists in constantly proceeding waste of tissue and its regeneration. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the best solvent of the products of disintegration of the tissues, and increases their elasticity. They are an alternative and eliminative remedy, which allay irritation and remove obstruction by adding nature and are of great benefit in cases of temporary and habitual constipation, torpid liver, biliousness, headache, indigestion, rheumatism, and diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and all have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

AN OIL DRESSING NOT A VARNISH

RED SEAL DRESSING

FOR LADIES' FINE SHOES

SOLD AT ALL SHOE STORES

Made by Lievre, Frick & Co., S. F.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

—THE ONLY LINE RUNNING—
SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

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| LEAVE | From Aug. 16, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|------------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Klamath, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | * 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José. | † 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | * 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton. | * 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. | 6:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | * 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, San Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | * 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Ekersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 9:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 9:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|------------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | † 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|------------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | * 2:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | † 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | † 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations. | * 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | * 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | † 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. S Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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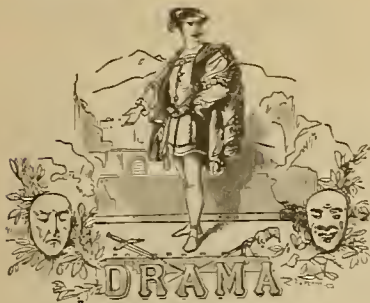
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Four of the dramatic stars of the country have put the ban upon San Francisco. Lillian Russell found that music could not soothe its savage breast, John L. thought it "a jay town," Jim Corbett said his engagement was "a dead cold frost," and now Miss Walsh says a dreadful thing—that its education has been neglected. And this in the face of Dr. Cogswell's schools!

It was bad enough to hear that San Francisco had an unsuitable savage breast, but this new remark about its education is even more blasting. When the dramatic heathen were so furiously raging together, they never said anything so bad as this before. It is a prostrating sentence, only to be equalled by the subsequent announcement that the offended four were never to look upon its face again, leaving it alone and deserted in its barbarism, a second Tadmor in the Wilderness.

Miss Walsh said many more cruel, blighting things. In fact, to use Hamlet's fine old phrase, the lady was "in a towering passion," and it rather eased her mind to give it air and deck it with flowers of satirical rhetoric. She had expected a warm welcome and a good many columns of pious praise. Her expectations in this line must have been almost certain, or she would never have got in such a rage and done so impolitic a thing as to speak as she did.

The little outburst was the angry expression of wounded self-love. It was silly, and bespoke Miss Walsh as an actress of poignant vanity rather than an artist. As the daughter of the well-known Fatty Walsh—occasionally known as "the Eytalian's Friend"—she has probably not been taught the wisdom of at times keeping her own counsel. This is one of the lessons an actor ought to learn very early in the game. It is a most useful accomplishment. There have been actors and actresses here who have been accorded less appreciation in San Francisco than Miss Walsh, and have gone away preserving a wise silence—not from any consideration for the city, but from consideration for their own standing as dignified members of the profession.

That Miss Walsh's remarks should have fluttered the newspaper dove-cotes as they have, seems absurd and shows San Francisco still to be extremely raw. A pretty actress, piqued at the critical attitude of an unappreciative audience, makes a few spiteful remarks of the sort that the Eternal Feminine allows herself when she is annoyed, and there is quite a little tempest over it. Miss Walsh, if she has the true spirit of enterprise in her, ought to feel that her San Francisco campaign has been one of the most brilliantly advertised in theatrical records.

The sharp and angry criticism of the stranger may be had for the stranger and rather a bitter pill for the criticised to swallow; but if the remarks made be based on real observation, they do a great deal of good. If Miss Walsh had criticised keenly San Francisco's real defects, she would have lodged a stog that might have raked; but she could have congratulated herself that she had called the attention of the metropolis to some ugly flaws. Rudyard Kipling's attack on New York, which was brutal in its harsh ill-humor, was yet founded upon a basis of fact, and did attack existing evils. When Dickens wrote "Martio Chuzzlewit," and Matthew Arnold his article on "Civilization in the United States," both evoked rage and disgust; but both were, in the main, true, and made people pause and think. If other foreigners entering the country would write their opinions with the frankness of Dickens, the daring of Kipling—if not with the same wealth of insolently arrogant language—they probably would not become extremely popular, but they would undoubtedly benefit the city which was the object of their attack. They could regard themselves as martyrs in a lofty cause and feel proportionately exalted.

The sensitiveness to criticism which marks the whole of this country is particularly keen in the West. A Western city fumes at an adverse criticism as an amateur actress does. The West is like a boy in the hobbledohy stage, who, in his restless vanity and self-consciousness, feels that everybody is staring at and criticising him. From Chicago to San Francisco, the angry comment of a green actress can upset a city's placidity in a way which proves that the West is still in the stage when it is as sensitive to peevish fault-finding as is a girl in her early teens or a boy when his "hands are like feet and his feet like fire-shovels," as the caustic young lady said in the novel.

San Francisco has had so many compliments paid it that like Miss Walsh herself, it has come to the point of violently resenting any remarks on its beauty which are not adulatory. To make the

mildest criticism on San Francisco to a native son or daughter is to give immediate offense. You are not only expected to praise the climate and the beauty of the native daughters—which one can do truthfully—but to go into ecstasies about the architecture on California Street, the superior beauty of Market Street as a boulevard, to which the Appian Way was a mere gutter, the spotless, fleckless cleanliness of Kearny Street, which would cause qualms to the most hardened conscience, and, in the case of a New England conscience, probably cause it to go into a decline.

So San Francisco, like a beauty who thinks a man who does not admire her is merely a fool, can not brook a word of fault-finding, and thinks the criticism of the woman who made that ill-considered remark about neglected education worthy of serious consideration. This is one of the few points in which the city by the Golden Gate shows itself still provincial. And it ought to get over it and hear no malice. For, after all, it must have been rather a trial to the beautiful daughter of Warden Walsh, after she had been accorded the praise and approbation of all Tammany, to find her art unappreciated and her acting abused by the barbarians of the far Pacific.

That Miss Walsh's performance of Diana Stockton received favorable criticism in the East is rather difficult to believe. It was an exceedingly poor performance, and the standard of excellence in New York and Boston is undoubtedly higher than it is here. Still Miss Walsh says the whole East rose up and applauded her portrayal and said that it was good. The only thing to be said of this is that the East must have been suffering from temporary aberration of some kind, and it is to be hoped it will soon be blessed by a lucid interval, if it wants to keep up its reputation for good taste.

In matters dramatic New York and Boston show the most cultivated taste in the country. The theatre is loved in these two cities and taken seriously as a serious art. The first appearance of some great star has a higher importance than that of a fine social gathering of fashionable people in good clothes. It is an artistic entertainment to be considered thoughtfully and seriously, commented upon intelligently, criticised justly and temperately.

Some of the critics in these two places are the most distinguished in their profession in the country. A man like William Winter, of the highest taste and education, with keen faculties of observation added to the very highest artistic cultivation, a master of elegant and melodious language, with that "love of lovely words" which marks the true poet and man of letters, gives distinction to the profession that he adopts and elevates it beyond the position of a mere means of livelihood. There are critics in Boston who possess the critical faculty in as high a degree, though out the wonderful perfection of harmonious style which belong to Mr. Winter, and are trained in the history of the drama and deeply learned in the lore of the stage. It was one of these who agreed with William Winter in his singular estimate of Sarah Bernhardt, appearing to regard her as a sort of brilliant dramatic charlatan. An opinion, *en passant*, which appears to have been shared by Tourgenoff, who, in response to the remark that the great Frenchwoman was a bundle of nerves, answered impatiently: "A bundle of nerves! I should say a bundle of pack-threads."

It seems strange if these lights of the profession have complimented Miss Walsh. But there are less cultured audiences and less competent critics. Miss Walsh may have won her applause and good notices from these. In the great Eastern cities the highly educated class is larger than in the Western towns, but also the commoner and less cultured element is larger. Hoyt pleases as well in New York as he does in Chicago. The element of Tom, Dick, and Harry is tremendous in the East, and they have got to go to the play and be amused by it as well as the man of letters and the woman of the higher education. It was in New York, in a long-established and successful paper, that a criticism of a play given by Modjeska and entitled "The Countess Roodine" was once printed. The criticism was so warmly adulatory that it induced people to go. The play, witnessed nightly by good audiences, was one of the most absurd, bald, ridiculous performances ever seen. It was not alone surprising that Modjeska should have given it—it was surprising that any one should have given it, and more surprising that it ever should have been favorably noticed.

Chicago's dramatic taste is such as one finds in the average Western towns. Henderson's spectacles are highly appreciated there, and Miss Walsh says her performance of Diana Stockton was, too. Here we may pause and drop a tear. The Western critic must make his position himself. It is not already created for him by tradition and custom. And what can the most aspiring and gifted of *littérateurs* do with an audience that likes Henderson's spectacles and thinks Miss Walsh's Diana Stockton a work of art?

The question of San Francisco's dramatic taste has been discussed a good deal lately since Miss Walsh spoke out her woes. It stands midway between the position of New York and Boston and that of Chicago. It has the individuality and independence which mark the taste of San Francisco in matters artistic—an originality which is probably owing to the isolation of the city and its remoteness from the other centres of the country. That San Francisco's taste is capricious no one can deny, and that some of the ex-

hibitions of its dramatic likes and dislikes, as evinced during the past year, do not speak well for the excellence of its opinion, is also to be admitted. But, speaking generally, the taste of an average San Francisco audience is critical and good, and its independence of attitude exceedingly commendable. To know what you like, and to have the courage of your opinions—enviable position! When so many well-intentioned, delightful people have no opinions at all and would not know what to do with them if they had any.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 21st: The Empire Theatre Company in "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; the Tivoli Company in "Ship Ahoy"; Jenoe Yeamans in "Jane"; and "Coralie."

Camille d'Arville, Bella Thorne, La Regalocita, and W. H. Hamilton are among the people who are to be in E. E. Rice's new opera, "Venus," this winter.

Hayden Coffin will retire from the Lillian Russell Opera Company at the close of the Chicago engagement, and is going back to England to appear there in a new opera.

Adelaide Prince's place in the Daly company has been supplied by Violet Vanburgh, a niece of "Chinese" Gordoo. She was a member of the Kendals' company during their first seasons in this country.

"The Setting of the Sun," the one-act play by Charles Harnoo which precedes the current performance of "Jane" at a local theatre, was very popular in London where Charles Wyodham's company played it.

Mrs. Minnie Seligman-Cutting is back in New York with two new plays which she secured during her stay in London. One is by Robert Buchanan and the other by the author of "As in a Looking-Glass," F. C. Phillips.

Augusto Daly's London season was not the great success the austere manager thought it should be. Ada Rehan was, of course, received with open arms; but the rest of the company was considered not up to the mark, and, in some cases, decidedly amateurish.

Bettina Girard, who, on and off the stage, has had a very meteoric existence—the latest feature of which was that she was dying in an Eastern hospital—has turned up in New York in blooming health, and is to appear in a play called "Old Kentucky."

Mooday evening, the society drama, "Coralie," a play in four acts adapted from the French of Albert Delpit by Peter Robertson, will receive its first presentation in San Francisco. It will be preceded by a one-act curtain-raiser, in which Miss Blanche Bates, the daughter of Mrs. F. M. Bates, will make her first appearance.

Henry Irving's American tour commences in this city on September 4th. The repertoire for the tour comprises the following ten plays: "King Henry VIII.," "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Louis XI.," "Olivia," "Charles I.," "The Lyons Mail," "Nance Oldfield," and "The Bells."

The new play, "Fanny," in which Johnstone Bennett is to be a star, in consequence of her striking success in "Jane"—in which Jenoe Yeamans is now playing here—is from the workshop of Sims and Kaleigh, who wrote "The Gray Mare" and "The Guardsman" in collaboration. It will be produced first in New York and later in London.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," which is to be done at the Baldwin on Monday night, has been very successful at the Empire Theatre in New York last winter and since then in Chicago and other Eastern cities. It is by Belasco and Franklyn Fyles, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Sun, and depicts life at a frontier army post in the present day.

Speaking of the agony ballet-girls suffer on account of their feet, a physician said recently:

"The *premières*, if they appear twice the same evening, invariably have a chiropodist back of the scenes to attend them between acts. It is peculiar, but ballet-girls get corns under their great toe-nails. This, of course, would prevent them from dancing, but we have a way of treating such things. We split the toe-nail down the centre and plant cotton between this and the corn. This has to be dressed after each dance. I have seen a *première danseuse* come off the stage smiling and fall down in a faint as soon as she was out of sight of the audience, all caused by the pain in her feet."

The French critics say, practically, apropos of the failure of the recent season of the Comédie-Française in London, that "the matter with London is it lacks education." But the Londoners point out that the visit of the French players in 1879 was a great success and that of 1893 a fiasco, because Coquelin *ainé*, Delaunay, Madeline Brohan, Samary, Croizette, and Sarah Bernhardt were in the company on the first occasion and were not on the second.

"Ship Ahoy," a comic opera by Grattao Donnelly and Fred Miller, Jr., will be given its first performance at the Tivoli on Monday evening, with the following cast:

Commodore Columbus Cook, Phil Branson; Colonel Mapleson Mulberry, Ferris Hartman; Lieutenant Charles Lollypope, George Olmi; Ensign Chauncey Toddlers, Frank Riddale; Barnacle Duff, Thomas C. Leary; Simon Christy, Fred Kavanaugh; Executive Officer United States steamer Chicago, J. P. Wilson; Benedict, Duncan Smith;

Captain Woods, Mamie Gray; Mlle. Georgia Carolina, Fannie Liddard; Mlle. Auburni Ernani, Carrie Roma; Mlle. Lula Lola, Gracie Plaisted; Brunetta, Mae Atkins; Annetta, Irene Mull; Susetta, Julia Simmons.

The theatres have all joined in giving a performance for the benefit of the Midwinter Fair fund, which will take place to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at the Baldwin Theatre. Members of the "Aristocracy" and "Jane" companies will appear, there will be scenes from "The Mikado" and "Ranch 10," and a generally attractive programme will be presented.

Here is a brief biography of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, since her appearance in the leading rôle of Piner's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has been the best discussed actress in London:

She was born in London. Her father is English, her mother is Italian. Her parents were wealthy, and she was reared and educated with all the advantages that affluence makes possible. Subsequently financial disaster overtook her father, and, after sacrificing everything to satisfy his creditors, he came to America to retrieve his fortunes. His name is John Tanner, and he now resides in San Antonio, Tex. About four years ago, his daughter, who had in the meantime married, decided, with the concurrence of her husband, to become an actress; but it was only in 1881 that she was introduced to the London public. The occasion was a matinee at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The part played was that of Rosalind. Her success was instantaneous. Since then she has played Astrea, in "The Trumpet Call," Elizabeth Cromwell, in "The White Rose," Tress Purvis, in "The Lights of Home," Clarice Berte, in "The Black Domino," and is now gaining the applause of the London public in Piner's remarkably strong play. In this drama, which is, to put it mildly, a very bold study of the baser phases of human nature, Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays an utterly despicable character with such an absolute mastery of dramatic expressiveness that she is now firmly established as one of the few great English actresses of to-day.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you know of a good fortune-teller?" "Yes; Bradstreet or Dun."—*Vogue.*

"You have seen Jones's wife; what is she like? Should you call her pretty?" "I might if I were talking to Jones."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is Thompson in business now?" "Only in a very quiet way. He is silent partner in a private deaf-and-dumb institute."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Quite probable: *Wayland*—"He must be a good artist when his pictures sell so well." *Willing*—"Not necessarily. He may be a good salesman."—*Puck.*

Le fiancé—"Why have you never introduced me to your mother, darling?" *La fiancée*—"Gerald, my mother is a widow, and I have lost two *fiancés* to widows already."—*Life.*

"That play of Rankley's have any kind of a run?" "I should remark! Company heat the audience to the town limits by just ten feet the first place they tried it."—*Buffalo Courier.*

The reason why: *Bigby* (to friend in art-gallery)—"What the deuce is there about that figure to attract your attention for so long a time?" *R. Dent Gazer*—"Nothing."—*Truth.*

"What a superb face!" said one Boston girl to another, as they stood before a marble head of Minerva. "Yes," said the other; "what a superb nose for spectacles!"—*Bazar.*

Mabel—"Jack told me last night that he wanted to kiss me." *Flossie*—"The forward wretch! What did you say?" *Mabel*—"I told him I had heard he always had his own way."—*Puck.*

First housewife—"Do you use condensed milk?" *Second housewife*—"No; ours seems to be expanded." *First housewife*—"How?" *Second housewife*—"With water."—*Washington Star.*

The heiress (hesitatingly)—"He is a more suitable match than you are." *He*—"Yes; but he does not love you so much as I do." *She*—"Why not?" *He*—"Why, he is not so poor as I am."—*Truth.*

He (thoughtfully)—"When a man marries twice, which wife does he take when he gets to heaven?" *She* (who loves him, dreamily)—"Neither. A man who marries twice, doesn't go to heaven."—*Vogue.*

Mr. Backbay—"And these are the Esquimaux. Their country is so cold that it is said they will eat candles in order to keep themselves warm." *Emerson Backbay* (astonished)—"Father, what do they eat to ignite them with?"—*World's Fair Puck.*

Agent—"Can I sell you a little contrivance to keep your necktie down behind?" *Banger*—"You might last week, but I don't need it now." *Agent*—"Have you found something better?" *Banger*—"You bet. I've just become engaged."—*Truth.*

Governess—"You see, my dear, the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they only go to bed when we are getting up." *Little Emma*—"Then, Fräulein, I suppose my brother Fritz, the student, is an Antipode, eh?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The snap-shot era: *He*—"Will you give me your photograph?" *She*—"I will exchange with you." *He* (pressing a button in the head of his cane)—"Ah, a thousand thanks!" *She* (pressing a button in the handle of her fan)—"And I thank you ever so much!"—*Puck.*

"There's one curious thing about discovering places," said Johnny, after he got through with his study. "Take Bermuda, for instance. It was discovered by a man named Bermudez. How he happened to stumble on a place with a name just like his, beats me."—*Bazar.*

"What nonsense this all is about men getting on their knees when they propose!" said Mrs. Parslow to her dear friend; "my husband didn't do any such absurd thing when he asked me to marry him." "He did when he proposed to me," said the dear friend, without thinking.—*Bazar.*

Spencer—"I see that the latest strong man is able to break a quarter in two pieces." *Ferguson*—"He must have been out of sorts, the other day, when I saw him at the races." *Spencer*—"Why so?" *Ferguson*—"Somebody asked him to break a five-dollar bill and he could not do it."—*Life.*

From the *Plunkville Bugle*: "In speaking of the Hon. Mr. Blore as a juggler and political word-swallower, in our issue of last week, it was our intention to say 'sword-swallower'; but, in view of the honorable gentleman's record as a retractor, we have concluded to let it go at that."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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DCCXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 20, 1893.

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Cantaloupe.
Fried Pompano, Mashed Potatoes.
Chicken Soufflé.
Asparagus, Succotash.
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
Carrot Salad.
Frozen Raspberries and Cream.
Jelly Cake, Fruits.
Coffee.

CHICKEN SOUFFLE.—One pint of chopped cooked chicken, one pint of cream sauce, four eggs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion. Put salt, pepper, and other seasonings to taste into the sauce. Cook two minutes. Add the yolks of the eggs well beaten, and when cold add the whites beaten stiff, then the chopped chicken. Bake half an hour in a buttered dish. Serve with celery sauce.

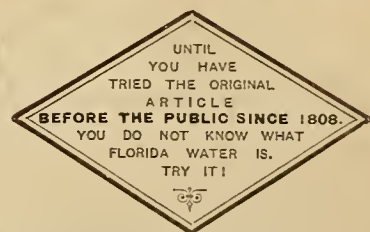
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Mrs. Jack Gardner, a social leader in Boston, has a string of diamonds nearly a yard long, which she wears around her neck like a boa.

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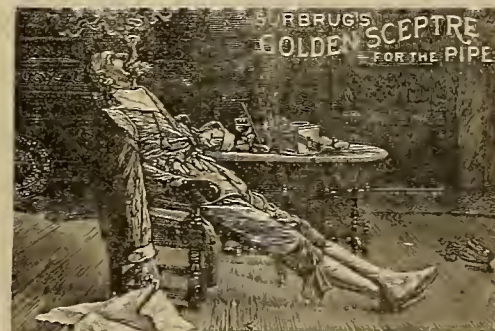
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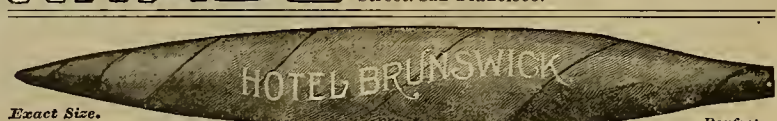
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VOL. XXXIII. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 28, 1893.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The facts and figures presented by us last week, tending to show that the true cause of the present panic is fear of Democratic free trade, have attracted marked attention—so much attention that we return to the subject with more facts and more figures. They are, unfortunately, easy enough to obtain at the present crisis. But our Democratic contemporaries do not appear to find them easily, or if they do, they load them upon the back of that Democratic scapegoat, silver. It is, indeed, curious that a country should have a financial panic because it has too much hard money. Silver has much to answer for.

The Argonaut has been at some pains to gather more of these facts and figures. We have always believed that Democratic possession of the Presidency, the Senate, and the House meant danger to this country. We have always believed that it meant grave danger. But that was all. We are not of those bigoted Republicans who believe that the Democratic party is a party of treason—at least not now. But as we scrutinize closely the figures showing the magnitude of the industrial and financial cataclysm which the Democrats have precipitated upon this lately prosperous country, we are forced to revise our judgment, and forced to believe

that a government entirely in the hands of the Democracy means not danger, but ruin.

As we said, we have procured some additional figures since last week. We printed the statement, in the last number of this journal, that one hundred and five national banks had suspended. This was on the authority of the Democratic administration. A re-assuring dispatch came from Washington. "In order to refute many rumors," says the Democratic Controller of the Currency, "the figures of this department show that only one hundred and five national banks have suspended since the first of the year." "Only 105" shouts the delighted and recently Democratic *Harper's Weekly*. "Only 105" pipes the pharisaic and Mugwump *Nation*. "Only 105" echoes the chorus of Democratic organs.

The pæan of party joy from the Controller of the Currency and the Democratic organs excited our curiosity. On looking into the figures of Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency, we find that the Democratic joy is based purely upon national banks. Taking banks of all kinds—national banks, savings banks, State banks, private banks, and trust companies—there have been during the last seven months, or practically since the Democrats came into power, *four hundred and sixty-six bank suspensions*.

Truly a fine record for a party which was going to "open such an era of prosperity in this country as the world had never seen."

Let us go from banks to mercantile houses. During the week ending August 12, 1893, there were *four hundred and seventy-four mercantile failures*, as compared with one hundred and thirty-eight in the same week of the previous year, when the bloated Republican party was in power, sucking the life-blood of the poor workingman.

Let us take a look at the workingman and his condition under the benign and benevolent rule of his friends, the Democrats. Reports to Bradstreet's Agency from two hundred and ten points show that up to August 12th over *eight hundred large manufacturing establishments* have closed their doors in the past three months. A summary shows that over *four hundred and sixty-three thousand workmen*—industrial, building trades, and other employees—have been thrown out of work within the period specified, owing to the shutting down of the establishments at which they were engaged.

Out of this aggregate of eight hundred establishments, only two per cent. give strikes or wage disputes as explanation; only six per cent. state that repairs or stock inventories are the cause; seventy-nine per cent. declare that their action is taken because of "the prevailing depression in general trade," or "stringency in the money market," or "a lack of orders."

The Democratic incumbency does not seem to have fulfilled the rosy pictures drawn for the industrial operatives, judging from this report—that is, not up to date. But it must be borne in mind that this report is only from two hundred and ten points. It is only a partial report, and does not cover the country at large, even with regard to manufacturing establishments which have wholly closed down; further, it takes no account whatever of the thousands of reductions of the working forces in other manufacturing establishments, in commercial houses, and in transportation companies. From the actual figures, then, which but partially cover the country, it is plain that there are over nine hundred thousand idle employees of manufacturing, commercial, transportation, and other institutions, who a few months ago were at work and drawing pay.

This army of nearly a million men, now eating their hearts out in an enforced idleness, owe their condition to-day to the Democratic party.

But let us, as before, supplement these figures with a few object-lessons for the Democratic kindergarten of tariff reform:

BOSTON, August 14th.—The Boston and Albany Railroad has put all its clerks on the basis of five days' work each week.

DENISON, TEX., August 14th.—The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Saturday night ordered over five hundred employees out.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22d.—Every man not indispensable to the operation

and maintenance of the Southern Pacific system will be discharged. No construction work is to be done. No repairs are to be made, where the system can reasonably get along without repairs. Material reductions at the shops in Sacramento and West Oakland will be made. Only the employees absolutely necessary to do repair work will be retained. It is said by railroad men that four thousand will be the number of men who have lost or will lose employment with the Southern Pacific.

BUFFALO, August 15th.—The Union Steamboat Company, after a successful existence of a quarter of a century, has passed into the hands of receivers. The company has always been one of the greatest earners among the transportation lines on the lakes. The present fleet compares favorably with any line of steamboats in the world.

PITTSBURG, August 16th.—The following cuts in wages have been made by the Carnegie Steel Company: On salaries exceeding \$500 per month, 30 per cent.; on salaries \$400 and less than \$500 per month, 25 per cent.; on salaries \$200 and less than \$400 per month, 20 per cent.; on salaries \$60 and less than \$200 per month, 15 per cent.; less than \$60 per month, 10 per cent.

PITTSBURG, August 17th.—Eight thousand machinists, pattern-makers, molders, roll-turners, and laborers in the Pittsburg district have been notified of a reduction of ten per cent. in their wages, dating from next Monday. The proposed reduction affects the employees of twenty-six firms in Pittsburg.

FALL RIVER, August 15th.—Among the New England cotton mills toward the close of last week, 3,300,000 spindles and 74,000 looms were idle. This means a curtailment of over 33,000,000 yards per week, chiefly brown and bleached goods, denims, ginghams, etc.

MONTREAL, August 16th.—Over six thousand of the Canadians resident in the New England States have returned to Canada within the past few weeks, on account of the closing of the mills and factories in which they were employed.

KINGSTON, N. Y., August 14th.—The New York Lime and Cement Company have closed down.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15th.—The S. P. Taylor Paper Company, one of the largest paper houses on the coast, has made a voluntary assignment. The Pioneer Paper Mills, belonging to the same company, have also suspended payment. Liabilities, \$190,000; assets, \$400,000.

KINGSTON, N. Y., August 14th.—The Beckham Motor Truck Company have closed.

READING, August 14th.—The shops hands of the Reading Company after tomorrow will work four and a half days a week. The order affects the entire Reading Railroad system.

DETROIT, August 14th.—The Michigan Forge and Iron Works closed down on Saturday evening. Two hundred men are thrown out of employment.

OMAHA, August 14th.—The men in Cudaby's packing-houses at South Omaha were notified this morning of a ten per cent. reduction in wages.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., August 14th.—The Williamsport Machine Company have notified their one hundred mechanics that a ten per cent. reduction will go into effect to-day.

STOCKVILLE, CONN., August 14th.—Belding Bros. & Co., silk manufacturers, employing four hundred and twenty-five persons, to-day began running half time—three days a week.

READING, August 14th.—The wages of the one hundred and fifty molders of the Penn Hardware Company were reduced twelve and one-half per cent. to-day.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., August 14th.—To-day A. V. Morris & Sons commenced closing down the various departments of their No. 3 knitting mill, in which about two hundred hands are employed.

PETERSBURG, VA., August 14th.—The trunk factory of Simon Seward & Co. shut down to-day. This factory is one of the largest of the kind in the State.

LYNN, MASS., August 16th.—To-morrow the Thomson-Houston Electric Works will shut down three days in each week.

MANCHESTER, N. H., August 16th.—The Amody Mills, employing fourteen hundred operatives, will close on Saturday night.

LANCASTER, PA., August 16th.—Vesta Furnace, at Lower Marietta, owned by the Columbia Rolling Mill Company, and employing seventy-five hands, has shut down. There are thirteen furnaces within a radius of six miles of Marietta, and not one is in operation.

COLLEGE POINT, L. I., August 16th.—The Kleintert Rubber Works here closed their works to-day for one month. Over one hundred men are thereby idle. The India-Rubber Comb Company, employing over one thousand persons, has begun running half time. The silk mills here have closed several departments.

SCRANTON, PA., August 15th.—The Dickson Manufacturing Company, employing twelve hundred persons in the manufacture of locomotives and mining machinery, to-day cut wages ten per cent.

WARREN, MASS., August 15th.—Knowles's Steam Pump Works, which have been running half-time, laid off one hundred and eighty of their four hundred and fifty employees to-day. Nine hundred cotton-mill operatives are out of employment here.

ANSONIA, August 15th.—The Derby Paper Mills made a reduction of fifteen per cent. in wages Monday.

ILION, N. Y., August 15th.—Sixty employees of the Remington Typewriter Works have been laid off, and those remaining will work only five hours a day until further notice. Barnett's Tannery, in Little Falls, is running on half-time. The Little Falls Knitting Mill has reduced its force.

ALBANY, August 16th.—The Gilbert Car Manufacturing Company of Green Island and the Truzy Steel and Iron Company have failed. The latter company has a capital of \$2,500,000, and its assets amount to \$1,300,000, the liabilities aggregating \$2,000,000. The Gilbert Car Manufacturing Company has assets of \$900,000, but the liabilities far exceed that amount. The concern dates back to 1893.

WASHINGTON, August 15th.—The continued business depression is felt nowhere more sensibly than by the government. Its revenues rise and fall in touch with business. So far this month its receipts are \$3,000,000 less than last month. At the present rate the Treasury receipts will not be over \$27,000,000 for the month, instead of \$35,000,000 as estimated.

This last paragraph is, indeed, an instructive one. The Democrats have caused such wide-spread ruin to the industrial and commercial interests of the country that the government's revenues have begun to fall off at the rate of eight millions a month. If this continues—as it probably will, under our new and enlightened rulers—there will be no revenue left for the Democrats to monkey with. There will be nothing to reform except themselves.

The attempt of the Democratic organs to ascribe t

ent wide-spread depression to silver is puerile. No sane person doubts that the government of this rich country can maintain its issues at parity with gold; that is shown by the hundreds of millions of paper money, behind which there is nothing but the government credit and a so-called "gold reserve," extra-legal and entirely under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. This panic would have come had there been no silver-purchase law, no depreciation in silver, no silver coin at all. The panic has been caused by the solemnly declared purpose of the Democratic party to overthrow the system of protection, under which our industries have grown up. This system has endured for thirty years. Under it, millions of capital have been invested. Under it, sixty-five millions of people have reached a pinnacle of prosperity unknown in the history of the world. So vast and complex are the industries of this people that the Democratic threat meant a commercial and industrial revolution.

That revolution has come.

The mills are closing because every manufacturer knows that within a few months he will be forced to conduct his business under conditions concerning which he now knows nothing. No one can tell whether the free-traders will stop at free raw materials, whether the reductions will be light or heavy, or whether duties upon fabrics will be wholly removed. The merchants are not ordering goods, and are canceling orders already made. With uncertainty as to tariff conditions confronting them, they are standing still. The transportation companies are hauling no goods in consequence. The farmers—those intelligent farmers on this coast who voted the Democratic ticket because they hoped to buy manufactured goods more cheaply under free trade—where do they get off? Well, those worthy and well-meaning agricultural persons are now engaged in selling their wheat at the lowest price it has brought for many years—selling it at the mercy of the purchaser because the banks will not make them advances, owing to the financial panic their free-trade Democratic friends have created. The farmer, as usual, is getting it where the chicken got the axe—right in the back of the neck.

The *Argonaut*, in common with other Republican journals, has been guilty of the partisan weakness of urging the Democrats to carry out their pledges. We have hoped, for purely partisan reasons, that the Democracy, blinded with their success of last November, would carry out this frenzied declaration of their platform:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the protection of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only."

We have done all that Republicans can do to hold the Democracy faithful to its pledges, believing that carrying out those pledges would sound the death-knell of that party.

But the carnival of calamity which Democracy has brought in its train gives us pause. If free trade and its kindred blunders be carried to their evil ends—if the ill-starred policy of the Democracy shall be permitted by the people to continue—it will mean the ruin of the Democratic party, but it will mean the ruin of the American nation as well.

Nothing in the great exposition at Chicago seems to have excited so much interest as the Oriental dancers, judging from the newspapers. Those more or less valuable molders of thought are giving up columns daily to the views of various persons concerning the "danse du ventre." With the usual catholicity of the daily press, the opinions collected range from those of actresses to Sunday-school teachers, from clergymen to hurglars.

The "danse du ventre" is said to be an ancient Egyptian dance, which has been introduced to American notice at the Midway Plaisance. The "dancing" is done not with the feet or legs, but with the abdominal and thoracic muscles, which go through rhythmic contortions accompanied by undulations of the hips. Mr. Anthony Comstock went to see the dance, pronounced it indecent, and is now endeavoring to have it stopped.

A Miss Ida C. Craddock, writing in the *New York World*, claims that the "danse du ventre" was invented—in the days when sex-worship was the religion of the world—to promote self-control in both men and women. It is not easy to trace the logical continuity between the spectacle and its intended effect. But, perhaps, Miss Craddock knows. This lady then enters into an elaborate discussion of the symbolic idea of the dance; she is saturated with phallic lore. But as is so often the case, a woman will write what few men will print; Miss Craddock makes no bones about expressing herself most plainly on the mysteries of phallicism; here the *Argonaut* freely confesses that it can not follow her. However, according to this learned lady, to suppress such a dance as this is "a blow at social purity and the diffusion of scientific truth."

Miss Craddock's views are indorsed by Miss Loie Fuller,

who regards the dance as "a national dance, representing in a marked degree the national characteristics of the people of the Orient—languid, lazy, and graceful." As danced by Orientals, she thought it "fascinating and interesting, and not at all indecent." She described it as not real dancing, but "posing from the hips up, and very graceful posing." Miss Fuller "had no patience with the zealots who found suggestiveness in it, and condemned it as immoral, when the impropriety was all in their own minds."

On the other hand, the clergy applaud Mr. Comstock for having laid his paralyzing hand on the abdominal contortionists. Dr. Skinner, of the Methodist Church, says he did not go to see the "danse du ventre," but from what he hears of it, it should certainly be stopped. The Rev. B. F. de Costa says that this dance is "a part of the foul heathenism which has slopped over from the awful chalice that ancient heathenness, under the guise of religion, once held to human lips." Mr. de Costa has been a student of history, and he says that this is a reproduction of the obscene forms of the worship of Baal before modern audiences. Dr. McGlynn can not see any excuse for lowering our own high standards of morality and decency in order to exhibit the lower standards of people less civilized than we are. Father Corrigan is the only divine who seems to feel any toleration for the poor Orientals who exhibit the "danse du ventre." He thinks he might have seen it without being scandalized, and that "perhaps Mr. Comstock and the other old ladies were too sensitive." It all "depends on the way one looks at it." He questions whether it is wise "to criticise semi-savages on the same basis as American ladies and gentlemen." Father Corrigan is evidently a moralist, but "not a bigoted wan."

Meanwhile, the controversy has spread to the general question of "immoral dancing" on the stage, and a New York paper has thrown open its columns to arguments on both sides. Some of these are curious. Mr. L. G. Taylor considers the "danse du ventre" revolting, but the free movement of lightly clad women on the stage delightful. Miss Ella Caphell says that ballet-girls in their tights are "more modestly clad than society women with bare bosoms and shoulders." *Per contra*, "A Theatre-Goer" thinks absolute nudity would be less indecent than costumes which hover on the verge of nudity. Another theatre-goer thinks it will be time enough to insist on more decency on the stage "when modest women cease to make exhibitions of their shape at the bathing-resorts." Edward Hudson, on the contrary, thinks that immorality comes from the wearing of tights and that "the woman who once puts them on is lost." It is only by eschewing tights (according to Mr. Hudson) that virtue can be preserved. James L. Little, who is evidently an amateur, holds, on the contrary, that "woman's nudity on the stage instructs and interests beholders without inspiring unwholesome passions." Mr. Anthony Comstock says that "a woman who notices the effect which her tights have on men, catches the infection of passion in her turn," and that "dancing steps are now taught with the sole object of inflaming evil desires." A chorus-girl writes that there is nothing wrong in "tights which exhibit the plastic beauties of a woman's form," but skirt-dances ought to be stopped. An ex-coryphée says that women accept "leg parts" from necessity and against their will; it is men and men only who applaud "leg shows." An old hachelor says that the exhibition of "chorus girls in diaphanous drapery" is "actually harbarous." Philip Farley likes to see women in tights on the stage, simply because he loves the grouping of artistic curves and colors. But an "American mother" declares that such exhibitions are revolting to true women, and that the girls who are scantily dressed on the stage would look better at the wash-tub.

We have given these brief extracts from the literature of tights, just to show how opinion varies. A few points seem to loom up in the controversy. It does not seem likely that the "danse du ventre" will ever be naturalized in this country. It is a highly spiced foreign dish which can not be appreciated without a preliminary education. As to the exhibition of the female form under the flimsy disguise of tights, there can be no doubt of its growing popularity among all the modern Christian nations. When "The Black Crook" was first performed in this country, over twenty years ago, the protests from habitual theatre-goers were numerous. There is a good deal more nudity nowadays in Kiralfy's spectacular plays, and nobody complains. The tendency of costumers, too, is to leave less and less to the imagination. It seems a startling thing to say that we may live to see absolute nudity exhibited on the boards. But that was quite common in the early Christian era, and a noted empress of the East won her husband by such a display of her charms. As a matter of fact, there is a semi-nudity which is more indecent than the costume which our common mother wore in the garden.

St. Anne, to whom is given by the reverent Roman Catholic Church the title of "Grandmother of God," forasmuch

as she bore, after the manner of the flesh, Mary, the wife of Joseph, must be an exceedingly good-natured lady, but her amiability has its limits. For something like nineteen centuries she has been confounding the infidel, astounding the heathen, and bringing the heedless to their knees by working miracles in no wise inferior to those recorded by the Scriptures as having been performed by Christ himself. Her services to the church have been of enormous value, and represent a large over-payment for the honor of canonization conferred on her in consideration of her almost purely technical relationship by marriage to the Saviour of mankind. Yet is the ungrateful church using her in a way that no woman of spirit, in or out of heaven, should be expected to put up with. It had been held by many that the dust of Anne lay interred at Jerusalem, notwithstanding the counter-claim that her resting-place was the Basilica of Apt, in the Province of Avignon, France. The Rev. Father Tetreau, pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, East Seventy-Sixth Street, New York, explained to the *Herald* of that city the other day how conclusive proof was obtained that St. Anne was no longer a resident of Jerusalem and how the stamp of incontestable authenticity had been placed upon the body at Apt. Said this broad-hrowed, nineteenth-century representative of progressive Roman Catholicism:

"The Sultan of Constantinople, after the Crimean War, transferred to France a church in the city of Jerusalem which was constructed on the very site of the house of St. Anne, with a few contiguous grounds. It was there the mother of Jesus was born and there St. Anne lived and died. A house on this site for the White Fathers, founded by Cardinal Lavignerie for the missions of Africa and the East, was established in 1873.

"These missionaries, while making excavations, discovered the tomb of the saint. The tomb was empty, in confirmation of the tradition that Mary Magdalene, Martha, and Lazarus, in fleeing from the country, carried the body with them, and landed at Marseilles."

The reasons which induced Father Tetreau to bestow this information upon the American public are also such as to arouse indignation on St. Anne's behalf in every gallant mind. A year or more ago, the Archbishop of Quebec arrived in New York, hearing a precious treasure in the form of the wrist of the saint, which he had secured through the exercise of his Canadian pull with His Holiness the Pope. Father Tetreau persuaded his grace to place the relic on exhibition for adoration at the church on East Seventy-Sixth Street, where it was visited and worshiped by no fewer than forty thousand of the Roman Catholic voters of America's largest city, described by itself as "the intellectual centre of sixty-five millions of people." A private view of the relic was also given at the residence of an influential Tammany sachem, in whose parlor Archbishop Corrigan, Street Inspector Brennan, Milk Inspector Brady, and other leaders of the national Democracy knelt and besought the favor of St. Anne, whose poor, amputated wrist they kissed. It is needless to point out, perhaps, that at the Presidential election which soon followed, the Democrats were successful by a majority universally recognized as miraculous. As Father Tetreau made in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars for the Church of St. Jean Baptiste by the exposure of the relic, it is not surprising that he should have strenuously hesought the Archbishop of Quebec to leave a hit of the wrist behind him on his departure for Canada's intellectual everglades. His grace was good enough to comply, and ever since then a scrap of St. Anne's wrist has been doing the work of a score of physicians and surgeons, as well as filling the till of St. Jean Baptiste. It reposes in a glass box and, as the *Herald* advertises without charge, "a great white wooden stand erected back of the altar-rail, and, filled with crutches, bears eloquent testimony to the popular faith in its worth." Over the glass box, we also learn from the *Herald*, is a sign which reads:

DROP 10 CENTS
IN THE BOX
AND
LIGHT A CANDLE.

When a little hit of St. Anne proved to be such a bonanza to the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Father Tetreau acted only like a good business man in seeking to lay in a larger supply of her—to offer to the ailing faithful a double chloride of St. Anne, as it were. Consequently he induced Mgr. Marquis of Quebec, when that ecclesiastic set out for Rome recently on another mission, to work the Archbishop of Avignon, through the all-powerful Holy Father. The monseigneur succeeded and Father Tetreau opened his heart to the *Herald* on the day before the former's expected arrival on *La Champagne* from Havre "with the largest portion of the body of the saint which has yet been cut from the remains." Our esteemed New York contemporary affirms that "the action of the Archbishop of Avignon in permitting such a large piece to be cut from the miraculously preserved remains of the Grandmother of Jesus is regarded as a special mark of generosity shown by the church in France toward

the church in America." Father Tetreau added his testimony as to the size of the prize:

"It is true that I expect Mgr. Marquis to bring the relic. I understand that the portion he is bringing is eight or ten inches long. The piece we now have is a mere fragment about two inches in length. There will be no fragment of the body as large as this outside of the Basilica of Apt."

That was on the fifth of August, and on the sixth the monseigneur landed with the relatively gigantic section of the sacred cadaver, yet the expectant wires have brought no news of fresh miracles. This is alarmingly significant. It would not surprise us in the least to learn that St. Anne has struck work. For centuries she industriously performed miracles at Apt, where her body lay, and at Jerusalem, also, in lavish reward of faith, however mistaken as to the detail of her domicile. She even rid good Catholics in New York and Quebec of pimples, eruptions, and other afflictions for which worldly practitioners prescribe the bath, and cured lameness, scrofula, and cancers. But there can be too much of a good thing. It is conceivable that a lady, though dead for nineteen hundred years, might retain sufficient pride in the turn of her wrist to derive some pleasure in seeing it adored in a strange land by ravished worshippers. But it is highly probable that, in their eagerness to cater to an increasing patronage at the ten-cent slot in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, the celibate brethren have forgotten what is due to female delicacy. Observe that the original relic was specifically advertised as a wrist, while a dead silence is preserved as to the particular portion of the body last imported. The length—"from eight to ten inches"—is in itself a startlingly suspicious circumstance. Can it be that a liberty has been taken with one of St. Anne's legs? It is monstrous that the lame, halt, and blind of the American metropolis should be deprived of hope through the indelicacy of a few holy men intent upon the good work of swelling the revenue of the church.

In a recent magazine article, Mr. Walter Besant places Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and J. M. Barrie at the head of the writers of modern fiction, and intimates that, fifty years hence, they will be "considered superior to Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, and Scott." He adds that they are now addressing audiences far larger than Scott or Dickens ever reached.

Mr. Besant's opinions are entitled to respect. But readers generally will be disposed to contest his opinion in this case. Mr. J. M. Barrie is a smart young Scotchman who has written three or four very clever hooks, but hardly one which can be pronounced a masterpiece, or which people have been consumed with a devouring thirst to read twice. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has produced short stories which are widely read. He found a virgin field, and has exploited it with advantage to his fame and to his purse. But no man can be ranked as a king among novelists who has not composed one single sustained work of fiction. Years ago Mr. Stevenson wrote works of a very high order of merit indeed, and it was expected that he would some day do something that would place him in the front rank. Instead of so doing, he has hurried himself in Samoa; from that lovely island retreat he exports literary productions which appear to indicate that a tropical climate is not conducive to the development of the fancy or to the sustenance of a pure literary taste. When a man begins to write for syndicates, he is beginning to think more of lucre than of literary fame.

The only one of Mr. Besant's four candidates for future supremacy who may, perhaps, attain it is Mr. Thomas Hardy. He has written three or four novels—"A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Return of the Native," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—which came so near being masterpieces in their way that it was fair to expect a masterpiece from the author's next effort. It is possible that Mr. Hardy may yet produce a romance that will take its place beside "The Tale of Two Cities," or "Vanity Fair," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," or "Ivanhoe." But their most enthusiastic admirers can scarcely say as much for Stevenson, Kipling, or Barrie.

As to the audiences which authors now reach, as compared with their predecessors, it is doubtless true that the number of readers has increased with the increase of population. But the increase is not so vast as newspaper-writers sometimes seem to fancy. We hear of hooks of which one hundred thousand copies are sold within a year of their appearance. It is exceedingly doubtful whether any hook of the present day has attained such a circulation. The great bulk of novel-readers get them from public or circulating libraries; one copy satisfies fifty readers. Then the "syndicating" of novels in the daily papers supplies much of the demand for fiction; writers gain thus a slight present advantage, but kill off a large number of potential book-buyers. The mass of novel-readers are not critical. What they want is a novel with an exciting plot and a carefully concealed denouement. When it is a settled thing that a certain writer

is "first-class," everybody wants to read him. Except in such cases, the public consumption of fiction is distributed over such a vast field that no one writer gets more than a modest share. It is doubtful whether "Ben-Hur," which has been probably the most widely read of modern American works of fiction, reached anything like the sale which newspapers have reported.

Every writer who composes a very successful work gives employment to a large number of paper-makers, printers, proof-readers, pressmen, hookbinders, booksellers, shopmen, clerks, and draymen. What an army of men Dickens has thus employed! What millions of money he has put in motion! It would be difficult to estimate how many copies have been printed of the works of Dickens—with whom Mr. Besant brackets Barrie! It would be difficult to enumerate even the editions of Dickens, much less the copies. And now that his copyrights are expiring, large London houses are bringing out editions of the "Pickwick Papers" and other of his hooks at the nominal price of a penny, making their gain by the insertion of advertisements. It is probably within bounds to say that the works of Dickens have been circulated by millions of copies.

No, Mr. Besant. Messrs. Stevenson, Kipling, and Barrie are clever young gentlemen—very clever, indeed. But they never will be "considered superior to Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, and Scott." Never, Mr. Besant—never in a thousand years.

Not the least impressive, not to say appalling, incidents of the grand march of the feminine column toward the glorious goal of equality with man is the encouragement given the Advancing Female by the newspapers to express her aspirations and opinions in print. The New York *Journal*, which is largely indebted to serving-maids and shop-girls for its enormous and highly profitable circulation, has the honor of leading conspicuously in this line. It proposes such questions as "Should the Wedding-Trip be Abolished or Upheld?" "Should Women Work for Wages or Marry?" "What is the Best Business for a Young Girl?" and gets broadsides of excellent copy for nothing in response. There can be no question of the genuineness, the seriousness of nine-tenths of the contributions the *Journal* receives. They come straight from "the great heart of the common people," revealing often, in their queer unconsciousness, the ideals, desires, and mental limitations of the average woman. These writers honestly take the point of view of their class—which is immensely in the majority in this as in all other countries. They seldom set up to be "ladies"; civilization is too old for that on the Atlantic Coast. In the West, where chivalry survives, social possibilities dazzle and spoil the female of humble birth and small brain. Life, as viewed from the shop and kitchen-windows of the East, may not seem worth living to those who yawn, or scowl, or laugh at it from the lattice of material comfort; but it is real and earnest, and enjoyed, too, by the women of the people, who know nothing and care just that for the manners and customs of the opulent. Those who, in their ignorance, fancy that good sense and right feeling are withheld from the barbarians would be enlightened by reading the enterprising *Journal*, which caters not at all to the tastes or prejudices of the classes freed from manual toil.

On the subject of the "wedding-trip" the weight of the opinion of the correspondents is adverse, chiefly because of its cost, the money so spent usually being sufficient to furnish a room or two, or to pay an installment on a building-lot. "Marriage," writes one fair saleslady, "is serious business, not fun." A few rise in their objections above the pecuniary level, and blushing urge the discontinuance of the bridal journey on the score of delicacy. A "Bride of 1884" records her experience in a manner to extort the sympathy of every lady who has the feelings of such, and likewise to cause the male reader to infer that the fortunate groom must have very early in the fight given a keen interest to the perennial question of whether marriage is a failure or not. The "Bride of 1884" writes:

"Ours was a winter wedding, and we took the Southern trip. We took the nine-o'clock train for Baltimore. I had determined to sit up all night, and it was necessary to explain this several times to the colored porter. This brought on the attention of the whole car. The whispering, finger-pointing, guffawing that followed made my husband very nervous, but it made me right angry, and I would have given any one that made a remark I could grasp at as addressed to me a piece of my mind.

"I was all worn out when we did reach Baltimore, and, sure enough, there was a drummer, who had also come over in the train, ahead of us at the desk. As soon as my husband signed the register, the clerk yelled, 'Front!' and then, with a grin at the drummer, 'Show this gentleman to the bridal-chamber.' Anything more lowering to a sense of decency and self-respect, I can not imagine.

"It was two weeks of endeavor to escape annoyance of this sort, changing hotels and dragging around an angry mind in a distressed frame."

Another lady advocates the honeymoon flight, because to stay at home subjects the new wife to annoyances almost

equally trying to those encountered by the modest and shrinking "Bride of 1884." "If there is anything that is perfectly intolerable to a self-respecting woman," she avers, "it is the idiotic joke and smile of the relative every time he or she meets the bride." Evidently, in the circles of which the *Journal* is the social organ, high-bred consideration for the sensibilities of the fair is not held to be the duty of every true gent. And we dare say that people who exist in a very different sphere have suffered, though in silence, similar pangs to those of the charmingly frank "Bride of 1884."

But it is in such practical matters as what girls who must work should do for a living, and whether it is better to remain single and self-supporting than to marry, that the women of the people show their sturdy sense. "I fail," writes Edith V., "to see any difference between the woman who takes a man legally in order to be supported and the woman who sells herself illegally to a man for money with which to support herself." That is a healthy and womanly utterance and applies as equally to the girl of society who is manœuvring for an "establishment" as to Edith V. and her kind, to whom release from daily labor would be felicity. "A Workingman's Wife" sensibly advises every girl to work for a few years before marriage, because it will teach her the value of money. "Then if a girl happens to get a had husband—one who rushes the growler—she knows she has a trade she can turn her hand to." Not a few of these humble women writers are sufficiently good political economists to perceive that the crowding in of women to the various fields of labor crowds out men, and so reduces the supply of husbands competent to support wives. Some are wise enough to score the silly girls who turn up their noses at domestic service—a department of endeavor safe from male competition in the United States, except on the Chinese-cursed Pacific Coast. One writer tells her sex that service "is in every way better than nineteen out of twenty of the businesses that women are struggling into." She clinches her argument thus:

"What a girl or woman would have to do in her own home, she can surely do in the home of an employer. I color photographs. My sister is waitress in a house on Madison Avenue. She is better off in every way than I am. She helped me in the dull time. She is now with the family at Bar Harbor. I have not been as far as Coney Island this summer."

A level-headed housewife is "sure that girls should enter that branch of honest work in which there is the most demand for them." There is, she points out, an opening always for bright, intelligent girls to do housework, yet they abandon the good wages and comfort of this respectable occupation to incapable immigrants. She concludes:

"Some of the girls who work in stores and shops will say that they would lose their independence by going out to housework. Nonsense! They would gain their independence! Thousands of shop and store-girls, right here in New York, can leave their work to-morrow, and find better homes and better wages than they are making now."

We believe that in these natural, off-hand letters of working-women and girls there is more rational thought and practical merit than in the oceans of drivel poured out about woman's wrongs, woman's rights, and about Woman in general, from the pens of the females and enfeebled males whose mission in life is to twaddle dully on the right—which nobody questions—of a woman to work or marry as she pleases. A cooking-school is worth many seminaries, and the removal of the prejudice among the daughters of the poor against domestic service would be of more value to women than all the reforms, big and little, for which the Phœbe Couzinses, Belva Lockwoods, Susan B. Anthonys, and their he-echoers are disturbing the peace of the century.

The present board of education has been very honestly trying to keep within its appropriation. As there are more teachers than there is employment for, and not enough money to pay them with, the force is being reduced. The more recently appointed teachers have, therefore, been taken from the regular list and placed upon the substitute list, leaving the veteran teachers undisturbed, unless incompetent. This is the only just way to perform a disagreeable duty. But the school directors have been assailed by a storm of abuse from the daily papers, coupled with all sorts of semi-lifelious invectives. The attack is, on its face, so absurd and unjust that it falls harmless to the ground. But it is not calculated to encourage a body of gentlemen who, in our opinion, are endeavoring to conduct the city's schools economically and well.

The enormous crowds that poured into the park on Thursday for the Midwinter Fair celebration completely swamped the numerous street railways. It will give some idea of the intense interest taken in this fair by the great masses of the people. There are enough of them here to make it a success without the assistance of that *nil admirari* class of "leading citizens" who are the faint-hearts of San Francisco. These curious persons go around their small circles inter-swapping views, which, when swapped, they gravely term "public opinion." They are wrong.

AMERICAN GIRL AND FRENCH LOVER.

An International Study.

[The following translation is from the French of the Comtesse de Martel, whose pseudonym is "Gyp." She is probably the best known among French contemporaneous female writers. Her specialty is worldly topics, which she handles with great deftness. In this sketch the American girl is treated very much better than she generally is by foreign writers; in fact, it would almost seem as if Mme. de Martel intends this as a eulogy of American girls in Europe. Perhaps it is—the girls themselves are the best judges. If it is a eulogy, it would be hard to say what is dispraise.]

The sketch is translated for the *Argonaut* by Richard Burr Marsh.]

[On the beach at Trouville.]

The handsome MARQUIS DE DOURGAR, tall, blonde, fifty thousand dollars a year; howling swell.

His FRIEND, also great swell, but a good fellow.

FRIEND—You can say what you like, but you are tremendously taken with Miss Perkins.

MARQUIS—Certainly I am; her manners are simply captivating.

FRIEND—Yes, but she has no dot; I've been making inquiries.

MARQUIS—Of course not; a girl with that face and figure wouldn't need a dot.

FRIEND [astonished]—You're not thinking of—

MARQUIS—Marrying her? No, my dear boy, don't worry yourself on that score. But I have spent some very delightful hours in the society of beautiful Americans.

FRIEND—If I am not mistaken, this one is rather more strait-laced than most of them.

MARQUIS [laughing]—Strait-laced! My poor boy, your *naïveté* is amusing. Two days ago we were introduced, eh? Well, last night, while waltzing with the little charmer, I held her a little closer than was absolutely necessary.

FRIEND—And—

MARQUIS—And immediately my hand received a delicate little squeeze in return.

FRIEND—Perhaps you only imagined it.

MARQUIS—Sweet innocence! What do you bet that I can't kiss her, to-night, out on the terrace; that to-morrow, when we swim out to the raft together, I shan't hold her tenderly up when she has become tired—

FRIEND—Take care, you may be taken in.

MARQUIS—Not the least bit in the world; she's the one who'll be taken in.

FRIEND—Here she comes now, to prepare for her morning dip.

MARQUIS—When she has gone in her bath-house, let us go down on the beach.

[They leave their bath-chairs and stretch themselves out on the sand near the bath-house of MISS PERKINS. The MARQUIS selects a graceful pose, which shows off to advantage his athletic and well-made figure. He puffs a cigarette lazily and indifferently. After several minutes MISS PERKINS emerges from the bath-house, followed by her mamma. They approach the two men.]

FRIEND—Ah, and here comes "mamma," too.

MARQUIS—This is deuced had luck; she's not around usually. You talk to her.

FRIEND—Thanks, no. Can't stand her teeth. I know they're false, and I'm always in terror of their falling out, and I couldn't—I really couldn't pick them up.

MISS LORY PERKINS, twenty-two, svelte, tall, perfect figure, wavy auburn hair, great blue eyes, regular profile, dazzling complexion, baby mouth, small white teeth, tiny hands and feet, saucy smile, bewitching laugh.

MRS. PERKINS, an estimable lady, inclined to embonpoint.

[As the ladies approach, the two young men rise.]

LORY [running toward them]—Ah, good-morning. How are you both? Up so early, M. de Dourgarg?

MARQUIS—But it is twelve o'clock.

LORY [laughing]—I know it; but I thought you slept until two.

MARQUIS [lowering his voice]—You told me last night you were going to bathe at twelve. You see I remembered it.

LORY [still laughing]—How sweet of you. Perhaps you will continue to be sweet, and help me off with my peignoir.

[She turns to the MARQUIS, who takes off the peignoir, disclosing LORY's plain dark-blue serge bathing-suit, with its large sailor collar; during this time the FRIEND is vainly trying to appear interested in the list of her ailments to which MRS. PERKINS is treating him; his eyes keep wandering toward LORY, whom he finds bewitchingly pretty.]

MARQUIS [holding the peignoir]—Oh, Miss Lory, how fascinating you always are—even in this costume, so simple, so—

LORY [looking down at her gown]—It is simple, that's very certain. [Suddenly pulling out the MARQUIS's boutonniere, and sticking it in the front of her bathing-suit.] Give me that to trim it a bit, won't you?

MARQUIS [delighted]—Anything you wish.

[LORY bursts out with a merry laugh, and runs into the water. She swims wonderfully, going far out beyond the breakers, in spite of the alarm she causes her mother, the MARQUIS, and even the FRIEND. At last she comes out, and presents her dripping shoulders to the MARQUIS, that he may put on the peignoir.]

MARQUIS—It is very venturesome and foolish of you to go out so far, Miss Lory. Suppose some accident were to happen to you.

LORY [wrapping the peignoir majestically about her]—No accident could happen. But, if I were to drown, the beach would have something to talk about for a whole day; every one would be charmed, for excitement of any kind is a rare treat here.

MARQUIS [in a tender, reproachful voice]—Ah, mademoiselle, don't say such things, it is horrible.

LORY—There, there, don't cry. Here, take this to console you, I don't need it any more.

[She pulls the soaked flower from her breast, throws it at the MARQUIS, and runs off. The enormous MRS. PERKINS follows her with difficulty, repeating between her panting breaths, "Foolish girl! Foolish girl!"]

MARQUIS [tenderly drying the flower with his pocket-handkerchief]—Well, my boy, what do you think of her?

FRIEND [laconically, but with emphasis]—She is a daisy.

MARQUIS—Bah. You'll see lots more like her to-night.

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[Evening at the Casino; music. The good MRS. PERKINS being very much fatigued, has consigned her daughter to the care of a friend. MISS LORY, being rather a difficult young person to chaperon, is left to her own devices, by the above-mentioned friend, as soon as they have entered the ball-room.]

LORY: white mull frock, white moire sash, à la bébé; big leghorn hat, with a mass of light-blue feathers on it, which dance and bob at each turn of the wearer's saucy, dainty little head.

The MARQUIS is seated directly behind her, so that each time he speaks to her, some little curls at the back of her neck flutter mischievously.

FRIEND next to MARQUIS.

MARQUIS—I wonder if they are not going to have any dancing? These attempts at classical music, by a Casino orchestra, are so dull.

LORY [listening indifferently, her eyes half-closed]—You can't appreciate good music, monsieur le marquis, I can. And it would be no end of folly to try and dance in this heat.

MARQUIS—I don't care so much for the dancing, but—

LORY—What do you want then?

MARQUIS [leaning still closer toward her. The little curls blow furiously]—To hold you in my arms [lowering his voice].

FRIEND [aside]—I am *de trop* here, evidently. [He rises and walks discreetly away. LORY and the MARQUIS are left at some little distance from the other merry groups that fill the ball-room.]

LORY [gayly]—Why, do you really experience any great pleasure when you hold me in your arms?

MARQUIS—You ask me that? But it intoxicates me, it—and you?

LORY—I? But I don't hold you in my arms.

MARQUIS—Ah, you know what I mean.

LORY [laughing]—Indeed, I do not. A Frenchwoman might, perhaps, understand your remarkably illudic phrases; but, as for me, I must have everything clearly explained.

MARQUIS [devouring her still with his eyes]—Well, if you will force me to be so explicit: When, to lead you through a waltz, I take you in my arms, do you experience an emotion similar to that which I experience?

LORY—How am I to know what you experience? Describe the emotion, and then, perhaps, I may be able to answer you.

MARQUIS—My dear Miss Lory. How—but really I—you can't expect—

FRIEND [who has been watching them from the balcony]—He is getting rattled. I can understand his liking her, though. She's adorable—that little Lory.

LORY—You are so easily embarrassed—it's quite sad [with great sympathy]. Now it seems to me, if I received any actual impression, I should be capable of defining it. I wonder what I've got in my slipper? Some sand or a pebble, I suppose. It hurts me so.

MARQUIS—Look and see what it is.

LORY [extending her foot to the MARQUIS]—You look, please, won't you?

MARQUIS [taking off her slipper]—There's nothing here at all. [Seizing LORY's foot in both his hands.] Lory—

Lory—

LORY [demurely]—What did you say?

MARQUIS—Nothing—nothing. [Aside, as he notices they are the objects of many curious glances.] I am not in the habit of making quite such a fool of myself; this girl has reduced flirting to a positive science. She shall not get the better of me, though—at least, not here. [To LORY.] You see, I am not myself; I don't know what I am saying, even! Lory, do come out on the terrace for a few minutes.

LORY [looking fixedly at him]—Why, please?

MARQUIS—Why to—get a breath of fresh air—it is stifling in this room.

LORY—Ah, no. I don't wish to—

MARQUIS—But why won't you come? [Supplicatingly.]

LORY [deliberately]—Because I don't want you to kiss me. That is the reason you want me to go out on the terrace, isn't it?

MARQUIS [disconcerted]—Really—I—

LORY—If you think I hadn't guessed—

MARQUIS—At least, you will give me this waltz they are just commencing?

LORY—With pleasure. [They dance.]

MARQUIS [holding her very close]—Lory, do you care for me a little?

LORY—I? Care for you? Not one bit.

MARQUIS [annoyed, aside]—Coquette. [To LORY.] Still, you do not avoid my society.

LORY—On the contrary, I like it.

MARQUIS—Then I amuse you, I suppose?

LORY—No—but you are so chic.

[The MARQUIS bristles all over with delight; she could have paid him no compliment more acceptable.]

LORY [looking out through a door opening on the balcony]—Oh, they are having fire-works on the beach.

MARQUIS—So they are. Wouldn't you like to go out and see them?

LORY—Yes, very much.

[They go out on the balcony, from which the FRIEND has been watching them. No sooner are they in the shadow than the MARQUIS leans suddenly down and kisses LORY. She drops his arm, steps back a little, and, giving his face a smart blow, leaves him utterly dumfounded, rooted to the spot.]

FRIEND [coming up]—Well, old man, I was right after all; my opinion of Mlle. Perkins was more correct than yours.

MARQUIS [furious]—She is aiming at a title, and nothing but marriage will suit her.

FRIEND—Possibly. In which case, I am sorry for you.

MARQUIS—Why?

FRIEND—Because you would do anything now to get her.

MARQUIS—Ah, I see, you don't know me.

FRIEND—On the contrary, I know you very well. You have never been met with any opposition—women have thrown themselves at you, yielded to all your caprices.

MARQUIS—And Miss Lory Perkins, a clever little fortune-hunter, who wishes to make a grand match, will be very glad, in time, to accept, like all the others, what I am willing to offer her.

FRIEND—Take care.

MARQUIS—Of what? Do you think I can't see through these pretty misses and their matrimonial schemes? Do you suppose I am fool enough to be taken in by their little comedies? First, they try to get us as husbands, and when they find they can't do that, they gladly content themselves with our devoted attentions. This one, I confess, is more unmanageable than the majority. She exasperates, aggravates me; leading me beyond all bounds to throw me off with a blow.

FRIEND [laughing]—Very well placed, too.

MARQUIS [angrily]—Oh, it is extremely funny, and if a similar thing happened to you, you would be charmed, I suppose.

FRIEND—Similar things have often happened to me, my dear boy. You see, I am not the irresistible Marquis de Dourgarg. I am exposed to such little accidents. What are you looking at?

MARQUIS [bristling with rage]—At her, by Jove! There she goes on Pondor's arm.

FRIEND [slapping him on the shoulder]—Take my advice, and look out for yourself. This is serious.

**

[The next morning; bathing hour; in the water.]

MARQUIS [To LORY, who has just been diving]—Let me hold you up.

LORY—No, thank you, I am not in the least tired.

MARQUIS—You are very unkind to me, mademoiselle. You make me miserable.

LORY [mockingly]—As unkind as all that? Really, I am broken-hearted.

MARQUIS [with ill-concealed emotion]—Yes, it is true. And to see you flirting with Pondor! Oh, to have you prefer that wretched Pondor to me!

LORY—But I don't prefer Pondor to you.

MARQUIS [anxiously]—There is not here, at this moment, any one whom you like better than me?

LORY—There is no one, here [great emphasis], at this moment, whom I like better than you.

MARQUIS—Then why do you prevent me from loving you?

LORY—I don't think I ever have prevented any one from loving me.

MARQUIS—What?

LORY—If you call loving a person, kissing and embracing on all occasions, then you are right; I do not wish to be loved. You see, we are exactly the opposite of your countrywomen. Your young girls are allowed no liberty whatever until they are married. We Americans do, perhaps, permit certain little familiarities which are surprising and misleading to you; but we reserve for our husbands all that should be exclusively their right. I am not judging, but merely stating facts. I flirt with you because it amuses me; but you need expect nothing more; all else will be for the man I marry, and for him alone.

[She plunges into the water again, swimming quickly away. The MARQUIS tries to catch up to her, but does not succeed.]

MARQUIS [alone, seated dejectedly on the life-raft]—Phew, I'm broken up! How squarely she took hold of the question. She has set her heart on a marriage, at any price—and here I am, fool enough to commit that folly; it's absurd. Ah, what designing schemers these Americans are! Well, the die is cast. I shall marry a penniless girl whose chief aim is for my title and my fortune. So he it. I will be even with her yet, though, when I grow tired of her.

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[The handsome MARQUIS DE DOURGARG returns to his hotel and writes:]

"MADemoiselle: I love you madly, and you drive me to despair; even more so, because your charmingly informal manners and unconventionality, when we are together, lead me to hope for less severity on your part. You told me, just now, that you reserved all I asked of you for the man who should be your husband; may I be that man?"

"DOURGARG."

[Two hours later, the MARQUIS and his FRIEND are walking on the hotel terrace. The MARQUIS is astonished at not yet having received an answer to his note. He had anticipated more haste, a certain eagerness; for surely the adroit MISS PERKINS could not have expected so sudden a development of her matrimonial project. At last, his valet approaches with a letter. The MARQUIS seizes it, and, tearing it open with feverish haste, reads:]

"MONSIEUR: Very many thanks, but I have not the slightest wish to marry you. I am engaged to Mr. Charlie Frenet, who is now in India. As soon as he returns, we are to be married. Really, you Frenchmen are too self-confident, and you imagine that we are refusing what you ask of us because we wish to obtain more. I flirted with you, because it amused me and because the devotion of the handsome Marquis de Dourgarg is a warrant of distinction that I was very glad to attain."

"I regret that you should have taken seriously what was mere badinage, and seen a 'plot' where there was nothing save honest amusement."

LORY."

The statement is made in Paris that "French agriculture has lost as much money this year because of the drought as the Germans received by way of war indemnity after 1870."

GOTHAM IN SUMMER.

"Flaneur" discusses New York's Attractions as a Watering-Place.

The problem of the hour is how to keep cool. In the torrid hours of the day, when the thermometer creeps up toward the nineties at three P. M., no one essays so impossible a feat, and the wilted shirt-collar and the adhesive wristband are borne as inflictions of inexorable fate; but after the sun has set, and a feeble breeze flutters in from the river or breaks against the walls of Castle Garden, it seems that the ingenuity of man ought to save New York from becoming a City of Dreadful Night. And yet its efforts in that direction are rarely crowned with complete success.

The only New Yorker who really keeps cool is he who goes out of the city. There are spots in the Catskills where, even in day-time, the temperature is quite bearable. On the south coast of Long Island, the long roll of the Atlantic tempers the heat to such an extent that, *moi qui vous parle*, I have run races in a bathing-suit with fleet Atalantas on the hard sand at midday in July and August, and enjoyed the home-stretch through little curlers which came above the ankle. But men who, according to Kingsley, must work while women weep, can not turn the whole summer into a *villégiatura*, especially in these days when bankers are failing and ten-cent pieces command a premium.

The New Yorker seeks cool air in the evening on the house-tops, as people do at Jerusalem and Sennaar. From time immemorial the denizens of tenement-houses have slept on the roofs, and the visitor has been enabled to make interesting studies of anatomy; now a higher class in society mounts to the roof-gardens, in all of which there are flowers and in some of which there are fresh air and music. In these gardens audiences sip juleps and smoke cigars, while high-kickers exhibit their agility under the stars and bring a blush to the face of the moon. But there are nights when not a breath of air is stirring even on the house-top, and the spectacle of the energetic coryphées makes the beholder hotter than he was before. The roof-gardens will not be a perfect success till punkahs have been added to their other attractions. When that is done, I have no doubt that every house will be supplied with a roof-garden, and that it will be the zenana in the dog-days.

Those who can do so, spend their nights in the country within easy reach of the city by boat or train. Some of them claim that nights are cool at Fort Washington, or on the Shrewsbury River, or Fort Hamilton. Others insist that cool air, with a saline pungency, can always be found in the evenings at Coney Island, where you have your choice of twenty-seven cool drinks for a nickel. Certain it is that at Coney Island, where the thermometer seems to rise as the light falls, you can, at any rate, don a hired bathing-suit, plunge into the surf, and insure a cool epidermis for an hour or more after the bath. Harlem River has a reputation for coolness which, perhaps, it does not deserve. One thing is undeniable—the heat at Fordham and Kingsbridge is cool, and visitors drink a great deal of it. Young fellows take their girls out boating on the Harlem River; this is because the boats are pretty sure to ground on the flats, and if the girl is pretty, there are worse things than to remain aground for quite awhile with no one to see you but the black, grim hills and the distant lamps in the beer-gardens and concert-halls. Under such circumstances, chappies have been known to lose track of the thermometer.

The wise man knows that the really cool place is a spacious room, in an old-fashioned house with substantial walls, in a central part of the city. There, if the windows and blinds of the room have been kept hermetically closed all day, and care is taken at night not to inaugurate an illumination of gas, or oil-lamps, or candles, a man with a clear conscience may sleep the sleep of the just without having to change his pillow more than once in the course of the night. Flats are an abomination in hot weather, unless the flat-house stands in an isolated position. The lower flats partake of the temperature of the street; the upper flats are warmed by the radiation of the sun's rays from the roof and from adjacent houses. And then, the promiscuity of flat life is conducive to ill-temper, and nothing is so heating as that. In a great flat-house, everybody knows more or less of his neighbors' business, and the occasions for friction are endless. On a hot night, every window and hall-door is open and seclusion is impossible. The temptation is almost irresistible to ohjurgate the tenant of the fourth story for having brought into the world children who cry, or the occupant of the ninth for playing the piano all day when her ignorance of music is monumental, and if you give way to the inclination, you will not get cool before morning.

In tropical countries the laws of propriety, like everything else, are relaxed by the heat. In parts of Spain and Turkey, a lady receives visitors in her bath, over which a silken spread is thrown. In the P. and O. boats which run through the Red Sea to Aden and Bombay, the partitions of the state-rooms are lattice-work. When a lady retires, she pulls a string, and the lattice closes like a wall. When her light is put out, a steward passes round outside and opens the lattice, so that the sleeper gets all the air which is in circulation in the ship; at four next morning, he goes on his rounds again, and closes the lattice, upon which the passenger awakes, gasps, stifles, and, in self-defense, dons a *peignoir*, and hies to the deck. We do not make as much use of water in the hot weather as we might. In the palatial abodes of Turkish pashas, the ladies sit all day in a room, the centre of which is a capacious bath inclosed in marble. Four or five times a day they roll lazily off their couches and let themselves tumble into the water. Thus they keep pretty cool in all weathers. But it is not etiquette in Turkey for a gentleman to call on a lady.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1893.

FLANEUR.

The Mazarin diamonds, which Mrs. Ayer, the widow of the American millionaire, wears on state occasions, have quite electrified fashionable London.

OLD FAVORITES.

At the Royal Bier.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
That the slain king's corpse on hier was laid
With chant and requiem koell.
And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And oone could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.
In his robes of state he lay asleep,
With orb and sceptre in hand;
Aod by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spanned.
And, girls, 'twas a sweet, sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the days of the poet's youth,
From the king's crown clustered there.
Aod if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbb'd beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home,
And a different Scotland, girls!
And the queeo sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.
And I have got good help of my hurt;
Aod only to me some sigo
She made, aod save the priests that were there,
No face would she see but mine.
And the month of March worc on apace;
And now fresh couriers fared
Sull from the country of the wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.
And still, as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace-flame
That burnt her visage white.
And evermore as I brought her word,
She hent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.
But when the name of Robert Græme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor,
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared that she would not live.
And the month of March was nigh to its end,
And still was the death-pall spread;
For she would not hurry her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.
And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire;
And naught she spake—she had ceased to speak—
But her eyes were a soul on fire.
And when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the hier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.
And then she said: "My king, they are dead!"
And she knelt on the chapel floor,
And whispered low, with a strange, proud smile:
"James, James, they suffered more!"
Last she stood up to her queenly height,
But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
To winter of life-long grief.
And "O James!" she said, "My James!" she said,
"Alas for the foolish thing,
That a poet true and a friend of mao,
In desperate days of bale aod ban,
Should needs be born a king!"

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"He and She."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And on her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."
And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.
He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.
He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the oame she loved erewhile.
He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.
Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?
See now: I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
Aod was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?
O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to foot!
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—
I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,
The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."
Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dead old way:
"The utmost wonder is this—I hear."
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,
And am your angel, who was your bride,
Aod know that, though dead, I have oever died."

—Edwin Arnold.

Black straw hats are at present all the rage in Paris among the men.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have been married fifty-four years.

Alfred Mace, a son of Jem Mace, the once famous pugilist, is an evangelist. He has been preaching for twenty years.

Barnes Greeley, the only surviving brother of Horace Greeley, lives, at the age of seventy-nine years, on the old Greeley homestead at Chappaqua.

Dr. Peters, the famous German African explorer, is on his way to this country to see the fair. He is best known as the man who has survived more obituaries than any other man now living.

General Menotti Garibaldi, son of the Italian patriot, and his wife celebrated their silver wedding a few days ago in Rome. They received congratulations from friends of the family in all parts of Italy.

They say now, in London, that the Princess of Wales, for the first time in her life, is showing herself to be jealous of her husband's attentions to other women. His devotion to Lady Brooke is said to be particularly hateful to her.

Mrs. Langtry was one of the conspicuous figures at the Brighton racing meeting, where she appeared attired one day in yellow and the next in black and white striped silk. The Lily's years are advancing, but she is still beautiful.

One reason why the Russian Czarevitch can never marry the Princess Victoria of Wales, with whose name the gossips have connected his, is that they are first cousins, and the marriage of first cousins is strictly prohibited by the canons of the Greek Church.

The Queen of Italy has just set out on her annual mountaineering expedition, and this year she proposes to make an ascent she has not hitherto attempted. Queen Margherita is an expert climber, and she finds the exercise and the fine clear air of the Alps most invigorating.

Mme. Buloz has withdrawn her suit for divorce against her erring husband, who was director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and affected a reconciliation with her spouse, who, although he has surrendered the nominal direction of the *Revue*, will remain in virtual charge thereof.

Mrs. James Pender, of Foxon, Conn., in order to mortify her husband, determined to go to jail. She made several unsuccessful efforts, and then stripped off every stitch of clothing and ran through the village. She was captured and sent to jail for ten days. Mrs. Pender is now enjoying her triumph.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, who will, if he lives, some day wear the crown of Austro-Hungary, will soon reach this country on the man-of-war *Kaiserin Elisabeth*, now crossing the Pacific toward San Francisco. He is a man of thirty, who was rather wild as a youth, and who is as fond of military pursuits as the Emperor of Germany.

Lady Tryon, widow of the late admiral, has refused the government pension of three thousand dollars which admirals' widows always receive. She is aware of the responsibility of her husband for the *Victoria* disaster, and is unwilling to be a beneficiary of the government's bounty under such circumstances. The admiral was a lieutenant when she married him.

Three women who have achieved distinction as hunters are Lady Hopetown, wife of the governor of Victoria, who has been killing deer in Auckland; Mrs. Alan Gardner, who has been making a record in India for hunting cheetas, shooting and spearing panthers, and sticking pigs; and Mrs. R. H. Tyacke, who, with her husband, has shot the largest number of bears ever killed in one season in Kulu, in the Central Himalayas.

Some enemies of tobacco may be shocked to know that Miss Emily Faithful is an inveterate cigar-smoker. She pursues the habit by her physician's orders, as only by the constant use of tobacco can she relieve the asthma from which she suffers. Miss Faithful is on the literary pension list of England, and is held in high regard by the queen. Her home is in the dearest part of Manchester, but the house itself is a model of æsthetic decoration.

Within a few days after receiving the news of the death of her eldest son in Africa, the Duchesse d'Uzès was, in a measure, consoled by the birth of a little grandson at the Château de Boursault. If it takes after its father, it must be absolutely hideously ugly. The young Duc de Luynes is, without exception, the homeliest man I have ever met (says *Vogue*), his face and expression giving one the impression of an exceedingly good-humored and kindly-tempered monkey.

The transfer of Cliveden from the Duke of Westminster to William Waldorf Astor at one time nearly collapsed. Mr. Astor, it is said, laid claim to the visitors' book, and as this was a valuable record of the life and friends of the duke, the latter refused to admit the claim. Mr. Astor, says the *Court Journal*, should have no difficulty in establishing for himself in a short space of time an equally interesting list of visitors, particularly if, as Cliveden is a show place, he were to provide free lunches.

French's statue of the Republic at the World's Fair, sixty feet high, is modeled from Miss Minnie Clarke, whose features are familiar to a great many readers from the fact that she is the favorite model of C. D. Gibson and figures frequently in his drawings in *Life* and *Harper's Monthly*. In Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Sweet Bells Out of Tune" there is an illustration representing a theatre-box in which is seated a party of ladies, and Miss Clarke posed for every one of them. Miss Clarke is twenty-five years of age, has dark, curling hair, blue-gray eyes, and a perfect nose and mouth. She has a figure of medium height, of graceful proportions, and arms and shoulders which are faultless.

WAS IT A SPECTRE?

The Mystery of a Desirable Suburban Residence.

He was waiting for her; he had been waiting an hour and a half in a dusty suburban lane, with a row of big trees on one side and some eligible building sites on the other—and far away to the south-west the twinkling yellow lights of the city. It was not quite like a country lane, for it had a pavement and lamp-posts, but it was not a had place for a meeting all the same; and further up, toward the cemetery, it was really quite rural, and almost pretty, especially in twilight. But twilight had long deepened into night, and still he waited. He loved her, and he was engaged to be married to her, with the complete disapproval of every reasonable person who had been consulted. And this half-clandestine meeting was to-night to take the place of the grudgingly sanctioned weekly interview—because a certain rich uncle was visiting at her house, and her mother was not the woman to acknowledge to a moneyed uncle, who might "go off" any day, a match so deeply ineligible as hers with him.

So he waited for her, and the chill of an unusually severe evening entered into his bones.

The policeman passed him with but a surly response to his "good-night." The bicyclists went by him like gray ghosts with fog-horns; and it was nearly ten o'clock and she had not come.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned toward his lodgings. His road led him by her house—desirable, commodious, suburban—and he walked slowly as he neared it. She might, even now, be coming out. But she was not. There was no sign of movement about the house, no sign of life, no lights even in the windows. And her people were not early people.

He paused by the gate, wondering.

Then he noticed that the front-door was open—wide open—and the street-lamp shone a little way into the dark hall. There was something about all this that did not please him—that scared him a little, indeed. The house had a gloomy and deserted air. It was obviously impossible that it harbored a rich uncle. The old man must have left early. In which case—

He walked up the path and listened. No sign of life. He passed into the hall. There was no light anywhere. Where was everybody, and why was the front-door open? There was no one in the drawing-room, the dining-room and the study (nine feet by seven) were equally blank. Every one was out, evidently. But the unpleasant sense that he was, perhaps, not the first casual visitor to walk through that open door impelled him to look through the house before he went away and closed it after him. So he went upstairs, and at the door of the first bedroom he came to he struck a wax-match, as he had done in the sitting-rooms. Even as he did so he felt that he was not alone. And he was prepared to see something; but for what he saw he was not prepared. For what he saw lay on the bed, in a white, loose gown—and it was his sweetheart, and its throat was cut from ear to ear. He does not know what happened then, nor how he got down-stairs and into the street; but he got out somehow, and the policeman found him in a fit, under the lamp-post at the corner of the street. He could not speak when they picked him up, and he passed the night in the police-cells, because the policeman had seen plenty of drunken men before, but never one in a fit.

The next morning he was better, though still very white and shaky. But the tale he told the magistrate was convincing, and they sent a couple of constables with him to her house.

There was no crowd about it as he had fancied there would be, and the blinds were not down.

As he stood, dazed, in front of the door, it opened and she came out.

He held on to the door-post for support.

"She's all right, you see," said the policeman, who had found him under the lamp; "I told you you were drunk, but you would know best—"

When he was alone with her, he told her—not all—for that would not hurt telling—but how he had come into the commodious suburban house, and how he had found the door open and the lights out, and that he had been into that long back room facing the stairs, and had seen something—in even trying to hint at which he turned sick and broke down and had to have brandy given him.

"But, my dearest," she said, "I daresay the house was dark, for we were all at the theatre with my uncle, and no doubt the door was open, for the servants will run out if they're left. But you could not have been in that room, because I locked it when I came away, and the key was in my pocket. I dressed in a hurry and I left all my odds and ends lying about."

"I know," he said; "I saw a green scarf on a chair, and some long brown gloves, and a lot of hair-pins and ribbons, and a prayer-hook, and a lace handkerchief on the dressing-table. Why, I even noticed the calendar on the mantelpiece—October 21st. At least, it couldn't be that, because this is May. And yet it was. Your calendar is at October 21st, isn't it?"

"No, of course it isn't," she said, smiling rather anxiously; "but all the other things were just as you say. You must have had a dream, or a vision, or something."

He was a very ordinary, commonplace young man, and he did not believe in visions, but he never rested day or night till he got his sweetheart and her mother away from that commodious house and settled them in a quite distant suburb. In the course of the removal, he incidentally married her, and the mother went on living with them.

His nerves must have been a good bit shaken, because he was very queer for a long time, and was always inquiring if any one had taken the desirable suburban house; and when an old stock-broker with a family took it, he went the length of calling on the old gentleman and imploring him, by all that he held dear, not to live in that fatal house.

"Why?" said the stock-broker, not unnaturally.

And then he got so vague and confused, between trying to tell why and trying not to tell why, that the stock-broker showed him out, and thanked his God he was not such a fool as to allow a lunatic to stand in the way of his taking that really remarkably cheap and desirable suburban residence.

Now the curious and quite inexplicable part of this story is that when she came down to breakfast on the morning of the twenty-second of October, she found him looking like death, with the morning paper in his hand. He caught hers—he could not speak, and pointed to the paper. And there she read that on the night of the twenty-first, a young lady, the stock-broker's daughter, had been found, with her throat cut from ear to ear, on the bed in the long back bedroom facing the stairs of that desirable suburban house.

A FEMALE DEMON.

The Story of a Woman's Plot, from Crawford's New Novel.

One of the most elaborate conspiracies ever hatched for the social ruin of a man is that concocted by Adele Savelli in Marion Crawford's new book, "Pietro Ghisleri." Adele Savelli is the daughter of the Prince of Gerano, who, *en seconde noes*, had married Mrs. Carlyon, an English widow living in Rome. Mrs. Carlyon, too, had a daughter, Laura, who was beautiful, while Adele Gerano was merely pretty, and the latter's jealousy of her handsome step-sister as a child turned to hatred when Francesco Savelli fell in love with Laura, though, as an obedient Italian son, he had become affianced to Adele and soon married her. Laura, too, found a husband in Lord Herbert Arden, a man of singular nobility of character, though hopelessly deformed.

Adele's hatred led her to spread malicious reports of Arden and his wife—that he was temperate and that she was disgusted with him and had given Francesco Savelli to understand that she would gladly elope with him—and these coming to the ears of Pietro Ghisleri, a devoted friend of Arden, the latter presented the facts to the Prince of Gerano, Adele's father, and by threats of disinherence, she was compelled to deny the rumors she had started.

Also in obedience to her father's command, she invited the Ardens to dine with her. Then, intending to inflict a slight illness and much worry on Laura, she inoculated the napkins which Arden and his wife would use with the bacilli of scarlet fever, her maid being ill with that disease at the time. To her horror, Arden died, and in the terror and insomnia that followed Adele resorted to the use of sulfonal, chloral, and finally morphine.

Ghisleri, knowing Adele's sentiments toward Laura and Arden and having his suspicions aroused by a number of strange circumstances, guesses that she may have murdered Arden by such an accidental overshot as had actually occurred. To further his investigations, he visits the Savellis at their summer home at the castle of Gerano, and while he is there Adele in a fit of terror and remorse writes out a confession of her misdeeds in spreading the scandals and murdering Arden. This she gives to her maid, Lucia, to send by registered mail to her confessor in Rome; but Lucia steals the confession, intending to extort money from her mistress, and slips it for safe-keeping under a great stone in one of the turrets of the castle. This stone, unknown to her, covered the trap-door to an *oubliette*—a long shaft leading to the dungeons two hundred feet below—and when she seeks the confession, it can not be found. It has fallen down the shaft, and is not to be found even in the dungeons below by the terrified Adele, to whom Lucia confesses.

In the course of the next few months Adele concocts her plan to ruin Ghisleri, who she knows suspects her and who she thinks may have found the confession. How she settles on her plan is shown in this passage, where she is talking with Ghisleri at a hall. She says:

"I would like your views upon modern social warfare. If you wished to ruin your enemy, how would you go about it?"

"A man or a woman?" asked Ghisleri, calmly.

"Oh, both. A man first. It is always harder to injure a man than a woman, is it not?"

"So they say. Do you wish to kill the man or to ruin him altogether, or only to injure him in the eyes of the world?"

"Take the three in the other order," suggested Adele. "A mere injury first—and the rest afterward."

"Very well. I have something very neat in the killing line—to use the shop-keeper style. I will keep it to the end. Let me see. You wish to do a man a great injury—enough, say, to make a woman who loves him turn upon him. Is that it?"

"Yes, that would do very well," said Adele, as though she were discussing the fashion of a new frock.

"If you happen to be a good hand at forgery," answered Ghisleri, with perfect equanimity, "write a number of letters purporting to be from him to another woman. Put anything you like into them, take them to the woman who loves him, and ask a large sum for them. She will probably pay it and leave him. You will accomplish your object and earn money at the same time. If you can not forge his handwriting, forge that of an imaginary woman—that is easy enough—and follow the same course as before. It is almost sure to succeed."

"What a surpassingly diabolical scheme!" exclaimed Adele, with a laugh.

Adele accordingly writes five letters, purporting to be from herself to Ghisleri, in reply to his demands for hush-money in return for a confession which he is supposed to hold. She then sends three of these by mail to Laura, pretending to be a poor seamstress who has found them and wishes a reward. Laura, her faith unshaken in Ghisleri, shows them to him, and, at his suggestion, she sends the fictitious "Maria B." a five-franc note to indicate her contempt for such a flimsy attack on Ghisleri. Then Adele, to entrap Ghisleri, enters into a correspondence with him about a valuable manuscript she wishes him to buy for her. He, however, consults a lawyer, and keeps copies of the correspondence. Her plan is as follows:

In the first place, Adele intended to admit that she had been jealous of Laura for years, and to own frankly that she had often said cruel and spiteful things of her and of Arden. She could then point out that her conduct had suddenly changed in deference to her father's wishes, that there had been an open reconciliation, not very heartfelt on her part at first, but made sincere by the remorse she felt after Arden's death. For she meant to go even so far as to confess that Arden might have caught the scarlet fever in her house, seeing that her maid was only just recovering from it at the time. To prove, she would say, how

little fear of contagion she had, her own children had not been sent into the country. Nevertheless, she had always felt that there was a possibility of Arden's last illness having been taken at that dinner-party, and her secret remorse had caused her the greatest suffering. Between that and a nervous disorder from which she had little hope of ever recovering, she had fallen very ill, and had gone to Gerano. While there, her conscience had so pricked her in the matter of her past unkindness to her step-sister and to Arden, that although she had been to confession at Easter, she wrote a long letter to her confessor in Rome, going again over the full details of the past winter. From that point she could tell the truth, without even sparing Lucia, until she came to the discovery that it was Ghisleri himself who had picked up the letter, or confession, under the shaft of the *oubliette*. And here she would lay great stress on Ghisleri's attachment to Laura and consequent dislike of herself. His dislike, if not his positive hatred, for Adele was apparent at every step in the story. Nevertheless, Adele had maintained the outward forms of friendly acquaintance, and once, some six months after Arden's death, when matters had not been so bad as they now were, she had asked him to stay a few days at Gerano. Lucia could testify that he was there at the time when the confession disappeared, and Lucia, who had attempted to extort money for it, and would have succeeded if the document had been forthcoming, had naturally been as interested as anyone to find it. Not until some time later had Adele suspected that it had been picked up by Ghisleri. The thing, of course, had not any very great value, but what woman, Adele would ask, could bear to think that the most private outpourings of her soul to her spiritual director were in the hands of a man who hated her, and who could, if he pleased, circulate them and make them the talk of the town? When Ghisleri, in the following winter, had begun to torment her systematically by quoting little phrases and expressions which she remembered to have written in the letter, she had at last boldly taxed him with having it in his possession, and he, with the unparalleled cynicism for which he was famous, had laughed at her and owned the truth. He was a known duelist and a dangerous adversary, and for her husband's sake she had held her tongue.

She had once asked him what he would consider an equivalent for the letter. He had said that he would take a large sum of money in exchange for it, which, he added, he would devote to building a small hospital in the village of Torre de Ghisleri. But she had not been able to dispose of any such sum as he had then named. She and Ghisleri had corresponded about the matter in town, by notes sent backwards and forwards. She, on her part, at that time thought she was doing wisely in burning his, but he had been less careful. He had, in fact, been so grossly negligent as to leave five of them at one time in the pocket of one of his coats. It was through his tailor, to whom the coat had been sent for some alteration or repair, that two of these notes had come back to Adele. A woman, apparently a seamstress, had come to her with them one day, and had offered them to her for sale, together with a card of Lady Herbert Arden's, inclosed in an envelope addressed to "Maria B." at the general post-office. On the card were written the words: "For Maria B., with best thanks." The woman confessed that she was in great distress, that she had found the letters in a coat upon which she was working, had easily ascertained who Ghisleri was and what his relations toward Lady Herbert were, and had appealed to the latter for help, offering the letters in exchange for any charity, actually sending three of them when she had only received five francs. Lady Herbert had then sent her fifty francs more with the card in question, but the poor woman thought that very little. She bitterly repented not having brought them all at once to Donna Adele. Adele had unhesitatingly given her a hundred francs and had kept the two notes and the card, which proved, at least, that even at that time she had been corresponding with Ghisleri and protesting her inability to pay the sum he demanded, and that Laura Arden was aware of the correspondence, and had been willing for Ghisleri's sake to pay money to obtain it. Shortly before leaving for her annual visit to Gerano, Ghisleri had managed to be alone with her, and had almost admitted that unless she would reconsider the matter, he would send the lost letter to one of her friends to read. The Monteverchi Library was then about to be sold, and many persons were talking of the famous confession of Isabella Monteverchi. By way of safety, Adele, in agreeing to think the whole thing over once more, had told him that when writing she should speak of her own letter as though it were this well-known manuscript. She had re-opened negotiations with Ghisleri, whose demands, though not so high as formerly, were still quite beyond her means. Ghisleri's last letter distinctly stated that he could do nothing more for her if she refused to buy the confession of Isabella Monteverchi at the price he had last named. Those were his very words. They meant that unless she paid, he would make use of the letter he had.

Her position was very strong, Adele thought. The real danger, and the only real danger, lay in the possibility that the confession itself might be found and might be produced, with all which she said it contained, and with the one central black statement of which she made no mention in working up the case. But who could produce it? If any one had it, that man was Ghisleri, who had more than once gone very near the truth in the hints he had thrown out. Say that he had it—suppose the hypothesis a fact. Its being in his possession would be the most ruinous evidence of all. He would not dare to show it, for, though it might ruin her, it would be far worse ruin to him, for it would of itself suffice to prove the truth of every word of her story, and he would not only incur the full penalty of the law for a most abominable attempt at levying black-mail, but his very memory would be blasted forever as that of the most dastardly and cowardly villain ever sent to penal servitude.

All this she lays before her father-in-law, Prince Savelli, and he, with her father and their lawyer, calls upon Ghisleri. How he receives them is told in this passage:

Ghisleri rose to meet his visitors, who greeted him gravely and sat down opposite him so that they could all look at his face while speaking. Prince Savelli naturally spoke first.

"We have come to you," he said, "upon a very difficult and unpleasant affair. In the first place, I must beg you to listen to what I have to say as calmly as you can, remembering that we have not come here to quarrel with you, but to act on behalf of a lady. This being the case, we claim to be treated as ambassadors, to be heard and to be answered."

"You speak as though you were about to make a very disagreeable communication," answered Ghisleri. "The presence of Signor Grondoni either shows that you intend to make use of what I may say, or that your business is of a legal nature. If the latter supposition is the true one, it would be much better that we should leave the whole matter to our respective lawyers rather than run the risk of useless discussion. But if your lawyer is here to watch me and make notes, I would point out that I have a right to resent such observation, and to request you to find some other means of informing me of your meaning. As you tell me that you are acting for a lady, however, and claim personal immunity, so to say, for yourselves, I am willing to listen to you and to consider what you say as proceeding from her and not from you. But in no case have you any claim to be answered. That is the most I can do toward helping you with your errand. Judge for yourselves whether you will execute it or not."

"I will certainly not go away without saying what I have come to say," replied Savelli, fixing his bright, spectacled eyes upon Ghisleri's face. "We are here to represent Donna Adele Savelli—let that be understood, if you please. She wishes you to hand over to us a certain letter, of the nature of a confession, which you found at Gerano about two years and a half ago, and which you still hold."

Ghisleri was less surprised than might have been expected. His face grew slowly pale as he listened, steadily returning the speaker's gaze.

"I promised you personal immunity from the consequences of what you were about to say," he answered, slowly. "It was a rash promise, I find, but I will keep it. You may inform Donna Adele Savelli that, although it is commonly said in the world that she has actually lost such a letter as you mention, I have never seen it, nor have I any knowledge of its contents. Further, I demand, as a right, to be told upon what imaginary evidence she ventures to bring such an outrageous accusation against me."

Savelli stated the case as he had heard it from Adele, and, on the whole, very much as she had summed it up in her own mind before going to him. Ghisleri sat, with folded arms and bent brows, listening to the wonderfully connected chain of false testimony she brought against him with all the courage and calmness he could command.

"Have you done?" he inquired in a voice shaking with anger, when Savelli had finished.

"Yes," answered the latter, coolly; "I believe that is all."
 "Then I have to say that a more villainous calumny was never invented to ruin any man. Good-morning, gentlemen." He arose, and the three others were obliged to rise also.

"And so you positively refuse to give up the letter?" inquired Savelli; there was an angry light in his eyes, too.
 "I have given you my answer already. Be good enough to convey it to Donna Adele Savelli."

"Are you aware, signore," said the lawyer, stepping in front of his two clients, "that upon such evidence as we possess you are liable to be indicted for an attempt to extort money from the Princess Adele Savelli?"

"You are not privileged, like these gentlemen," said Ghisleri, white to the lips. "If you venture to speak again, my servant will silence you. I have already hinted that this interview is ended," he added to Savelli and Gerano.

Ghisleri sends for his friend, San Giacinto and his lawyer Uhal dini, when the following scene occurs:

Uhal dini looked very grave when Ghisleri had repeated all that Savelli had told him.

"But the mere fact that I consulted you when I did," said Ghisleri, "and had copies of my answers made, ought to prove at once that I knew even then what Donna Adele wished to attempt." But Uhal dini only shrugged his shoulders.

"That will be against you," answered San Giacinto. "It will be said that you were well aware of what you were doing, and that you were taking precautions in case of exposure. Even if Lady Herbert were here to give evidence, it would not help you much. After all, Donna Adele's story about the seamstress is plausible, and Lady Herbert took your explanation on faith."

"The difficulty," continued Uhal dini, "is that every point can be turned against you from first to last. I am afraid that even my little stratagem has done no good. I wished to find out whether the confession really existed, and I thought it best that you should be in ignorance of the steps I took and of the result I obtained, in case you should be called upon to swear to anything in a possible action brought by you for defamation. The first thing to be done is to find the dealer with whom you negotiated for the purchase of the manuscript. His evidence will be the strongest we can get. Of course, even to that they will answer that you would not be so foolish as to write what looked like an account of a genuine transaction without lending an air of truth to it, in case of necessity, by actually making inquiries about it. If it is found that the prices named in your letters agree with those asked by the dealer, they will say that you cleverly chose a very valuable work and determined to be guided by the value of it, in appraising the letter you held. If the prices did not agree, they would say that even if the transaction were genuine, you had conducted it dishonestly; but then, as a matter of fact, the discovery was a good proof that it was a mere sham. Of course, too, you will have friends, like the Signor Marchese here present, who will swear to your previous character; but you must not forget that in a case like this the great body of educated public and social opinion is with the woman rather than the man. I would like to know where this confession is. One thing is quite certain: if it had got into the hands of a dishonest person, Donna Adele would have heard of it before now, and would have tried to buy it."

"The best possible defense, in my opinion, is to tell your own story and compare it, inch by inch, with theirs. I believe that, after all, yours will seem by far the more probable in the eyes of any court of justice. Then we will question Donna Adele's sanity, and bring a couple of celebrated authorities to prove that people who use morphia often go mad and have fixed ideas. Donna Adele's delusion is that you are the possessor of her confession. If we can not prove that it has been all this time in the hands of some one else, we may at least be able to show that there is no particular reason why it should have been in yours, that you are certainly not in need of fifty thousand francs, and that, so far as any one knows, you are not the man to try and get it in this way if you were. We will do the best we can."

Ghisleri is arrested and hailed out by San Giacinto. The case looks very black for him, when help comes from an unexpected quarter:

Ghisleri's servant, Bonifazio, closed the door behind him and followed him respectfully into the sitting-room.

"I beg pardon, signore," he began, standing still as he waited for Ghisleri to turn and look at him.

"Do you need money?" asked the latter, carelessly.

"No, signore. You have, perhaps, forgotten that you gave me money yesterday. It is something which I have had upon my conscience a long time, and now that you are falsely accused, signore, it is my duty to speak, if you permit me."

"Tell me what it is," Ghisleri sat down at his writing-table and lit a cigarette.

"It is a very secret matter, signore. But if I keep it a secret any longer, I shall be doing wrong, so that I must give my evidence. But if I do, the Princess Adele will go to the galleys and the house of Savelli will be quite ruined. For the princess murdered Lord Herbert Arden, and tried to murder Donna Laura, as we call her. She invited them to dinner and gave them napkins which she, with her own hand, had poisoned with infection of scarlet fever, her maid Lucia having had it at the time. And Lord Herbert died within three days, but Donna Laura did not catch it. And I have read how she did this, and many other wicked things, in a letter written with her own hand. For it was I who found the confession they speak of, when I went alone to look at the old prisons at Gerano, while you and the signori were out driving."

Ghisleri knew the truth at last, and his lean, weather-beaten face expressed well enough the thirst for vengeance that burned him. He waited a few moments and then spoke calmly enough.

"Have you got the confession here?" he asked. "If it is found in my house it will ruin me, though it may ruin Donna Adele, too."

"I understand, signore. Have no fear. I read it through, because I found it open and the leaves scattered as it must have fallen. But it is still at Gerano. When I had read it, I put it into my pocket. Then I went and got an envelope and I put the leaves into it, thinking that perhaps it would be wrong to burn it. So I wrote on the outside:

"This was found in the prison of the Castle of Gerano by Bonifazio di Rienzo," and I also wrote the date in full. Then, at the tobacconist's shop in the village I bought some wax, and took a seal I have, which is this one, signore. It has 'B. R.' on it. And I sealed the letter with much wax, so that the tobacconist laughed at me. But I did not let him see what was written on the envelope. Then I took it to the parish priest, whose name is Don Tebaldo, and who seemed to me to be a very respectable and good man. I told him in confidence that I had found something which it was not possible for me to give to the rightful owner, but which I thought it would be wrong to destroy, because the rightful owner might some day make inquiry for it and wish to have it. He asked many questions, but I would not answer them all, and he did not know what the letter was about nor that it was a confession. So I begged him to put it into another envelope and to seal it again with his own seal, and I gave him what was left of the wax I had bought. Then he did as I asked him, and wrote on the back: 'This was brought to me to be kept, by one Bonifazio di Rienzo, until the owner claims it. But it is to be burned when I die.' And there it is to this day, for I have made inquiries and Don Tebaldo is alive and well, and God bless him! So I come to tell you all this, in order that you may act as you see fit, signore. For Don Tebaldo can swear that I gave him the letter on the day I found it and I can swear that you never knew anything of it."

Ghisleri looked at his faithful old servant, whose round brown eyes met his so steadily and quietly.

"I can never thank you enough, my dear Bonifazio," he said. "You have saved me. I will not forget it. But you must not bring either Don Tebaldo or the letter here. Go at once to the Marchese di San Giacinto and tell him exactly what you have told me, and that I sent you. He will know what to do. Take money with you and execute his orders exactly without returning here, no matter what they are. I can do without you for a week if necessary, and I wish to know nothing of the matter until it is over."

San Giacinto immediately goes to Gerano and gets the priest and the confession, and then, accompanied by two friends, the priest and Bonifazio, proceeds to the Savelli palace, where he has made an appointment with Prince

Savelli, Francesco, and Donna Adele. He has already prepared a written retraction of all the latter's charges against Ghisleri, which he intends to make her sign. The scene is described thus:

Prince Savelli was coldly courteous to San Giacinto, but greeted the others somewhat more warmly.

"May I ask what the nature of your communication is?" he inquired of the former.

"I prefer to explain it in the presence of Donna Adele, as it concerns her directly," answered San Giacinto. "It is useless to tell a story twice."

The extremely high and mighty head of all the Savelli stared up at the giant through his big spectacles. He was not at all used to being treated with so little consideration. But the other was a match for him, and stood carelessly waiting for the master of the house to lead the way.

"Considering whom you represent," said the prince, "your manner is somewhat imperative."

San Giacinto's heavy brows bent in an ominous frown, and Savelli found it impossible to meet the gaze of the hard, deep-set eyes for more than a few seconds.

"I represent an innocent man, whom you and yours are trying to ruin. As for my manners, they were learned in an inn and not in Casa Savelli. I shall be obliged if you will lead the way."

Savelli did not reply, but turned and went before them and opened the door. They passed through another drawing-room and through a third, and then found themselves in Adele's boudoir. She was seated in a deep chair near the fire, warming her transparent hands at the flame. Her face was exactly the color of the yellow ashes of certain kinds of wood. It seemed impossible that any human being could be so thin as she seemed and live. But there was yet some strength left, and her strong will, aided by the silent but insane satisfaction she felt in Ghisleri's ruin, kept her still in a sort of animation which was sometimes almost like her old activity. She had, of course, been warned of the impending interview, but she thought that San Giacinto had come to propose some compromise to the advantage of Ghisleri; and her father-in-law and husband were inclined to share her opinion; she meant to refuse everything, and to say that she would abide the judgment of the courts. She did not rise when the party entered, but held out her hand to each in succession. Francesco Savelli stood beside her, and also shook hands with each, but made no remark.

"Sit down," said Prince Savelli, moving forward a chair.

"Thank you," answered San Giacinto, "but it is useless. We shall stay only long enough for Donna Adele to sign a paper I have brought with me. We do not wish to disturb you further than necessary. With your permission I will read the document."

And thereupon, standing before her, he read the retraction slowly and distinctly. Prince Savelli gradually turned pale, for he knew the man, and guessed that he possessed some terribly sure means of enforcing his will. But Adele laughed scornfully, and her husband followed her example.

"Is there any reason why I should sign that very singular and untrue declaration?" she asked, with contempt.

San Giacinto looked at her steadily for a moment, and without reasoning she began to feel afraid.

"I have a strong argument in my pocket," he said; "for I have your confession here, and the priest, with whom it has been deposited since the day it was found, is waiting in the hall, if you wish to see him."

Adele shook her head to foot and her hands moved spasmodically. She made a great effort, however, and succeeded in speaking.

"The fact that it has been in a place where Ghisleri knew how to find it is the last proof of his guilt we required," she said, mechanically repeating the words she had heard her father-in-law use more than once.

"Ghisleri never saw it and never knew where it was until yesterday," answered San Giacinto. "If you will oblige me by signing this paper, I will not trouble you any further."

"I will not sign it, nor anything of such a nature," said Adele, desperately.

"You are perfectly free to do as you please," answered San Giacinto; "and so am I. Since you positively refuse, there is nothing left for me to do but to go away. But I forgot to tell you that the humble person who found it was able to read, and read it before taking it to the priest, and that he has informed me most minutely of the contents. I see you are annoyed at that, and I am not surprised, for in half an hour it will be in the hands of the attorney-general. Good-morning, princess."

In the dead silence that followed, one might have heard a pin fall, or a feather. San Giacinto waited a few moments and then turned to go. Instantly Adele uttered a sharp cry and sprang to her feet. With a quickness of which no one present would have believed her capable, she was at his side and holding him back by the arm. He turned again and looked calmly down at her.

"You do not mean to do what you threaten?" she cried, in abject terror.

"I mean to take this sealed document to the attorney-general without losing a moment," he answered. "You know very well what will happen if I do that."

Both Savelli and his son came forward while he was speaking.

"I will not allow you to hint in my house that anything in that confession could have any consequences to my daughter-in-law," said the prince, in a loud voice. "You have no right to make any such assertions."

"If Donna Adele wishes it, I will break the seal and read her own account," answered San Giacinto. He put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat and drew out the packet.

Altogether losing control of herself, Adele tried to snatch it from his hand; but he held it high in air, and his vast figure towered above the rest of the group, still more colossal by the gesture of the upstretched arm.

"You see for yourselves what importance Donna Adele attaches to this trifle," he said, in deep tones. "You would do well to persuade her to sign that paper. That is the only exchange I will take for what I hold. She knows that every word written there is true—as true as every word she has written here," he added, glancing up at the sealed letter. "I will wait one minute more by that clock, and then I will go."

The two Savelli gazed at Adele in undisguised astonishment and horror. It was clear enough from her face and terrified manner that San Giacinto spoke the truth, and that the confession he held contained some awful secret of which they were wholly ignorant.

"What is the meaning of all this, Adele?" asked the prince, sternly; "what does that confession contain?"

But she did not answer, as she sank into a chair before the table and almost mechanically dipped a pen into the ink. San Giacinto laid the formal denial before her, holding the confession behind him, for he believed her capable of snatching it from him and tossing it into the fire at any moment. She signed painfully, in large, sloping characters that decreased rapidly in size at the end of each of her two names. The pen fell from her hand as she finished, and San Giacinto quietly laid the sealed letter before her. If she had been on the point of fainting, the sight recalled her to herself. She seized it eagerly and broke the seals, one after the other. Then she went to the fire, assured herself that the sheets were all there, and were genuine, and thrust the whole into the flames, watching until the last shred was consumed.

Meanwhile San Giacinto silently handed the pen to Sant' Ilario, who signed and passed it to Gianfrodo. He in his turn gave it to San Giacinto, and the transaction was concluded.

After burning the confession Adele had let herself fall into the deep chair in which she had been sitting when the three friends entered the room. Her head had fallen back, and her jaw dropped in a ghastly fashion. She looked as though she were dead; but her hands twitched convulsively, rising suddenly and falling again upon her knees. It was impossible to say whether she was conscious or not.

The two Savelli, father and son, stood on the other side of the fireplace and looked at her, still speechless at her conduct, which they could only half-understand, but which could mean nothing but disgrace to her and dishonor to them. The elder man seemed to suffer the more, and he learned heavily against the chimney-piece, supporting his head with his hand. Neither the one nor the other paid any attention to the three men as they silently left the room.

It is only necessary to add that Ghisleri is more popular than ever, after the removal of this stigma on his good name, and that the story leaves him happily married to Laura.

THE VIRGIN'S MIRACLES.

An "Argonaut" Correspondent Visits the Grotto at Lourdes.

Ever since I revisited Lourdes I have intended to give you a substantial account of the foolish, and, in their foolishness, to my eyes also criminal proceedings there. Talk of the booming, incident to the birth (often premature) of a city in one of the Western States! Your Yankee dealer in dirt has found his masters here, in this old little town. Nothing goes so well for bringing a place before the eyes of the public as a duly authenticated apparition of the Virgin. It is not necessary for Nesqually City or Gull Harbor that she be dressed in white, with a blue scarf and roses on her feet; but her apparition has to be certified to and made true by the mandate of a bishop. In this case it was Mgr. Bertrand-Sévère Laurence, of Tarbes, and the citizens of Lourdes, grateful for the subsequent rise in the value of their real estate, ought to erect his statue next to the reproduction of the so-called St. Peter in the Pope's church, above which, conspicuously and, I hope, without malice aforethought against the holy apostle, is posted the notice: "*Veillez sur vos porte-monnaies.*" The warning to look out for your purse is not unnecessary, even if we dismiss the idea of St. Peter's Pence from our minds; people of every description come here, and it is not always pure devotion that leads them, though, of course, there is no end of priests, monks, nuns, and the whole religious fraternity. Proof of the proper spirit being absent in not a few, I found in the dining-room of my hotel a certain pious little widow—but never mind.

The water, which flows from the grotto to taps for drinking and to the *piscines* for bathing purposes, is most terribly cold. Now, I have seen sick people, on pretty hot days, all in perspiration, brought down in procession from the basilica to those *piscines* and plunged into the icy bath, some not without a good deal of resistance and hellowing. In the meanwhile, pilgrims and others, all sorts of lookers-on, stand before the door, praying with a good deal of fervor for their recovery. Reappearing, they do not take a stiff walk to overcome the effects of the cold; neither, when they are not able to stand upon their feet, are they put to bed, but they join in the prayer as best they can, and, after a while, are led, or carried, or wheeled to the grotto, where they are laid prostrate before that stupid image of Mary, by Fahisch, certainly not a work of high art, to touch, and kiss, and fondle the rocky wall, with their followers indulging in all sorts of antics. A printed notice says that those who wish to bathe themselves do so at their own peril. It seems to me, however, that some of this peril ought to be visited upon the heads of the authorities who permit such a criminal trick to be played upon the lame and the halt—poor deluded sick men and women. I have seen the performances on the Scala Santo, I have seen the dancing dervishes and the self-torture of the victims at the Chinese Loya feasts. This heats it all hollow, in so far as the pain and evil consequences are inflicted upon others. A boy had a hard time of it. The little fellow was all broken up, but gathered just strength enough to enter the bath; not to come out of it unassisted. By the time he was through with the prayer, and before the expiration of his official presentation to the Queen of Heaven, he closed his eyes and lay down upon the floor, tired and deathly pale. A fine-looking woman, in a delicate condition, wearing a cape with the colors of the Virgin and rosaries wound round and round her waist, very kindly took the child up and held him on her knees, while his mother, in the little shop round the corner, still was buying candles to honor the stone figure of Mary. Then she fell down upon the ground and lapped from it the holy water spilled by an unholy dog upsetting one of the cans set apart to convey the precious fluid to foreign climes. I have also in mind a girl who went to Lourdes hoping to find relief. She is dead now, but her crutches and belt are hanging in the grotto as the visible sign of another miracle, worked by the Mother of God. If it be a miracle to help an unhappy creature out of her pain and suffering, Lourdes has done it, and no mistake about that.

The scenes on the newly made ground before the grotto and in it are very characteristic, especially when a few trainloads of pilgrims have been deposited. There is a sound of many languages, and strange costumes of many nationalities divert the eye, those of the surrounding country not being the least picturesque. Here are a few of our English cousins, lunch-basket in hand, the backs of the girls' dresses plainly showing what a good time they had in the long grass of the green meadows before arriving at the Sancto Sanctum. When they are not at home, they do not care who knows, you know. Comes post-haste a nun, kneeling down to lead the crowd in prayer: "*Sainte Marie, pleine de grâce,*" etc. Follows the answer from all present: "*Sainte Marie . . . ainsi soit-il.*" And then we recite the sweet names of the Virgin Mother: "*Priez pour nous! priez pour nous!*"

Through the beautiful lane, where once the river flowed, the soft breeze steals on, bringing the odor of the flowery fields, and yonder, from the brow of the cliff, frowns the old castle down upon the multitude in prayer and self-negation. We are back in the middle ages. Not so. A train, rolling past at the other side of the Gare de Pau, breaks in upon the quiet of the sunny afternoon with a shrill whistling.

I could take you with me to the hill at the other side, where fanatics—mostly women and girls, tired to death—do the Calvary, stopping and praying at every station. They hope that their sins (and what sins can they have committed, these lovely maidens and stately matrons?) may be pardoned, for it says: "*Aux stations du Calvaire sont attachées les indulgences ordinaires.*"

All this folly rests upon the "vision" of a peasant-girl, Bernadette (Marie Bernarde) Souhrioux, to whom the Virgin appeared, *quasi rosa plantata super rivos aquarum*, and whose brother now keeps a shop of holy knickknacks. He also lets rooms and makes himself generally useful, whenever it pays to do so.

F. J. S.

LOURDES, July 21, 1893.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish at an early date Robert Louis Stevenson's latest story. The author's original title, "The Adventures of David Balfour," has been retained, though the English edition will be issued as "Catriona." They also have in preparation two more volumes in the Stories from Scribner's Series—"Stories from Italy" and "Stories of the Army."

The Buffalo News printed, in a recent Sunday issue, a chapter by Mark Twain from "The Niagara Book," published by Underhill & Nicholls. As this chapter was one of the most popular in the book, the publishers are bringing suit for ten thousand dollars damages.

In Harper's Bazar for August 12th appears a descriptive article, "A Woman's Management of a Stock Farm," which refers to the notable exhibit at the Columbian Exposition made by Mrs. S. P. T. Willets, whose herds of Guernsey cattle are now famous in this country and abroad. Mrs. Willets's extensive acres, for grazing and other purposes, are situated at Roslyn, L. I.

An English firm has in the press another reprint from Mr. Anstey's contributions to Punch, to be called, "The Man from Blankley's: a Story in Scenes."

We find the following amusing paragraph in an exchange:

That a man should write a book on the law of copyright, and, in doing so, himself perpetrate a serious infringement of copyright, is surely rather funny. The particulars of the case referred to were given very briefly recently in the London Times, but it appears not to have been disputed that Mr. Copinger borrowed too largely from Mr. Cutler's book on copyright. The only question, therefore, was how Mr. Cutler should receive adequate reparation. Finally, terms of agreement were settled between the parties, by which it was to be referred to a member of the bar to say what passages should be expunged from Mr. Copinger's book.

The Scribners are to bring out the authorized American edition of the memoirs of the late Chancellor Pasquier, edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and entitled "A History of My Time." This important work, which deals with the most striking events and the most noted men of the Revolution, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration periods, will be published in three volumes.

The long novel which the author of "The Story of an African Farm" is now engaged upon is said to have been named "From Man to Man." It is mentioned as a study in the comparative ethics of men's treatment of men and their treatment of women.

General Wallace's "Prince of India" will be published toward the end of this month. The Messrs. Harper have had the work ready for publication for several weeks, but are waiting for the European publishers to be ready. General Wallace expects to begin a new novel at once, of which he has the plan already mapped out. He will probably be as many years in writing it as he was in writing "The Prince of India." By the way, there is in Harper's Weekly for the twelfth instant an article entitled "The Author of 'The Prince of India': Some of General Lew Wallace's Reminiscences of War, Diplomacy, and Literature."

Some time ago the Brentanos offered a series of prizes for translations, with the following results:

Only one prize has been awarded. This was won by Miss C. S. Copeland, of Sparhill, N. Y., who sent in translations of several of Paul Heyse's short stories. In their announcement of the result of this competition, the publishers admit that its result has not been satisfactory. The greater portion of the translations received were from the German; the French manuscripts ranged from About to Ohnet; Maupassant, Coppée, and the great French short-story writers being very badly represented; and there were a few unavailable translations from Italian and Spanish writers. Many of the competitors chose books that had already been translated, and were, therefore, inadmissible; and the publishers' comment on the contest is that it "only demonstrated once more the prevalence of the erroneous idea that whoever can read a foreign language fluently is able to translate it."

Andrew Lang has written for a new edition of "Letters to Dead Authors" four letters addressed to Homer, John Knox, Rev. Increase Mather, and Samuel Pepys; the last named will appear in Scribner's Magazine for September.

The Critic's London correspondent sends these particulars of a new journalistic venture:

"Mr. W. T. Stead has added to the labors of the Review of Reviews the quarterly production of *Borderland*, a periodical devoted entirely to the investigation of physical phenomena. Mr. Stead presumably knows his readers, for he has tested them in those strange Christmas volumes of ghostlore. And the Psychological Research Society itself numbers some three thousand members; there ought, therefore, to be a public for this kind of thing. It is not

proposed that a separate American edition shall be issued at once; but a consignment of the English edition is being shipped to New York as a test of the market. The price is eighteenpence—a rather awkward sum, which has already proved fatal to more than one magazine."

Among the opinions of several scientists expressed on Mr. Stead's new quarterly, that of Professor James Geikie is that "the publication . . . may tend to increase the population of our lunatic asylums."

In the September number of Harper's Magazine the readers of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's latest historical novel, "The Refugees," will be particularly attracted to an article taking up the career of that picturesque and prominent character in Dr. Doyle's novel—Daniel de Gresollon, Sieur du L'hut, or Dulhut. The author is William McLennan, and the illustrations are by Reinhart.

Rudyard Kipling's new story, "The White Seal," deals with seal life in the neighborhood of the Pribyloff Island.

After completing work on his "Lourdes," Zola may write some stories for children or carry out a pet scheme of his and write a history of French literature, which, he intimates, "will be quite different from what has ever been written on the subject before."

Austin Dobson, whose studies of eighteenth-century literature are always entertaining, describes in the September Scribner's the home-life of Richardson, author of "Sir Charles Grandison."

Dr. St. George Mivart, whose speculations upon the possibility of "happiness in hell" have aroused so much interest in scientific circles, is still in middle life and gives promise of further work. He was educated for the bar, and was called to practice in 1856, but turned his attention exclusively to scientific subjects. Dr. Mivart, though opposed to Darwinism, is a firm believer in the general principle of evolution, and applies it not only to this life but also to the next.

Harper's Young People for August 15th offers as a prominent article one by Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., "Kyoahpadu, the Angakok" ("Kyoahpadu, the Medicine Man"), a most interesting sketch of one of Lieutenant Peary's Indian acquaintances in the Whale Sound region.

New Publications.

"The Passing Show," a volume of short stories of adventure by Richard Henry Savage, has been issued in paper covers by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Edmund Russell's Readings from the California Poets" has been issued as the second volume of the Sunset Series published and for sale by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"Dally," a story in which Maria Louise Pool has cleverly portrayed several types of the rural New Englander, has been issued in Harper's Quarterly published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Joseph Zalmonah," a novel by Edward King, and "Not Angels Quite," a novel by Nathan Haskell Dole, have been issued in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard; Boston; price, 50 cents each.

"The Nameless City," by Stephen Grail, a romance based on the mysteries of gypsy life and character, and detailing the adventures of a young Englishman among the Majorcan Zingari, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Monastery," with illustrations drawn by John Williamson and engraved on wood by J. D. Cooper, has been issued as the tenth volume of the excellent Dryburgh edition of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels now being published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"From the Five Rivers," by Mrs. F. A. Steel, containing half a dozen short stories of life in British India, two Oriental legends in the form of Kipling's "Ballads of East and West," and four Indian folk-songs paraphrased in English, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Campfires of a Naturalist," by Clarence E. Edwards, is an entertaining book of hunter's tales, compiled from the field-notes of Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche, who has made fourteen expeditions

after North American mammals. His wanderings took him to New Mexico, over the Rocky Mountains, up to the Lake of the Woods, and about Colorado, and the game he hunted—not as a hunter, but as a naturalist—was bear, deer, Rocky Mountain goats, and turkeys. Naturally Professor Dyche met with many stirring adventures—as once when he was after bear, he came upon a band of eleven of those monsters—but Mr. Edwards has produced a narrative that seems to be in nowise exaggerated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Border Leander," by Howard Seely, is an admirable little story of ranch life in the South-West, containing enough material for a good novel but compressed to the dimensions of a short story by Mr. Seely's commendable directness of narration. The story tells how a newspaper reporter, being detailed to write up the feud between the Angevine and Tanqueary families, assumes the garb of a clergyman the better to pursue his investigations, and is appealed to, soon after his appearance on the scene, by Madge Tanqueary to marry her to Isaac Angevine. This opens up a situation of which Mr. Seely makes the most, putting his lovers and their ally—for, without revealing his disguise, the reporter determines to aid them—through a lively series of adventures. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Truthful Woman in Southern California," by Kate Sanborn, is an all too brief account of Miss Sanborn's trip to the health resorts of the southern part of this State during the past winter. She was suffering from various throat diseases, in addition to having had three attacks of the grip; but when she reached Southern California, the first day she "felt like leaping a five-barred fence," and the next "like lying down anywhere and sleeping indefinitely." She gives her impressions of Coronado, San Diego, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, Santa Barbara, and the intermediate country, and is generally delighted with all she sees, hears, and feels. It is only a light little book that she has written, but it is truthful, as its title demands, and it is, moreover, thoroughly entertaining. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Tutor's Secret," by Victor Cherhuliez, appears in English simultaneously with its publication in Paris by arrangement with the French publishers under the international copyright law. The tutor is Maximin Tristan, who falls in love with one of his two fair charges; but he does not tell her of his passion, and constitutes himself her guardian and adviser when aspirants for her hand present themselves. By his advice she marries an estimable young man, though she would have preferred a certain libertine viscount; and, though the viscount elopes with her mother, there is still danger, when he returns, that she may become his victim. Finally, to arouse her lethargic husband, he bids the tutor make love to her, and for an instant his secret escapes his control. But he is forgiven, and husband and wife are at last happily united. "The Tutor's Secret" is a somewhat placid story, with occasional strong passages, and is generally free from the element that has made French novels objectionable in Anglo-Saxon eyes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Complaining Millions of Men," by Edward Fuller, is a novel which portrays the social aspects of socialism in Boston. Francis Baretta, the son of a

Hungarian barber and an obscure New England girl, has made his own way in the world since he was a boy of twelve. He is a bright, passionate man, with a tendency to insanity, and being imbued with socialist ideas, becomes a champion of "the complaining millions of men" who "darken in labor and pain." He is loved by Maud Dolan, the daughter of a drunken Irish demagogue; but, being taken up by Mr. Lawrence, a gentleman who has fads, he becomes a drawing-room lecturer to the lion-hunters of Boston. He also determines to marry Mildred Lawrence, who has thrown over Philip Yates because he does no doughty deeds to satisfy the morbid craving of her Quixotic ambition. With these materials Mr. Fuller has made a dramatic story, in which types are cleverly portrayed and which works up to a good climax in the shooting of Yates by Baretta, which cuts the Gordian knot Mr. Fuller has constructed and brings about the triumph of virtue and downfall of villainy on which the curtain falls. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

The Contents of the September number affords a rich and varied feast, including: Charles Eliot Norton's article on *The Letters of James Russell Lowell*; Thomas A. Janvier's illustrated paper, *Down Love Lane*; *A General Election in England*, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated; *The Diplomacy and Law of the Isthmian Canals*, by Sidney Webster; Mrs. Pennell's *An Albert Dürer Token*, illustrated by Mr. Pennell; William McLennan's *A Gentleman of the Royal Guard*; Colonel Dodge's *Riders of Egypt*, with illustrations; *Edward Emerson Barnard*, by S. W. Burnham; Ex-Senator Maxey's *Texas*; A Poem, by John Hay; Serials and Stories, etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York City.

How the *Illustrated American* is sailing into Eugene Field! Just look at this:

"That vastly overrated literary humbug, Eugene Field, who was never anything but a vulgar, ill-bred rhymester, largely given, we believe, to the writing of verses of a pornographic quality, and the character of whose mind is disjunctly reflected in the vituperations with which he is wont to envenom the society of Chicago's brothels and bar-rooms has lately been expressing his opinion of Eastern men of letters. From the *Chicago Record*, in which Field is allowed to make a weekly display of his baseness, we call this paragraph: 'The way to the founding of a great magazine in the West must be made clear by and with a weekly publication that shall faithfully represent the West and honestly reflect Western sentiment; that shall wage a merciless war upon the intellectual hermaphrodites, and dawdling peavers, and petticoated clay-eaters who, on little tinsel thrones along the Eastern coast, presume to set themselves up as dictators in the great realm of literature. We are not for any skirmish with those humbugs; we are for a war of extermination. That war is bound to come sooner or later; it must not be begun, however, on the part of the West until the East is fully prepared to sail into and disembowel every last mother's son of those twaddling-twaddling squirts and their queer little parasites.'"

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VANITY FAIR.

It is interesting to notice that, while strenuous objection is being made by some American men and women against the Oriental dancers of the Midway Plaisance, a similar agitation is now being directed by European residents of India against the Nautch girls. It seems that it is not so much the dance itself as the character of the women dancers that is objected to. The Bombay *Guardian*, an English paper, says: "Mr. Chelavilla Naidu, deputy interpreter of the Madras High Court, has taken the lead in abolishing the Nautch. At the double marriage of his son and daughter in that city recently, the guests were treated to music by a famous singer; all the *élite* of the Hindoo community were present. The marriage is all the more memorable as it was the first one in a well-to-do, educated Hindoo family at which the services of Nautch girls were dispensed with." This bas, of course, called forth defenders of the native dancers, and they have not confined themselves to defense, but have gone the length of recrimination. The *Mahratta*, a Hindoo paper published in Bombay, says: "Hindoos may be a barbarous people, but Hindoos will prefer that a fallen Nautch woman should dance before them than that their own wives, and sisters, and daughters should jump and flaunt, hand in hand and arm in arm, with any passing acquaintance of the hour. The Indian Nautch is at best injurious to the male sex only; the European ball corrupts both men and women." The *Calcutta Statesman*, another English paper, says: "This agitation against the Nautch girl seems purely nonsensical. Let us take a common-sense view of the question. Before we advocate the abolition of the Indian Nautch, let us taboo public dancing among our people and make the ballet or the serpentine dance rigorously penal." The *Japan Gazette*, of Yokohama, takes a hand in the discussion, saying: "The people of Madras demand the abolition of the Nautch girl by the government, and, in the name of morality, ask that no official countenances shall be given to any social function which includes a Nautch dance, although, judging from the remarks of some of our contemporaries, there is little good or evil in the dance." Finally, we quote the opinion of the *Times of India*, an English paper published in Bombay, which says: "Let us do away with the Nautch girl by all means. It is as deadly dull an entertainment as could be well imagined. It is not even graceful, and it is distressingly and monotonously stupid. As for its immorality, it is nearly as bad as marbles and not half so shocking as 'Shove ha'penny.' A Punch-and-Judy show is rakish and reckless in comparison with it. Whatever may be the character of the girls, the dance itself is perfectly decorous and its demoralizing effect is conceivable on a par with that of a lemon squash. But it is evidently having a leaden effect upon the Madras folk, and had better be stopped." This is in line with the opinions the *Argonaut* has expressed in regard to the Midway Plaisance dancers: Their dance may or may not be "immoral," but it is certainly stupid and dull.

This is a white summer. Down by the sea, men are wearing ten and twenty pairs of duck and linen trousers a week. Girls, buds, belles, and young matrons are white from their pretty beads to their dainty beels. Cool cottons, with poetic lace frills; gossamer-weight silks, with ribbons and ruffles; white bats, with pink and yellow roses, butterfly bows, and mercury wings; and last, but not least, white shoes, are the combination that restored the white stockings to favor. Not since that famous white summer when Miss Grant and Miss Wright were the belles of Newport and the Duke of Marlborough was king of the carpet, has there been such a rage for white clothes and white shoes as now exists. The white stockings bad to come. Their return was proclaimed by the low cut of the shoe. When the dresses were shortened, orders poured in upon the importers. Dry-goods merchants made the mistake of preparing for a run on cheap goods. The demand was for fine goods—pure silk, spun silk, lisle thread, and unbleached balbriggan stitched in polka dots and lozenges with embroidery silk—and the trade is still on and growing all the time.

Since the disappearance of Buloz, who had been squandering the profits of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the press of Paris, as well as abroad, has been mysteriously silent about the matter. It was stated that it was fair contributors to whom M. Buloz had been paying thousands in hush-money; but their identity was carefully concealed, and, in fact, very little information about the whole affair has found its way into the public prints. In view of these facts, it is interesting to read this account of Mme. Buloz's salon which the Comtesse de Champdoce, acting as its correspondent in Paris, sends to *Vogue*: "There is a very strongly characterized feeling of satisfaction and pleasure in the *grand monde* here at the misfortunes that have overtaken the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the regrets which are expressed at the close of the salon of Mme. Buloz, the strong-minded wife of the editor and chief proprietor, are for the most part hypocritical or intended as *blague*. True, the salon of Mme. Buloz enjoyed a certain fame in Parisian life, and among its most constant habitués were such men as the Marquis de Galliffet, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Broglie, Léon Say, the Comte d'Haussonville, and many other men of light and

leading. It used to be regarded as the ante-chamber of the Academy, and it was there that the choice of the candidates for membership of that illustrious institution was practically decided in advance. The weekly receptions used to take place every Tuesday, and have tended more than anything else to develop and propagate the young masculine prig and the *précieuses ridicules*. There is already a very marked tendency on the part of youths here to imagine themselves superior in intellect and experience to everybody else, and this sentiment has certainly been fostered by the salon of beetle-browed, square-jawed, and masculine-looking Mme. Buloz, who was wont to keep her weak-eyed and mild husband in what she fondly believed to be a state of abject submission and obedience. What we all resented, too, was the affectation of superior virtue manifested by the people who frequented the Buloz salon, and their disposition to criticize in an unfriendly fashion all our little frivolities and elegant frailties. It was, indeed, what may be described as the very Vatican of *la haute bourgeoisie*, with all the latter's incarnate narrow-minded conceit, hypocrisy, and prejudices. That its respectability should have been so rudely shattered, and that its doors should have been closed by a scandal compared to which all our peccadilloes sink into the shade, causes us to experience a certain amount of, perhaps, unkindly satisfaction, and I, for one, confess to feeling secretly pleased every time I hear the *Revue des Deux Mondes* described by the new nickname that has been given to it since the scandal, namely, the *Revue du Demi-Monde*."

"Well-bred men dress very quietly in summer," said a young Adonis, "and it is long since they left the conspicuous blazer and Gordon sash to 'Arry and his kind. A dark-blue serge or gray homespun sack-coat with white flannel or African duck trousers, with a plain leather strap belt—that's the costume most generally seen on the men one knows, together with particularly good shoes and stockings, well-laundered colored shirts, and a bowknot tie of colored cheviot or percale."

"How long can it reasonably be expected" (asks *Harper's Bazar*) "that the old custom will last in deference to which wives are content to be known by the surnames of their husbands? All the recent tests tend to show the superiority of the female mind to that of the male. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, in a recent address, supported the cause of co-education with the argument that 'nothing in the world will take the foolishness and romantic notions out of a girl so quick as to work with young men and find out how little they know.' Of course marriage has the same effect; but, after a girl is married, it is too late for her to save her maiden name. If she arrives before marriage at the sophisticated stage that Mrs. Palmer describes, she may very reasonably demur to giving up a name which she feels competent to distinguish for one which will be handicapped by her husband's relative inferiority. All along the line this summer women have triumphed. In the recent assignment of general fellowships by the Chicago University, young women got so disproportionate a share of the spoils as to scandalize the authorities. When the London Geographical Society declined in the spring to admit women to its membership, the society's action was received not at all as evidence of the inferiority of women, but purely as a new proof of the limitations of men. Ten women passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos this year, and two of them came out wranglers. Three women took honors at Oxford, at which university, also, honor examinations were this year opened to women in three new courses. At London University, Miss Ogilvie, prodigy of erudition from Aberdeen, passed with the highest credit the examination for the degree of doctor of science. At this rate, how long will women be content with the substance, and abstain from grasping the shadow, also? How long will Miss Jones consent to become Mrs. Smith? How soon will she demand a competitive examination between Smith and herself to determine before marriage which is the compelling entity, and whether it is more meet that she shall become a Smith, or that Smith and the children shall become Joneses?"

Edward Fuller, author and journalist, long a resident of Boston, thinks that it is a perilously easy thing to become a lion at the Hub. In a recent letter to the *Providence Journal* he says: "The qualities most required are vanity and assurance. A man really has to do very little to secure a large amount of fame. Let us say that he writes a few verses. This fact is announced in the papers. Then he reads them to an admiring circle of friends. This fact is also announced in the papers. Then he talks about publishing them. Another announcement. Then his friends urge him to do it. Ditto, ditto. Then they are to come out in such a number of such a magazine. More printer's ink. Then they do come out. More ink still. Then 'our readers will recall those charming verses.' Then 'Mr. Blank, the poet.' Ha!—here is fame."

Prominent among the many delusions of a summer outing is the wide-spread belief in the advantages of "getting brown." People seem to imagine that a sun-burned skin implies robust health, and disregard

the flabby muscles, the lack-lustre eyes, the abused stomach, and the fur-coated tongue that often underlie the gypsy tint. We commonly hear such remarks as "Don't I look well? See how sun-burned I am!" or "Jennie has returned in splendid health; just look at her brown skin!" But it is possible, and not improbable (writes Dr. Louis Lewis in the *Medical Times*), that Jennie is not better than when she left home. She has fooled with the sun bath, and neglected her stomach, which has become the receptacle of a heterogeneous collection of unusual foods, indigestible candies, and bogus medicinal waters. But her face has been browned, so forsooth she is in perfect health. But even in the hunt for sun-burn, there are dangers ahead. While courting the harmless transitory "tan," which is technically known as *chloasma calorificum*, she is quite liable to fall a victim to permanent freckles—*lentigo*—or to the disfigurement entitled *mask-face*, or *ephelis*, in which the countenance is mapped out as though stained with rubarb. This latter condition may disappear in colder weather, or it may become chronic. Some persons, especially those of light complexion, in place of becoming brown, acquire a peculiar dusky, bronzy hue, like a yellow negro, and even suggestive of disease of either the liver or the suprarenal capsules. It were better to forget the complexion, and seize the opportunity a vacation supplies of bracing the muscles, toning the stomach, and setting the bodily bouse in order, so as to return from one's outing in good solid health, irrespective of the tan, which is only skin-deep, and is no more a token of health than a showy case is a sign of a good watch.

The light of the unmarried French daughter at a watering-place can not be altogether bidden (writes a *Sun* correspondent), even under a bushel of restrictions and precautions. Unless the villa has its own beach, she goes in bathing at the public beach—accompanied by her mother. All the boarders at the great hotels must also take their baths in public. Her mother says to her: "Above all, my child, if a gentleman addresses a word to you, you must turn your back." "Yes, mamma," she replies, with sweet docility; "and shall I turn to the right or to the left?" When the mother sees the tender creature's eyes are wandering, she breaks out fiercely: "How many times have I commanded you not to look at the gentlemen?" "But, mamma, it is they who always begin!" It is the gentlemen who always begin, and where they begin they end. They peep and peer. The fictitious value thus given to the young girl sustains her pride and flutters her emotions. As for the men, it gives them occupation and new interest. "When on the sunny beach, where glitter eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and field-glasses, the beautiful Suzanne de Carnac, at the hour of her bath, discloses, under the revealing tights, that sublime work of God, which is called the body of a pretty woman," etc. This is the language of the seaside *feuilletoniste*, and it reflects, as a clear mirror, not only the ideas of young men and old men on the watch, but the ideas of mother, father, and the timid daughter, too. There are two species of feminine bathing costume seen regularly at Dieppe. The one is a clinging jersey, sleeveless, and ending somewhere above the knee. It is generally private property, not rented from the bath-bouse, and when seen on a pretty girl, in the full sunlight of the beach and without the seclusion of the bathing machine, it is almost sufficient to proclaim her station in life. With this tight costume there goes a pair of canvas shoes and a coquetish cap. The ordinary costume, whether private or rented for the bath, is of exactly the same pattern, except that it is made of cloth. It, too, ends a trifle above or below the knees (according as it fits), and it is also accompanied by a pair of shoes and a coquetish cap. Stockings you will never see, except upon some *démouille* who wishes to attract attention. This is the costume *comme il faut*, and you will scarcely ever see a skirt. Indeed, loose jersey costumes, or jersey costumes not too tight, veiled upon the beach in white *peignoirs*, which are thrown aside when one goes in the water, are no sure test of moral standing.

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SOCIETY.

The Weber-Roeding Wedding.

The First Presbyterian Church, on Van Ness Avenue, was crowded at noon last Wednesday when Miss Marie Roeding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Roeding, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Ferdinand Weber, of Berlin. The chancel was handsomely decorated with tropical plants and great clusters of pink amaryllis and other bloom. Rev. J. M. Buehler was the officiating minister. Miss Emma Lohse was the maid of honor, Mr. George Roeding acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frederick Roeding, Jr., Mr. Alfred Sutro, Mr. T. Ryland, and Mr. Ferguson.

The bride wore a stylish robe of white moiré, en demi-train, trimmed with silk chiffon, and carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses. The maid of honor was attired in a gown of white crepon over white satin, and carried Papa Gontier roses. After the ceremony the bridal party, with a few relatives and intimate friends, were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, 1910 Washington Street. In the beautifully decorated parlors congratulations were extended to the newly wedded couple, after which a delicious breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Weber departed on their wedding trip. They will receive their friends on Friday, September 8th, at 1910 Washington Street, and on the following Sunday will leave for Berlin, where they will reside.

The Marshall-Crane Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Wednesday evening in the First Congregational Church, the contracting parties being Miss Lilahel Crane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel P. Crane, and Mr. Joseph Henry Marshall. Many friends of the young couple were assembled in the church to witness the ceremony, which was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. Dr. Brown. Mr. Douglas B. Crane was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Sewall Bogart, Mr. Louis Carrigan, Mr. R. B. Church, and Mr. B. B. Sturdivant. Miss Anna Marshall, the maid of honor, appeared in a pretty gown of pale blue India silk and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride's robe was of crystal bengaline, made with a demi-train and trimmed with point lace. She wore a diamond brooch in her coiffure, which held the flowing veil of tulle in place. An informal reception followed by a supper was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Page Street. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Marshall left to visit Lake Tahoe, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

The Morrow-Muller Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary St. Lawrence Muller and Mr. William Morrow, son of Mr. Robert F. Morrow, took place Thursday evening, August 17th, at the home of the bride, 610 Bush Street. The residence was artistically decorated with bright blossoms, ferns, and potted plants appearing particularly attractive. Only a few relatives and intimate friends were present to witness the ceremony. During the evening, an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. The evening was passed in a most enjoyable manner. The happy couple were the recipients of many costly gifts.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leuina Wethered, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wethered, to Mr. Henry F. Martinez, both of this city. The wedding will take place early in October.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida S. Irwin, daughter of Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., to Mr. W. Macpherson Wiltbank, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Viola Hyman and Mr. Alfred Rich. No definite time has been set for the wedding.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Giseler Kruger and Mr. Oliver C. Haslett, both of Alameda.

A charity ball, for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, will be given at Golden Gate Commandery Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 7th.

Miss Mae Dimond gave a dinner-party at her home, 2224 Washington Street, on the anniversary of her birthday, and hospitably entertained Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Pratt, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Tompkins, Miss Tobin, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Lieutenant McKenna, U. S. A., Mr. Lawson, Mr. A. Tobin, General W. H. Dimond, and Mr. Harry Dimond.

Herr Dörpfeld, the director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens, believes he has discovered the remains of the actual Troy of Homer in the sixth stratum. The excavations have been carried out at the expense of Mme. Schliemann and the German Government.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

LOVELY WOMAN.

How She is Treated by Professional Slanderers.

Hungarian Proverb: No is the feminine of yes.

Guicciardini: Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all.

Richter: Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

Anon: Nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a pretty set of teeth.

Schopenhauer: Lack of brains is of no consequence to a woman.

Anon: We never know what a woman does not mean until she has spoken.

Paul Bourget: Modesty with women, whether virtuous or not, begins where love ends.

Alphonse Daudet: Women do not look so closely. They are easily caught by a bird-lime of words.

Chamfort: Women see faults much more readily in each other than they can discover perfections.

Anon: A coquette is a rose from which every lover picks a leaf; the thorns are reserved for her husband.

Anon: Six women can talk all at once at the same time and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

George Eliot: These poor silly women-things—they've not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved.

Mrs. Stowe: There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman.

Lord Chesterfield: You may safely flatter any woman from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan.

George Meredith: Women do not care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

Bulwer Lytton: You women regard men just as you buy hooks: you never care what is in them, but how they are bound and lettered.

Bulwer Lytton: They may talk of the devotion of the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love—with herself.

Sydney Yorke: Women can not appreciate generous or even fair treatment, and are apt to regard every concession as a sign of weakness.

Chesterfield: Women have entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but as for solid reasoning and good sense, I never knew one who possessed them.

Locke: Constancy and assiduity is what they can not bear; the same study long continued is as intolerable to them as appearing long in the same clothes or fashion.

La Bruyère: There are few women so perfect as to keep a husband from regretting, at least once a day, that he has a wife, or from considering happy the man who has none.

Anon: There are two potent sources of evil in the world—woman and money; and in the power to excite strife and stir up mischief generally, woman's influence, it must be confessed, is the greater of the two.

Woolver: A Scotch minister once contended in the pulpit that women never enter heaven, upon the ground that, as St. John, in Revelation, says: "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

W. D. Howells: Girlhood is often a turmoil of wild impulses, ignorant exaltations, mistaken ideals, which really represent no intelligent purpose, and come from disordered nerves, ill-advised reading, and the erroneous perspective of inexperience.

Francesco Sforza: There are three cases in life where human wisdom availeth little. Should one desire to take unto one's self a wife, to buy a horse, or invest in a melon, the wise man will recommend himself to Providence, and draw his bonnet over his eyes.

Anon: Owing to the strange contrariety of the opposite sex, directly a man obtains the reputation of having women he at once acquires a dignity and an interest in their eyes which he would not otherwise possess, and which there may be nothing either in his personal appearance or mental qualifications to justify.

George Meredith: Alas for us!—this our awful baggage in the rear of humanity, these women who have not moved on their own feet one step since the primal mother taught them to suckle, are perpetually pulling us backward on the march. Slaves of custom, forms, shows, and superstitions, they are slaves of the priests.

Addison: If we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humor which is so natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense.

W. D. Howells: I have occasionally met young girls who were so totally, insolently, willfully indifferent to the arts which make civilization, that they ought to have been clothed in the skins of wild beasts and gone about barefoot with clubs over their shoulders.

Yet they were of polite origin, and their parents were at least respectful of the things that these young animals despised.

Richter: The fact is, that the very strongest and roughest of men can not hold out in the long run against the everlasting feminine sulking and undermining. For the sheer sake of a little peace and quietness, a man who may have sworn a thousand oaths before marriage that he would have his own way in that condition of life, comes, in the long run, to let his wife have hers.

Sydney Yorke: Woe me rarely love at first sight, and would never do so if they could help it; for they love to be wooed and won; they love to feel the power that is always theirs in courtship; they love to see a man, metaphorically at least, on his knees, to keep him in suspense, and tyrannize over him so long as they are able; for they are conscious of their Achilles heel, and know that, so long as they hold back their love, they will be strong, but the moment they let it go, they will be weak.

Sydney Yorke: Remember that woman is a tyrant, and that only when you are under her little heel, and it is too late to struggle, you will find how pitiless it can be and how quickly it can crush the life and spirit out of a man. Be imperious and overbearing, and you will find her docile and tender; be resolute and masterful, and she will offer you loving homage as to her acknowledged lord. But once let her see you a slave to her whims and a craven suppliant for her caresses, and you will assuredly live to regret your folly.

Cabanis: Women know nothing thoroughly. They mix and confuse all objects, all ideas. Their lively perception has made them acquainted with some part of a subject, and at once they imagine that they know all about it. Its difficulties are distasteful to them. Incapable of directing their attention for any considerable time upon a single subject, they find no real pleasure, no deep enjoyment, in prolonged thought. They hasten quickly from one matter to another; of all that they go through, they retain in memory only disconnected details, and this is the cause of their many curious ideas and notions.

The dailies in this city are so hard up for "good local stories" at present that they are printing all kinds of flimsy gossip, based on nothing at all. The Yokohama "scandal," so-called, printed in several dailies some days ago, had not a leg to stand upon. The most practiced newspaper reader could not examine it without being filled with wonder at its utter lack of any tangible statement. It must have seemed absurd to the diseased imagination of a space-hungry reporter.

In the suit in the local courts of the California Fig Syrup Company against a new corporation calling itself "The Improved Fig Syrup Company," which is alleged to have invaded the rights of the first company, one of the directors of the original Fig Syrup Company testified that they have spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in newspaper advertising and have built up a business worth one million dollars.

H. T. Fink in his new book on Wagner says that one of the composer's strongest affections was his love of animals, which he introduced into all his operas, except "Tristan," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Die Meistersinger."

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), has been elected vice-president of the Washington State Historical Society. The engagement is announced of Miss Mira Eatoo Lord, daughter of Major James H. Lord, U. S. A., to Lieutenant John W. Hayden, First Artillery, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Daniel P. Menefee, U. S. N., who has had charge of the Mare Island Naval Bureau of Registration and Labor for the past two years, has been ordered to duty on the *Adams* at Honolulu.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., have been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., to take effect September 1st.

Pay Inspector Edward Bellows, U. S. N., will take charge of the navy pay office at San Francisco on September 1st.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

"Home Warming and Ventilation" is the title of a little book, in which are printed several articles by authorities on the subject, which has recently been published by the Herendeen Manufacturing Company, of Geneva, N. Y. They have also issued an artistic catalogue of their Faultless Furman Hot Water and Steam Boilers, which contains numerous testimonials, including several from prominent San Francisco institutions.

The concerts given at El Campo every Sunday afternoon are making that pretty place very popular as a Sunday resort. For to-morrow (Sunday, August 27th), the programme includes selections from "The Beggar Student" and from "Martha," a Spanish dance by Le Thiere, Eilenberg's gavotte, "Thoughts of Love," a Waldteufel waltz, and other attractive numbers.

Dinkle—"Funny thing about Notrich and his new placoo." Dinkle—"Is, eh?" Dinkle—"Yes; plays it by ear and pays for it by note."—*Buffalo Courier*.

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SOCIETY.

The Country Club.

Del Monte is at present the scene of much gayety owing to the fact that the Country Club is holding its annual fête there. The special train that left here on Friday afternoon conveyed a large number of people who will stay away until next Monday. On Friday evening the shooting teams were selected and the Country Club band of seventy-five pieces gave a grand concert. The shoot will take place to-day, and a concert and ball are announced for to-night, while to-morrow night the magnificent pyrotechnic display will be the attraction. Complete programmes of the events and of the concerts have been published in our last two issues. Annexed will be found a list of those who engaged rooms in advance and are now at the hotel:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. David Lee, Mr. and Mrs. James H. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wiehelt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. W. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. A. Heilbron, Mr. and Mrs. L. Westerfield, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hurt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. M. Romero, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. St. Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atberton, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. M. Belden, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Marion, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Allison, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Maury, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dooty, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. B. Faymonville, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. George Hagemann.

Mrs. M. R. Sander, Mrs. C. R. Parsons, Mrs. James Todhunter, Mrs. M. E. M. Toland, Mrs. C. F. de Santa Marina, Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. S. F. Miller, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. E. D. Lane, Mrs. E. Ellsworth, Mrs. A. W. Scholle, Mrs. Belle Donahue, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Mrs. William H. Shaw, Mrs. J. W. Shaw, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. C. H. Simpkins, Mrs. Eva T. Shaw, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. Charles A. Laton, Mrs. L. S. Knowles, Mrs. A. P. McBean, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mrs. William Macdonald, Mrs. T. R. Church, Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. B. L. Welch, Mrs. Luke Robinson, Mrs. S. F. Geil, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Howard, Miss Hagar, Miss Van Ness, Miss Lola Arguello, Miss Frink, Miss Dore, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Valledares, Miss Beatrice Wright, Miss Craw, Miss E. de Santa Marina, Miss E. Conner, Miss Bates, Miss Worth, Miss H. B. Whitney, Miss Emeline Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Lee, Miss Preston, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Cunningham, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Gertrude Church, Miss Buckingham, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ella M. Bender, Miss L. A. Taid, Miss Dibble, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Moore, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Irene Tay, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Ames, Miss Bertha Welch, Miss M. L. Rowe, Miss Geil.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, Lieutenant Frank B. McKenna,

U. S. A., Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. George P. Talant, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. E. G. Schmiedel, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mr. H. D. Pillsbury, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. A. S. Tubbs, Mr. R. H. Sprague, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. H. M. Sewall, Mr. W. S. Zeilin, Mr. R. L. Coleman, Mr. William H. Taylor, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. C. Froelich, Jr., Mr. Charles B. Bishop, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. V. de Artimovitch, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. E. F. Gerald, Mr. Truxton Beale, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, Mr. J. E. Fillmore, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Edward Donahoe, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. W. S. Newhall, Mr. R. P. Rithet, Mr. H. Henry Veuye, Mr. R. E. Woodard, Mr. Oscar I. Sewall, Mr. Joseph Eutton, Mr. W. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. C. E. Brown, Mr. S. N. Rucker, Mr. George Hagar, Mr. J. B. MacLaren, Mr. A. MacLaren, Mr. H. MacLaren, Mr. Robert Davis, Mr. P. Diaz, Jr. Mr. Albert Frink, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Ehlers, Dr. Hotzel, Mr. E. C. Wright, Mr. Caleb W. West, Mr. Parker Whitney, Mr. Vincent Whitney, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. Seward McNear, Mr. F. W. McNear, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. L. E. Van Winde, Mr. Robert Whiting, Mr. E. V. Judd, Mr. H. L. Jones, Mr. C. W. Kyle, Dr. H. W. Harkness, Mr. Legree Phoenix, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Charles F. Tay, Mr. P. W. Murphy, Mr. George A. Martin, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. George H. Mendell, Mr. C. F. Fargo.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman have returned from a month's visit at Castle Crags.

Miss Sallie Maynard has been passing a week in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Tompkins.

Miss Lillie Lawlor has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John T. Doyle at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe are visiting New York city.

Mrs. J. J. Crooks has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will pass the remainder of the year at San Mateo.

Mrs. Horace Davis and Mr. Norris Davis have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

General John H. Dickinson is entertaining his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Dickinson, of Portland, Or., at his villa in Sausalito.

Miss Ada Dougherty has gone to New York, and will sail for Europe in September.

Miss Rose Rich is visiting relatives in New York city.

Miss Marie Voorhies left for the East last Tuesday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. Eugene Pissis will go to Chicago on September 5th to inspect the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. William S. Tevis will have a cottage erected on his recently acquired property at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Wise have arrived in Chicago.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and family have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. Truxton Beale is here from Washington, D. C., on a brief visit, passing the time between Del Monte, this city, and his ranch in Southern California.

Mr. Kathwell Hyde came down from his St. Helena vineyard a week ago on a brief visit to his sister.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn will leave next month to visit the Yellowstone Park.

Miss Martha Shainwald will go to Chicago next Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Irma Trast has been visiting friends in San José during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and family have been passing a couple of weeks at San José.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne and Mr. Robert Day have been traveling through Southern California for a couple of weeks, visiting Santa Monica, Redondo, Coronado, and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have left Paris to pass two months in the Swiss Alps. They are accompanied by Miss Mollie Maud Tilley and Master Edwin Finigan.

Mr. E. H. Madison and Miss Madison were in Toronto, Canada, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinkle have returned from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Colonel Charles Sonntag will not go to Europe this season, as has been stated.

Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway and Miss M. Hathaway, of

Sycamore Park, San Lorenzo, have been visiting San José for a week.

Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donahoe and Mr. and Mrs. Montague Hanks recently visited Ben Lomond, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have returned from a visit to Paso Robles.

Mrs. Thomas H. Ruger and Miss Ruger have been passing a couple of weeks at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis Arguello, nee Spence, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles Lux and Mrs. A. N. Lewis are making a prolonged visit at San José.

Miss Lulu Dresbach will soon leave to pass a month at Santa Barbara for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have arrived in Chicago.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and family left for the East last Wednesday.

Miss Mattie Gibbs and Miss Lulu Drinkhouse will leave on September 12th to visit Chicago, Newport, and other resorts.

Mr. Austin Stevens has returned from a prolonged pleasure trip to British Columbia.

Miss Beth Sperry has been passing the week as the guest of Miss Julia Peyton at the Peyton place near Santa Cruz.

Miss Kate Jarboe has been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. H. D. Biscople left for London last Thursday. He will join Mr. H. R. Haxton in Omaha, and they will proceed to the British metropolis together.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A testimonial benefit has been tendered to Miss Ina D. Coolbrigh by many of her friends. Next Thursday evening and Golden Gate Commandery Hall have been selected as the time and place for the entertainment. A programme has been prepared, comprising the following numbers:

Reminiscence from "Tannhauser," Wagner, Saturday Morning Orchestra, Mr. J. H. Rosewald director; poem, General Lucius H. Foote; ballad, "Sunset," Dudley Buck, Mrs. Anna Miller Wood; "Poet's Dream of Women," Mr. Joaquin Miller; polonaise, Edgar S. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Kelley; a short discourse from a familiar text, Mr. George T. Bromley; chorus, "Morning in the Woods," Rheinberger, Mr. David W. Loring, director; other people's ideas, Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher; "Birdie at Case," Taubert, Miss May Vorth, with violin obligato by Mr. J. H. Rosewald; poem, Mr. John Vance Cheney; (a) melody, Paderewski, (b) "Flirtation," Steck, Saturday Orchestra; five minutes on the Alps, Mr. Joseph D. Redding; male chorus, roundelay, Rheinberger, Mr. David W. Loring, director; accompanist, Miss Etta Bayly.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his first concert of the new series next Friday evening at Golden Gate Commandery Hall. He has an excellent programme in preparation, and a large audience is assured. The following artists will appear: Mrs. Mariner Campbell, Miss Mary Mann, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, Mr. Henry Strauss, pianist, and a triple quartet under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore.

Mr. Adolph Bauer has made arrangements to give an exceptionally fine programme at his Wagner concert, which he will give at the Tivoli Opera House next Friday afternoon. Sixty-eight musicians will interpret the selections under his guidance and Miss Maud Berry Fisher will sing "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin."

Mr. H. B. Pasmore, who is now taking a certain number of hours from his classes for composition each week, has composed a new four-part song which has been set to "The Treasures of the Deep," by Mrs. Hemans. It will be sung at Mr. Wilkie's concert.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra, an organization composed of sixty young musicians, will give their second concert at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening, September 5th.

A Texas statistician announces that the population of the world, estimated at one billion four hundred million, if divided in families of five, could be accommodated in Texas, each family with a five-acre lot. He says there would be fifty millions of lots left over for parks and public buildings.

— IT IS AN ESTABLISHED FACT THAT EVERY lady has her escritoire, but has she the little essentials that go to make it complete? In addition to her note-paper and envelopes she must have her silver inkstand, paper-cutter, pen-holder, pen-tray, candlestick, and all of the other factors that go to make the writing-desk complete. If she does not have these things we would advise her to go to the establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, where a complete stock of these articles is kept. At the same time it will be advisable to inspect the assortment of fine, silver-mounted card-cases and purses that are shown in the cases, as they are not only beautiful but extremely cheap.

From Marseilles comes a piece of very interesting and most unusual news. A very rich foreign young princess, staying in the town, accompanied by a sole attendant, has given birth to four children, three boys and a girl. All are reported as doing very well.

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A TIGER'S PLAYTHING.

In India once I went out on a hot, dusty plain near the Ganges, with my rifle and one native servant, to see what I could shoot. It was a dismal place. Here and there were clumps of tall grass and bamboos, with now and then a tamarisk-tree. Parrots screamed in the trees, and the startled caw of some Indian crows made me pause and look around to see what had disturbed them.

The crows almost at once settled down again into silence, and, as I saw no sign of danger, I went on carelessly. I was alone, for I had sent back my servant to find my match-box, which I had left at the place of my last halt; but I had no apprehensions, for I was near the post, and the district was one from which, as was supposed, the tigers had been cleared out some years before.

Just as I was musing upon this fact, with a tinge of regret because I had come too late to have a hand in the clearance, I was crushed to the ground by a huge mass which seemed to have been hurled upon me from behind. My head felt as though it had been dashed with icy or scalding water, and then everything turned black.

If I was stunned by the shock, it was only for an instant. When I opened my eyes, I was lying with my face in the sand. Not knowing where I was or what had happened, I started to rise, when instantly a huge paw turned me over on my back, and I saw the great yellow-green eyes of a tiger looking down upon me through their narrow black slits.

I did not feel horror-stricken; in fact, so far as I can remember, I felt only a dim sense of resignation to the inevitable. I also remember that I noticed with curious interest that the animal looked rather gratified than ferocious.

I don't know how long I lay there, stupidly gazing up into the brute's eyes; but presently I made a movement to sit up, and then I saw that I still held my rifle in my hand. While I was looking at the weapon, with a vague, harassing sense that there was something I ought to do with it, the tiger picked me up by the left shoulder and made off with me into the jungle; and still I clung to the rifle, though I had forgotten what use I should put it to.

The grip of the tiger's teeth upon my shoulder I felt but numbly, and yet, as I found afterward, it was so far from gentle as to have shattered the bone.

Having carried me perhaps half a mile, the brute dropped me and, raising her head, uttered a peculiar, soft cry. Two cubs appeared at once in answer to the summons, and bounded up to meet her. At the first glimpse of me, however, they sheered off in alarm, and their dam had to coax them for some minutes, rolling me over softly with her paw, or picking me up and laying me down in front of them, before she could convince them that I was harmless.

At last the youngsters suffered themselves to be persuaded. They threw themselves upon me with eager though not very dangerous ferocity and began to maul and worry me. Their claws and teeth seemed to awaken me for the first time to a sense of pain. I threw off the snarling little animals roughly and started to crawl away. In vain the cubs tried to hold me. The mother lay watching the game with satisfaction.

Instinctively I crept toward a tree, and little by little the desire for escape began to stir in my dazed brain. When I was within a foot or two of the tree the tiger made a great bound, seized me in her jaws, and carried me back to the spot whence I had started.

"Why," thought I to myself, "this is just exactly the way a cat plays with a mouse!"

At the same moment a cloud seemed to roll off my brain. No words of mine can describe the measureless and sickening horror of that moment, when realization was thus suddenly flashed upon me.

At the shock my rifle slipped from my relaxing fingers; but I recovered it desperately, with a sensation as if I had been falling over a precipice.

I knew now what I wanted to do with it. The suddenness of my gesture, however, appeared to warn the tiger that I had yet a little too much life in me. She growled and shook me roughly. I took the hint, you may be sure, and resumed my former attitude of stupidity; but my faculties were now alert enough and at the cruellest tension.

Again the cubs began mauling me. I repelled them gently, at the same time looking to my rifle. I saw that there was a cartridge ready to be projected into the chamber. I remembered that the magazine was not more than half-empty.

I started once more to crawl away, with the cubs snarling over me and trying to hold me; and it was at this point I realized that my left shoulder was broken.

Having crawled four or five feet, I let the cubs turn me about, whereupon I crawled back toward the old tiger, who lay blinking and actually purring. It was plain that she had made a good meal not long before, and was, therefore, in no hurry to dispatch me.

Within about three feet of the beast's striped forehead I stopped and fell over on my side, as if all but exhausted. My rifle-barrel rested on a little tussock. The beast moved her head to watch me, but evidently considered me past all possibility of escape; for her eyes rested as much upon her cubs as upon me.

The creatures were tearing at my legs, but in this

supreme moment I never thought of them. I had now thoroughly regained my self-control.

Lahoriously, very deliberately, I got my sight and covered a spot right behind the old tigress's forehead, low down. From the position I was in, I knew this would carry the bullet diagonally upward through the heart. I should have preferred to put a bullet in the brain; but in my disabled condition and awkward posture I could not safely try it.

Just as I was ready, one of the cubs got in the way and my heart sank. The old tiger gave the cub a playful cuff which sent it rolling to one side. The next instant I pulled the trigger—and my heart stood still.

My aim had not wavered a hair's-breadth. The snap of the rifle was mingled with a fierce yell from the tiger, and the long-haired body straightened itself up into the air and fell over almost on top of me. The cubs sheered off in great consternation.

I sat up and drew a long breath of thankful relief. The tiger lay beside me, stone dead.

I was too weak to walk at once, so I leaned against the body of my vanquished foe and rested. My shoulder was by this time setting up an anguish that made me think little of my other injuries. Nevertheless, the scene about me took on a glow of exquisite color. So great was the reaction that the very sunlight seemed transfigured.

I know I fairly smiled as I rapped the cubs on the mouth with my rifle-barrel. I felt no inclination to shoot the youngsters, but I would have no more of their over-ardent attentions. The animals soon realized this and lay down in the sand beyond my reach, evidently waiting for their mother to reduce me to proper submission.

I must have lain there half an hour, and my elation was rapidly subsiding before the agony in my shoulder, when at last my man, Gunjeet, appeared, tracking the tiger's traces with stealthy caution.

He had not waited to go for help, but had followed up the beast without delay, vowing to save me or avenge me before he slept.

The cubs, on his approach, had run off into the covert, so we set out at once for the post. When I got there, I was in a raging fever, which, with my wounds, kept me laid up for three months.

On my recovery, I found that Gunjeet had gone the next day and captured the two cubs, which he had sent down the river to Benares, while the skin of the old tiger was spread luxuriously on my lounge.

You will not wonder that the sight of a cat playing with a mouse has become somewhat distasteful to me since that experience. I have acquired so keen a sympathy for the mouse!—*Charles G. D. Roberts in Youth's Companion.*

The Nineteenth-Century Woman.

SCENE.—*The Grand Boulevard at the hour of the absinthe.*

THE CURIOUS ONE—You who know everything, M. Bookworm, tell me, then, what is the woman of to-day?

THE BOOKWORM—Sir, it is an *édition de luxe* of humanity; Eve reissued, embellished by civilization, but not corrected.

THE CURIOUS ONE—A very pretty volume, then? THE BOOKWORM—Yes, if you choose; a volume imprinted by Nature upon the whitest of vellum. This edition matches well with a library of ices and sweets behind curtains of silk and of velvet; but is much too elegantly embossed for a wise man to squeeze into his trunk throughout the long journey of life.—*From the French of the Petit Journal pour Rire.*

Miss Mary Proctor, eldest daughter of the late eminent astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, and herself an enthusiastic student in her father's chosen pursuit, is raising a fund by voluntary subscription for the erection of a suitable monument over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Professor Proctor, it will be remembered, died quite suddenly in New York in September, 1888, and his grave is yet bare of proper recognition. Subscriptions sent to Miss Proctor, 616 North Sixth Street, St. Joseph, Mo., will be gratefully received and properly acknowledged.

With Bad Drinking Water USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. E. G. DAVIES, De Smet, South Dakota, says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad. I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints. It is also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

Any young man who can speak the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages fluently, who knows enough Russian to converse with immigrants from the Czar's domain, and who in addition is smart enough to pass the examination for a post-office clerkship, can obtain the position of interpreter at the Boston post-office. The salary he will receive is six hundred dollars a year.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Buy Steedman's Soothing Powders, but beware of imitations.

THE RISE AND FALL OF JONES CITY.

"Ten years ago," said Jones, "when I was booming Jones City, I built two churches and a theatre, and started a daily newspaper—the Jones City *Volcanic Eruption*. But it was a severe blow to the town when it lost the county-seat. At that time the Dakota court-houses were kept on wheels, I may almost say. One afternoon a party of men from Jumpersburg crept up, hitched six mules on my court-house, and trotted away with it to their own town."

"But I was not discouraged, and determined on the boldest stroke ever attempted in the Territory. It was nothing more nor less than to bring the capitol building down from Bismarck and put it in the place of my court-house, thus making Jones City the capital of the Territory. Fearing that the old Territorial officers might not come, I hired a new set of officials, including a governor, auditor, judges, attorney-general, and so forth, choosing them mostly from my old county officers, who had been left behind. Borrowing the court-house wheels from Jay Bird County, I took my Territorial officers, fifty leading citizens, and ten spans of mules and proceeded to Bismarck. Under cover of darkness we adjusted the wheels and hitched on the mules. Most of my officials took their places in the several rooms, and as the level rays of the rising sun shot athwart the great broad plain, carpeting it with cloth of gold and waking the song-birds to melody and the wild flowers to prodigality of fragrance, I touched up the wheel mules from the front portico, and we rolled away out of town, with my governor on the roof blowing a tin horn and my superintendent of schools—a very conservative man—on top of the chimney firing his revolver into the air and singing 'Hail Columbia.' It was a noble scene, and one which lives in my memory; but the effort was a failure. Gentlemen, I left Dakota without a cent in the world."

Jones rested his cheek in his hand and looked at the floor.

"But tell us what was the difficulty," said Robinson.

"Yes, it is no more than right that you should know. When we were about ten miles out, my attorney-general came to me and raised a point of law. It was this: That Jones City would not become the legal capital of the Territory unless we had the cellar which belonged under the capitol building. I gave the reins to my Territorial secretary and directed the attorney-general instantly to bring a test case before the district court, then sitting in its chambers on the first floor. It decided that he was right. Then, as we rattled along across the prairie, I appealed the case to the supreme court, on the second floor. It confirmed the decision of the lower court. I instantly stopped, unhitched the mules, and went back after the cellar. We were all arrested at Bismarck, with the aid of troops from Fort A. Lincoln, for abduction. It appeared that the beggarly janitor of the capitol was hidden in his room in the attic, and that we had kidnapped the scoundrel without knowing it. We got off at the trial, but it cost me every cent I had. To-day the antiquarian who searches for Jones City finds only the spreading, trackless plain, with the June roses looking up saucily for the warm kisses of the sun, and a sea of prairie-lilies billowing itself in long rolling waves under the bold caresses of the ardent wind."—*Harper's Weekly.*

To the German Emperor is ascribed a thoughtful provision for servant-girls, which was put in force two years ago. Every maid-servant, it seems, is provided with a stamp-book. In this book, every week, a three-cent stamp, bought from the government, is pasted by her mistress. This is, on her part, the tax which she pays the government presumably as her license to keep a servant. The benefit accrues to the girl, for, should the girl be ill, the stamps will be redeemed by the government for her support; otherwise the stamps are kept and become a fund for her in old age.

Over Many a League

Spreads the infectious air poison of chills and fever, a complaint to the eradication and prevention of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. Vast and fertile districts are periodically visited by this relentless malady. Fortify with the Bitters and prevent it. Rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, kidney trouble, and nervousness are conquerable in any stage by this comprehensive medicine, indorsed and commended by intelligent physicians everywhere.

The winner in the military ride between Vienna and Berlin last fall covered the distance in seventy-one hours and forty minutes. Fischer, who won the bicycle race over the same road, took thirty-one hours to accomplish the task. The regular express trains make the trip in sixteen hours.

On some railroads the cars are provided by the Bible Society and other religious organizations with Bibles that are kept in racks, and, curiously enough, the racks are systematically robbed.

Ripans Tabules banish pain and prolong life. Your druggist will supply them if asked.

"Almost as Palatable as Milk"

This is a fact with regard to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. The difference between the oil, in its plain state, is very apparent. In

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you detect no fish-oil taste. As it is a help to digestion there is *no after effect except good effect*. Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion is the best promoter of flesh and strength known to science.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of
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ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,
and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and LA GRIPPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing. Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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Cordrey's Deviled Ham

DEVILED HAM ROLLS.

Make some light, rather rich, pastry, roll thin and cut in squares of about four inches. Spread thin upon each square some of Cordrey's Deviled Ham, moistened with cream sauce or milk, leaving about one-half of an inch around the edge uncovered. Moisten the edges with cold water and roll each sheet of ham and pastry, compactly pressing the ends together. Brush over with white of egg and bake.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

ARTISTS WANTED! "LUCKEY'S HINTS ENGRAVING" is a handsomely illustrated little booklet, which gives you a \$500 art education at home, for only 25 cents in silver (don't send stamps). I write advertisements and illustrate them, and among my patrons I have general advertisers who use the great city dailies and magazines, as well as progressive country merchants who are anxious to lead their competitors. I always have a demand for creditable advertising sketches sent by those who have the booklet, and you can make some money. J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Illinois.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/4-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

The public are influenced by advertising, but they are influenced only by correct, legitimate, well-written, well-placed advertising.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

RENTS

BALDWIN & HAMMOND,
10 Montgomery Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

After her conversion, Eugénie Foa asked of the Abbé Ratisbonne: "Is it a sin to be pleased when men say that one is pretty?" "Certainly," he replied; "one must never encourage a lie."

A tourist had visited a small historic town. He was shown the massive wall that surrounded it and the immense town gates. "You need to be very careful," he said, gravely, to the official who was his escort. "Why so?" "Some time when these gates are open the village may get lost."

Roqueplan excelled in practical jokes. When he was manager of the Variétés, Boulé, who stuttered, insisted upon reading to him a vaudeville which he had written. Roqueplan said, in his dreamy way: "There is an idea in it. . . . It's amusing to hear all these personages who stutter." "I beg your pardon," replied Boulé, "I am the stutterer." "Oh, then," said Roqueplan, "I do not want the play."

One day on leaving the stage, Augustine Brohan happened to hear two fellow-artists discussing a subject which seemed to be extremely engrossing. On questioning them as to the topic of conversation: "We are speaking of the creation," they said. "I was not living at that time," she answered, smiling. And then added, with a serious face: "You had better ask Mme. Allan about it." This lady was one of her rivals on the stage.

It is said that the French Abbé Delile once had in his household a very quick-tempered relative, with whom he sometimes had animated disputes, and who sometimes went so far as to throw books at the abbé. The abbé must have been a person of great amiability and self-control. Once, when a particularly large and heavy volume was thrown at him, he caught it gracefully and said: "My dear friend, I must beg of you to remember that I prefer small gifts."

A candid and well-meaning professor, who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house, in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from behind the curtain. "Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently; the part fits you to perfection." "Oh, no, professor," said the lady, modestly; "a young and pretty woman is needed for that part." "But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"

When Theodore Hook went to the coronation (says James Payn), it is recorded that he set to work to bamboozle a couple of old ladies from the country. When the bishops came in, he told them that these were "the peeresses in their own right," and when the lord chancellor appeared, he said it was Cardinal Wolsey. In this way he went too far, for one of them observed: "We may be simple, sir, but we know that Cardinal Wolsey has been dead these many years." "Ladies," he said, "you have been deceived by the newspapers; they will say anything."

A member of a professional base-ball club put up at a first-class hotel in a city where his nine happened to be playing (says the New York Mercury). It was his first season, and he was hardly accustomed to so much luxury. The bill of fare was a trouble to him, printed largely in French, as all first-class bills of fare are. He studied over it for some time. Then he beckoned to the waiter. "Got any roast beef?" "Yes, sah; any vegetables, sah?" The ball-player took up the card again hopelessly. Then, with a defiant air, he described a half-circle round his plate. "Make it kind o' cloudy round here," he said. And the waiter did.

Colonel Stone, of Tennessee, when he was running for governor, met for the first time a delegate from one of the rural counties to the State convention. The colonel said: "I am glad to meet you. I have known your father for many years, but never had the pleasure of your acquaintance. I see, however, that the son is better-looking than the father." "Look here, colonel," said the delegate, "you need not be flattering me up, for I am out and out for Barksdale for governor, although the old man is for you." "Why, I simply find you better-looking than your father, but I did not say you had half as much sense as he has," returned the colonel. Those

standing around roared with laughter, in which the delegate good-humoredly joined.

Mr. Oswald has the reputation of being the "hardest fighter" at the London bar (says Truth). He was once arguing a case in the court of appeals at great length. Already the court had intimated pretty clearly that it had heard enough; but Mr. Oswald had treated these intimations in his usual manner, and went on raising point after point. "Really," at last one of the lord justices remonstrated—"really, Mr. Oswald, if you intended to rely on these points you should have raised them in the court below." "So I did, my lord," replied Mr. Oswald, "but their lordships stopped me." "They stopped you, did they?" inquired Lord Esher, eagerly; "how did they do it?"

The late Henry de Mille, who collaborated with David Belasco in a number of plays, used to tell this story (says the Sun): "I once had an opportunity, in a play Dave and I had written, to make use of the third verse of Psalm xciv. 'Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?' The actor who had this to speak came to me at rehearsal, one day, and objected to the line, which he said he considered very weak. He concluded his objections by asking if I was 'stuck' on the line. I said I rather liked the line, but had no personal interest in it, as in this instance I was only an adapter, the line being David's. 'David's, eh?' exclaimed the actor; 'that's just what I thought. Any one could spot that for some of Dave Belasco's bad English.'"

Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," desired to be supposed to be always on the most familiar terms with people of eminence. One day a brother barrister, who knew this peculiarity of his, called at his chambers, and, in the course of conversation, Warren could not help remarking that he was invited to dine with the Lord Chancellor that evening. "That's capital," said his friend; "for so am I. So we shall meet there." Warren looked a little put out. "But I am sorry to say, I am not able to go," he said. "Really? I am sorry for that, and so will be the chancellor. I'll tell him how sorry you are." After a little more talk the visitor rose to go. "Don't trouble," said Warren, "to say anything about me to his lordship to-night." "It will be no trouble; I shall only tell him how sorry you are. Why not?" "Well, the fact is," said Warren, with a flush, "I was not invited." "No more," replied the other, with a grin, "was I."

A man entered a pawnbroker's shop in the Bowery (says the Journal of Finance), and, laying down a twenty-dollar bill, asked if he could be accommodated with a dollar on it. The pawnbroker saw at once that the bill was genuine, and said to the stranger, shoving the bill toward him as he spoke, that he was in no mood for nonsense. But the stranger, shoving the bill back, rejoined in earnest tones that he meant business; that he could not get any conductor on a horse-car to change the bill; that he had already been put off three cars; that his boots were awful tight; and that unless he could get a dollar on the bill, he would be compelled to walk to the Battery. Well, the pawnbroker could not but feel that the stranger meant what he said. So he took up the twenty-dollar bill, toyed with it a few moments, and then said to him: "Well, my friend, I'd like to accommodate you; but owing to the financial stringency, I can only give you seventy-five cents."

The Genuine and the Sham.

Every good thing has its host of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeit. The imitators always choose the most valuable and popular article to counterfeit, so that when they claim their sham to be equal, or as good, or the same as "So-and-So's," the public may depend upon it that "So-and-So's" article is the best of the kind. The sham proves the genuine merit of the thing it copies and never has this been better illustrated than by the imitations of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is the standard of excellence the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as ALLCOCK'S" are only emphasizing this fact and admitting "ALLCOCK'S" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate. The difference between the genuine and these imitations, which copy only general appearance, is as wide as that between copper and gold.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Aug. 22, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|-----------|--|------------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Klamath, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | * 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José. | † 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | * 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Peters and Milken. | * 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. | 6:45 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | * 9:00 P. |
| 1:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Vossburg), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| * 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | * 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| † 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| * 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | † 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | * 2:45 P. |
| † 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | † 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| † 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | † 2:57 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | * 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | † 7:26 P. |

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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The American drama seems to be waking up. We had a play at the Baldwin last week of the American parvenu in the savage state besieging the effete monarchies. We have had plays of New York drawing-rooms where the élite of the upper circles were portrayed in all their radiant charm. We have seen the New South since the war, and both the South and the North during the war, when the thunder of cannon interrupted the dialogue, and boys in blue and boys in gray rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell. We have seen the fine old Virginia gentleman, who had a sense of honor reaching to the clouds, also a large regret for the remunerative days of slavery, and a magnificent way of forgetting to pay his bills, and the New England farmer, with a nasal voice, a quaint and racy sense of humor, and a soft heart.

In "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we get another phase of national life. We are on the plains this time in an army post. We have followed the star of empire out toward the setting sun, to where the railroad lies along the great levels in a straight path of steel that dwindles and dwindles to a shining point on the horizon, to where the telegraph-poles stalk away into the red sunset, and the wake of the settler's prairie-schooner is marked by the blackened rings of his camp-fires. It is the great West—the real West where there are Indians who dance the sun-dance and massacre the frontiersmen.

This is an excursion for David Belasco. From the gorgeously upholstered drawing-rooms of Fifth Avenue to the rough stockaded fort of an army post is rather a long stride. It is to be supposed that Franklio Fyles supplied the local color. For the dialogue is all Belasco, and the *ingénue* and her young man are as familiar to the theatre-goer as the menial who comes in and says: "The carriage waits, me lord!" But the setting, the atmosphere, the background are fresh and Americano. With all Belasco's faults we love him still, because he writes American plays about American people. It is as good as a breath of fresh air would be to the Baldwin Theatre to see a good American play. It is so very dull for us to be always hearing about lords, and dukes, and M. P.'s, and Queen's Drawing-Rooms. We want to hear about our own people, how they feel, and think, and act, and what there is of tragedy and comedy in their lives.

The native dramatists have, so far, rather fought shy of the West. They have simply reveled in the romantic picturesqueness of the South, from the "Uncle-Tom's-Cabin" era to the period of "Alabama" and "Colonel Carter." They have shown us all phases of New York life, from the inner circles of exclusiveness and Knickerbocker surmises to the life of the Harlem resident as Hoyt portrays it, and the adopted Irish citizen as Harrigao and Hart used to represent it. There was even a time when the soaring muse of Augustus Daly came down to the earth and condescended to inspire that accomplished playwright to the composition of a fierce, wild, New York melodrama, in which there were gangs of robbers and wily detectives, trap-doors, abducted children, runaway mothers, pistols, snow-storms, disguises, and blood and thunder generally. But the West has been neglected, or has only served as material for such plays as "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler" and "The Danites." The romantic and the dramatic side of Western life is associated in the minds of theatre-goers with revolvers, sombreros, scalps, bowie-knives, miners, desperadoes, and beautiful Spanish damsels—Bret Harte flavored with a dash of Old Scotch.

Belasco and Franklin Fyles have taken a highly dramatic situation and worked it up with cleverness and skill into an exceeding good play. The native flavor is strong—it is pure American, and pure Western American. Like all the plays that Belasco has a hand in, the interest concentrates abruptly in the second and third acts, flagging in the fourth, and, also—as one always finds in his plays—the tone of the whole piece is intensely modern, alive with the life of the very moment. The people, too, are the usual kind, simple people, with a few elementary emotions; every-day people, intensified to suit the restricted length of an ordinary melodrama; average people, slightly idealized. This may be one of the secrets of De Mille and Belasco's popularity. They people their plays with men and women who are the ideals of the masses. They are never above their audience, as the more artistic playwrights often are.

The great scene in the drama is, of course, a reproduction of the scene in Boucicault's "Jessie Brown." The real story, from which this in turn was taken, is one of the most intensely and vividly dramatic episodes in history or fiction. "Breathes

there a man with soul so dead" that he can not thrill when he reads the description of the relief of Lucknow? It is the most tremendous of stories—the most exciting, the most affecting, the most fiercely dramatic. It contains the heroic element which makes such a legend as Horatius at the bridge go down from age to age forever fresh and young, and offers a perfect example of the type of bravery that entirely ignores the claims of self—the sort of bravery which prompted the captain of *The Three Bells* to the performance of one of the most heroic acts in the range of history or fiction. While men live, such stories as these of human life rescued against great odds and at great peril will hold the reader of the tale, the spectator of the play, spell-bound in breathless interest.

In Boucicault's play it was Jessie Brown, the young Scotch woman, who, in the midst of the horror of musket-shot and smoke and blood, lying prone on the ground, sick with fever and hardship and terror, raised herself suddenly, listened, and cried wildly: "Dinna ye hear it?—the pibroch of the MacGregor!" There was the momentary lull of hope and wonder. Then the silence of strained expectation, and then, in the distance, a thread of sound through the roaring of musketry, rose up the harsh, faint skirl of "the pibroch of the MacGregor." It was Agnes Robertson's great part, and she was said to have been very fine in it.

In Belasco and Franklin Fyles's play the dawn breaks over the stockade, with the handful of soldiers guarding it against thousands of Indians. The auditor looks in upon the stockade, flanked with high palisades and with the side of the fort shutting it in on one side. In the inclosure the men, in their dusty, dingy dress, stand high on an elevation of boards, pointing their muskets between the cracks of the palisades. Below, by the pale light of the dawn, the officers, in full-dress uniform, and the two girls, in the long, trailing pale-colored gowns of the evening before, move about restlessly, waiting for a renewal of the attack. Hope is almost extinguished. The Indian girl, claiming an entrance, has crept into the stockade, and silently from under her blanket draws forth the hat of the courier who was to bring relief from Fort Assinaboine, announcing at the same time that he has been killed.

When the sun rises above the horizon and the light breaks warm and clear, the Indians make a fierce attack. The soldiers rush to the outer part of the stockade, where, unseen, their continuous volleys of musketry come muffled to the ears of the audience. The Indians have come to the attack singing, in a strange nasal tone, a war-song that rises and falls in whining, sing-song cadences. The general and his daughter, left alone in that part of the stockade, proceed to enact a gawson scene, wherein, in response to a promise, the general has resolved to kill Kate when the stockade falls. It is at this crisis, when the horrible rhythmic whine of the war-song rises louder and louder, when the crashing of the stockade sounds from without and the general has raised his pistol to fire, that his daughter suddenly lifts an arresting hand, stands motionless, listens, and then cries, breathlessly: "I hear it—the call of the Twelfth!" Then in the distance, faint and far, comes the sound of the bugle-call of the Twelfth as they ride up like a tornado in the glow of the dawn.

The scene is very intense, and the part of it where the general promises to shoot his daughter and proceeds to put his promise into execution is highly tragic. Unfortunately, neither Mr. Arbuckle nor Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs was quite up to this scene, and, though they were sufficiently intelligent not to make it absurd, they injured the intensity of it by over-acting. Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs especially, sighing and clutching her hair in a desperate manner. Of course the prospect of being shot is not a cheerful one, but, in terrible moments like this, people either become null with terror, or they are silently courageous, or they are hysterical and faint. To be gracefully and charmingly distraught is not natural.

The company, taken roughly, were greatly inferior to the play. A first-class company in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" would be something good to see. Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs as Kate, the general's daughter, was acceptable, especially in the lighter scenes. She had a strange fancy for wearing singular skirts. One all flounced and one all shirred were extremely interesting, in that they made one wonder how they ever were got to set so nicely. In the ball scene, Mrs. Gibbs wore a pretty blue gown, but this having a plain, ordinary skirt was not so novel.

The Major Burleigh of Mart Heisy was the best piece of work in the play. It was unaffected and natural, and if only actors and actresses would know what an enormous advantage they gain by this, they would never mouth their words nor be self-conscious again. Mr. Heisy was so well at ease in his character that he even succeeded in triumphing over the scene where he had to go and glide about the stage, a large six-shooter in his hand, lifting portières and looking behind sofas in a murderous search for the villain.

The Californian débutante, Miss Everett, had the part of the first *ingénue*, Lucy Hawkesworth. Miss Everett, for one who has been so short a time on the stage, has made a good deal of progress. She had only one good scene, in the first part of the last act, and gave this with spirit and humor. This must have been rather difficult, as the scene is fully as silly as any one of the *ingénue's* love-scenes that De Mille

and Belasco are so fond of. Lucy Hawkesworth has to propose to her bashful swain, and Miss Everett portrayed the character of this daring yet shy young lady with a demure piquancy that was very attractive.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 28th: "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Baldwin; "Ship Ahoy" at the Tivoli; "The Wolves of New York"; and "Ye Earlie Trouble."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is drawing large audiences to the Baldwin Theatre, and from present indications will continue to do so until the close of the engagement.

The matinee given last Sunday afternoon by members of the various theatrical organizations in town was enjoyed by a large audience, and some twelve hundred dollars was placed to the credit of the Midwinter Fair fund.

A scenic spectacular entertainment is to follow "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Baldwin. It is called "Urania," and was a success in New York, where its novelties in scenic art and its electric and steam effects were much discussed.

"Ship Ahoy" seems to have caught the fancy of the Tivoli patrons. It is a lively musical comedy, filled with pretty airs and such amusing situations as would arise when a comic-opera company is rescued from a desert island by a ship of the United States navy. It will easily run through next week.

Franklin Fyles, who was David Belasco's collaborator in writing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is one of "the Sun's" bright young men" and has done the dramatic work for Mr. Dana's paper for some years. He used to be considered the author of the "Clara Belle" letters on dress and underwear, but denied it four or five years ago.

The Irving-Terry tour of America, which will last thirty weeks in all, will commence with a two weeks' engagement in this city on the first Monday in September. The company includes some sixty people and carries an enormous amount of costumes, scenery, and properties. The programme for the first week has already been announced. On Monday, Irving will be seen as Mathias in "The Bells," which will be preceded by a one-act comedy, "Nance Oldfield," to introduce Miss Terry. On Tuesday, they will appear as Shylock and Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, Irving's latest London success, "Becket," will be given; Miss Terry's rôle of Rosamond in this play is said to be one of her most beautiful parts. Saturday night, "The Lyons Mail" will be given, with Irving as Dubose and Lesurgues. The programme for the second week has not yet been arranged.

It is curious to note the programme of the Garden Theatre in New York on its recent opening night, a fortnight ago, for its principal features were three American girls who have returned to their native shores after winning a fame abroad that—well, in two cases at least—was denied them here. They were Isabella Urquhart, an erstwhile Casino favorite; Olga Brandon, whose "midnight eyes," admired in New York, gave her rank as an artist in London; and Loie Fuller, whom everybody knows all about now. Miss Fuller was the star of the occasion, and her dance is thus described in the *Sun*:

"Miss Fuller gave the serpentine-dance which has made her famous on two continents, but it was not the same dance in which she was last seen here. It is now an elaborate and magnificent performance, which involves six changes of costume and at least a dozen calcium lights stationed in different parts of the stage and auditorium. As a dancer Miss Fuller is not as light of foot or as graceful as other performers that have been seen here, but by the skillful employment of colored lights, she gives a performance that is novel and beautiful."

"It would be no easy matter to describe the many kaleidoscopic changes achieved by the calcium lights. She floated about the darkened stage, an entrancing vision of exquisite and variegated hues, and her efforts were produced with so much art and so many surprises as to arouse her audience to high enthusiasm."

"In the last of her changes her whirling skirts were made to look like a superb blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds, and a moment later the words 'Good-night' were thrown upon her in vivid red."

Queen Victoria has about forty pet dogs. Her greatest favorites are collies.

A Sensational Story

Has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by grocers and druggists.

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BALDWIN THEATRE.

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Monday, August 28th. Second Week of the Empire Theatre Play.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME!

The Successful American Drama by David Belasco and Franklin Fyles.

GOLDEN GATE HALL,

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Friday Evening.....September 1, 1893

GRAND INAUGURAL OF

Wilkie's Ballad Concerts

In which the following artists will appear:
MRS. MARRINER-CAMPBELL, MR. WALTER C. CAMPBELL,
MISS MARV MANN, and ALFRED WILKIE.
Assisted by a triple quartet under the direction of
H. B. PASMORE.

HOTTER WISMER, Violinist.
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Subscription, six concerts (reserved), \$5.00. Subscription, evening or afternoon, three concerts, \$2.50. Single reserved seat, \$1.00.
Subscription sale begins Wednesday morning, August 30th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the sale of single seats commences on Thursday.

GOLDEN GATE HALL,

625 SUTTER STREET.

Thursday Evening.....August 31, 1893

TESTIMONIAL

— TO —

INA D. COOLBRITH

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.
Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Philosophy. Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$525) in Greek, Latin, English, German, and Teutonic Philology, Romance, Languages, Mathematics, History, Chemistry, and Biology. A fourth Hall of Residence will, it is hoped, be opened in the autumn, and will accommodate all applicants for admission. For Program address as above.

ZISKA INSTITUTE,

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French, German, and English Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies and Children.

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Term begins Wednesday, August 16th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

Miss Adie's Boarding and Day School,

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House thoroughly renovated, refurnished, and enlarged for increased number of pupils. Re-opens August 1, 1893.

MISS LAKE'S

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1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

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MISS HEAD'S

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Care of the health and sound physical development provided for, together with thorough mental training.

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French, Spanish, German, English, and Latin. New classes formed August 15th. PROF. DE FILIPPE, graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, continues to instruct in SPANISH and FRENCH, by his simplified and practical method. Saving months of study. THE ONLY METHOD for acquiring a foreign language.

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In addition to its unequalled musical advantages, exceptional opportunities are also provided for the study of *Elocution*, the *Fine Arts*, and *Modern Languages*. The admirably equipped House affords a safe and inviting residence for students.

Calendar: FRANK W. HALE, Gen. Manager.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Snooper—"He took a drop too much and died."
Skidmore—"Delirium tremens?" *Snooper*—"No; parachute."—*Ex.*

"Why are you so noisy?" asked the cloud of the church-bell. "Because I am inspired," answered the bell.—*Truth.*

He—"What a fresh complexion Miss Flirtie has." *She* (rival belle)—"Yes, fresh every day, I believe."—*New York Weekly.*

Cynical editor—"Ab, it's the way of the world. We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."—*Texas Siftings.*

Ada—"Why does Clara speak of George as 'her intended'? Are they engaged?" *Alice*—"No; but she intends they shall be."—*Ex.*

Among friends: *Willis*—"Brown says he has a horse for sale." *Wallace*—"I don't doubt it. I sold him one the other day."—*Life.*

"I understand Jigson is financially interested in the concern he is with." "Yes; they owe him six months' salary."—*Westfield Union.*

"Mr. Editor, I am told you called me a swindler in a recent issue of your paper!" "No, sir, we only print the very latest news."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"There goes Van Dabble, the artist. Is he rising in his profession?" "Oh, yes. Why, he has got so he can borrow five or ten dollars at a time."—*Life.*

Mamma—"I saw you playing in the lot, Johnnie." *Johnnie*—"I know you did." *Mamma*—"How did you know it?" *Johnnie*—"Cause you jus' told me so."—*Judge.*

"The world, my boy, is nothing but a big apartment-house." "Yes—and a mighty poor one. No elevators to take you to those roomy apartments at the top."—*Puck.*

Portia—"Here's Dick Roller, with his million-dollar fiancée." *Helen*—"He looks like a martyr, doesn't he?" *Portia*—"Yes; bound to the stake."—*Frank Leslie's.*

Briggs—"Doesn't your wife object to your smoking cigarettes about the house?" *Braggs*—"No; she uses me as a horrible example to our boy."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

St. Peter—"I'll wager you the new arrival is a clergyman." *Gabriel*—"What makes you think so?" *St. Peter*—"Everything reminds him of something he saw abroad."—*Life.*

Brown—"That is a beautiful medal Smith has." *Jones*—"Yes; that's for beating the bicycle record." *Brown*—"What is his record?" *Jones*—"Run over seventeen men in a week."—*Ex.*

Shrewd, but polite: *Lady* (on windy day)—"This window sticks so I can't get it up." *Gentleman* (behind)—"Mine works easily, madam. Allow me to exchange seats with you."—*New York Weekly.*

Bunson—"A deaf and dumb tramp asked my wife for breakfast this morning." *Munson*—"How did he ask for breakfast, if he was deaf and dumb?" *Bunson*—"Said nothing and sawed wood."—*Puck.*

A dog worth having: *Young Tutter*—"That's a splendid big dog you have, Miss Pinkerly. Is he affectionate?" *Miss Pinkerly*—"Oh, yes. Come here, Rover, and show Mr. Tutter how to kiss me."—*Judge.*

She (on the beach)—"I was afraid you were going to kiss me then, you pursed up your lips so." *He*—"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that. I merely had some sand in my mouth." *She* (disgustedly)—"Don't take it out. It may get into your system."—*Judge.*

Featherstone—"Mr. Tutter asked me to step in and say he wouldn't be around to-night. I don't want to unnecessarily alarm you, Miss Pinkerly, but the fact is he has broken his arm." *Miss Pinkerly* (anxiously)—"Oh, how dreadful! Which arm is it?"—*Truth.*

Mr. Young Pop—"I'll be cook myself, my dear, but d—me if I'll set foot in an intelligence-office again. I picked out the most respectable-looking woman in the room, and, stepping up to her, said: 'Can you fill the position of cook?' She looked like our bantam fighting-cock as she replied: 'I am trying to fill that of our coachman. I think you would suit admirably.'"—*Life.*

"Time I was out in Colorado," said the man with the ginger beard, "I was chased by the Indians into a cave, and had to stay there three months without anything to eat." Here the man with the ginger beard looked round defiantly, expecting some one to doubt his assertion; but, as no one spoke, he continued: "I s'pose I would ha' starved if it hadn't been for my wife and family back East. Whenever I would git to thinkin' of them, a big lump would rise right up in my throat; and, by swallowin' that, I kep' myself from starvin'."—*Ex.*

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Plausible.

They go into the church unwed,
And married they come out;
And this is why, it has been said,
The sex is so devout.—*Puck.*

Disastrous Incredulity.

"It isn't loaded," Smith declares,
While Brown's distrust increases;
The latter goes his way in peace,
The former goes in pieces.—*Puck.*

Something New in Neckwear.

Sir Walter Raleigh used his coat
To keep his fair queen dry;
If he had lived to-day, he might
Have used his summer tie.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Wasted Ammunition.

I paid two dollars for a tie;
Oh, it was just immense,
And then I started for the shore,
With gayety intense.

Said I: "I'll paralyze the girls
With this most gorgeous tie;
With them 'twill be love at first sight
As I walk smiling by."

But when I stood upon the beach
At last I had a fit—
By Jove! The first girl that I saw
Had on one just like it.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Up to Date.

Oh, hatcher, when I deal with thee
All sentiment is dead;
Take hack the heart thou gavest me
And give me ham instead.
—*Washington News.*

A Change of Face.

A year ago she thought love true;
Her lips were red, her eyes were blue.
To-day her dream of love is dead;
Her lips are blue, her eyes are red.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Insatiate.

Man wants but little here below—
You've heard the tale before;
No matter what he gets, you know,
He wants a little more.
—*Washington News.*

Music Then and Now.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
She knew enough to hold her tongue.
When Music, heavenly maid, grew old,
She learned to harter noise for gold.
For Music in her middle age
Went on the operatic stage.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Reconciled.

He very much condemned his wife's
Profuse aquatic capers
That brought herself and hatching-suit
So often in the papers;
But now he's reconciled, for in
A telegram 'twas said
She'd gone beyond her depth and could
Not be resuscitated.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Cherry-Pie.

Oh, cherry-pie! oh, cherry-pie!
I love you most unduly;
But, cherry-pie, dear cherry-pie,
You have your failings truly.

Especially is that the case
When you are made by hakers,
For then you wear a friendly face
To all the undertakers.

To me you say: "Enjoy me now."
To them you speak a treatise
Upon the when, and where, and how
Of dread appendicitis.—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Mame."

At dark, at dark on Cherry Hill,
With der gas-jets flarin' bright,
An' der singin' sailors never still,
An' de dancin' all the night—
But I ain't got nuthin' a' tall ter say,
An' nuthin' a' tall I see;
Thinkin' o' Mame, as I do all day,
An' de gang is on ter me.

Alone, alone, dey've shook me dead,
Though dey're all afraid to chaff;
An' never a guy one word has said,
But I know I gits der laugh.
O Mame! O Mame! it's all fer you
I'm 'trown down like dis—see?
But all der same I loves yer true
An' de gang is on ter me.

A mont', a mont', since we first met
On a 'scursion down the bay,
Of der Michael Feeny Social Set;
Oh, der fun we had dat day!
An' comin' hack der hig bright moon
Shone silver on de sea;
We spiled at ev'ry chowder tune,
Till de gang got on ter me.

All day, all day, I'm workin' hard
As I never worked before,
A jugglin' stone in Clancy's Yard
Till both me hands is sore.
So have me fer yer steady fel',
An' say you're stuck on me.
As fer der rest—aw, wot t'ell,
If de gang is on ter me!
—*Roy L. McDardell in Puck.*

The Mare made the Money Go.

He got a tip about a mare
And thought that he would hack her,
And now he wears no flannel coat,
But simply alpaca.—*Cloak Review.*

Fresh.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going in bathing, sir," she said,
"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"The water's too salt for you," she said.
—*Truth.*

An Equivocal Success.

I called, her hand in marriage to implore,
Quite fearful that my mission would prove fruitless;
But, as her father met me at the door,
It was not wholly hoodless.—*Truth.*

DCCXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 27, 1893.

Potato Soup.
Cantaloup.
Crawfish Croquettes. Cucumbers.
Rabbits Stewed in Claret Wine.
Stuffed Bell-Peppers. Summer Squash.
Roast Veal. Sweet Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Orange Jelly. Custard Cake.
Fruits. Coffee.

ORANGE JELLY.—Dissolve half a box of Knox's Gelatine in a small cup of hot water, then add the juice of one lemon and one-half cup of cold water, one cup of sugar and one pint of orange-juice; stir all together and strain.
To Serve.—In preparing the juice cut the oranges from the upper side carefully, so that when the orange is all out the skins can be cut into haskets with handles; fill these with the jelly and place in a pan filled with bran or flour to harden; or, cut a small piece from the tops of the oranges very smoothly, with a small pointed spoon take out all the insides. When the jelly has cooled a little, pour it into the skins as into cups and set on ice to harden. When firm, serve on a glass dish ornamented with green leaves.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

Visitor—"Is your father out?" *Bobby*—"Yes."
Visitor—"Where has he gone?" *Bobby*—"He hasn't gone nowhere. He's in the smoking-room, playing poker." *Visitor*—"I thought you said he wasn't at home." *Bobby*—"I said he was out."—*Life.*

G. A. R. Notice!

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The House has, by a majority that astonishes everybody, declared against the further purchase of silver bullion, against resumption of coining silver dollars under the Bland-Allison Act, and against the coining of silver at any ratio in any amount. The amendments providing for ratios varying from sixteen to twenty were defeated, and then on a vote on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act there was an affirmative majority of one hundred and thirty. By this action of the House, matters have been left in an extremely unsettled condition. Their action, in fact, may be said to be entirely negative—not to continue monthly purchases of silver bullion, not to coin 2,500,000 silver dollars monthly as under the Bland-Allison Act, not to change the ratio between gold and silver, and not to fix the

financial status of the country. In short, this House of Representatives, with an overwhelming Democratic majority, does not dare to settle anything, and treats the financial question with the cowardice so characteristic of the Democratic party. Divided according to parties, the Republicans showed a majority of one hundred for repeal, the Democrats, thirteen, and the Populists all voted in the negative. Divided according to geographical sections, the South was evenly divided on the proposition, the East gave a majority of ninety-four for repeal, the Mississippi Valley, where silver was supposed to have its great strength, gave forty-four for repeal, and the Pacific Coast gave a majority of ten against the bill. There is no declaration in favor of retaining the two metals in the coinage, and no suggestion of future legislation providing for the coining of silver. But the question will undoubtedly return to the Democratic House from the Democratic Senate, and then this half-hearted and shuffling Democratic Congress may tell the country what it means. It is the manifest duty of Congress to maintain both gold and silver in the currency—a duty imposed by the mandate of the constitution, by the declarations in the platforms of both political parties, by the expressed wish of the people, and by the necessities of a circulating medium adequate in volume to the commercial needs of the country. Yet we find President Cleveland, with a considerable following, urging the retirement of silver and the use of gold alone, and resorting to every method known to the politician to secure that result. At the other extreme are those who, while not openly proposing to retire gold, support schemes that would sooner or later have that effect. The situation may be briefly stated as follows: The present coinage law requires the purchase of a fixed amount of silver bullion, and this amount is in excess of the present demand for silver coin, or the equivalent Treasury notes. The necessary result has been the accumulation of an immense amount of silver bullion. This accumulation of silver, with the corresponding decrease of the gold reserve, has caused distrust of our whole financial system in certain quarters. The problem before Congress is two-fold—how to allay the distrust and how to increase the demand for silver in the circulation, to the end that the accumulated silver bullion may be absorbed. The purchase of a fixed amount of silver bullion is wrong in principle, and will sooner or later prove disastrous in practice. The purchases should be regulated by the amount of bullion actually required for the circulation. Free coinage would prove even more disastrous than the present provision, for it would regulate the purchases by the amount of bullion the entire world has for sale and would result in largely increased purchases. Free coinage is open to the more serious objection that it is an abandonment of the governmental function of coinage to individuals. When individuals are given the power to declare the amount of money to be coined, they are really given the right of coinage, and the officials of the government become practically powerless in the matter. Such an abandonment, though not expressly prohibited, is contrary to every principle of government and is furthermore condemned by the strongest implication in the constitution. When it is declared that the States shall not coin money, it is far more strongly implied that the function shall not be abandoned to individuals. The whole question of purchases should be left to the Treasury Department, which really acts as a money reservoir. When an attempt is made to force any particular kind of money into circulation in excess of the demand, the people and the banks make all their payments to the government in that kind of money, and it is soon stored in the Treasury. When the supply in circulation is too small, the Treasury is called upon to pay out that kind of money, and thus it flows into the circulation. This suggests the method of calling the silver now in the Treasury into circulation. The demand for silver coin should be increased. There is now an absurd and unjustified prejudice against the silver dollar in the Eastern States, which could easily be overcome if the people there were once

accustomed to its use. The affection they entertain for the dollar bills, some of which are so filthy as almost to require disinfection, is incomprehensible to a Californian. Should all the paper money of smaller denominations than five dollars be retired, the relief would be at once felt, provided the ratio between silver and gold in the coinage approached more nearly the market values of the bullion. Whether Congress will provide for this remains to be seen. At present the sole idea seems to be to get rid of the provision requiring the purchase of silver and to stop there. This will be a wholly inadequate measure. It is probable that the Senate will allow the House bill to slumber in committee while its own bill, declaring in favor of bimetalism at the same time that it repeals the purchasing clause, will be substituted and returned to the House for action. The declaration in favor of bimetalism will, however, be valueless unless there is some active provision to bring about and maintain that result. The Democrats now have the President, the Senate, and the House. They have a working majority in the Senate and an overwhelming majority in the House. Yet at the first square issue presented to them they shuffle and dodge. They are afraid to come out flat-footed on the silver question. The country does not know the policy of the party in power concerning the money which every one uses every day. There is no honest Democrat who, after the recent action of the House, can tell what the policy of his party is on the currency. Nobody can tell. The leaders can not tell. Mr. Cleveland can not tell. Mr. Gorman can not tell. Nobody can tell but the Deity, and he is not a Democrat. The first experience of women in a parliamentary body has ended badly. Secretary Carlisle has been compelled to intimate gently but firmly to the Lady Managers of the World's Fair that, in the present condition of the Treasury, the government really does not see its way clear to continue paying them six dollars a day for holding sessions in which the amenities of polite life and the rules of Lindley Murray were equally violated. For some time the meetings of the board have filled observers with amazement. The ladies have scolded each other and shrieked at each other; their proceedings have been marked by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; there has been a total lack of the delicate courtesy to be expected in a feminine body; they have really been an assemblage of viragoes. The Board of Lady Managers found themselves in unaccustomed clover. They had their passages paid to Chicago. They were dead-beaded all over the fair, even to the Midway Plaisance, and had a few dead-head tickets for their friends. They had free entrance to the side-shows. They rode free on launches and gondolas. They wore conspicuous badges, which marked their superiority to the ordinary feminine; and, finally, they drew six dollars a day, which left a margin after their board was paid. Yet, notwithstanding all these good things, they have raved and scolded so continuously that Mrs. Potter Palmer has had a hard job to keep them in order, and every one is glad they have adjourned *sine die*. It is a curious consummation. The ladies who composed the board of managers must, as a rule, have belonged to that class of society in which polite behavior is expected as a matter of course; many of them, like Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Hooker, are social leaders. But when they got together as a parliamentary body, they seem to have thrown good-breeding to the winds and to have behaved as if they constituted a ward convention. They intrigued, and wire-pulled, and log-rolled over the little patronage they had at their disposal like ward politicians. In the face of this experience, what becomes of the argument that the grant of the suffrage to women would refine and soften our political contests? There are cynics who argue that the polite behavior by which the sex is distinguished is a disguise assumed for the deception of men; that the natural instinct of women is to cantanker, while men are much more good-tempered and forbearing. This notion is corroborated (the cynics main

tain) by the richness of the language in words to designate ill-tempered women, in comparison with its poverty in expletives to describe the corresponding class of men; in the ancient days, when the Anglo-Saxon tongue was formed, a pressing need was felt for such words as scold, shrew, mermaid, vixen, spitfire, and virago, while, even at the present day, it is difficult to discover exact correlative synonyms applicable to the male sex. Self-preservation, as Blackstone remarks, compelled our ancestors to invent the ducking-stool for scolding women, whereas it was never necessary to devise a similar punishment for men.

Cynics who thus reason account for the behavior of the Ladies' Board of Managers at the World's Fair on the theory that, when ladies are removed beyond the chastening influence of men, they give the rein to their normal instincts and berate each other with their natural ferocity. But these cynical theories are hardly borne out by observation. Those happy males who have been permitted to penetrate the modern Eleusinia known as women's clubs, do not report that the atmosphere was lurid with vituperation; they merely noticed that all the ladies wanted to talk at once. It must be the acquisition of parliamentary rights which stimulated the Lady's Board of the World's Fair to such unseemly contention.

But the more closely the sex is studied, the more clearly is it demonstrated that women appear to very much better advantage when they are associated with men. Convents are said to be dreadful places for quarrels; female seminaries are famous for tittle-tattling and tale-bearing; old ladies' homes are always in hot water; and boards of lady managers always break up in a row. It would, therefore, seem evident that women should avoid banding themselves together and excluding the tyrant man; and, when they are in deliberative bodies assembled, they should model their manners on those of the lords of creation—barring, be it understood, the heat of that most august body, the English House of Commons, as shown in the recent Parliamentary scrap.

On the fourth day of March, 1893, the Democratic party, for the first time in thirty-three years, held entire possession of the Government of the United States. A third of a century had rolled away since that party had been in complete power. A third of a century had passed since a traitorous nest of Democratic conspirators, in and out of the Cabinet of a Democratic President, James Buchanan, strove to destroy that government which they had solemnly sworn to uphold.

Thirty-three years—just a generation. And the memory of a generation is short. Had the present generation of young men viewed the Democratic party with the same eyes as their fathers did, thirty-three years ago, they would never have dared to permit that party to take full possession of the government of our country.

It is true that during the first term of Grover Cleveland the Democracy were in partial power. But a Democratic President and a Democratic House were held in check by a Republican Senate. Now no such check exists. The Democratic party has a loose rein. No Republican brake can stop it as it dashes in its wild, mad gallop down to ruin.

The fourth day of March, 1893, will pass into American history as did the eleventh day of April, 1861. In the calendars of the great republic, in the centuries to come, those days will be draped in black, as was the portrait of the traitor doge in Venice. For on the one day the flag of our country was fired upon, and there began a bloody and terrible rebellion. And on the other day, fools and knaves stepped into big places, and a great commercial revolution was begun.

Since the fourth day of March, 1893, when the Democratic party acceded to power, a carnival of ruin has reigned. Banks have closed, private fortunes have gone down, the people have taken alarm and hoarded their money, corporations have passed into the hands of receivers, solvent firms have been forced into bankruptcy, and whole communities of toilers have been discharged, as mine and mill, factory and work-shop, shut down.

Such is a brief record of the condition of the United States under the Democratic party since the fourth day of March, 1893.

The attempt of the Democratic organs to make silver the scapegoat of the present crisis is so puerile that they are abandoning it. That a country should be plunged into poverty because it has too much money-metal is an absurdity too strong even for the Democratic stomach. The cause lies elsewhere—it lies in this threat of the Democratic free-trade platform:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the protection of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only."

Let us summarize some of the results of this menace to

American industries. Since the fourth of March, three great railway systems, the Reading, the Erie, and the Northern Pacific, have passed into the hands of receivers. Since the fourth of March, all the other great railways, such as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and others, are taking off trains and discharging men. Since the fourth of March, 466 banks have failed. Since the fourth of March, 800 manufacturing concerns have closed. Since the fourth of March, 6,000 merchants have failed. Since the fourth of March, 900,000 operatives have been thrown out of work.

Here is the partial record of another week—more object-lessons for the Democratic kindergarten of tariff reform:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 28th.—Yesterday two important departments were swept out of existence by the Southern Pacific, and two heads of departments dropped into the basket. The entire working force of the construction department of the cable and electric roads will be dismissed on Thursday afternoon, by order of F. S. Dooty, secretary and treasurer of the Pacific Improvement Company. The financial stringency at present existing, he said, made it imperative upon the company to economize in every direction. By that order hydraulic engineers, mechanical engineers, architects, and draughtsmen are let out. Nothing more will be done on the Mission Street railroad. Another department which has been dismissed indefinitely is that which looks after town sites and water-works. Lott D. Norton is at the head of it, and he has received a letter which informs him that he must go with his men. So, too, with D. H. Haskell, the town-site agent. These, it is expected, are not by any means the last.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 28th.—Yesterday afternoon the heads of the various departments of Wells, Fargo & Co. visited each employee and notified him that on and after the first of September his salary would be reduced. Business has fallen off so greatly that the directors thought it better to retrench on salaries rather than discharge a number of their men. The supply department will be almost wiped out. Some thirty-five men will find their occupation gone on the last day of the month, and three times that number will sadly reflect on a reduction of from ten to twenty-five per cent. In the banking system a general reduction was made in April last of ten per cent. all around.

HUMBOLDT, CAL., August 30th.—The employees of the bankrupt Navarro Lumber Company have marched into the company's store and helped themselves to what groceries, dress-goods and clothing they considered themselves entitled to. They did not steal them, but just took them and had them charged up regularly. The Navarro Company is an old one. Many of the men in the camp had been in its employ a dozen years; some nearly twenty. They had the fullest confidence in its stability and solvency. The men recognize that failure came through the depression in trade. Two hundred and fifty men are out of work.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 30th.—On the Southern Pacific lines between Los Angeles and El Paso and between San Francisco and Ogden there is to be a doubling up of baggage and express work. One man will do the work of two and attend to each line of business. Every road having agencies in this city has given notice of a reduction of wages varying from ten to twenty per cent. The Santa Fe has discontinued its agency at Portland, and the Burlington and the Texas and Pacific will reduce the forces of their agencies in this city.

OMAHA, August 28th.—The expected cut in salaries of employees on the Union Pacific takes effect September 1st. Every officer and employee of the road is affected. Salaries ranging from \$60 to \$100, inclusive, are cut ten per cent.; over \$100 to \$200, twelve and one-half per cent.; over \$200 to \$500, fifteen per cent.; over \$500, twenty per cent.

FALL RIVER, August 21st.—A meeting of prominent mill treasurers was held this morning. It is not possible, the treasurers say, to manufacture regular goods at two and five-eighths cents, an actual selling figure to-day, and the only way they see to economize is in cutting off wages. It is proposed to cut down the price of weaving from twenty-one to sixteen and one-half cents per cut, and other wages in the different departments will be cut in the same proportion. The factories that stopped did not close their gates because the help was earning too much money, but because they could not dispose of their output at any figure. Some of them would have shut down had the spinners been working for their board and weavers for ten cents a cut.

SANFORD, ME., August 23d.—Twenty of the largest woolen mills in Maine will shut down within the next ten days. This movement was decided on at Bangor yesterday. The managers say they can not continue working until the uncertainty as to the tariff legislation is removed.

PITTSBURG, August 21st.—The Edgar Thompson Steel Works of the Carnegie Steel Company will be closed down indefinitely next week, owing to a lack of orders. The shut-down will make about eighteen hundred men idle.

PITTSBURG, August 17th.—The Oliver Iron and Steel Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country, went into the hands of a receiver to-day. It employs about four thousand men.

NEW YORK, August 23d.—Wallace & Sons, manufacturers of brass and copper goods at Ansonia, Conn., with offices at 29 Chambers Street, have been forced to suspend on account of the hard times, and their affairs have been put in the hands of receivers. The business was established in 1848 at Ansonia. They employed from one thousand to fourteen hundred hands; mills closed.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., August 23d.—The American Lace Mills here close indefinitely on Wednesday night. Three hundred out of work.

PITTSBURG, August 28th.—The Sahle Iron Works shut down to-day indefinitely. They employ about four hundred men.

DETROIT, August 23d.—The Michigan Peninsular car-shops will on Saturday night be shut down. Over nine thousand men are employed.

CLEVELAND, August 23d.—The blast-furnaces of the Cleveland Company closed down yesterday, throwing several hundred workmen out.

NIANTIC, August 18th.—The Niantic Woolen Mills will shut down this week. DANIELSONVILLE, CONN., August 18th.—The cotton mills of the Attawaugan Company, employing five hundred hands, have shot down.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., August 18th.—The Atlas Knitting Mill, employing one hundred hands, has closed down. The Gardiner & Warring Mill is about to close. It employs one hundred and seventy-five hands. The Star Hosiery Mills and the Anchor Knitting Mills, at Hagsman's Mills, are discharging many employees and will probably shut down soon. The former employs one hundred and seventy-five hands and the latter one hundred.

NEW HAVEN, August 17th.—The Scoville & Adams Company, manufacturers of cameras, closed last night. One hundred and fifty hands out.

WESTERVILLE, R. I., August 17th.—The West Side Woolen Mills have closed. SALEM, MASS., August 17th.—The Naumkeag Mills will close Saturday.

BOSTON, August 17th.—The Roxbury Carpet Company have shut down. PITTSBURG, PA., August 17th.—Every cotton mill in Petersburg and vicinity is closed and eight hundred men, women, and children are out of work.

NORRISTOWN, PA., August 17th.—James Lees & Sons, of Bridgeport, to-day shut down their woolen mills for an indefinite period, throwing out of employment eleven hundred and twenty-five hands. The Norristown Woolen Mills, employing one hundred and seventy-five hands, and Rambo & Rega's Glove Knitting Mills, two hundred hands—principally women and girls—also closed.

TRIOY, August 21st.—All the mines at Mioville, Essex County, shut down Saturday night for an indefinite period, and, by reason of the shut-down, the Lake Champlain and Mohawk Railroad will be stopped.

BOSTON, August 21st.—The Thomson-Houston Electric Welding Company, of Lynn, has had a pay-roll of eighty thousand dollars yearly for ten years, closed.

MILFORD, MASS., August 21st.—Colburn & Co.'s shoe-factory is shut down.

WEST CHESTER, PA., August 21st.—The Parkersburg Iron Works, at Parkersburg, this country, shut down this morning for the first time in fifty years. About three hundred hands are thrown out of employment.

DOVER, N. H., August 22d.—Varnes & Moony's shoe-factory at Alton, which has had a pay-roll of eighty thousand dollars yearly for ten years, closed.

PROVIDENCE, August 22d.—Greene & Daniel's mill at Lonsdale will close to-night. About five hundred hands will be idle.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., August 22d.—The Inman Machine Shops have closed for an indefinite time. The Morris Knitting Mills, No. 1, in this city, and No. 2, at Akin, are preparing to close; one hundred employees laid off.

NEW HAVEN, August 22d.—The Winchester Repeating Arms Company has shut down its gun-shops—they claim temporarily. One thousand men out.

NORRISTOWN, PA., August 21st.—The Schuylkill Iron Work of Conshohocken, one of the largest iron industries in the State, have announced a general reduction in wages in order to keep the works running.

PHILADELPHIA, August 21st.—H. Muhr's Sons' watch-factory, have reduced their working force of four hundred men to half-time.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., August 21st.—The Williams Manufacturing Company, makers of sewing-machines, this morning began running on half-time.

BOSTON, August 21st.—The two hundred and fifty men employed in the car-shops of the Boston and Albany Railroad will work five days in the week.

WEIR CITY, KAN., August 18th.—The Kansas and Texas Coal Company to-day notified their miners now employed of a reduction of six cents per ton.

LESLIE, MICH., August 18th.—The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, which reduced its forces from thirteen hundred to five hundred six weeks ago, will reduce forces again, closing down one mine now working.

READING, PA., August 23d.—The Topton Furnace Company has cut wages. BRADDOCK, PA., August 23d.—The Carrie Furnace Company has made a general reduction in wages. They have three hundred employees.

BEVERLY, MASS., August 17th.—Between two hundred and fifty and five hundred boiler-makers employed at the Boston Locomotive Works quit to-day because of a ten per cent. reduction in wages. Nearly five thousand men are employed. The company will now lay off about two thousand five hundred.

KANSAS CITY, August 21st.—The packing-house employees of Armour & Co. and Swift & Co. have struck against a ten per cent. reduction in wages, in consequence of business depression. About three hundred men idle.

DUBUQUE, IA., August 17th.—The First National Bank of this city suspended.

HUDSON, WIS., August 17th.—The Bank of River Falls, Wis., suspended.

ELLSWORTH, WIS., August 17th.—The Bank of Ellsworth has closed.

ALBANY, MO., August 17th.—The Bank of Albany suspended yesterday.

SAN ANGELO, TEX., August 17th.—The Sutton Bank of Sonora and the Coke Company Bank of San Antonio suspended.

MEADVILLE, PA., August 17th.—The Farmers' Cooperative Bank failed.

HUNTINGDON, PA., August 17th.—The National Bank of South Pennsylvania, at Hyodman, Bedford County, closed its doors to-day.

MILWAUKEE, August 23d.—The Bank of Plainfield, Wis., suspended.

CARLISLE, ILL., August 23d.—The bank of Richards & Campbell closed.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—The Pacific Locomotive Works has failed.

SAN MARCOS, TEX., August 23d.—The First National Bank suspended.

WASHINGTON, August 23d.—Comptroller Eckels to-day appointed N. F. Morris receiver of the First National Bank of Marion, Kan.

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., August 22d.—M. E. Bagley & Co.'s private bank failed.

WATERLOO, N. Y., August 22d.—The bank of J. T. Knapp & Co. failed.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23d.—The Pacific Mail Company has promulgated recent orders to cut down salaries from fifteen to forty per cent. The cut is to go into effect on September 1st. Captains who have been in receipt of two hundred and fifty dollars monthly will henceforth receive but two hundred dollars.

Alexander Center, general agent, said: "It is simply an ordinary business move. We have discharged some employees because we have no more use for their services, and we have retrenched the salaries of all the other employees so as to retrieve the losses incidental to slowness of business."

NEW YORK, August 21st.—Three companies, the Clyde, Ward, and Mallory steamship lines, announced a reduction of pay to the longshoremen yesterday, and as a result about four hundred went on strike. Together with the dockers, hundred and six hundred stevedores and longshoremen struck.

Longshoremen in South Street, the superintendent explained to the men that not only has the longshoremen's pay been reduced, but the foremen of the gangs, the superintendent of the docks, and the clerks have had their salaries docked about ten per cent. a month in consequence of lack of business. None the less, they struck.

As we said, this is a partial record of the week under a Democratic government. It is only a partial statement of the men thrown out of work during the last seven days. It gives a portion only of the business disasters, does not mention purely mercantile failures, and only enumerates wage reductions and shut-downs in car shops, lumber mills, woolen mills, cotton mills, knitting mills, lace mills, bosiery mills, iron works, steel works, blast furnaces, carpet factories, shoe factories, machine shops, boiler works, watch factories, coal mines, iron mines, meat packing houses, brass foundries, copper foundries, railroads, steamships, and banks.

This is only a partial statement, both geographically and otherwise. From many States there are no returns. Ever from those we have mentioned the returns are incomplete. We have omitted entirely the failures of commercial houses other than corporations. We have plenty of material in that direction. But if we were to add to the foregoing a list of the mercantile failures for the past seven days, it would fill page after page of the *Argonaut*. There were four hundred and nine mercantile failures last week as compared with one hundred and eighty-one in the same week of the preceding year.

The last two paragraphs in the list are instructive. They show that a reduction of wages and salaries is being forced upon the steamship companies. In order to make it perfectly fair, we took facts concerning companies from both the East and the West, from the Atlantic and the Pacific, in order that purely local conditions might not be urged to weaken the force of our argument. But it seems that three lines of ocean steamers plying from New York harbor are forced to reduce wages and salaries. So is the Pacific Mail. Cause—lack of business.

This seems odd. If we remember rightly, free trade was going to "build up American commerce"; it was going to "revive our decimated merchant marine"; it was going to "restore our flag to the seas." If it is going to do all these things, it is curious that the mere menace of it should have the contrary effect; that the threat of Democratic tariff-tin-ering should so interfere with the steamship business as to lower wages and throw men out of work. Probably most the men in the employ of the Clyde, the Ward, the Mallory and the Pacific Mail Steamship lines voted for Democracy and free trade. We congratulate them on their discernment. They are getting it where the farmers got it—in the back of the neck.

No, the Democratic free-trade idea has not done much toward "building up American commerce"—not up to date.

It will be remembered that during last year's campaign the *Examiner* had an hysterical wail about the iron hand of the tariff throttling California. There was also a large and alarming cartoon representing the Golden Gate fastened with a gigantic padlock labeled "Republican Tariff." There are a good many ships going out through the Golden Gate now. They are carrying wheat, which the Democratic farmer is selling at the lowest price that it has brought for forty years. The Democratic farmer is selling because he can not hold his wheat; the banks will not loan him money as the Democratic free-trade idea has brought on a financial stringency such as has not been seen for twenty years. Yet there is a great deal of wheat going out through the padlocked Golden Gate; but it is pretty cheap wheat. It may, perhaps, be permitted to remark to our esteemed

contemporary, the *Examiner*, that while the Democrats are engaged in removing this padlock from the gateways of commerce they need not have put it on the doors of the mills.

The temptation is strong to sneer at the deluded farmers, mechanics, and workmen generally who voted the bread out of their mouths when they cast their ballots for the Democratic free-trade idea. But the misery which threatens them now is such that no man with a heart in his bosom could sneer, even though they be justly punished for their own blind folly. The condition which confronts this country is indeed appalling. There are dark days in store for the man who labors with his hands—perhaps for all of us.

The tramp of a million of idle men resounds through the streets of the great republic. It is an ominous sound to hear. It hodes no good to the nation. But, while it hodes evil to us all, it hodes most of evil to its authors—it is the great funeral march of the Democratic party.

Whether the Midwinter Fair shall prove a concrete financial success or not—whether the project will be compelled to stop midway and die from lack of funds—the enterprise has already been of immense practical value to San Francisco. The fair, so far, has got along without the coöperation, largely speaking, of our “leading citizens,” and their aloofness has brought into popular question their right to the enjoyment of the honors of leadership, of which they are sufficiently avid. The prodigious concourse of people who gathered in the park on the occasion of the inaugural ceremonies could leave no doubt in any mind of the fact that the masses are enthusiastic in their desire for the fair. This was demonstrated with an emphasis so tremendous that it may possibly react upon the “leading” citizen and induce him to follow. But as following would render it necessary for him to put his hand in his pocket and let go of some dollars, each of which might not immediately double itself and return with its new mate, only the very sanguine can entertain much hope that the “leaders” will come to the front.

The value of the situation is that the “leading citizen” has been placed on view so conspicuously that men of the meanest intelligence can see him as he is. There is no city in the Union of like population that possesses so many rich men as San Francisco, and none (New York itself not excepted) in which they are so deficient in public spirit. As a class, they are apparently not only oblivious of the requirements of citizenship, but blind to their own interests, to the extent that those interests are dependent upon the prosperity, present and future, of the community. It needs imagination, courage, and a mental vision not hounded by the end of one's nose to make a real man of affairs. Unfortunately for the State and city, luck has had much more to do with the making of most of our millionaires than judgment and intelligent daring. A turn in stocks, a mine found by chance, land bought for next to nothing, which the possessor held on to not because of his foresight, but his timid terror of taking risks—these strokes of fortune have generated the majority of our money grandees. And being grandees, they have set the fashion for those below them in pecuniary rank. The alert, prying, husy, intrepid striver of the Chicago type, when he finds time to visit this commercial Sleepy Hollow, is amazed and amused on encountering the “representative business man” of San Francisco. His sloth, his penuriousness, his inability to perceive openings for investment, his dull indifference to the general interests, his crass satisfaction with himself, and his hallucination that the knots on the social log are more important than the log itself—these characteristics of the San Francisco business man excite the Chicagoan's contempt and derision. By holding on to what has drifted his way by reason of his early arrival in the city, that city's geographical position, and long years of railroad discrimination in his favor, the hulk of our most “prominent” business men have enjoyed an increase of wealth along with the swelling of their girths. Because they happen to have a good deal more of what everybody would like to have than the mass of their fellow-citizens, they assume, with characteristic modesty, that they are in equal proportion superior in mind, virtue, and desert to the mass. The reverence paid to wealth by the press and the people they accept as their due, and truly believe themselves to be leaders of the community on which they are little better than parasitic plants.

These nobodies of great local renown have done the town a service by giving it their measure in this Midwinter Fair movement. If the fair should collapse, it will be the fault of San Francisco's “leading citizens,” and everybody will know it. Not all the press's asses and all the press's men will, in that case, be able to set the “leading citizens” of commerce up again. As things stand, their local greatness—which, next to their money, is their dearest possession—has been seriously wounded. Unless Front and Sansome Streets rise to the crisis, new and younger and more modern men, afflicted with that dread malady, enterprise, will clear the stage of the fossiliferous “leaders” and hold it for their own.

Much as San Francisco wishes for a midwinter fair on a scale as large as the city's enthusiasm, it is debatable whether the flat failure of the project might not be a low price to pay for the dethronement of its cowhew-covered “leading citizens.”

If any man in this country deserves a free pass through purgatory when he dies and an immediate welcome at the pearly gates beyond, it is His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, of New York. For he has been made to suffer much here below, and yet has knelt to kiss the rod that smote him with a meekness surpassing that which Moses in his archaic modesty attributed to himself. When seven years ago the archbishop, in order to help the Tammany ticket, commanded Father McGlynn to cease making speeches in behalf of Henry George, for mayor, and condemning the land nationalization theory of the California philosopher as immoral, McGlynn, refusing to obey, was unfrocked. By Pope and Propaganda, Corrigan was sustained in this action. He had every reason to believe that his denial to priests of the constitutional rights of American citizens, and his mediævalism in general, had the approval of the Vatican. When, however, the Holy Father and the Italian diplomats in cowls who surround him were awakened to the disagreeable truths that the United States is neither Italy, Spain, nor Ireland, and that the modern, progressive element in the church here had been rendered dangerously rebellious by such tyranny over mind and conscience as Corrigan's assumption of infallibility in the realm of municipal politics exemplified, Mgr. Satolli was sent over to view the situation and straighten things out. The Papal delegate put on Father McGlynn's frock again, decided against Corrigan's hostile attitude toward the public schools (the traditional orthodox Catholic attitude in this country), and gave the astounded archbishop to understand that he must be sacrificed as a lamb on the altar of the church's interests. The hulk of the six hundred thousand Irish Catholics in New York city, the hulk of Irish ignorance and superstition of the whole Union, and all the German Cahensleyites, were horrified. If the sacred person of the archbishop had been kicked on Broadway by the Pope's representative, the conservative faithful could not have been more amazed and bewildered. What did his grace, ruler of the thoughts and swinger of the votes of several millions of naturalized American citizens in and around the American metropolis, do? Did he stand by his guns like a man, and protest against the degradation of his authority by the reversal of Papal policy? That is not the way of the slaves on Leo the Thirteenth's American plantations.

The other night, in New York city, Father McGlynn, just back from Rome with his new frock on, was given a grand welcome by the Anti-Poverty Society, where he made a speech, telling how the Pope had approved of him and blessed him—the same Pope that Father McGlynn in his frockless days described as an “old woman,” whose successor he hoped would some day be seen “walking down Broadway in a plug hat.” And the exultant priest trampled on the hapless archbishop thus, amid the cheers of the Georgeites:

“I have not submitted; I have not retracted; and when the Pope, better informed; when his apostolic delegate, wielding the vast power of the sovereign Pontiff, asked me to make no such unworthy retraction or submission, who is he that shall dare to do so? Somebody says: ‘I shall not be satisfied if you do not make submission.’ But I will not make submission.”

On the same day, in the archbishop's cathedral, Mgr. Satolli celebrated mass, and poor Corrigan mounted the pulpit and protested his loyalty to the Pope and to Mgr. Satolli, and his secretary at the archiepiscopal residence told the reporters, by his grace's instruction, that the archbishop was “highly pleased at the reinstatement of Father McGlynn.”

Doubtless the holy martyrs above will greet Corrigan as one of them when he arrives; but it is desirable that American voters should be their own owners and self-respecting men, and what sort of citizens are we to expect those to be who look up to this slavish creature as their spiritual lord and political dictator?

The *Argonaut* has received the first number of the *Pacific Coast Spiritualist*, a paper “devoted to the promulgation of the teachings of spiritualism.” It is a weekly paper, and the subscription price is one dollar per annum. Its aim, as it states in its leading article, is to “present fairly and impartially all reports of phenomena through whomsoever they may come.” The editor—who does not seem quite clear where the limits of its province lie—admits that “mediumship is a difficult problem to solve,” and, in order to avoid invidious distinctions, decides that “mediumship is as universal as mankind.” This catholic doctrine appears to be designed to admit to the fold the rogue who professes spiritualism for gate-money and the crank who contracts the spiritualist form of monomania. They are all to be em-

braced in the congregation which the *Pacific Coast Spiritualist* addresses. It appeals for support to knave and fool alike.

Our contemporary does not vouchsafe any reason for its existence. In one article it states that the office of the spiritualist is to heal the sick and to bind up broken hearts; but it gives no examples of a cure even of so simple a disease as a cough, or of the successful manacling of a fellow who was down on his luck. This appears to have been a mistake. It would have been easy to append certificates such as are published in the prospectus of anti-hillous pills; many people would give their names and addresses, and would certify that they had been relieved of distresses, bodily and mental, by spiritual mediums for the usual honorarium. Perhaps the editor left this duty to the professional mediums, of whom we notice that just nineteen advertise in the columns of the *Spiritualist*. Five of these are males and the rest females. They generally call themselves test-mediums. Some of them will give you advice how to conduct your business. Others will diagnose your diseases, whether you are present or absent, and will cure you at long range, if necessary. Others will etherealize you—whatever that may be. Some run an opposition to Keeley, and will cure you of the tobacco, opium, or liquor habit. All these services are rendered for the merest trifle—ladies, one dollar; gentlemen, probably by reason of the stiffness of their necks, two dollars.

One of these gentry advertises himself as a “psychic diagnostician.” How to diagnose psychically—how the psychical diagnosis is effected—whether the psychic physician diagnoses purely psychic conditions, or whether pathological pathogenetic states are psychized by the diagnostician until they cease to be physical and pathological, and become purely psychical—all these points are left obscure and psychic.

Of the capacity of these test mediums, several proofs are given. One of them predicted the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani and the annexation of the islands to the United States; he spends his leisure moments in discovering gold-mines, which a stupid generation refuses to work. It is said of him that as a reader of other people's sealed letters he has no peer. He can be consulted at his office, for the usual charge, and no puzzle can perplex him. Another medium proves his ability by offering his ranch for sale at far less than its value, to true believers only. It appears that a faith in ghosts is not irreconcilable with a judicious appreciation of the real-estate market.

The leading disembodied contributor to the *Spiritualist* is Stephen A. Douglas, in his life-time senator from Illinois. In the spirit world the Little Giant seems to hold in light esteem his sublimary performances. He says he was appointed by the spirits a committee to wait upon dead soldiers, but they would have none of him. He admitted that he had been wrong, but they would not trust him. He took a good deal of comfort, however, out of his meetings with Lincoln, whom he used to find “journeying earthward, as he was often inclined.” The martyr President enjoyed the celestial air. He told Douglas that on earth his head had sometimes got wrong, but “a new climate was restoring him rapidly.” We are sorry to infer that hoodie has made its way into the spirit world, for Lincoln proposes to Douglas to join him in a campaign against corruption in politics. The ex-senator seems to take a lively interest in sublimary affairs, which is odd, considering his surroundings. He says that in this country labor has been dethroned by the money power, which shows that he is as great a demagogue as ever, and that as to his own career, he sees in it much to deplore and nothing to admire.

Such publications as the *Spiritualist* have their use, because they teach how widely infirmity of intellect prevails among a class which is supposed to be sane. It is not to be supposed that all the spiritualistic “mediums” are rogues seeking to filch dollars from fools by appeals to the supernatural. Some of them must be deluded—mere crazy creatures who are in an early stage of mental alienation. Such people are permitted under our laws to give evidence in a court of justice, to sit on juries, to marry, and to beget children; and yet there are many in the asylums at Stockton and Napa who are not madder than they. Are they productive of much mischief? That depends on the size of the circle to which they appeal. It is obvious that nineteen test-mediums would not advertise their “circles” or “seances,” if they had no clients. There must be several hundred people in this community who are so soft-headed that they pay dollars to the frauds or cranks for the gibbering which they call advice.

It is extraordinary that even feeble-minded people should consult these impostors for advice. It must be apparent even to the most limited intelligence that a medium who could call back spirits to discover gold-mines would speedily preempt one for himself, and go out of the business of raising ghosts at one dollar per ghost.

MY PARTNER AT WHIST.

By W. C. Morrow.

I left the train one day at a small town in the South, and I had taken not more than six steps across the dilapidated platform at the station when there happened a trivial thing which set forward a series of peculiar (and, in part, terrible) happenings. The precipitating incident was the tearing away of the sole of my shoe by a careless step into one of the numerous cracks in the platform.

The old part of the town—that containing the hotel—was nearly a mile away, and no vehicle was at hand by which I might have found transportation thither; and as my disabled shoe would not permit of my walking so far, I cast about for a cobbler, and found a shop conveniently near the station. After setting down my heavy traveling-bag, I turned to the cobbler, when he held up a placard, which read:

"I AM DEAF AND DUMB."

Undoubtedly he saw my face brighten, as his also did immediately afterward; for, having had a large experience with deaf-mutes and possessing uncommon facility in their various modes of expression, I had at once greeted him with the ordinary one-hand manual. He responded with equal alacrity and with evident great delight. In a moment our conversation had become highly animated. There was a touching pathos in the poor fellow's gladness to find one with whom he could converse so easily, and an evident satisfaction to meet one who understood and could sympathize with the strange, gentle, shrinking characters which the isolation of this unhappy affliction develops; for he informed me that besides himself and his family there was none other of our kind in all that part of the country, and that during his residence of a year in the town, whither he had come from the North, he and his family had suffered greatly from loneliness. It was a hard task for him to drop the conversation in order that he might mend my shoe.

In reply to his friendly questions, I informed him that I had come to the town partly for a needed change and partly to find absolute seclusion, as, being a mathematician, I had been charged with making some tedious calculations on a recently observed astronomical event. With quick eagerness he invited me to make his house my home, adding, with the touching modesty and humility of his kind, that seclusion was all the inducement he could offer me, and that as for the humbleness of his home, the meagreness of the fare, and the manifest inferiority of himself and his family to me, he hoped that those very accomplishments of mine, combined with the sympathy which he trusted existed between us, would enable me to overlook the shortcomings and make the most out of the good that he could offer me. This was more an appeal than an invitation, and how could I refuse it, coming so sweetly? So, after I had forced my point (to which he yielded with pain), to pay for my entertainment, he conducted me gleefully to his house.

For the sake of economy, he made his home in one of those great old Southern mansions from which the war had scattered aristocratic tenancy to the winds; for here, in one part of a wing, he lived, rent free, while in the main body of the house the wind careered through sashless windows, which, toward the west, looked out upon broad uncultivated fields, and, toward the east, upon the great Mississippi, as it swung lazily along under a bluff. Sitting thus desolate in its park of oaks and odorous mimosas, the house looked weird and ghost-ridden; but in the wing occupied by my friend there was a cozy picture of humble though clean domesticity, and it was all so perfectly fitted to my needs and tastes that I thanked my good genius for having brought me to the crack in the platform at the station.

My friend and his family were as strange and charming as their environment. He and his wife and sister constituted the household; and when I say that they all were deaf and dumb, the weirdness of the situation into which I had been thrown may be imagined. They all had received such education as is commonly given in deaf-mute institutions supported by the State, which means to say that they knew little of the finer things which bring pleasure to the scholar; but, instead, they had attractions of immeasurably greater worth, and these were gentleness, sweetness, patience, purity of heart, cleanness of mind, and, best of all, matchless unselfishness. The women took in sewing and stayed closely at home. They both were young and were filled with a childish cheerfulness, a simple lightness of heart, which never deserted them. At first I did not think them even comely of face; but if you could have learned them and known them as I learned and came to know them, you, if you are a man or a superior woman, would agree with me in saying that they were beautiful. That I should have been the means of bringing frightful disaster upon this lovable home wrings my heart to remember, even at this remote day.

In those dreadful times of the "reconstruction" of the South, the Ku-Klux were abroad and murderous. I have here neither blame nor justification for the rude and bloody methods pursued by these bodies of masked men. They hunted down and killed the carpet-baggers, who, under the protection of Federal bayonets, came down from the North to pillage an impoverished people and pour poison into the blood of the freedmen. It is sufficient to say that my friends had come out of the North, and that their oddness, wholly misunderstood, had placed them under a suspicion which they did not even dream was in existence; and that my coming into the family confirmed the suspicion and precipitated the catastrophe. Long afterward, I learned that my whole history had been "unearthed." Although it had been discovered that I was a Southerner, my travels in the North and my subsequent affiliation with a few admirable Northerners in the South made a good starting-point. My choice of a residence with this deaf-mute Northern family, my close intimacy with them, my strict seclusion, my avoidance of all other persons in the community, and a current belief that I was endeavoring fraudulently to pass for a deaf-

mute (indeed, my host himself, without my knowledge, had declared that I was), finally brought on the crisis.

All day long I would keep closely to my chamber, for I could not afford daylight recreation. Had not my eyes been weak, I should have worked at night, also. But after sunset I would devote myself to such congenial distractions as my situation afforded; and it so happened that the sweetness of my associates and of the atmosphere of their home, the weird desolation of the great old mansion, the walks and roads which threaded the noble park, and the high bluff which looked down upon the silent river, furnished every desirable means of diversion. Down in the village there was only the commonplace; here upon the heights everything was strange and beautiful, and, with it all, was needful human companionship of the pleasantest kind. Sometimes at night, candle in hand, I would prow through the deserted house, either alone or with one or more of my friends—generally Eveline, the sister of my host, for she discovered a dash and an enterprise which I was surprised to see in a deaf-mute. This flitting light, shining through the dismantled windows, was carefully watched by our plotting enemies, but we knew nothing of that. At other times I would stroll—also generally with Eveline when not alone—through the deep night shadows of the park or along the barren brink of the bluff; and during these excursions, Eveline and I would walk hand in hand, for in darkness it was only thus, with our fingers in contact, could we converse.

At still other times we spent the evening at whist; but can you imagine a game of whist with deaf-mutes? Eveline and I always were partners. Oh, how uncanny it all seemed at first! Imagine, if you can, a game of whist without a word! It had some disagreeable features in the beginning, but I soon grew used to them. Among them were the strange vocal sounds which my friends would emit under stress of great excitement. On the part of my host and his wife, they were guttural and uncomfortable; on the part of Eveline, they were a petulant little "oh!" or a soft, musical laugh, such as I had never heard from a deaf-mute before; but then it became evident that her training had been better than that of her brother and sister-in-law—in other words, that she had undergone that painful and difficult schooling by which deaf-mutes can be taught to speak. As for me, being a grave young man, I never uttered a word or laughed aloud. The only exercise that I gave my voice was an occasional calling out of numbers as I worked in the day-time in my room.

Eveline was very unlike ordinary deaf-mutes in many ways; and while in a manner this made her less tender and caused her to appeal less strongly to a sympathetic affection, she had other graces—some of which are peculiar to speaking persons—which gave her a definitive charm. It may be supposed that, as we both were young and healthy, and were thrown much together under peculiarly softening circumstances, we fell in love; but I say truthfully that up to the final crash I never had a thought of love. I liked to be with her and to feel the presence of the sweetness and gentleness which belonged to her; but if I loved her I did not know it; and if she loved me—but the man who would assume knowledge of a thing like that is an arrant fool. I did not even suspect that there had grown up in the hearts of my host and his wife a dear wish that Eveline and I might marry. It might possibly have been that I vaguely reflected upon the comfort which a deaf-and-dumb wife would be to a speaking and hearing man. It is not right, however, to permit a possible impression to exist that I was a great deal with my friends. My separation from them was all the greater by reason of the considerable distance they were compelled, by the bad condition of the house, to remove me.

One night I was playing whist with them, when a thunder-storm broke upon the country. On this occasion I observed, as I had often previously, that while my host and his wife were always indifferent to alarming sounds, Eveline would start whenever a violent crash of thunder would burst through the roaring of the wind. Apparently her senses were finer than those of the others, for the atmospheric concussion impressed her sensibly. It was late when we stopped the game. I went to my own quarters, lighting the way with a candle, and, not being sleepy, sat down with Seneca. If I had not been so deeply absorbed I might have heard sounds which did not belong to the waning storm. I should explain here that the house had a reputation for ghosts—a matter to which I paid no attention. It is true that on a few occasions, rarely by day and generally just before midnight, I had heard sounds, very faintly in the distance, which resembled a woman's laughter and singing; but gave them attention no further than to reflect that they either came from a woman in some neighboring house or were delusions produced by the wind in the depths of the mansion. Afterward I had good reason to remember these sounds.

On this night, after the fury of the aerial tumult was much spent, I heard these human sounds more distinctly than ever before; but they were very different in tone and quality from the others; indeed, they seemed to be very near and to be of a much lower pitch than common. If I had supposed them to be human sounds within the house (and these seemed certainly to be in the mansion), no doubt I should have been very much alarmed, and should have tried to ascertain their meaning. In my present light I know that they were sounds issuing from a human throat, and a woman's at that; and, further, that they were such expressions of distress and alarm as a woman might make if she thought herself to be without the hearing of any living soul. But I did not believe that the sounds were human.

By this time I was so sleepy that I fell into slumber on my chair. Without an idea then of the length of time during which I slept, I was aroused by the violent opening of the door, which I never kept locked; and there on the threshold stood Eveline, pallid with fright. I sprang forward in alarm, for this was an unheard-of thing for her to do. In answer to my inquiries, she quickly telegraphed the

information that she had "heard" strange sounds in the house, and that she was desperately frightened. "Heard" was an extraordinary word for her to use, but I understood its meaning—her delicate sensibilities had really *felt* the sounds, which means to say that the sounds must have been so loud as to have produced an atmospheric concussion that she could feel. I reflected that if any sounds of that volume had been made I certainly should have heard them, and I so informed her; but she stared at me surprisedly, and insisted that she could not have mistaken. I made her sit down, and then I sat beside her and held her hand, and repeated my assurances over and over. All this time she appeared to be *listening*, and her eyes, now abnormally large and bright, ran about the room, and from window to door, in alarmed expectancy. Gradually, however, she grew composed under the influence of my steady courage; and then, laughing, she made a pretty and embarrassed apology for her unconventional intrusion. Then we sat chatting in a sociable fashion, and when I saw that she was fully recovered I escorted her to her chamber, and then returned to my own room, closed the door, blew out my candle, and went straightway to bed and sleep.

I was rudely awakened by strong hands upon my throat, arms, and legs. A dark-lantern flashed in my face. Hoarse, low-spoken curses and threats were hurled at me. Before I could utter a sound or make more than an instinctive struggle a gag was thrust into my mouth and I was bound hand and foot! Then I recognized the white masks of the dreaded Ku-Klux—almost identically the same disguise that is worn in this unhappy year of our Lord by the White-Caps of Indiana!

Then my captors—a dozen powerful men—talked freely; and thus it all came out, but though I was horrified to discover their error, and resorted to all possible kinds of dumb-show to inform them that they were wrong, and made silent pleas for permission to speak, they left me in forced dumbness.

"We know all about you," said the leader, picking out his speech with oaths and curses. "We have seen niggers and Yankee soldiers slipping into this house at night, to hatch plots against us with you and your conspiring partner, the shoemaker." (I then remembered that I myself had often stumbled over vagrant negroes and soldiers who had crept into the abandoned parts of the house for a free lodging.) "Very well; you and the main female conspirator—the single one, who prowls with you at night to meet our enemies in the dark—will take a free ride to England, where your bones will play havoc in the carding-machines of the Manchester mills. As for the shoemaker and his wife, they will rest in the river henceforth, but not in their own skins!"

There was something ghastly and terrible in these threats, though it required subsequent happenings to make me acquainted with the full nature of the unspeakable horrors which lay behind them.

The storm had degenerated into a blanket of black clouds, below which fled hurrying gusts of wind and occasional showers. The wind racked the spirit of every ghost in the great old mansion, and whistlings, groans, and howls issued from the throats of a hundred banshees. It was a good night for the murderous work in hand. I must have ached with fears for the wholeness of my own body; but what was that agony in comparison with the infinitely greater one of realizing that I had been the instrument for bringing down upon the heads of my dear friends this bloody, implacable, and reasonless catastrophe? In a moment of supreme anguish I tugged like a madman at my bonds; and as I was a strong man, my desperate energy made my tormentors burry their work.

"At the least," said the cynical leader, "you are worth your weight in cotton; at eighteen cents a pound you will fetch considerably more than thirty dollars net!"

Upon that they dragged me out of the house. Where were my friends? Had they already been killed? No gag was needed for their poor silent mouths. Two would not remain long in their own skins in the silent river; and Eveline—what had they done with her? There was something within me which I had come to know the meaning of at last; it was not that I unconsciously had become Eveline's slayer; it was not that the swirling phantasmagoria of my brain pictured her sweet, bright face pallid in the presence of death, and her staring eyes pleading for the strong young life that stood between her strong spirit and her God, and her dumb lips begging silently for impossible mercy, and her fingers flying with implorings for the help of an absent one, who, she must have felt, would have fought for her and died for her—that was not all of it: out of the cool shadows of the sweet recent past, standing forth clearly above the horrors which now invested me, was the discovery that comes sooner or later to all men—a discovery which now intoxicated me with a maddening despair.

But the time was shortening. A detachment of the men (the others no doubt withdrawing to finish their bloody work with the three other innocents) hurried me away, dragging me through the great park into a cotton-field. The moon had risen, and through the thinning clouds I made out the form of a gin-house, near the side of which stood one of those peculiar creations—a cotton-press—which for some years after the war still stood as the most picturesque of all the features of a Southern landscape. Its great screw, cut out of a solid tree, towered sixty feet above the ground, and from the top, which was crowned with a roof, spread two giant arms at an angle of forty degrees, reaching to within a short distance of the ground. The screw had been raised to its highest point, and I could faintly see at its lower end the great block which, by means of mules attached to the arms, could be made to descend, by the running down of the screw (as the mules traversed a circular path around the press) into the great box after it should be filled with cotton, which thus was pressed into a bale.

It was the time of the year when ginning and pressing were under way, and from my window in the mansion I had seen the operation but a day or two before, even to the removal of the sides of the box, after the cotton had been pressed, and then the binding of the bales with ties.

We halted at the foot of a ladder which led to the upper end of the box; but we did not wait long. Soon other men appeared, and, as they drew near, I saw that one of them bore what appeared to be the unconscious form of a woman in his arms. My heart almost burst from its prison, for surely this must be Eveline! If they were to hang us to the arms of the giant press, there would be the sweet satisfaction of dying with her and so near her!

"There they come," said the leader; "take him up and dump him."

A powerful man seized me and bore me up the ladder, others assisting by holding me from struggling. It was not till we had reached the top that the awful truth burst upon me, though not in all its hideous entirety—they were to throw me into the box, whence escape would be impossible and smothering in the cotton sure! I made one desperate struggle for freedom; in the next moment, I fell softly upon the pile of soft cotton which half-filled the box. Almost immediately afterward, an unconscious woman fell heavily upon me.

Believing that it was Eveline, but unable to see her in the inky blackness of the hole, I enjoyed an indescribable consolation. But to my inconceivable dismay, the next act in the horrible drama was put in action—a flood of fleecy cotton, lighter than snow, began pouring into the box, burying us; our murderers would suffocate us in cotton! As I labored to breathe the failing air, the fine lint was drawn into my nostrils, adding vastly to my sufferings; but it had a surprising good effect on my companion, who I still supposed was Eveline—approaching suffocation restored her to consciousness. Imagine my extraordinary surprise when she spoke, calling upon God for help! Surely this terrible agony could not have given the power of so clear speech to one who had been dumb from infancy! Here, then, was a fifth victim of the Ku-Klux, and she a stranger to me; and so it had been denied me to die with Eveline!

Amazed and bewildered, and feeling that consciousness was slowly slipping away from me, I struggled for more air, and, in this way, made my companion aware of my presence. She screamed in terror and shrank away under the increasing covering of smothering cotton; but instantly human compassion seized her, and she breathlessly asked:

"Who are you?"

My gag permitted me only to groan. Gasping for breath (for the cotton kept pouring in), she ran her hands over me and discovered my helplessness; and, as she was entirely free, with desperate deftness and celerity, she untied my bonds and gag.

"We can do nothing," I said, hopelessly.

She uttered a wailing sound at that.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In a cotton-press, and they will smother us here."

She groaned despairingly, and then roused herself and vehemently declared:

"We will not die like rats!"

By a blessed good fortune there were cracks in the side of the worm and warped old box, and to one of these she and I, clinging together in the companionship of a mortal danger, applied our lips, getting abundant sustaining air thereby. But all at once our evil fate bared her knife at our throats; the cotton was receiving a violent compaction; evidently one of the men, after the box had been filled, had jumped upon the cotton and was tramping it down firmly upon us, to make room for more cotton. Then we sent shrill cries for help through the crack, and heard curses without, and were stunned by a large stone which was hurled heavily against the box at the point where our faces touched it.

After an interval, during which, now that we could breathe, our suffering was largely mental—after the lapse of a time sufficient for the men to fill the box again and put upon the top of the cotton the haggard to form the upper covering of a cotton-bale—we were horrified beyond conception to hear the harsh creaking of the giant screw as it turned above us, and a full understanding of the frightful death that awaited us came when, peering through the crack, we saw the man pulling the great sweeps of the press around. *We were to be compressed in the centre of a cotton-bale!* And so our bones would play havoc with the carding-machines of the Manchester mills in England.

Round went the great arms of the press, and our cries were added to the volume of groans and screams which the poorly lubricated screw sent abroad into the darkness. Soon enough, as the men dragged the sweeps around, came the first gentle pressure upon us as the ponderous block touched the pile above us. Firmer and firmer the cotton settled upon us, driving us, as we stood upright, slowly down with the whole mass of cotton in the box, making our lips to slip along the polished edges of the crevice. The pressure became a squeeze. Our ribs were strained; our breathing became gasps; our temples, throats, and ears were bursting with blood; our faces were so hard pressed against the smooth wall of the box that they were torn as we were driven downward.

All at once, while consciousness yet remained to give effect to the horrors which beset us, the shrill wailing of the screw was silenced, and gunshots and men's cries and curses filled the air. A sharp battle was fought, and then heavy blows were dealt upon the wooden keys and bolts that held together the sides of our prison. The encompassing walls of the box fell away; but so closely were we pressed in the cotton, that we were held there above the ground, bulging out with the cotton when the pressure had been released, our bodies more than half-concealed, and the visible parts of us torn and bleeding. Dimly in the light of a small moon, which now shone from an open sky, we saw the rifles and brass buttons of Federal soldiers, who had been drawn thither by our cries and the midnight wailing of the screw. Eager hands dragged us forth into life and freedom; but still we clung to each other as two who had tasted death as comrades.

In spite of blood and lacerations we recognized each other in the moonlight. My companion was Eveline herself, speaking, crying, clinging to me.

"It can't be Eveline!" I cried, holding her from me and

looking into her poor bruised face. "She is deaf and dumb!"

"It is Eveline," she replied, "who has never been deaf and dumb. But you—I thought you were deaf and dumb, and we agreed at home that I should pretend also to be, fearing that if you knew I could hear and speak, you—you would not—"

"But I do love you above all the world, my heart!" I exclaimed, taking her again in my arms.

And then the whole misunderstanding was explained. My host himself had mistaken me, very naturally, for a deaf-mute; and as for the voice of a woman which I had heard in the mansion at night, and the terrified words that very night in the house while the Ku-Klux were prowling through the corridors, it was Eveline's voice, which she had to exercise, lest she should lose it.

So, alas! my sweet wife is not deaf and dumb, after all; but then, there is consolation in knowing that my bones have not yet done any harm to the carding-machines in the cotton mills of Manchester, and that my dear dumb friends are not resting in the broad Mississippi.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1893.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

When Phyllis Laughs.

When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzled eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies.
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Italian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might—
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

—John Hay in September Harper's.

At the Sign of the Skull.

A strange old tavern have I seen:
The walls are thick, the garden green;
'Tis damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor.
They come by night, and they come by day,
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow,
And, though he looks exceeding thin,
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests—who, after a while,
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;

And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made.
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare—
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off—but I never found
That any one knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

O strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"

—Theodore C. Williams in September Century.

Hack and Hew.

Hack and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now:
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the helmed stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
To hearty and speed outgrew—
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,
And the gliding hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smolder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun."

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with those shadowy two—
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

—Bliss Carman in September Atlantic.

A FEMALE ANARCHIST.

Emma Goldman, the Young Woman who is Making Speeches in New York—The Labor Troubles There—Unemployed Foreigners.

The excitement of the week has been the labor demonstration. This was confined to the Jewish clothing-makers, Germans, Poles, and Hungarians, and never seems to have involved over four or five thousand people at the outside. The movement derived its importance from a feeling that it might lead to a New York edition of the Haymarket riot. In point of fact, it never assumed a formidable shape.

It began on Thursday of last week, when a body of cloak-makers and garment-workers took forcible possession of Walhalla Hall in Orchard Street, refusing to pay for it on the ground that they had no money. The proprietor barred the door, but the crowd quickly broke it open with paving-stones, burst in, and organized a meeting at which incendiary speeches flowed in a torrent. The police were sent for and a few arrests were made, but they only infuriated the mob, which proceeded to gut the hall. The gas-fixtures were torn down, the benches and tables smashed, a piano jumped upon till it was broken into fragments, the carpets were torn up, marble tables split in pieces, and at last an attempt was made to set fire to the wreck. The police then reappeared on the scene and cleared the hall after a sharp battle; a number of prisoners were carried off to the station-houses. The disturbers of the peace dispersed after obtaining permission to hold a meeting in Union Square on Saturday evening.

What that demonstration might have been if nothing had interfered, it may be difficult to say. As it was, just before the hour set for the meeting a heavy rain shower set in, and at seven P. M. there were not over three thousand persons present. No one can be enthusiastic when a stream of cold water is pouring down the back of his neck. Even anarchy yielded to the hydropathic treatment. Still there was a lady who kept up a good head of steam under the discouraging circumstances. This was Emma Goldman, who is said to be the wife or the mistress of the man who shot Mr. Frick at Homestead. She is a young, short woman, with curly hair and spectacles—obviously a German Jewess and a termagant of the Louise Michel type. She can not be described as an orator, but she screamed in a high voice on the text that the workmen were starving and that they were the victims of the capitalists. The police do not seem to feel sure what mischief she may be up to; they keep her constantly shadowed, and at some meetings of unemployed workmen she has been forbidden to speak. She has talked a great deal of nonsense about the black flag, but it does not seem that she has thus far made herself liable to arrest for inciting a riot.

The alleged starvation which Emma and her friends use as their capital in trade appears to be largely imaginary. There is a great deal of poverty and discomfort among these foreign work-people, but the *Sun* reporter, after diligent search, was unable to find any actual cases of starvation. The foreigners who broke into Walhalla Hall and who held the meeting in Union Square are the people who crowded out American workers in the clothing trade by accepting lower wages. Now the scarcity of money has compelled all workers to accept the same level of wages, that is to say, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per day; and many of the old hands have got back their jobs, displacing foreigners who displaced them. These foreign work-people have generally saved money. They live on the merest pittance, ten or twelve cents a day; and a man and wife, who have a room, take in lodgers. The calculation of the "starving unemployed" was that by noisy threats and violent demonstrations they might frighten the municipal government into supporting them. Thus far they have not succeeded. They have even failed to persuade Mayor Gilroy that it is his duty to demand of the governor that work should be stopped at the State penitentiaries.

They are a curious people. One of the noisiest rioters at Walhalla was a Polish Jew, who broke furniture as he shouted "Bread or Blood!" He was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and fined ten dollars. He declared he had not a cent in the world, and was remanded to the cells. A kind-hearted by-stander begged pennies and nickels from the people in his neighborhood, and finally brought the ten dollars in small change to the clerk of the court, whereupon the prisoner was released. As he went out, an officer searched his pockets for concealed weapons, and found in an inner pocket thirty-five dollars in bills.

At a meeting of the starving workmen Emma Goldman wrought them up to a pitch of frenzy by a recital of their wrongs. On the appearance of the police, she left the hall, declaring that others might faint by the way but she would never grow weary; she dashed into the street and—went to a photographer's to have her likeness taken.

At Newark, quite a number of foreign work-people are employed. They are to hold demonstrations at which the men are to walk barefoot. They all have shoes, which is not the case with their compatriots in Poland and Russia; but they think it will be more impressive for them to parade without them. Sympathy cools in presence of such imposture.

The great baker, Fleischman, who supplies most of the hotels and restaurants, was so touched by the stories of starvation that he gave notice he would supply applicants with free bread at two every morning. His supply of misfit loaves and broken rolls leaves him a large unsold stock daily. He was asked what class of people came for the bread. He answered laconically:

"Tramps."

"What kind of tramps? Hebrews?"

"No," said he; "no Jews—all Christians. People who lodge on the benches in Madison Square, Union Square, and City Hall Park."

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 26, 1893.

AN ENRAGED ACTRESS.

Mlle. Reichemberg Raises a Rumpus in the House of Molière—Why She Wants to Resign from the Comédie-Française—What She Has Done and will Do.

Mlle. Reichemberg has fallen out with her director! Of course the director of the Théâtre Français is a public functionary in a way, like a prefect of police, and his orders are not lightly set aside.

It appears that the mischief has been brewing for some time past. Mlle. Reichemberg cut up rough over the London programme. She thought she ought to have been permitted to act more of her best parts. Ophelia was all very well and the character of the *Préfète* in "Le Monde où l'on S'Ennuie" is one of her most successful creations; but there was the heroine in "L'Ami Fritz," Agnès in "L'Ecole des Femmes," and "La Souris"—as the little white mouse, the actress is inimitable. None of these were given in London, so she came back in a very bad temper, indeed, and was decidedly inclined to consider that the financial failure of the expedition was partly owing to the fact that she—Reichemberg—had not had sufficient opportunity to show off her talent. Perhaps she did not care so much about the English audience generally, but she did care to be applauded and complimented by the royal princes, who one or other of them mostly attended the representations and would go behind the scenes for the purpose.

In a temper still she set off with the rest for a tour in the southern departments. She headed the hills on the first night at Bordeaux, when she elicited unbounded applause by her rendering of Mme. de Girardin's charming piece. In the wings, the manager told her she was to appear at Pau the week following in "L'Avare," at which her blood boiled. On the first opportunity, she went for Claretie and frankly declared she would not stand it. She was not going to be made to play utility parts, and that of Marianne in "L'Avare" was no better—a few lines, with no possible room for effects. Any *pensionnaire* would do as well. The director was equally firm, it was an order, she had no choice. No choice! Then she would leave the Français, and she begged M. Claretie would consider this as a resignation. And returning to her *hôtel* after the performance, she gave her maid orders to pack up her clothes, and departed, shaking the dust of Bordeaux from her feet and her little fist—metaphorically—in the face of her director.

Articles appeared in all the papers. Reichemberg was going to leave the Français! Each journal told off a reporter to go and interview the irate actress. They found her at home, smiling as usual, but her eyes glistening, and determined to maintain her resolution come what might.

When Napoleon drew up the decree at Moscow by which the Théâtre Français was thenceforth to be governed, he showed himself a judge of human nature, and stagey human nature in particular. He had gauged the depths of the artist's vanity, and was perfectly aware that they easily take offense; and so he ruled that a resignation to be valid must be reiterated after a delay of six months. When an actor sends in his resignation he generally abides by it; but ladies proverbially do not know their own minds.

Claretie has been very firm. After the actress's tempestuous departure from Bordeaux, he merely signified that her name had been taken off the bills and that a substitute would be found for her during the rest of the Provençal campaign. I expect it will be with some feeling of resentment that the recalcitrant Reichemberg will read of the successes of the Comédie at Marseilles. Mlle. Reichemberg, though still wonderfully young-looking, is nearing that age after which it will be difficult for her to assume the frock and sash of the *ingénue* which still suit her so well.

Few women save a Parisian could manage to look captivating innocence or sweet sixteen at—shall we say thirty-six? Yet Reichemberg does this still, perfectly. How long she will continue to do it is another thing. It is certainly an anomaly that the leading comedy lady of the Théâtre Français Company should be the *doyenne*, the "senioress," of the *sociétaires*; yet so it is. Not the eldest in years, but the one who has been there the longest and whose nomination is of earliest date. She is very proud of the fact.

If Reichemberg persists in resigning, her future position will not be an easy one. If she attempts to play at any other Parisian theatre after quitting the Française, she would lay herself open to a lawsuit, and might be condemned to pay big damages. The position of *sociétaire* of the Comédie-Française is an honorable one, and not a had one financially; but it has its obligations, and this is one of them—not an article of the Moscow code, but one added of late, if I remember rightly, after the defection of Coquelin, and specially framed to prevent this pillar of the Comédie from joining the staff of another house. This comedian, after resigning, accepted an engagement as *pensionnaire*, which enables him to go touring in the provinces and abroad.

Is it not possible that Reichemberg may have been hitten with a similar desire? There are those who affirm that if she refused to go to Marseilles, it was because she had accepted profitable engagements at certain Spas. But although Reichemberg is as great an artiste as Coquelin, her line of characters is not one that would specially attract an audience by whom the French language is but imperfectly understood; therefore, she is not likely to be in such demand out of France as her comrade. She is essentially a Parisian actress; more than this, she is a comedian bred for, and fitted entirely to, the House of Molière; the simple refinement and delicate finish of her acting marks her for the interpretation of high-class modern comedy, such as is seldom played elsewhere, and for the old classic repertoire.

One of the most important of Molière's *ingénues* is Agnès, of the "Ecole des Femmes"—Agnès, who, in her empty-headed simplicity, asks the most equivocal questions, and this is one of Reichemberg's greatest successes. She excels admirably in appearing to ignore innuendo and in saying silly things with imperturbable innocence of manner.

In modern comedy one of her best parts is the humble little heroine who steals the heart out of the hosom of the hurly Ami Fritz; and, another, the meek, undemonstrative Souris of Pailleron. It is true she has also enacted in perfection the young wife of the prefect in "Le Monde où l'on S'Ennuie," who is still in the honeymoon stage of felicity—a condition looked upon as hardly moral or proper by the pedantic society among which they are thrown. None of Shakespeare's warm-blooded heroines is much fitted to her peculiar phase of talent. Still she has played Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew," and her Ophelia is admired.

Reichemberg is not what can generally be described as pretty. Not that she is by any means plain—she has pretty golden hair, a good complexion, a very neat figure, and a pleasant smile; but her nose is too long, and it is a face that you can never hope to see kindled into flame or melted into softness by passion. Perhaps in private life Mlle. Reichemberg may have resources of sentiment that the public never has a chance of appreciating. Anyhow, she has had lovers in plenty, and the woman who is still able to delineate the virgin purity of huddling girlhood and the coy *espiguerie* of a bread-and-butter miss is the mother of a child who has nearly reached maturity.

Fernande, the golden-haired daughter of the actress, is well known to the *habitués* of the Villa Said—the *bijou* mansion situated on the confines of the Bois de Boulogne of which Reichemberg is mistress. The household is established on a medium scale, it is neither over-luxurious nor downright simple; the house is charmingly furnished and teems with dainty trifles dear to a woman's heart. Mlle. Reichemberg revels in the *bourgeois* qualities and is a stay-at-home, and has hitherto never excited any amount of town talk. In many ways she reminds one of the Brohans—one of whom she was, indeed, the pupil and almost adopted daughter.

Madeleine Brohan conceived a great affection for her maid's child—a clean, forward little thing who grew up in the household of the beautiful and bewitching actress, who sent her to school and afterward to the Conservatoire, and under whose wing she made her début at the Français at the age of fifteen. The Brohan's nieces—Marie and Jeanne Samary—were not hest pleased at the amount of attention and money bestowed on the maid Reichemberg's offspring, but they both succeeded in making names for themselves, and Jeanne's, at least, was a brilliant career, cut short, unhappily, by early death.

At the Théâtre Français, Reichemberg is the tenant of a little suite of rooms, which it is customary to designate as a *loge*, that formerly harbored the arch-coquette of hy-gone days, Mme. Arnold Plessy (about which septuagenarian playgoers still rave), and wherein Sarah Bernhardt assumed the white pearl-trimmed robe of Doña Sol and the brilliant gowns of "L'Etrangère," and where also she was wont to discuss the dozen of oysters, slice of pastry, and bottle of white wine that it is her habit to partake of during the *entr'acte*. On taking possession of a *loge*, an actress always has it refitted according to her own taste in such matters. Mlle. Reichemberg had the walls covered with cerise plush, and the principal decorations were the pictures and drawings hung thereon and some busts. One of Alsace was the gift of Madeleine Brohan. A water-color drawing representing three mice nibbling an ear of wheat—an allusion to La Souris—is enriched by an autograph of the poet Banville.

PARIS, August 7, 1893.

PARISINA.

At the inception of the recent row in the House of Commons, the Speaker, the Right Hon. Arthur Wesley Peel, was not in the chair, his place being temporarily filled by one of the members; but he was speedily summoned, and his immense influence was at once apparent. A correspondent of the New York Post says:

"The Speaker's ability, tact, and governing power were never more conspicuously shown than upon this occasion. Much of his influence is due to his splendid voice. Its clarion-like, sonorous swell calls to mind Bulwer Lytton's description of O'Connell's. A man should be very certain of being in the right who would not cover under it in reproof. Yet it is often attuned to tones of the deepest feeling. The splendor of the position of Speaker of the British House of Commons is, perhaps, not generally realized. The appointment, nominally for the duration of but one Parliament, generally extends over several. The present occupant of the chair, the Right Hon. Arthur Wesley Peel, the youngest son of the great statesman, is the eighth who has held the office within the present century. Chosen from among the members, subject to the approval of the crown, the Speaker can be removed only upon an address to the crown. Besides a palatial residence, occupying one wing of the Houses of Parliament, and large patronage, he receives a salary of five thousand pounds a year. At the end of his labors he is rewarded with a peerage and a pension of four thousand pounds per annum for two lives. He is a member of the Privy Council and the first gentleman in the United Kingdom, taking rank after barons. His duties, under ordinary circumstances, extending over only portions of five days of the week for half the year, although apparently light, demand for their proper performance the exercise of trained abilities of the highest order, an unfailing memory, keen eyesight, and a quick ear.

"The profound respect voluntarily and by custom accorded him rests, doubtless, upon those, perhaps, illogical traits in the British character which have contributed to the continuity and steadiness of British institutions. When at the opening of proceedings, he makes his way in state from his residence to the Chamber, through the corridors used by members for passing to the committee, library, and refreshment-rooms, it is against etiquette for any one to be found therein. When on summer evenings he and his family take the air upon the portion of the terrace which is outside his residence, there is no more thought of approaching them than there would be if he were a Grand Lama. When in the chair he can be approached only upon strictly business matters. His levees, held twice a year and open to all members, can be attended only in court costume, sword by the side. It shows, by the way, how completely Quakerism has altered from its former standards that many members of the Society of Friends attend so attired and girded. The Irish members and the increasing number of Radicals who will not don court dress are consequently shut out from personal intercourse with him."

Henry Watterson, returning to Kentucky from Washington, was asked what was the news at the national capital. "Oh, nothing much," replied the brilliant Kentuckian. "There are only two men in Washington who know all about the silver question. One is Stewart, who owns all the silver, and the other is Daniel, of Virginia, who hasn't got a cent."

NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Bon Marché, of Paris, makes a comprehensive exhibit of textiles. In one corner is a bride's trousseau, the costliest ever made. It includes a silk underskirt, valued at \$2,300; several pieces of underwear, worth \$200; a single bed-sheet, embroidered in silk, worth \$1,000; a pillow-case, worth \$160; and a whole case of *robes de nuit* at \$500 a piece. The entire outfit is worth \$25,000.

In a watch exhibit are the time-pieces carried by King James the First, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, King George the Third, Robert Burns, William of Orange, Queen Elizabeth, John Calvin, John Bunyan, and Lady Jane Grey. John Milton's watch has a silver case with raised points on the dial by which the blind poet was enabled to tell the time. Its date of make is about 1660.

The projectiles range in size from one pound to eighteen hundred pounds. The latter is the projectile for the big Krupp gun. It is as big as a harrel and as tall as the average man.

Nebraska shows a map of Platte County made with wheat, rye, oats, and grass seed. Washington has a model farm thirty feet square, with a farm-house no larger than a bird-cage, a red barn three feet high, and flowing wells which spout into troughs that hold about a pint. Fields of grain are represented by millet heads stuck in the loose earth. A thrashing machine eight inches high is operated by farmers five inches tall. There are reapers and mowers in miniature, pastures, cows, and country roads. There is always a delighted throng around this display.

What are supposed to be the first playing-cards printed in America are exhibited in the Anthropological Building. The sheet is about eleven by seventeen inches, and bears in the back a pen-and-ink inscription giving its date, 1583. The face bears an impression from a wooden block of twenty-four cards, each two by three and one-half inches. They are colored in red, blue, and yellow.

In the piano department of the Russian section is the invention of Baron Pillard von Pilchau, a most ingenious contrivance by which a composer may sit down to his instrument and improvise without any thought of memorizing his work, for the attachment writes out the music as rapidly as he plays it.

The mineral cottage in the South Dakota Building is constructed entirely of minerals. The roof is of mica, the walls are of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, zinc, and nickel ores.

The foundation of the Washington State Building is made of huge logs, ten in number, each of which is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, three feet six inches by three feet in breadth. They were cut from trees three hundred and forty feet in length.

The entire floor space of the Kentucky Building is undermined by a six-foot tunnel, in the opening of which is scenery accurately reproducing the mouth of the Mammoth Cave.

The Cunard Steamship Company show the development of modern ship-building in a fleet of full-rigged models, from the *Britannia*, the pioneer ship, to the *Campania*, the largest in the world.

The Smithsonian Institute has a natural history exhibit, showing all the principal species of each family of mammals in the two Americas. There is also an exhibit of the families of beasts and birds which are fast being exterminated.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts exhibits a model of his famous Brookfield stud. The interiors are fitted with electric lights, which enables one to see the tiny galleries, loose boxes, etc., which are within.

The mammoth gun in the Krupp Building is one of the two largest ever made. It was cast at the famous works at Essen, Germany, and weighs 270,000 pounds. It is 47 feet long, 6 feet and 6 inches in diameter at its thickest part, has a 16½-inch bore, and is made of the finest steel, at a cost of \$80,000. The shell used is made of forged steel. The range is sixteen miles, with absolute accuracy and effect at a distance of twelve miles. The gun has been fired between forty and fifty times, and each time it costs \$1,250 to discharge it. The twelve-inch steel plates which were perforated at a distance of four miles are exhibited with the gun in the Krupp Building.

The Nicaragua Canal is shown complete in a plaster-of-Paris model thirty feet long, the country through which it passes appearing in relief.

One of the many railway exhibits in the Transportation Building comes from England. A complete train, as run on the London and Northwestern Railway, is in place.

The sword which Washington wore when he surrendered his commission as chief of the American forces, is exhibited. It is three-edged, with a steel hilt, a silver hilt, and a sheath made of some material similar to parchment.

An iron firm in Germany exhibits an iron tree made of various-sized tubes. At night the tree is a beautiful sight. Instead of leaves, the limbs are ablaze with yellow incandescent globes.

The Ferris Wheel is a monster wheel revolving between two towers, this wheel being two hundred and sixty-four feet in height, and around it, suspended between the two crowns by great steel trunnion pins, thirty-six passenger coaches, each as large as the ordinary Pullman palace car. Each of these coaches has a seating capacity of sixty persons. Then imagine this wheel, with two thousand one hundred and sixty souls, slowly revolving.

A peculiar and intensely interesting part of the bacteriological exhibit is one prepared for the World's Fair by Professor Brieger. It is a collection of the swiftest and most powerful poisons on earth, all gained from the dead bodies of those who fell victims to various deadly bacteria. This class of poisons are termed toxines, toxalbumines, or cadaverines. They are exhibited in carefully closed tubes. Among them are such deadly poisons—all discovered in recent years—as neurine, hetaine, gadinine, textanotoxine, typhotaxine, toxalbumen of cholera, or typhus, cadaverine, obtained from a normal body, etc.

MAIDEN MADNESS.

Extracted from the London Sensation, "The Heavenly Twins."

The American furore over "The Heavenly Twins" is just beginning. "The Heavenly Twins" is the extraordinary title of an extraordinary novel by a lady who hides her identity from the public behind the pseudonym "Madame Sarah Grand," though her portrait is appearing in all the illustrated literary papers, together with a biographic sketch which describes her as an Irishwoman of Quaker stock, who was married at sixteen and has since traveled much and who used to keep a note-book of her impressions, thereby gaining for herself the sobriquet of "the English Marie Bashkirtseff." She had already written two novels, "Singularly Deluded" and "Ideala," besides several short stories; but "The Heavenly Twins," which was two years in the writing, was hawked about from publisher to publisher in London until at last she brought out the book in three volumes at her own expense—and had the pleasure of selling edition after edition, though the price amounted to seven dollars and a half. Some months ago negotiations were completed for an American edition; but, owing to financial difficulties encountered by the American house, it has only lately been put on the market. Already the papers are discussing both the author and her ideas. In order that our readers may get an idea of the originality and holdness of the views the novel expresses, we give here a series of extracts. Here is the heroine, Evadne Frayling, as she is introduced in the first chapter:

"At nineteen, Evadne looked out of narrow eyes at an untried world inquiringly. She wanted to know. For generations knowledge is acquired, or, rather, instilled by force in families; as right, and in her own family, Evadne appears to have been the child. Not that she often asked for information. It was as if she only required to be reminded of things she had learned before. Silent, sociable, sober, and sincere, she had walked over the course of her early education and gone on far beyond it with such ease that those in authority over her never suspected the extent to which she had outstripped them."

Evadne's education was that of most girls of her class; but to it she added much through unrestricted browsing in a library:

"After studying anatomy and physiology, she took up pathology as a matter of course, and naturally went on thence to prophylactics and therapeutics; but was quite unharmed, because she made no personal application of her knowledge, as the coarser mind masculine of the ordinary medical student is apt to do. She possessed, in fact, a mind of exceptional purity as well as of exceptional strength, one that might be called knowledge, not corrupted; but had it been otherwise, she must certainly have suffered in consequence of the effect of the seriously foolish limitations imposed upon her by those who had charge of her conventional education. Subjects were surrounded by mystery which should have been explained. An impossible ignorance was the object aimed at, and so long as no word was spoken on either side, it was supposed to feed upon was never even considered, nor did any one perceive the folly of withholding positive knowledge, which, when properly conveyed, is the true source of healthy-mindedness, from a child whose intelligent perception was already sufficiently keen to require it."

Two hooks that she read just before she came out were "Tom Jones" and "Roderick Random." Of the latter she wrote:

"The hero is a kind of king-can-do-no-wrong young man; if a thing were not right in itself he acted as if the pleasure of doing it sanctified it to his use sufficiently. After a career of vice, in which he revels without any sense of personal degradation, he marries an amiable girl named Narcissa, and every one seems to expect that such a union of vice and virtue would be productive of the happiest consequences. In point of fact he should have married Miss Williams, for whom he was in every respect a suitable mate. If anything, Miss Williams was the better of the two, for Roderick sinned in weak wantonness, while she only did so of necessity. They repented together, but she married to an unsavory man-servant named Strap as a reward; while Roderick considers himself entitled to the peerless Narcissa. Miss Williams, moreover, becomes Narcissa's confidential friend, and the whole disastrous arrangement is made possible by Narcissa herself, who calmly accepts these two precious associates at their own valuation, and admits them to the closest intimacy without any knowledge of their true characters and early lives. The fine flavor of real life in the book seems to me to be of the putrid kind which some palates relish, perhaps; but can not be wholesome, and it may be poisonous. The moral is: Be vicious as you please, but prate of virtue."

"Tom Jones" she dismissed with greater contempt, if possible: Another young man, she wrote, 'steeped in vice, although acquainted with virtue. He also marries a spotless heroine. Such men marrying re a danger to the community at large. The two books taken together show well the self-interest and injustice of men, the fatal ignorance and slavish apathy of women; and it may be good to know these things, but it is not agreeable.'"

Here is a rather frank expression of a young woman's thoughts:

"The first feeling of a girl as happily situated, healthy-minded, and physically strong as she was is bound to be pleasurable; and had she seen a young man at this time she would not improbably have sought heighten and vary her sensations by adding greater quantities of alcohol to her daily diet; she would have grown coarse of skin by eating more than she could assimilate; she would have smelled strongly of tobacco, as a rule, to try the endurance of a harrmaid; she could have been anxious about the fit of coats, fastidious as to the voice of ties, quite impossible in the matter of trousers, and prone to regard her own image in the glass caressingly. She would have considered that every petticoat held a divinity, or every woman had her place according to the direction in which nature had limited her powers of perception, with a view to the final making of her into a sentimental; a vicious fool. When she should have been hard at work she could have stayed in bed in the morning flattering her imagination with visions of the peerless beauties who would all adore her, and the good place she would conquer in the world; and she would have gone r-stalking in earnest—probably—had she been a young man. But being as she was, she got up early and went to church. It was the one way she had of expressing the silent joy of her being, and of intensifying it."

Her maidenly ideal and the concrete form it took are thus described:

"All excitements run to love in women of a certain—let us not say age, but youth," says the professor. This passage indicates exactly the point at which Evadne had now arrived and where she was pausing. "She certainly entertained the idea of marriage at this time. She had acquired a sort of notion from her friends that it was good to marry, and her own inclinations seconded the suggestion. She meant to marry when she should find the right man, but the difficulty of choice distressed her. She was quite prepared to decide with her mind. She never took her heart into consideration, or the possibility of being overcome by a feeling which is stronger than reason."

"She made her future husband a subject of prayer, however. She said that he might be an upright man, that he might come to her on Sunday; she even asked for some sign by which she should know him, his was during the morning service in church one Sunday. Her thoughts had wandered away, from the lesson that was being read, to this subject of private devotion, and, as she formulated the desire for a sign—for some certainty by which she might know the man whom the dear Lord intended to be her husband—she looked up, and, from the other side of the aisle, she met a glance that flashed at her. She looked away, but her eyes were drawn back inevitably, and this time the glance of those other eyes enlightened her. Her heart bounded—her face flushed. This was the sign, she was sure of it. She had felt nothing like it before, and, although she never raised her eyes again, she thrilled through the rest of the service to the consciousness that there, not many yards away, her future husband sat and sighed for her."

"After the service, the subject of her thoughts claimed her father's acquaintance, and was introduced by him to her as Major Colquhoun. He looked about thirty-eight, and was a big, blonde man, with a heavy mustache and a delicate skin that flushed easily."

The major, according to Evadne's father and mother, was all they could desire for their daughter. To be sure, Mrs. Frayling wrote of him to a friend: "He was rather wild as a young man, I am sorry to say, but he has been quite frank about it all to Mr. Frayling, and there is nothing now we could object to." But that Evadne thought otherwise is shown in these passages, immediately after the wedding:

"As Evadne was leaving the room in her traveling-dress, she noticed some letters lying on her dressing-table, which she had forgotten, and turned back to get them. They had come by the morning's post, but she had not opened any of them, and now she began to put them into her pocket one by one to read at her leisure, glancing at the superscriptions as she did so. One was in a strange and peculiar hand which she did not recognize, and she opened it first to see who her correspondent might be. As she drew it from its envelope she glanced at the signature and at the last few words, which were uppermost, and seemed surprised. She knew the writer by name and reputation very well, although they had never met, and, feeling sure that the communication must be something of importance, she unfolded the letter and read it at once deliberately from beginning to end."

"When she appeared among the guests again she was pale, her lips were set, and she held her head high. Her mother said the dear child was quite overwrought, but she saw only what she expected to see through her own tear-bedimmed eyes, and other people were differently impressed. They thought Evadne was cold and preoccupied when it came to the parting, and did not seem to feel leaving her friends at all. She went out dry-eyed after kissing her mother, took her seat in the carriage, bowed politely but unsmiling acknowledgments to her friends, and drove off with Major Colquhoun with as little show of emotion, and much the same air, as if she had merely been going somewhere on business and expected to return directly."

This calm exterior was very deceptive, however, for no sooner had her husband left her for a moment at the station than she slipped away, and fled to her aunt's house, sending her parents the following telegram:

"Don't be anxious about me. Have received information about Major C.'s character and past life which does not satisfy me at all, and am going now to make further inquiries. Will write."

Here is the explanation Evadne gives her aunt, when she suddenly appears at that lady's house:

"I thought you loved him," her aunt ventured, after a long pause. "Yes, so did I," Evadne answered, frowning—"but I was mistaken. It was a mere affair of the senses, to be put off by the first circumstance calculated to cause a revulsion of feeling by lowering him in my estimation—a thing so slight that, after reading the letter, as we drove to the station—even so soon! I could see him as he is. I noticed at once—but it was for the first time—I noticed that, although his face is handsome, the expression of it is not noble at all." She shuddered at the sight of something repulsive. "You see," she explained, "my taste is cultivated to so fine an extent, I require something extremely well-flavored for the dish which is to be the *pièce de résistance* of my life. My appetite is delicate, it requires to be tempted, and a husband of that kind, a moral leper—she broke off with a gesture, spreading her hands, palms upward, as if she would fain put some horrid idea far from her. "Besides, marrying a man like that, allowing him an assured position in society, is countenancing vice, and—she glanced round apprehensively, then added in a fearful whisper—'helping to spread it.'"

"So long as women will forgive anything, men will do anything. You have it in your power to set up a high standard of excellence for men to reach in order to have the privilege of associating with you. There is this quality in men, that they will have the best of everything; and if the best wives are only to be obtained by being worthy of them, they will strive to become so. As it is, however, why should they? Instead of punishing them for their depravity, you encourage them in it by overlooking it; and besides," she added, "you must know that there is no past in the matter of vice. The consequences become hereditary and continue from generation to generation."

"Your husband was a good man. You have never thought about what a woman ought to do who has married a bad one—in an emergency like mine, that is. You think I should act as women have been always advised to act in such cases, that I should sacrifice myself to save that one man's soul. I take a different view of it. I see that the world is not a bit the better for centuries of self-sacrifice on the woman's part and, therefore, I think it is time we tried a more effectual plan. And I propose now to sacrifice the man instead of the woman."

Evadne then enters into a correspondence with her mother, in the course of which she writes:

"You would not counsel a son of yours to marry a society woman of the same character as Major Colquhoun, and neither more nor less degraded, for the purpose of reforming her, would you, mother? I know you would not. And as a woman's soul is every bit as precious as a man's, one sees what cant this talk of reformation is. It seems to me that such cases as Major Colquhoun's are for the clergy, who have both experience and authority, and not for young wives to tackle. And, at any rate, although reforming reprobates may be a very noble calling, I do not, at nineteen, feel that I have any vocation for it; and I would respectfully suggest that you, mother, with your experience, your known piety, and your sweet disposition, would be a much more suitable person to reform Major Colquhoun than I should be. His past life seems to inspire you with no horror; the knowledge of it makes me shrink from him. My husband must be a Christ-like man. I have very strong convictions, you see, on the subject of the sanctity and responsibilities of marriage. There are certain conditions which I hold to be essential on both sides. I hold, also, that human beings are sacred and capable of deep degradation, and that marriage, their closest bond, is sacred, too, the holiest relationship in life, and one which should only be entered upon with the greatest care and in the most reverent spirit. Even when I think of it in the lower and more ordinary way, I find the same conclusion forces itself upon me. For there certainly is no romance in marrying a man old already in every emotion, between whom and me the recollection of some other woman would be forever intruding. My whole soul sickens at the possibility, and I think that it must have been women old in emotion themselves who first tolerated the staleness of such lovers."

The upshot of it was that, to save appearances, Evadne consented to live "as brother and sister" with her husband, who had been ordered to Malta. But she relaxed no jot nor tittle of her strict adherence to her views, which naturally led her into many strange predicaments. And the worst comes when she, still living on platonic terms with her husband, meets a man with whom she falls in love.

But as that in nowise affects her opinions as already expressed, we leave the reader to follow her career in the book itself.

Queen Victoria has now passed the record of Henry III., 56 years and 29 days, and has reigned longer than any English sovereign save George III., who ruled 59 years and 97 days.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. K. Vanderhilt seeks to evade paying customs duty on his new yacht by having the boat registered in England as a British ship.

Sir Edward Braddon, brother of the popular novelist, who has been agent of the Colony of Tasmania in London for several years, is going to resign and return to the colony.

Judge John F. Phillips, of the United States Court, in Kansas City, bears the odd middle name of "Finis." He was born on the last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last month of the year. He was the last born of a large family, too.

Young Siegfried Wagner, the only son of the composer, has recently completed a tour of the world and has returned to Bayreuth, where he will assist his mother, Frau Cosima Wagner, in the arrangement of the Wagner festivals at that place. The young man is reported to have decided musical taste.

Mario Uchard, whose death in Paris was announced recently, was the author of several successful plays and novels. Flaubert, whom he imitated in some respects, used to be content with writing two lines a day; Uchard fixed his daily task at sixteen. With the Count d'Osmond he was the founder of the Mirlitons Club.

The German Emperor, who is not looking at all well, is in a highly nervous state, and greatly in need of a thorough rest and change. His majesty looks worn and yellow, and has even a more serious expression than usual when in public. His likeness to his mother grows more striking, for he has inherited her beautiful blue eyes.

Walter Winans, who is known in England as the American millionaire, though he was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, while his father was constructing a railway for the Czar, is an enthusiast on the subject of pistol practice. He has been the champion revolver-shot of England for six years. He is also an amateur sculptor and painter.

A hit of gossip is going about in diplomatic circles in Europe that the interview between Lord Dufferin and M. Develle, the *deus ex machina* of the Siamese question, had to be postponed to permit of the Frenchman being coached up in the elementary essentials of the question; for, up till then, M. Develle did not even know where Siam was.

It is a year of odd names for men of sudden fame. Here is a list that suggests itself at a second's thought: Zimri Diggins, hanker; Dahomey Dodds, warrior; Hoke Smith, journalist and statesman; Sylvester Pennoyer, who told the President "to mind his own business"; Stanhope Sams, poet and statesman; Colonel Pod Dismuke, statesman; Colonel Dink Botts, office-seeker.

It is believed in Washington that Mr. Tsui, the Chinese minister, who has been recalled by his government, will find an unpleasant reception awaiting him upon his arrival in the Flowery Kingdom. There are hints of "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," being on the programme. Mr. Tsui was mixed up with Count Mitkiewicz in the scheme to secure concessions from the Chinese Government.

Old General Sickles opposed all debate on the question of repealing the Sherman law, and proposed that the House should remain in continuous session until that object was attained. He declared his willingness to camp in the capitol and have his meals brought to him. When this heroic proposition was declined, he shook the dust of Washington from his feet and went home to New York, to remain until "the wind-jammers get through shooting off speeches." Then he will return and vote.

Congressman McCaull, the newly elected member from the Eighth Massachusetts District, is a tall, slender individual, with a long, preternaturally solemn visage and a head as bald as a baby's. The day Congress assembled he was strolling down the aisle, when Amos Cummings hailed him as "Bill" and inquired how he got on to the floor. Mr. McCaull said he had a right to the floor and explained who he was, when Mr. Cummings declared that he had mistaken him for Bill Nye, the humorist.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, presents on his broad breast the most wonderfully kaleidoscopic succession of shirts, ties, and waistcoats to be seen under the capitol dome. One day it is a shirt-front of robin's-egg blue, with a four-in-hand of deep, sanguinary crimson and a snow-white vest; to-day it is a bow of delicate, soulful blue, a hosom of pink like that popularized by the Earl of Craven's "hest man, ye know," and a striped waistcoat, while to-morrow the stripes are on the shirt, the waistcoat is spotted, and the tie a shimmering cream.

Professor John S. Blackie, who recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, is noted for his absence of mind. At a lecture in Edinburgh some years ago, Professor Blackie left the platform and stepping down into the body of the hall began, pointer in hand, to explain the subject under discussion. Roars of laughter were soon heard from all parts of the hall, for the professor had absent-mindedly placed his disengaged hand on the bald head of a spectator in the front row, and was proceeding to stroke and pat its shiny surface while he warmed up to his subject.

Dr. Carl Peters, the eminent German explorer of Africa, has arrived in New York on his way to the World's Fair. He is confident that Emin Pasha is still alive, and he says of Stanley: "Mr. Stanley is as much underrated now as he was formerly overrated. He is a clever man. He knows how to get money. Some explorers traveled like tramps, Mr. Stanley had big tents, plenty to eat and drink, and he traveled slowly. Mr. Stanley was a journalist. He knew how to get himself into public notice. Other explorers before him had done as much and more. They are scarcely known."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The interesting changes and omissions made by Thackeray in the original manuscript of his "Round-

New Publications.

Helen H. Gardner, a forcible writer who is, perhaps, most widely known for her bold discussion of the social evil and kindred topics in her novels, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" has gathered together eleven of her fugitive pieces from *Harper's*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Arena*, and other publications and her essays read before certain women's congresses, and has issued them in a volume entitled

The "Child's History of France," by John Bonner, just published by the Harpers, is one of the prettiest hooks lately issued from the American press. It is exquisite in typography and illustration, and is a credit to the publishers. The title of the work is deceptive. In order that it should be uniform with the histories of Rome and Greece by the same author, it is called "A Child's History"; but, while it is written in such simple style that an intelligent child can understand every word of it, it is really designed for perusal by young men and women and by persons of more mature age whose memory of history has become rusty. The author has left out everything that is dry and dull in the history of France, and has preserved everything that is dramatic, and romantic, and interesting. From beginning to end, the story is a chain of anecdote, portrait, landscape, and drama; the story is told in clear Anglo-Saxon, without effort at fine writing, but with a constant devotion to historical accuracy. The purpose was to supply the reader with all that an average person wants to know or is likely to remember in the history of one of the most interesting countries in the world. The Messrs. Harper advertise that they have in press a "Child's History of Spain"; this, it is understood, will be followed by a "Child's History of Italy," both by the same author. In the preface, Mr. Bonner states that it is his intention to continue the series with histories of other countries, so that, when complete, the volumes will constitute a cyclopædia of history for popular reading. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by William Doney.

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VANITY FAIR.

A man enumerates the following reasons why he remains a bachelor: "As a bachelor, I get a great many invitation-cards and pleasant attentions wherever I go. My married friends don't have anything like so much luck, and their wives make them angry by wondering why it is so. It is exceedingly nice when I dine out to be paired off with an unmarried girl. My married friends look across the table at me enviously. As I am, I can do exactly as I like; go to bed at nine or three o'clock at my own sweet will, and breakfast in bed or up at any hour. Most husbands are expected to be at home by ten or eleven o'clock, or face cold coffee, cold eggs, cold toast, and cold looks next morning. Every married man marries for himself—for his pleasure and comfort. Am I to blame if I choose to remain single for the same purpose? There is no absurd cant than the talk about it being a man's duty to the race to take a wife. Of course, too, there is the dreadful possibility of the marriage turning out ill. It is next to impossible for a man to say definitely, 'I can be happy with such a woman for my wife.' I know sweet young girls, who, five years from their wedding day, were untidy, coarse, negligent women, either openly loving their children to the neglect of their husbands, or openly indifferent to both husband and children. This sort of thing is frightful to think of. Married men, in some cases, seem to get used to it, but it wears and kills the brighter part of them. I do not write altogether as a novice in matters of the heart. I have been in love over and over again. Somehow, though, I have always put off popping the question until some other fellow has done it on his own account. Of all these girls whom I might have married, only one now, as a married woman, seems to answer the expectations I had formed of her. The realization of this makes me more and more fond of my bachelor freedom and irresponsibility. Besides, I have a gray hair or two, and my habits are getting fixed. An astonishing number of men, like myself, remain single for reasons much like those I have mentioned. Unmarried, we have one bird in the hand—contentment. How can we tell that we may get hold of that gay, long-tailed parrot in the bush—married felicity—if we suddenly change our state?"

London society has been talking about a banquet that was given at the Savoy Hotel by Mrs. Ayer, the American millionaire, who usually resides in Paris, but who goes to London for a few weeks in the season. There were seventy covers, and among the guests were the Duc d'Orleans and the Sultan of Johore. Mrs. Ayer wore her magnificent rubies and the famous Mazarin diamonds. The dinner was pronounced by the guests a brilliant success, and the chef and manager of the hotel received unstinted commendation for the artistic beauty and elegance of the various appointments. The floral display was wonderful, and the wines the rarest and finest in existence. Mrs. Ayer is the widow of the celebrated pill-maker of that name.

Marion Crawford has this to say in his new novel about "the easy habit of talking and saying nothing, which sometimes saves critical situations for those who possess it and which can be acquired by almost any one who is not shy": "The first step in studying that useful accomplishment is to talk when everybody else is talking, and not to pay the slightest attention to the sounds which pass one's lips. Any noise will do, bad or good—as the hearer of the good news to Aix put it—only, if possible, from the first let the noise take the shape of words. As every one else is talking, no one will hear you. Some of Mother Goose's rhymes are excellent for such practice; but those who prefer to recite the Eton grammar will obtain a result quite as satisfactory in the end. No one listens, and it makes no difference. You will then get a reputation for joining cheerfully in the talk of the day. But if you sit looking at your plate because you have nothing to say, the givers of dinner-parties will curse you in their hearts, and will rarely ask you to eat their food, which treatment, though it will ultimately prolong your life, will not contribute to your social success. Gradually, if you practice the system assiduously, you will be able to walk alone, so to say. By attraction, your unconscious phrases will become exactly like those of your neighbors. You will then need only to open your mouth, stretch the vocal chords, and supply the necessary breath, and admirably constructed inanities will roll out, even when everybody is listening, and while you are gaining time to select in your mind a sufficiently cutting epithet with which to adorn your friend Smith Tompkins's name when it is mentioned, or while you are nicely calculating the exact amount of money you can ask the said Smith Tompkins to lend you the next time you have lost at baccarat."

The Vienna Fashions Club has dispatched circulars calling upon the Austrian tailors to promote the colored dress-coat in every possible way. The movement is said, for reasons which have not yet appeared, to be in the interests of good taste. We doubt if the good taste, as made in Austria, will be copied here. One objection is frequently made to the ordinary form of evening-dress adopted by men; in the evening, as in the grave, there is very little

difference between a man and a waiter. We fancy that the objection is a weak one, and that men are not entirely dependent on their clothes for their distinction. The mistake occurs so seldom that, whenever it does take place, it is made into a humorous story of a sort.

That which constitutes beauty in woman has been discussed *ad infinitum*, and the results vary greatly. Esthetes say that it lies in the harmony of all the parts of the human body; anthropologists claim perfect health as the necessary attribute. Claude Bernard, who keeps within the golden mean, has established for each organ a maximum of development. Grenaille, a French author of the sixteenth century, has written a large and very scientific book on female beauty, and endows his ideal of female loveliness with the following attributes: "Youth, medium stature, medium fullness of form, chestnut-brown hair, symmetry of limb, a delicate skin, revealing the blue veins, rosy complexion, a smooth, serene brow, uniformly arched temples, narrow eyebrows, which do not meet; eloquent, dark-brown eyes, a winsome smile, cherry-red lips, a small mouth, small milk-white teeth, a sweet breath, a soft, agreeable voice, a chin which does not protrude and is graced by a dimple, small, rosy ears, a slender throat of ivory whiteness; small, soft white hands, nicely tapering fingers, graceful gestures, an easy, dignified walk; shining finger-nails, smooth and well curved; an even, pleasant temperament; good taste in dress, superficial education, small, pretty feet, and attentive demeanor toward others." M. Grenaille must have been a man of a very subjective nature or he would not have specified chestnut-brown hair and dark-brown eyes, for a damsel with red hair and green eyes can be just as charming to the opposite sex. Furthermore, his first requirement—youth—is by no means incontestably necessary. A really beautiful woman, in whose breast burns the divine spark, never grows old. Ninon de l'Enclos was beautiful at eighty, and Paula de Vigner, who lived at Toulouse during the fourteenth century, retained her beauty to an advanced age. Julie Récamier, Philippine Welter, and the unfortunate Hélène Massalska-Potocki, who died in 1815, were famous for their beauty. Of Philippine Welter it was said that her throat was so white and delicate and transparent of skin that when she drank claret it could be seen running down her throat.

White linen and duck dresses, which were so fashionable and rather expensive in the early part of the summer, have become very common (according to the New York Herald). When the merchants saw that they would be popular, they set to work manufacturing them in large quantities out of very cheap material. They can now be bought for less than two dollars. For all that they are just as pretty and comfortable as when they were not within the reach of everybody's purse. The more serviceable kind are made of brown ducking. They are just the thing for traveling in hot weather. In the trade they are known as "fair dresses," so many of them having been bought to wear in traveling to Chicago.

"Polo has received a terrible blow in popular favor," says a writer in *Vogue*, "by the accident to Mr. Dudley Winthrop. Wives and sisters and mothers dread this game more than any other, and the players nowadays play with such a vim and hardihood that it is small wonder that women object. Many of the men who play are very heavy, and, as all know, the polo ponies are small, but they are ridden at such a tremendous dash that when a collision occurs, as it so often does, it is surprising that there are not more serious accidents. Mr. Winthrop's mishap was purely accidental, but the sad death of Charles Cottentet was the result of the reckless riding of the Meadowbrook men. While following the Meadowbrook hounds in the spring, I saw more reckless riding than ever a traveler saw among the Cossacks of the Don River district. The Meadowbrook huntsmen stop at nothing—not even at barbed-wire fences, and these are the most dangerous jumps that a horse can be brought to. In former seasons the attendance of ladies was a feature of the meets of the hounds; but during the spring only one woman, and she one of the best horsewomen in the country, followed the hounds at Meadowbrook. This was Mrs. James L. Kernochan, Jr., who, as Eloise Stevenson, was one of the best riders in the Hempstead Colony."

The ladies' clubs in London were a great success for a time. But by and by, the ladies discovered there was something lacking. The fact is that all the clubs founded by women are "teetotal." As most of the members are in the habit of taking wine or beer or both at home, they are gradually coming to inquire why they should be deprived of these creature comforts at their clubs. And it looks now as if the question of "spirits or no spirits" would be fatal to all these clubs frequented by ladies.

The first remarriage under the Naquet divorce law has just taken place in Paris. A year ago M. Aulard, a professor of history at the Sorbonne, was divorced from a charming young wife, who had borne him several children. Recently he married the lady a second time at the town hall of Chateau, one of the Parisian suburbs. There are a large number of

divorced couples in France (writes the *Tribune's* Paris correspondent) who take advantage of the fact that the Catholic Church does not recognize divorce to resume relations as husband and wife without going through any legal form, on the ground that, having been once married by the church, they still continue in that condition, notwithstanding the decree granted by the civil courts. A peculiar feature in connection with divorces in France is the relatively large number of couples who, after having gone through the trouble and expense of securing a judicial dissolution of matrimonial bonds, become reconciled. The reason for this is not difficult to find, and, paradoxical though it may appear, is one of the results of the facility with which divorces are obtained. So long as the matrimonial bonds were indissoluble, married life was made up of mutual concessions and reciprocal forbearance, the parties being aware that they were bound to each other for the remainder of their days. Now, however, they know that freedom may be obtained almost for the asking, and the consequence is that ruptures take place on often the most frivolous pretext and as the result of a momentary fit of ill temper.

Bathing in the briny and buoyant waters of the Great Salt Lake is thus described by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: "Eighteen miles out of Salt Lake is Garfield Beach, and residents and travelers alike go there to float; you can not call it swimming. The girls and women make the spectacle. Here, as elsewhere, men do not count for much when it comes to sightliness. At Garfield Beach recently, I saw hundreds of my sex afloat. The more stylish of the girls wore jaunty blue costumes, usually sleeveless, the skirt reaching to the knees, and blue stockings. A few did without hosiery and bared their pedal extremities from calf to toe. Now, when you go into the surf at Newport or Long Branch, the submerged part of you is invisible. The spectators get a view of your full length only when you are out on the sand. At Garfield Beach it is different. The water is clear as crystal, and the floating girls are quite as much in evidence as though they were professional water queens in an illuminated tank. The shallow water, underlaid by sand, is as clear as crystal. There is no surf to toss and tumble it into foam. Not so much as a hubble on the surface obscures the floaters. They lie lazily on their backs, sides, or fronts, as though reclining in water hammocks. Not the slightest motion is requisite to keep from sinking. They can not sink if they try. All they have to do is to keep their heads up so as not to get the water in their mouths, for it is strangling with its salt, though very agreeable to the skin. So you see them couched in water, lolling luxuriously, chatting with their companions, paddling slowly about, and occasionally skylarking. The common, thoughtless attitude consisted of lying on the back with the head well out of water and the feet nearly so, while the hips sunk lower. Thus the woman was in a half-seated posture, except that her legs were higher than her middle. It was never graceful. The hands and arms are used for paddling. No kicking is necessary."

When Björnsterne Björnson was in this country, he said this of American women to his friend, Professor Boyesen: "Beautiful? Well, now, what constitutes beauty? They have soft skin, well-cared-for persons, good clothes. But the soul—the soul, my boy, that gazes out of this transparent covering, is vain, flimsy, self-conscious, and filled with a thousand petty frivolities. Mere regularity of features counts for little with me if there is no nobility of soul that shimmers through. The American women I have met have, with few exceptions, been of this type. They demand much of life, but they have no idea that life has the same right to demand something of them. They are clever, with a sort of flimsy, superficial cleverness, and they know how to assert themselves and get the most out of their husbands and fathers. But they have been woefully spoiled. They can never get away from their own dear, little, pretty selves; they can not lose themselves in a great thought, a great idea, and learn the blessedness of living for something better than vanity, and flirtation, and social tittle-tattle."

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SOCIETY.

The De Young Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence on California Street, last Friday evening, in honor of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. The guests were seated at a round table, the centre of which was a large floral star, each point being composed of a different variety of sweet peas. The menu was perfect in all respects, and a couple of hours were devoted to it. The café noir and liqueurs were served in the Chinese salon. Vocal and instrumental music and conversation brought the affair to a delightful end. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Brimwell, Miss Deane, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Minnie Hennessey, Mr. Henry Irving, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Truxton Beale, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Richard Hotelling.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Minnie Weill and Mr. Louis Hirsch will be very quietly celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle on Thursday September 7th.

Mrs. Fanny Lathrop Wright, youngest daughter of Mr. B. G. Lathrop, was married on August 9th, to Mr. Edward Hawes Baxter, who for many years has been connected with the Langley & Michaels Company.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a pleasant tea at her residence last Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Wiggins, who is visiting her from the East.

EARL AND EMPEROR.

The Quarrel between Dunraven and Wilhelm.

The yachting regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes was a brilliant success socially, but yachtsmen shake their heads over it doubtfully, and do not seem to regard it as a proud achievement for true sport. The fact that the Prince of Wales, who is commodore of the squadron—and not merely a perfunctory figure-head, but an enthusiastic yachtsman as well—and his nephew, the German Emperor, had entered their yachts, the *Britannia* and *Meteor*, respectively, in several races, gave the meeting immense prestige in the social world, which was notably increased by the fact that the queen and the Duke of York and his bride were in attendance.

In the roads were an immense number of yachts of all kinds and sizes, from the tiniest cutters up to Emperor William's great ram-bowed steam yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, which cost the German people nearly five millions of dollars. But they have the consolation of knowing that in case of war it could be turned into a very fast and effective cruiser. The royal yacht, *Osbourne*, was used by the royal family, Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* was among the contestants, and America was represented by Royal Phelps Carroll's *Navahoe*, and by the United States cruiser *Chicago*. Among the yachts flying the ensign and burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the London papers mention the following:

"The Trinity yacht, with Sir Samuel Wells, Mr. A. J. Mundella, and Mr. Arnold Morley on board; the *Sunbeam*, with Lord and Lady Brassey, who entertained Miss Peel, Lord Henry Nevill, and Mr. Louis Harcourt; the *Chazotte*, belonging to Mr. and Mme. de Falbe, who had as guests the Duchess of Abercorn, Sir Philip Currie, and M. Jacques Poutalis; the *Speranza*, with Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Bulkeley, who were accompanied by Lord and Lady Churchill, Miss Bulkeley, Captain Sandford, and Mr. Alfred Yorke; the *White Heather*, belonging to the Marquis of Waterford, who had with him, besides the Marchioness of Waterford, the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Bourke, Hon. Evelyn Paget, and Mrs. Eden; the *Stella*, which housed Sir J. Poynder, M. P., Hon. G. and Mrs. Keppel, and Mr. Moreton Frewen; the *Mirage*, the Marquis of Ormonde's ship, besides the Marchioness of Ormonde, had the Marchioness of Londonderry and Mr. Ronald Moncreiffe on board; and the *Venitia*, the temporary home of Lord and Lady Ashburton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adeane, Viscountess Newport and her daughter, and Sir Henry Edwards."

The cables have told all about the results of the races, as officially announced, but there is quite a little aftermath of gossip which is worth repeating. The greatest gossip is over the German Emperor's winning of the Queen's Cup. It seems that in this race the *Valkyrie* came in far ahead of the *Meteor*, Emperor William's yacht, but that, some two hours after the finish, the emperor sent in a protest that the *Valkyrie* had not followed the proper course, and that, therefore, the *Meteor* was entitled to the cup. Investigation revealed the fact that the *Valkyrie* had, in fact, turned one of the buoys on the port instead of on the starboard hand as the course prescribed, and, consequently, though the *Valkyrie* had lost more time than she gained by this manoeuvre, the committee awarded the trophy to the *Meteor*. Lord Dunraven was furious, and has refused to sail the *Valkyrie* in any more races in England this summer because of the "ungentlemanly and consequently unsportsmanlike conduct" of the German Emperor. And many of the oldest members of the Royal Yacht Squadron are said to side with him in the matter.

Another bit of gossip is about the *Navahoe*. She is the American yacht built by the Herrschoffs to try to win back the Brenton Reef and Cape May Cups won by the *Genesta* in 1885 and to defend the America's Cup against Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, and she made her debut on Monday, though the Royal Yacht Squadron meetings always begin on a Tuesday. The race was run under the auspices of the Cowes branch of the Royal London Yacht Club, and the *Navahoe* had for rivals Lord Dunraven's

Valkyrie, the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, and three others. The *Navahoe* led at first, and got a ringing cheer as she passed the United States cruiser *Chicago*—whose band played "God Bless the Prince of Wales"—an instant later as the *Britannia* passed, having on board a precious freight in the heir-apparent to the British throne and the present ruler of Germany—but at the end the *Britannia* led, with the *Valkyrie* second and *Navahoe* third. Mr. Carroll's cutter figured in several other races, but she has not done very well, being apparently a confirmed tail-end.

The Royal Yacht Squadron, by the way, is a tremendously swell club. The Prince of Wales, as stated above, is its commodore and an enthusiastic member. Among other notables whose names figured on its visitors' book during the regatta week are:

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Sultan of Johore, Prince Seyid Mahomed, the German Ambassador, Count Metternich, Prince Hohenzollern, Count Hermann Hatzfeldt, Hon. Alexander Baring, General Lord Roberts, Hon. John Baring, Colonel Sanderson, M. P., Marquess of Waterford, Mr. Alfred Oppenheim, Admiral Erben, U. S. N., R. N. Ellis, rear-admiral, New York Yacht Club, Hon. R. Hon. Hon. Arnold Morley, Mr. Moreton Frewen, Hon. C. Guinness, Captain E. de Salis la Terrière, Earl of Desart, Earl of Kilmorey, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, General Hon. Percy Fielding, Colonel Francis Baring, Colonel Arthur Paget, Herr Rudolph von Erdemmann, Colonel Pitt, Lord St. Levan, and M. Jacques Poutalis.

Cowes Castle, the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is an object of interest to Americans. It is described in the *St. James's Gazette* as follows:

"Cowes Castle used to belong to the Marquis of Conyngham. It is situated on the seashore and commands a view up and down the Solent; while facing the windows lie Southampton Water and the little peninsula on which stands Calshot Castle and the home of the club of which Lord Dunraven is commodore. During the regatta fortnight, for it must not be supposed that the Solent gavieties finish with the Cowes week—visitors to the club can only use that part of the castle known as the Platform. This room, which has been added on to the old castle, is oblong in shape and built entirely of wood and glass, except the roof, which is of corrugated iron. It was here that the members gave their dinner to the German Emperor, and the room was very prettily decorated with flowers for the occasion. The Platform, always a comfortable place to lounge about in, is approached from the battlements by drawing back the glass doors, which run on slides and form part of the room. Access from the inside is obtained either from the hall—the entrance always used by the Prince of Wales—the morning or dining-rooms. Hanging on the walls are the programmes of the season's yachting in all countries, and on the writing-table is every kind of reference-book relating to things nautical."

"The castle contains twelve bedrooms, furnished in keeping with the surroundings, and on the walls hang valuable old prints and engravings, interesting either from their personal character or on account of pleasant reminiscences. These rooms are much in request during regatta week; but at other times are not subject to the competition, and are frequently used by honorary members. The dining-room is small, low-pitched, and badly lighted, but most comfortable, and, in spite of having three doors opening into it, not draughty. Members dine at small tables, of which there are about eight, and during the regatta it was not at all easy to get a seat on so many members who were expected about come on shore for dinner. The culinary department is well managed, and the wine and cooking are alike excellent. In this room are some fine oil-paintings."

"Leading from the entrance-hall, are the chart, morning, and dining-rooms. The chart-room is not often consulted. The morning and the stranger smoking-rooms are the quietest places in the club. In the former the older members are wont to congregate for talk, writing, or reading; while, as the latter is seldom wanted for smoking purposes, it is frequently used by members for private business. In the first floor is the library. The room, which is seldom used, is tastefully arranged and a good sea-view is obtained from the bow-window, in the centre of which stands a bust of the Princess of Wales. The chief picture is a full-length portrait of Napoleon the Third."

By the way, at Cowes is to be seen in its pristine purity the Cowes coat which is called the Tuxedo coat, the short dress-coat, the dinner-jacket, and other names in America. It is in reality the Royal Yacht Squadron undress uniform, and is a black broadcloth mess-jacket, worn with either a white or black waistcoat—both having an arrangement of Royal Yacht Squadron buttons—and black trousers.

Mr. Frank H. Bowen, of Springfield, Mass., has recently patented a machine for type-writing music. Hitherto the lack of some means for accurately and easily producing from one to a few dozen copies of a piece of music has been increasingly felt. Writing by hand is not only slow and tedious, but very unsatisfactory; and printing, lithographing, or engraving is expensive. Mr. Bowen's machine makes manifold copies with carbon paper, or allows the use of the hektograph, and especially the mimeograph. It will write faster than a man could ordinarily write music plainly, and the gain in legibility is very great.

The project of the benevolent Chicago woman who wanted ten thousand waifs, the street arabs of the city, to be admitted to the fair on one special day, was voted down by the fair officials. It was said that Mrs. Potter Palmer would assign her year's salary for their admission fees; but the managers were unwilling to subject grounds, buildings, and exhibits to such an army of the irrepressible and uncatchable. Buffalo Bill took them into his Wild West Show free as a solace, and the waifs no doubt enjoyed it better than they could have enjoyed the art, architecture, and landscape-gardening of the fair.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelps's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

A Private Letter.

A new star in the journalistic firmament is the *Bar Harbor Record*. Among its stockholders are Mrs. Frederick Rhinelander Jones, Mrs. de Castro, Mrs. A. C. Barney, De Grasse Fox, George H. Vanderbilt, and other social notables of the East, and its field is to chronicle the social life of the Maine resort accurately and in a way that may be taken as a model of how society people wish to have their doings chronicled. The new paper is, naturally, a great success, and its circulation is by no means confined to Bar Harbor. The new departure seems to be an indication that the leaders of New York society have at last determined to give to the outside world through the press accurate information as to its entertainments. How inaccurate newspaper accounts may be is shown by the extraordinary diversity of the letters from Newport that papers East and West are printing. In contrast with their vague but glittering descriptions of the Newport season as one continuous round of gayety, is the following private letter which is printed in *Vogue*:

"We are bored to extinction by the continual platitudes of newspaper stories about Newport's wild festivities and the beauty of several no doubt very pretty but entirely over-praised women. Can nothing be suggested to enliven this dreary routine to prevent the symphonies of one's ears from bursting with the unmitigated nonsense with which they are surfeited? Take in the beginning of August, the Golf Club dance. It was one long row of women sitting mournfully together like the girls at the innumerable smaller summer resorts, wondering which of the two or three dancing men would volunteer to give them a turn. As the season advances, the attempts at gayety are more frequent and more successful; but there is a depression in the air easily accounted for by the financial condition of the country."

"Mrs. Duncan Elliot, as Miss Sallie Hargous, was one of the many handsome girls in the social swim. As Mrs. Elliot she is thinner and less rosy, and the cares of this world seem to weigh heavily on her shoulders. Her husband is one of the swells of the place, drives a four-in-hand, and there is a report that a lucky speculation (?) won him twenty thousand dollars."

"Miss Elsie Clews, of whose debut much has been written more or less untrue, is an argumentative debutante who, though she has not inherited her mother's beauty, has a good mind and is a hard student. She is a tall, slight, and attractive girl, who will always be popular with a certain set, although she says she does not care for society."

"Of Miss Virginia Fair it seems unnecessary to speak, for, in these days, what girl with a million in her own right is not endowed with every virtue?"

"Pretty Mrs. Clement C. Moore has been in Newport all the season, and Miss Euretta Kernochan has been visiting Miss Baldwin. Miss Kernochan is a somewhat decided young woman, and is the possessor of a very handsome chevelure of long, thick, dark-brown hair."

"Speaking of hair reminds me that I have noticed that 'brightening' one's hair has become the fashion. You observe the term? Oh, dear, no—it's not dyeing! Our dear girls would be horrified if one merely suggested such a thing to them. They 'only wash their hair with plain soda or borax.' Nevertheless, one of our most admired young matrons, the brunette daughter-in-law of a very rich man, has an almost bronze coloring to her erstwhile dark locks, and two or three well-known girls have copied the fashion, which, though effective enough at first, ends by making the hair appear dry and unnatural. A blonde belle, whose pretty head does not need the embellishing, has streaked her hair until it is like molten gold, and she fondly imagines that we are not conscious of the fact."

"What an absolute relief it is nowadays to see a woman unappointed, unpowdered, and undyed, for most of our fashions do at least one of these three things."

Until within the last few months no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Lunenburg, in Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town, there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the swinish race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is to be seen a glass case, inclosing a bam still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lunenburg."

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"Aw, no, I haven't proposed to Miss Clara yet." "I thought not. I hear you still call on her."—*Life*.

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Dinner-Dances.

The question of whether people entertain for their own pleasure or for that of society in general is being sharply brought up at Bar Harbor this year by the large number of dinner-dances given there. Within a fortnight seven young matrons gave dinners of twelve, after which their guests repaired to the Kebo Valley Club and had a "perfectly lovely" dance. But there have been lovely buds and roses left to bloom against the wall, unnoticed by the ladies who gave the dinners and by their guests, and the former have revived the objection to dinner-dances that was formulated last winter in New York, i. e., that they had a tendency to split up society into cliques. People in society as well as in other fields of activity can not live solely for themselves and their own pleasure, and they owe a duty of maintaining Society as an institution. But surely when they go to the country, and especially to resorts where almost any one else who can pay his or her way may also go, they may be excused if they relax the strict rules that govern their lives in town. In the country there is more freedom and familiarity in social intercourse, and consequently people have not only a right but it is their duty to choose more carefully than they do in town those with whom they shall be intimate.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements in and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Miss Orndorff left last Wednesday to visit Chicago and New York.

Mrs. Whitwell and Miss McNatt have been passing a few weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has gone East to remain during the winter.

Miss Mattie Gibbs will go East about the middle of September to visit relatives for a couple of months.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will return from Germany late in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory and Mr. John D. Vost are passing a couple of weeks in Humboldt County.

Mrs. Philip Caduc, Miss Cora Caduc, and Miss Burke were in Geneva when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have been entertaining Miss Benton, of the summit, at 1025 Bush Street.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson will leave to-day on an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. A. C. Bonnell returned from San José last Monday. Misses Alice and Ella Hobart returned on Friday from visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mr. Samuel Hort and Mrs. George C. Boardman have returned from Castle Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman will soon occupy their new residence, corner of Franklin and Sacramento Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taussig will leave for the East on September 3d.

Mrs. William Archibald Wilson is making a delightful trip through Holland.

Mr. Irving W. Mills and Miss Della Mills have been visiting friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, nee Curtis, and Miss Helen Curtis receive on Monday evenings at 2024 Pine Street and on Thursday evenings at 1025 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan will remain here only two or three months, when they will return to Florence, Italy, where Mr. O'Sullivan will resume his musical studies under Vannucini, the celebrated Italian maestro.

Mrs. J. Frank Foster has returned to the city after passing a month at Castle Craig.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from a two months' tour of the Eastern States, and are occupying their home, 1538 Eddy Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett have been visiting Castle Craig.

Mrs. Crittenden Thornton will remain at Santa Cruz about two weeks more.

Mr. William Gertle returned to the city last Saturday after a three months' visit to Ulaalaska.

Mr. Joseph Friedlander has returned to the city after passing several weeks at Castle Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have returned to the city after passing the summer at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Alice McLaughlin will make an Eastern trip in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. G. C. Pardee and Miss Etta Pennington, of Oakland, will soon leave to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Miss Daisy E. Willard will leave to-day to visit relatives in Chicago and to view the exposition. She will also visit friends in other Eastern cities, and will be away about six months.

Mr. V. S. McClatchy and family, of Sacramento, have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Eli S. Denson and family, of Oakland, left Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. F. Mitchell and Miss Grace Hilborn, of Oakland, are passing several weeks in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey left for Chicago and New York last Wednesday.

Mr. Otto Greenwald will leave on September 27th to make an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. C. T. Deane will leave next Tuesday for Chicago, where she will pass a couple of weeks viewing the Columbian Exposition, after which she will pass the fall months visiting friends in New Jersey, Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C. In the winter she will join her son, Dr. Louis C. Deane, in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. McLean visited San José early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund have been visiting Castle Craig.

Miss Alice Ames will soon go to Chicago to visit her sister.

Dr. William J. Younger left New York a week ago on the steamer *Fürst Bismarck*, for Hamburg, en route to Vienna, where he will meet Mrs. and the Misses Younger, who have been studying music there during the past year.

Mr. George W. Meade is at the Hotel Holland, in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold are staying at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle left on Friday for the East and Europe, and expect to be away about a year and a half.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Franks, Mrs. James Wainwright, and the Misses Amy and Lizzie Wainwright left last Thursday to visit Chicago and New York.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jones—"He always has a smile for everybody." Old soak—"Has he? Introduce me, please."—*Truth.*

Miss Wrinkles—"No; I never expect to marry." Belle—"But what if some one should propose?"—*Truth.*

"Miss G—— is a little *passée*, but what a beautiful diamond necklace she has!" "Yes, it reminds one of a lantern on a wreck."—*Ex.*

Clara—"I fell off my bicycle yesterday in front of a club window." Maude—"Was anything broke?" Clara—"The window was."—*Life.*

Margery—"Why do you keep on refusing Jack?" You say you love him." Emma—"Oh, he has such a cute way of proposing!"—*Truth.*

First cannibal—"I can't leave. I've got too much at stake." Second cannibal—"How much?" First cannibal—"A missionary and a trained nurse."—*Truth.*

Tom—"Women don't love men for what they really are, but for what they have done!" Kitty—"And men love women for what their fathers have done."—*Puck.*

Briggs—"What did you tell your wife when you got home so late Tuesday night?" Briggs—"I told her she was the sweetest woman in the world."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Clara—"Oh, dear, my dressmaker's bill is something enormous! Four thousand dollars! Just think of it!" Margery—"Well, well! Nobody would ever suspect it."—*Truth.*

Arrival—"Can I put up at this house?" Clerk—"I suppose so. Got any baggage?" Arrival—"No." Clerk—"How much do you want to put up at?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Gumbleton—"Oh, doctor! I'm afraid I swallowed my false teeth in my sleep!" Dr. Waggon—"Don't be alarmed, my dear madam. Do you feel a gnawing sensation?"—*Puck.*

"Good-morning, your honor," said the cheerful prisoner; "how do you come on to-day?" "Fine, sir," replied the judge, curtly, and the prisoner swallowed his cheerfulness.—*Truth.*

"Terrible tragedy at the museum to-day. Hear about it?" "No; what happened?" "Countryman came in with his twin boys and the cannibals got loose and ate philippa with them."—*Truth.*

Livingston—"I didn't know that you and Miss Featherspray were so well acquainted." Nina—"Oh, yes; we are distantly related." Livingston—"How?" Nina—"We are both sisters to the same young man."—*Vogue.*

Mary Gold—"Papa, you know I've been interested in finance since I studied political economy at Vassar. But there's one thing that isn't quite clear to me." Old Gold—"What is that?" Mary Gold—"Why should the government accumulate *bovillon* in the Treasury?"—*Puck.*

Mrs. W., dancing with Mr. S. (who is noted for being almost the thinnest man living), slips, and, to save herself, catches hold of Mr. S.'s legs. Mrs. W. (trying to apologize and blushing deeply)—"I beg your pardon, Mr. S., but a drowning man will catch at straws, you know."—*Vogue.*

What they were: Von Blumer (humping up against Twickenham)—"Hello, old man. Congratulations. I hear there is a new arrival at your house." Twickenham—"Yes." Von Blumer—"Then I suppose I'll have to take a drink with you?" Twickenham (sadly)—"Take two drinks."—*Life.*

A preacher at Lafayette, Ind., is reported to have broken up his church the other day by saying in a sermon that "God made the earth in six days and then He rested; then He made man and rested again; then He made woman, and since that time neither God nor man has had a rest."—*Courier Journal.*

He (wedded for revenue only)—"Crass again! And this only the second week of our alleged honeymoon!" She—"It has all been a dreadful mistake. Why did you seek for my hand, when my heart could not be yours?" He (calmly)—"Because it was your hand I wanted. You can't sign checks with your heart."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Mrs. Bridie—"Oh, Dr. Dogood, you can't tell how glad I am that I took that course in 'First Aid to the Injured'!" Dr. Dogood—"Why, did you meet with any accident on your wedding tour?" Mrs. Bridie—"Oh, my, yes! We hadn't been married a week before Charley cut his face while shaving one morning."—*Puck.*

It is to be hoped that the board of education will not accept the resignation of School Director Frank J. French, or that he may be induced to reconsider it. Mr. French has served one term already on the board, and is now in his second. This experience, coupled with the fact that he is a professional man of high standing, and interested in educational matters by reason of his college training, would make his retirement a loss to the board. We hope Mr. French may be induced to remain.

Impromptu Verse by Phillips Brooks.

The following bit of nonsense-verse is a part of one of Bishop Brooks's letters written to children during his sojourn in India. It is printed in the September Century:

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon,
With the cocoanut-trees on the shore,
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is split with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,
He's considered the swell of all Kandy,
And the rest of him's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk mostly is Tamil,
Which sounds you can hardly tell how:
It is half-like the scream of a camel,
And half-like the grunt of a sow.

The Executive Committee of the Midwinter Fair called last week on Mr. Herman Schussler, chief-engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company, to ascertain what it was going to cost the exposition for water. They were informed that the Spring Valley Company would furnish the entire supply for the buildings and ground of the exposition without charge; further than that, the company offered to construct at its own expense the mains running through the park to the exposition grounds. The committee were much gratified at this very handsome offer.

"The Sparta."

Husbands are frequently asked by their wives to take them down-town to one of those fine dinners that they refer to when the *hunc cuisine* is not up to the standard, and the reply is: "It would not be proper for you to go there." This excuse has at last been overruled by the establishment of a new restaurant called "The Sparta," at the north-west corner of Sansome and Merchant Streets. It is a place where husbands may take their wives and daughters with perfect safety and propriety, and where they can obtain a dinner that has no superior on the Pacific Coast.

"The Sparta" was opened recently by Mr. D. G. Camarinos, the consul for Greece, who is one of our most prominent commission and produce merchants, his vast establishment adjoining the restaurant. As Mr. Camarinos has traveled and eaten in almost every country in the world, his experience is naturally of great benefit to him. He is recognized as a gourmet, and appreciates the artistic triumphs of his chef as thoroughly as his patrons do. He gives his personal attention to every detail of the restaurant, thus insuring perfection in every department.

The main dining-salon has a lofty ceiling and is beautifully finished in natural redwood. It is divided by a carved railing into two sections, one for gentlemen alone and the other for ladies and their escorts. The napery is new and of snowy whiteness, the cutlery and table service are of the best quality, and the waiters are polite and attentive. A most capable chef presides over the *cuisine*, which is a model of cleanliness, in fact, patrons are always welcome to inspect it. Everything that is in season may be procured at a moment's notice, owing to the fact that two of the principal markets of the city are next door to the restaurant, which is a decided advantage. Mr. Camarinos has large plantations on the Hawaiian Islands from which tropical fruits and other delicacies are obtained by every steamer, and he has special arrangements by which he secures the first choice of fish from the bay and ocean fishermen.

A specialty of "The Sparta" is its Italian dinners, which are without a peer here. A varied supply of Italian pastes and other imported delicacies are kept constantly on hand, and they are cooked as only an Italian chef can prepare them. The wine-cellar is stocked with every brand of native and foreign wines. In conclusion it may be stated that the prices at "The Sparta" are very reasonable, in fact, surprisingly so, and it is a surety that one visit there will lead to many more.

Liberal thinkers in the churches are having a much pleasanter time now than in the time of Bishop Colenso, thirty years ago. After the bishop published his book, showing that certain statements and figures in the Pentateuch were untrue, he found himself almost universally ostracized. Men and women whom he had known intimately from childhood refused to speak to him; and so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in London refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by coming into such close contact with him.

Photographers say that the facial resemblance of husbands and wives is closer than that of brothers and sisters.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a play at the Folies-Dramatiques, an actor weakened in trying to carry in his arms Mlle. Leonie, whose weight was extraordinary. "Make two trips," advised a voice from the gallery.

During the French Revolution of 1830, when the fighting was going forward, Talleyrand was pacing the lobbies of the Chamber of Peers in irrepressible agitation. At each discharge of the cannon, he would exclaim: "Aha! The day is ours!" A friend ventured to ask: "Whence, monseigneur? On which side are you?" when he answered: "I will tell you after while."

Gilbert Stuart, the American portrait-painter who has graven the face of Washington upon our memories, learned his art in the English home of Benjamin West. One day he met Dr. Johnson, whose dislike of the American colonies was notorious. "Sir," demanded Johnson of young Stuart, "where did you learn English?" "Out of your dictionary, sir," replied the quick-witted artist. The old man became gentle.

Sixteen London firms are accused of having declined "Vanity Fair," for which Thackeray poured out the vials of his wrath upon them in "Penden-nis." Calling on a publisher once, Thackeray waited with a friend, who told the story. The carpet of the drawing-room was of a gaudy design of red and white. On the host appearing, the author of "Vanity Fair" said: "We have been admiring your carpet. It is most appropriate. You wade in the blood and brains of authors."

At an Eastern school of cookery, two passages from a recent examination paper are amusing. One question was: "Describe a thermometer and its notation." It brought forth this answer: "A thermometer has two good points, the boiling point and the freezing point. The former is useful for potatoes and the latter for ice-cream." The other reply was elicited by the lecturer in giving a practical lesson on fish cookery, who said: "First you take the fish and wash it well, and then—"*Adult pupil (interrupting):* "How absurd! Just fancy having to wash a fish—and after it has spent all its life in water, too!"

The following story of a suit for breach of promise, tried some years ago, was recently told by a relative of the defendant: The case began to look very much as if it could be won by the fair plaintiff, when one morning, as the friend came down the street, he observed the attorney for the defense waving his hat and wearing a happy expression of countenance. As he came near, the attorney exclaimed: "We've beaten them! We've beaten them!" "How so?" queried the relative, wondering what new phase the case could have assumed. "She died last night," joyfully replied the attorney.

A young American lady who has not very long been married, was invited to the first state ball in London, some weeks ago, her mother-in-law being invited to the second. As the date of the first ball drew near, the younger lady was so far from well that the elder lady called upon the lord chamberlain to ask if the invitations might be reversed, so that the younger might have a better chance of recovery. "Quite impossible," said the stern official, and with a smile, "I hardly believe your daughter-in-law is an American at all; any American worthy of the name would get off her death-bed to dance at Buckingham Palace."

Philoxène Boyer was once in darkest misery. Feuillet de Conches, the great collector of autographs, met him in one of his days of distress, and the poet confessed he was hungry. "Let us go to the café," said Feuillet; "you will eat something and write a letter to the minister of public instruction. I will hand it to him." The poet wrote a letter which was superb with despairing eloquence. Time passed and brought nothing. A long time afterward, Boyer, whom Arsène Houssaye had taken out of trouble, met Feuillet on the boulevard. "You know," he said, "I never received a reply." "Dear friend, forgive me. Your letter was so beautiful that I kept it for my collection," said Feuillet de Conches, with unaffected simplicity.

Congressman John Allen tells this story: "A widow in my district desired a position in the Agri-

cultural Department. There was no vacant place, and I was compelled to inform my constituent that I could do nothing for her until a vacancy arose. But she persisted in her efforts to obtain a position, and for two weeks thereafter met me at every turn. One morning I had just finished breakfast, when I was told that she was awaiting me in the reception-room. So I assumed a pleasant demeanor, and, entering the room, said, in a sympathetic voice: 'Well, my good woman, what news?' 'Good news,' she said—'good news, Mr. Allen.' 'Well,' said I, 'that is pleasant; what is the news?' 'Oh,' she said, 'good news, Mr. Allen, good news; a woman in the Agricultural Department died yesterday.'

Two Texas cowboys recently had the novel experience of traveling by rail over the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas road. When they got in the Wagner sleeper, one of them said to the other: "Bill, you'll have to take your spurs off your hoofs if you expect to put your boots on the top of that seat." Bill did so, then rolled a cigarette and lit it, and, when the conductor showed him where the smoking compartment of the vestibule train was, he seemed annoyed. At supper-time, when all the passengers on the buffet gave their orders and the two cowboys gave theirs, telling the waiter to bring them "all there was on the programme and be sure to bring them plenty of sardines," they handed the waiter a five-dollar bill and were surprised when he asked for fifteen cents more. Both of them said: "That settles it. If we stay in this here concern, that nigger will have our whole roll before we get to the next station."

One of the big fortunes affected by the present financial troubles at St. Paul is that left by Lyman Dayton. He was a pioneer, and built a house in Minnesota's capital when the place was a village on the hills, and what is now the business district was a swamp. One day, Dayton and two friends sat on a bluff talking and gazing at the "mud hole." It was suggested that if the town grew, the lowland might become valuable. Soon after the three separated, and early next morning one of them saddled his horse and started for the land office at Stillwater, eighteen miles away, intending to preempt the swamp. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a companion of the day before ahead of him, also on horseback, and with the same purpose in view. The two raced to Stillwater, and finished even in front of the land office. At the door stood Lyman Dayton, smoking his pipe. "You're too late, boys," he said; "I came over last night." In the course of years the "mud hole" made him a multi-millionaire.

One of the most ghastly executions of the French Revolution was that of the Marquis de Marville. While standing on the scaffold awaiting the completion of the preliminary arrangements, the marquis addressed a few words to the assemblage of people. He was proceeding to say that before he died he wished to open their eyes to the truth, when he was seized by the executioner and forced under the knife. With the utmost sang-froid the marquis continued: "Educated as I was among a privileged class I voluntarily abandoned my friends to live among you, to earn my daily bread side by side with you, and I have always acted like a good patriot." At this moment the knife fell. The guillotine was, however, in such constant requisition that it was frequently out of order. Upon this occasion the knife fell but did not sever the vertebrae, although the flesh was horribly mangled. The executioner and his assistants raised the knife anew. As soon as they had done so the marquis, still lying face downward, continued: "As I was saying, fellow-citizens, when I was interrupted—" And again the knife fell, this time accomplishing its ghastly work.

Experience of an Ex-Champion.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outdoor exercise such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. HARRY BROOKS writes: "No. 324 East 19th St., New York, April 2, 1896. "Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used ALLECK'S POROUS PLASTERS for over twenty years and prefer them to any other kind. I would furthermore state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attribute my recovery entirely to ALLECK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Aug. 28, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|---|----------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$ Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José..... | 1:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton..... | 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore..... | 6:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9:00 P. |
| 2:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez..... | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Sacramento, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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Peru.....Saturday, Sept. 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, October 19, at 3 P. M.

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Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 10
Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 31
Belgic.....Thursday, November 30

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The national drama is in the ascendant just now. We have had, in a straight line, the play of the new-rich American abroad, the play of the crude West as depicted at an army post, and now the play of the revolution.

The days of the revolution were stirring ones, and yet, strangely enough, nobody seems to have been able to make a good book or a good play on them. They have inspired some fair poetry and have furnished themes for some passable short stories, but they have not furnished the successful dramatist with materials for a fine melodrama or the great novelist with a background for a thrilling romance. While the rebellion has been found rich in materials for both the novel and the stage, the revolution, so much more picturesque, so much more lurid, has never inspired any great work of romantic or dramatic value.

Yet the canvas of those days is full of picturesque figures, infinitely more suitable for the broad light of the stage than the more modern and simpler figures of the heroes of the rebellion. The red-coated, gold-laced officers of His Majesty King George the Third, spending gay days in the little town of Philadelphia flirting with the Quaker beauties, or dancing away the winter months in old Newport town, would be a great deal more striking on the boards than the sober-suited ranks of boys in gray and boys in blue. The half-fed, half-frozen recruits of General Washington, fighting for life and liberty against desperate odds, are much more picturesque and effective figures than either Federals or Confederates.

The individuals of those tempestuous days were also better suited for the broad effects of the stage than the more practical, more modestly heroic individuals who were the great men of 1860. Aaron Burr is one of the most dramatic characters in American history. His whole career, from his first appearance on the stage of public affairs, to his lonely death in an obscure inn in a secluded part of Staten Island, is fuller of color and movement than half the romances that are written. Some one has, at last, realized the dramatic value of his character and is writing a play on him for Richard Mansfield. But there are many others—Benedict Arnold, already the subject of one unsuccessful drama, Major Andre, General Washington himself. It is said that the American public felt rather sore about Thackeray putting Washington into "The Virginians" as a mere average gentleman, who was the victim of a hopeless passion for an ill-humored, peevish, disagreeable widow. But since we have had Abraham Lincoln on the stage, there is not the slightest need for feeling any delicacy about depicting the Father of his Country.

Looking on the side of the British there is more glory and glitter of fine uniforms, and fine officers, and fine manners. Some of the commanders of his majesty's forces were very grand gentlemen, who would be excellent characters in plays. Sir William Howe was one of this sort, and Mr. Osbourne has made himself up to depict the pompous, magnificent, stately commanding officer with great success. He has a fine head and a regular Bourbon profile, with a slightly retreating forehead and a high, aquiline nose, and, in the glory of his scarlet and white regimentals, his gold lace and glittering epaulettes, his lace ruffles, and his three-cornered hat, he looked very solemn and grand.

Henry Guy Carleton's attempt to dramatize an episode of the revolution has not been much more of a success than any of the other attempts. Whether it is that there is something about this period which renders it singularly difficult to handle, or whether it is that the dramatists who have tried to handle it are not sufficiently talented—who shall say? However it may be, "Ye Earlie Trouble" is not a brilliantly successful piece of work. It is not exuberantly dull—there have been much duller plays played and people have survived them. But it has not the saving grace of a clear, comprehensive plot to make it engrossing.

This play shows the same defect that can be noticed in "The Lion's Mouth." In both, the main story is so obstructed by a mass of detail and episode that it is almost lost. One leaves a performance of "The Lion's Mouth" hopelessly confused by the tangled intricacies of the plot. The main trunk of the story is quite lost sight of in all this piling up of action and movement. If in both plays all this undergrowth could be cleared away and the simple story left free to unfold itself unimpeded by crowding off-shoots, two strong, straightforward plays would be added to the list of dramas by American authors.

Mr. Carleton has a great liking for action in a play. In "The Lion's Mouth" he has everybody by the ears before the first act is over. These be-

ing the troublous times of Venice, when the Lion's Mouth stood open to receive information against any one; when all one had to do, where an annoying enemy was concerned, was to hire a bravo who, for a small consideration, would drive a dagger deep into any heart and throw the body into the canal; when all the world was light-mannered and hot-blooded—Mr. Carleton found it easy to crowd his canvas with action and excitement from the opening scene to the fall of the drop-curtain.

In his first play, "Victor Durand," the plot was more unincumbered, simpler, and less intricate than in either of the succeeding pieces. It was not so original, however, being the eternal story of the good hero, the good hero's good wife, and the ruffler of domestic bliss. The latter, having tried unsuccessfully to play the serpent on the domestic hearth, is shown up in his true character and retires disgraced and abashed. The play had quite a run and founded Henry Guy Carleton's fame as that of a rising American dramatist.

The two dramas written since then have added to his renown, but not placed him on that pinnacle to which some people averred he was bound to ascend. He has not caught up with Bronson Howard or De Mille and Belasco as popular American playwrights. His plays, in the first place, are not distinctively American; in the second place, show the fault mentioned above—the crowding in of detail, the choking up of the free course of the main story.

In "Ye Earlie Trouble" he had some first-class material to work on. The picture of the ball at Trenton on Christmas Eve, when all the British officers, in the bravery of scarlet coats and gold lace, fêted and feasted the fashion and beauty of New Jersey in royal old English style, with the result that Sir William Howe and his Hessians were all a little the worse for their potations, is a very spirited and handsome one. While the hall was in progress, and Sir William was endeavoring to make a favorable impression upon the heart of Charity Van Twiller, Washington, under cover of the night, crossed the Delaware in an open boat, fell upon Sir William's drunken sentries, and took several hundred prisoners with the loss of three men.

The thundering of Washington's musketry was of a terrific loudness. Compared to the subdued rattle of the volleys that the troops in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" poured into their Indian enemies, it was as the roar of a lion to the squeak of a mouse. General Washington's artillery must have been stationed just outside the ball-room door, so terrific were the detonations that went crashing on remorselessly while Ralph Izzard, with a stream of gore pouring down his brow, was voicing his last lament. The succeeding tableau of Washington Crossing the Delaware was very well done. It was the fault of Leutze, when he painted this popular picture, that General Washington is depicted dressed to the nines, as if he had it on his mind that when he had disposed of his enemies, he, too, would step into the hall-room and trip a minuet with the beauty of the evening.

The company gathered together for Mr. Carleton's play do the best that they can with "Ye Earlie Trouble." It is not their fault that the play is complicated and composed of several tangled skeins of story. They could, however, by talking with more deliberation, help greatly in elucidating the intricacies of the plot. When, under the stress of intense scenes, they all begin to talk rapidly and in raised voices, a great deal of the dialogue is lost upon the audience, who, in order to follow the windings of the story, ought to hear every word. Thus the auditor lost much of the conversation which explained the contents of the papers—dispatches or love-letters—which were the cause of so much agony and excitement.

The setting of the piece was well done, and some of the costumes were especially pretty. The two daughters of Wouter Van Twiller had succeeded in achieving in the second act a picturesqueness of aspect that one often misses in the actresses of much more pretentious and ambitious companies. Charity Van Twiller, in a plum-colored brocade, made in the style which used to be called a sacque, with black hair untouched by powder and dressed in the low roll in the back which preceded the lofty tower of powdered curls and puffs that disfigured the heads of the female sex for so many years, was a very dainty and effective little figure.

Whether her costume or that of her sister, Joan Van Twiller, were historically accurate is a question that one does not want to bother about. That they were pretty, suffices. Joan Van Twiller, as personated by Miss Marie Burrell, was a dignified lady of that type of countenance which is unmodern and attractive. She had light-colored, fair hair, short about the face and pushed back loosely from a thin face, with high features. With a white fichu round her shoulders, a black velvet round her neck, and a broad tortoise-shell comb looping up her back-hair, she was singularly picturesque, suggesting those studies of last century types of feature and style that Marcus Stone is so fond of painting. This quality of looking picture-like, of being able to bring back the illusion of a past epoch by something unmodern in the cast of features or the facial expression, is very rare, especially among Americans, the most *fin de siècle* of peoples.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Will return October 5th.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bauer Symphony Concert.

The fifth Symphony Concert given under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer took place at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. More than the usual amount of interest was attached to this concert owing to the fact that the entire programme was made up of selections from four of Wagner's operas. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher was the vocalist. The programme comprised the following numbers:

Prelude, "The Mastersingers," Wagner; song of "The Rhine-Daughters," from "Die Götterdämmerung," Wagner; "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," Wagner, Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher; (a) Prelude, (b) Introduction to Act II, of "Lohengrin," Wagner; (c) "Siegfried's Death March," from "Die Götterdämmerung," (d) "Ride of the Valkyries," from "The Valkyrie," Wagner.

The sixth and last concert of the summer series will take place on Friday afternoon, September 22d, when Asger Hammerik's "Tragic Symphony" will receive its first presentation here. Mr. G. Minetti will be the solo violinist. The winter season of concerts will be given on Friday afternoons, October 6th and 20th, November 3d and 17th, and December 1st and 15th.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his first ballad concert of the second season last Friday evening at Golden Gate Hall. A large and fashionable audience was well entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

Glee, "Hail! Smiling Morn" (A. D. 1768-1827), Spoforth, Triple Quartet; piano solo, "Theme varié," op. 16, No. 3, I. F. Padewski, Mr. Henry Strauss; ballad, "The Thorn" (A. D. 1748-1829), Shield, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Spring's Awakening," Dudley Buck, Mrs. Mariner-Campbell; part song, "The Treasures of the Deep" (poem by Felicia Hemans, composed for this concert by H. B. Pasmore), Triple Quartet; duet, Tuscan folk-songs, (a) "O, Fair One! Rare One," (b) "Nearest and Dearest," Caracciolo, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Mann; ballad, "The King and the Miller," Keller, Mr. Walter C. Campbell; song, "My True Love Hath My Heart" (A. D. 1832), Randegger, Miss Mary Mann; violin solo, concerto No. 12 (A. D. 1784-1859), Spohr, Mr. Hother Wismer; duet, "Love and War" (A. D. 1782-1848), T. Cooke, Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Campbell; quartet, "Which is the Proper Day?" (A. D. 1710-1778), Dr. Arne, Messrs. A. Wilkie, C. A. Howland, William C. Stadfeld, and Wilhelm Nielsen.

The remaining concerts will be held on the afternoons of September 14th, October 10th, and November 9th, and on the evenings of September 28th and October 26th.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra, which is composed of sixty young musicians, will give its second concert at Metropolitan Hall next Tuesday evening.

The Loring Club will give its first concert of the seventeenth season next Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The programme for the concert at El Campo tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon is a thoroughly popular one in which classical pieces are mingled with the popular airs of the day. Among the numbers are selections from Wallace's "Maritana," the overtures to "Orpheus" and "The Bronze Horse," waltzes by Waldeufel and Gungl, "The Sweetheart of all the Year," by Lella France, and "Albion," a fantasia on Scotch, Irish, and English airs.

On a recent evening in the town of Kiantone, N. Y., the marriage of Miss Aiken to Mr. Amsdell took place. The bride was a very popular young woman, and many friends were at her wedding. She had a slight sore throat, but thought little of it. Since the wedding the case has developed into one of diphtheria, and nearly a score of her friends who kissed the bride when offering their good wishes have been attacked with the same disease.

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Monday, Sept. 4.....Name Oldfield. The Bell
Tuesday, Sept. 5.....The Merchant of Venice
Wednesday, Sept. 6.....Becket
Thursday, Sept. 7.....Becket
Friday, Sept. 8.....Becket
Saturday Matinee, Sept. 9th.....Becket
Saturday Evening, Sept. 9th.....The Lyons Mail

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Monday, Sept. 11th, Second and Last Week.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 4th: Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in their repertoire at the Grand Opera House; "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Baldwin Theatre; "Ship Ahoy" at the Tivoli Opera House; "A Nutmeg Match"; and "Ye Earle Trouble."

"Urania," a novel and very elaborate spectacular piece, is to follow "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for one week at the Baldwin.

Hugo Toland's friends here will be glad to know that he has risen another step in his profession, having been chosen to succeed Joseph Holland in the leading rôle in "The Sportsman."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" commences its third and last week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. It has enjoyed genuine success here, and will not be entirely eclipsed next week even by Irving and Terry.

"Ship Ahoy" continues to please the Tivoli audiences, and could run for several weeks. The dialogue is bright and the music catchy, and the members of the cast sing and act their rôles to the satisfaction of all concerned. "Ship Ahoy" is proving so remunerative, in fact, that the management has not announced its successor.

The Irving-Terry repertoire for their first week here, which commences on Monday night at the Grand Opera House, consists of "Nance Oldfield" and "The Bells" on Monday night; "The Merchant of Venice" on Tuesday; "Becket" on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon; and "The Lyons Mail" on Saturday night.

Mabel Bert was married, not long ago, to Forrest Robinson, an actor who has been seen here in "The Lost Paradise," in which play they are both now acting. Miss Bert is a fair actress and a very pretty woman, and is well known in San Francisco. She was in the last stock company in the old California Theatre building, and was in McKee Rankin's companies for some years thereafter.

George Riddle, the Shakespearean reader who made such a success here last winter, will give three readings at Golden Gate Hall next week. On Tuesday evening, September 5th, he will read Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust," with musical numbers by Gounod, Schumann, and Berlioz, performed by a full orchestra, interspersed between the scenes. On Thursday evening he will give a miscellaneous reading from Shakespeare and other well-known authors, and on Friday evening he will read Victor Hugo's "Lucrezia Borgia," with orchestral accompaniment of Donizetti's music.

The benefit tendered to Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, the poet, by the Bohemian Club, which took place on Thursday night at Golden Gate Hall, was a success as an entertainment, attracted a large and fashionable audience, and realized a very comfortable sum for the beneficiary. Among those who took part in the programme were General Lucius H. Foote, Mr. George T. Bromley, Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher, Mr. John Vance Cheney, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, the Saturday Morning Orchestra under the direction of Professor Rosewald, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Kelley, a male chorus under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring, Miss May Worth, and Miss Etta Bayly.

"Nance Oldfield" is a one-act comedy which is given before "The Bells" so that Miss Terry shall be seen in a strong part. "The Bells" is a translation of Erkmann-Chatrian's play, "Le Juif Polonais," and many consider Mathias Irving's best rôle. In "The Merchant of Venice," both Irving as Shylock and Miss Terry as Portia have splendid parts; in fact, "The Merchant of Venice" gives both more opportunity in their best lines than any other play. "Becket" is the latest Lyceum success, and is said to be a series of beautiful pictures and a powerful if sombre play; in it Irving appears as Becket, minister of Henry the Second and his confidant in the secret of the Bower in which the Fair Rosamond (Miss Terry) is secluded. "The Lyons Mail," in which Miss Terry does not appear, rivals "The Bells" as having Irving's strongest rôle—or rôles, for he has a double impersonation to sustain.

Harry Mann, who was the first manager of the New California Theatre and conducted it with marked success for several years, has returned to San Francisco for a short visit. He is now in the New York office of Al. Hayman, where he has supervision of all the theatres controlled by that gentleman. Mr. Mann intends to take the place of Mr. Alfred Bouvier, acting manager of the Baldwin Theatre, who is about to take a well-earned vacation of three months. In an interview the other day, on matters theatrical, financial, and general, Mr. Mann made some very interesting statements. Of these, some will interest those San Francisco ravens who are croaking about the Midwinter Fair. He said, among other things:

"It will be readily understood that the condition of business is felt in the box-office of the theatre as much as in the counting-room of a wholesale house. The New York season is only just opening, and I must say the prospects are not very bright. Merchants complain a good deal of hard times and tight money.

"San Francisco is much better off financially than Philadelphia, Boston, or St. Louis, and I might add financially,

too. Chicago leads them all, though. The World's Fair has done wonders for that city in many ways, not alone in a theatrical way, but in a business way, and I tell you the merchants are well pleased. Of course I am delighted to know that the Midwinter Fair is going ahead. It is my candid opinion, based on what I have seen in Chicago and its condition as compared with New York and other cities, that business men have no idea what good the Midwinter Exposition will do them, and, of course, if they are busy, we shall be, too.

"The California exhibit at the World's Fair has made a great impression on the people of this country. Another thing I want to mention is the fact that I have never seen so much California fruit in New York and elsewhere as this year. From Washington Market to Cordland ferries it can be seen in magnificent display and placarded 'California fruit.'"

Henry Irving's quartet of favorite rôles, as he writes of them in "My Four Favorite Parts" in the September *Forum*, are Hamlet, Richard III., Iago, and King Lear. For Hamlet he has "the affection which springs naturally in the actor toward the most intensely human of Shakespeare's creations." In playing Richard he undertook a duty which the stage had long owed to Shakespeare's reputation—the restoration of the play in the form so long displayed by Colley Cibber. The Lyceum version had no single line which was not in the original; and Shakespeare's Richard Mr. Irving describes as "a Plantagenet, with the imperious pride of his race, a subtle intellect, a mocking, not a trumpeting duplicity, a superb daring which needs no roar and stamp," and "a youthful audacity very different from the ponderous airs of the heavy villain." Iago is "a simple soldier and no politician," but he "reproduces all the traits of the mediæval Italian adventurer delineated by Macaulay" in his description of the Italian statesman of Machiavelli's time. He is "a young man about eight and twenty, not embittered by disappointments, but instinct in all his manhood with the duplicity which belongs to his temperament and his generation"; "he also has a slight dash of the bull-fighter." Of Lear he doubts whether a complete embodiment is within any actor's resources, and says:

"For myself, the part has two singular associations. It broke down my physical strength after sixty consecutive nights, and when I resumed the part after a brief rest, I was forced reluctantly to the conclusion that there is one character in Shakespeare which can not be played six times a week with impunity. As I stood at the first night I had a curious experience. As I stood at the wings, before Lear makes his entrance, I had a sudden idea which revolutionized the impersonation and launched me into an experiment unattempted at rehearsal. I tried to combine the weakness of senility with the tempest of passion, and the growing conviction before the play had proceeded far that this was a perfectly impossible task, is one of my most vivid memories of that night. Lear can not be played except with the plenitude of the actor's physical powers, and the idea of representing extreme old age is futile."

As to Lear's sanity, Mr. Irving holds that the decay of his intellect has begun before the play opens and that "the actor has to represent the struggles of an enfeebled mind with violent self-will—a mind eventually reduced to the pathetic helplessness of a ruin in which some of the original grandeur can still be traced. This is, without doubt, the most difficult undertaking in the whole range of the drama.

Some of the Paris candidates for seats in the French Parliament adopted peculiar electioneering methods to win over the vacillating voters. One, for instance, addressed a crowd of people as they floated down the Seine on a steamboat at his expense. Perhaps the most humorous episode of the canvass in Paris was the trick played by a printer on an illiterate candidate named Robinet. This aspiring politician resolved to inform the public of his merits by parading the streets as a "sandwich man" hearing elaborate placards setting forth his virtues. As M. Robinet could neither read nor write, the printer to whom he gave the order for the placards substituted for the intended laudatory circular a statement containing much scurrilous language and several insults to well-known electors. The result was that the unlucky candidate, proudly parading in all innocence of the offensive notices on his back and breast, was stoned by the populace and narrowly escaped lynching.

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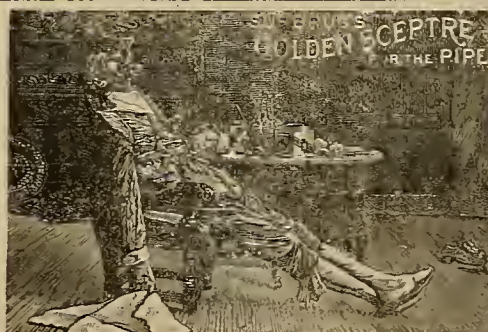
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The passage of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland by a slim majority opens possibilities of revolutionary changes in Great Britain. The bill was passed by the application of the "cloture," which corresponds to our "previous question," and it must be remembered that this is a parliamentary procedure to which the English have never become reconciled. They regard it as an abridgment of the privileges of Parliament, an arbitrary resort to a gag law. The Tories have never conceded to a ministry the right of shutting off debate in order to carry out their measures; they regard the use of the cloture as a dangerous precedent which may be employed ultimately in subverting popular liberty. Yet it is evident that the Home Rule Bill could not have been carried at this session without the cloture. Now that the bill has gone through Parliament, serious anxiety has arisen, even among supporters of Mr. Gladstone,

as to the working of the new scheme. By the Gladstone Bill, an Irish Parliament, clothed with far more extensive powers than were possessed by Grattan's Parliament, will regulate land tenures, the police, and in part the revenues of Ireland; while, simultaneously, eighty Irish members will take their seats in the Parliament at Westminster. It is obvious that at the first collision between England and the Irish Parliament, these eighty will organize as a separate Irish party, and, under ordinary circumstances, will hold the balance of power in the House of Commons. Such a party will be in a position to dictate terms to the whole body and to make the surrender of the English members to the Irish Parliament the condition of their votes. When Mr. Gladstone drew his bill, it was said that it was going to be modeled upon our Federal system. But our constitution was particularly careful not to grant to any State such weight in Congress that it could hold the balance of power. Our position would be unsafe if New York, or Virginia, or Illinois sent to Washington a solid delegation amounting to one-eighth of the body with the power to enforce sectional demands by throwing their votes to the party which conceded their claims. On the merits of the fundamental proposition involved in home rule, opinions differ. Intelligent men in this country, as in Ireland, very seriously doubt the capacity of the Irish for self-government. They arrive at this doubt from careful observation of the conduct of the Irish throughout history, a conduct which they have not reformed in the United States. The Irish seem to be lacking in mental balance, moral principle, and the power of self-restraint. They never had a parliament of their own which was not a bear-garden. They never controlled a constituency in this country that it did not become an example of misgovernment and corruption. The failure of municipal government in New York can be clearly traced to the power of the Irish vote in that city. It appears that the incapacity which the Irish exhibited in their own island two hundred years ago is reproduced in their descendants in the United States to-day; there never was a mob or a riot in any part of the country that Irishmen were not at the head of it, nor was there ever a boodling scheme that could not be traced to Irish contrivance. How, then, can it be expected that a new Irish Parliament would administer the affairs of the island in an honest and orderly fashion? And if, after the example of other Irish Parliaments, this new one should enthrone anarchy and compel England to interfere with arms, would not the imperial government be handicapped by the presence in the House of Commons of eighty sympathizers with the anarchists? The natural wish of Americans is that all men, everywhere, should be free and self-governing. But in practice that is impossible, because men differ in their capacity to exercise political power. It is impossible to teach the Mexican and the Spaniard the duty of attending the polls. It has taken the South Americans a century to learn submission to the decree of the ballot-box. It was found impracticable to plant representative government in Egypt. When Bulgaria was given an elective assembly, some of the members took the raiment of the others from the cloak-room, pawned it, and fled. Reasonable men are satisfied with what can be done; they postpone to some more auspicious occasion that which ought to be done, or that which might be done. When the Irish emerge from the mediæval darkness which makes them the tools of priests in Ireland, and in this country the thralls of political bosses, broad-minded Americans may applaud an effort to place them on the same footing as their more enlightened compatriots, the English and the Scotch; but not till then. In the meanwhile, the passage of the Home Rule Bill is going to put the British constitution on its trial. It has been positively announced that the House of Lords will not assent to home rule, and though no one is authorized to speak for that body, and its true purposes can not be known till it votes, still the language of the Tory organs implies that this time the peers are going to stick. It is over sixty years since the Lords and Commons last divided in opinion; it was on May

17, 1832, that the peers, in committee, threw out Earl Grey's Reform Bill by a majority of thirty-five. The ministry memorialized the king to create as many new peers as were required to give them a majority of the body. The king refused. The ministry resigned. No other ministry could command a following in the House. Public meetings called upon Parliament to refuse to vote the supplies. William faltered, and then yielded, his surrender being couched in the following words: "The king grants permission to Earl Grey and to his chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of peers as will be necessary to pass the Reform Bill. WILLIAM R. "WINDSOR, May 17, 1832." No new peers were created. The threat was enough. Under the lead of the Duke of Wellington, a sufficient number of Tory peers absented themselves from the House to enable the bill to pass by a majority of eighty-four on June 4th. Ever since that day, it has been an unwritten provision of the British constitution that whenever a difference of opinion arises between Lords and Commons, the Lords must give way. It was by giving effect to that provision that Disraeli carried his Reform Bill in 1868, and Mr. Gladstone compelled the peers to assent to his bill in 1884. Now the peers reassert their independence, and it is hardly to be supposed that the leading Conservative organs of public opinion should predict their decided rejection of the Home Rule Bill, if the Lords only intended to offer a sham opposition. The public are bound to infer that the House of Lords is in earnest and means to throw out the bill at any cost. It will be observed that the situation is not analogous to that of 1832. Then the rights of the English yeoman and the English shopkeeper were involved. Now the only class which is directly concerned in securing home rule is the Irish. English interest in the question is sentimental. Whether Parliament would sustain Mr. Gladstone in an attempt to coerce the queen to create new peers for the purpose of working out an experiment in local government in Ireland, may be a matter of some doubt. Miss Florence Pullman, of Chicago, is a young lady who has the courage to be eccentric. Although the daughter of a man who has made his own millions, she has preferred to engage herself in marriage to an American gentleman instead of taking the pick of the impecunious European nobility, as was her privilege. Her husband is to be a Dr. Gilmore, himself wealthy and said to be of good character and breeding. Prince Isenberg-Bernstein of Austria was a rival of the doctor; but the latter's Chicago hustle, and doubtless his superior personal attractions, proved more than an offset to his highness's title. Miss Sallie Tilden, the niece of the late Democratic sage, and very rich, has also determined to be singular, for she is to become the wife of Samuel Milton Blatchford, a gentleman of New York. All this is on the authority of the Associated Press dispatches, and we hope that they are true. As the wires brought these two pieces of extraordinary news on the same day, they not unnaturally inspire in the American breast a faint dawn-flush of hope that it may become the fashion with the dowered daughters of the republic to reserve themselves and their money for home consumption. There is no denying that the eagerness with which rich American fathers throw their daughters into the arms of the foreign nobility and gentry, and the willingness with which the devoted virgins go to the sacrifice, irritate and humiliate the people of this nation. If the nobility and gentry mentioned were conspicuously better physically, mentally, and morally than our own marriageable men, the preference shown them by our heiresses would be founded on reason. If they held women in a higher, more delicate regard than we do, the girls could be forgiven their ignoring of patriotism in so strictly a private matter as selecting a husband. But in general the foreigner's whole outfit for matrimony consists of a title that serves but as a pedestal on which to exhibit his unworth. It is the fine distinction of the United States that in it alone of all the great nations it is held to be disgraceful in a man to make a

merceary marriage. Here the woman is still supposed to be the one sought, and here we still hold to the belief that it is the husband's part to provide the tent and furnish the table with game. Chivalry survives in great strength in our social ideals, and the fortune-hunter, the fellow on the lookout for a wife who will maintain him, is despised. His disappointments before and after marriage are food for newspaper exultation and jesting, for popular merriment and satisfaction.

In San Mateo only the other day, a very fat old Irishwoman died. She had been a widow with a good many thousand dollars in her purse. She married a waiter, a score of years her junior, who lifted her in and out of bed with a mechanical hoist of his own invention, wheeled her to a fish-pond daily, baited her hook, and played the part of an affectionate husband and assiduous nurse for a decade. The clear-bearded, ungrateful old creature left nearly all her property to relatives in Ireland, and everybody, except the waiter, is glad of it. Yet in what essential respect did this waiter's marriage differ in motive from that of the British or continental nobleman who crosses the Atlantic, his coronet freshly gilt, to catch an American wife? At least the waiter was kind to his quarry, and that can be said of but few of the husbands who have borne our maidens and the treasures thereof to their battered, mortgage-stuccoed castles on the Thames, and Rhine, and Seine. When a match is made between a poor noble and a rich American, but one inference can be drawn. It is a strictly business transaction. Rich nobles marry at home, and, if they are men of sense, wed women of their own caste, born into and educated in all its prejudices, vanities, and virtues. As a rule, it is only the noble who has squandered his fortune and his character who comes gunning on the American preserve. Here he is held in contempt as a man who has sold himself, and when the wife goes with him to his country to draw dividends on her investment in the form of social exaltation, she finds herself justly despised as a woman who has bought a title with her check-book and body.

Time assuredly will cure the American plutocracy of its bumble admiration of the aristocracy of the Old World—its envy of the latter's venerable titles by whomsoever worn. As we become more civilized all Americans will become more patriotic—prouder of the republic whose sane founders set up the bars against royalty and orders of nobility. Our plutocrats sigh for the gauds of rank chiefly because they are unattainable here, and the social show of Europe has for the girls of the plutocracy the charm, the seducing glamour of a court scene on a theatre's stage. The passage of years may be trusted to bring better sense. There is reason to hope that the next generation of the Four Hundred will be well-bred—that is to say, republican. As fore-runners of the new and higher American life, the *Argonaut* respectfully salutes Miss Pullman and Miss Tilden, and wishes them the joy they deserve.

Less than four months after the Democratic party had come into power, and assumed full control of the executive and legislative branches of the government, the Democratic President issued an official message to the Democratic Congress. In this document, with a realizing sense of the gravity of his words, he said:

"There is general distress and apprehension concerning the financial situation of the country; it pervades all business circles; it has already caused great loss and damage to our people, and it threatens to cripple our merchants, stop the wheels of manufactures, bring distress and privation to our farmers, and to withhold from our workingmen the wage of labor."

Less than three months before the inauguration of this Democratic President, Benjamin Harrison, a Republican President, issued an official message to the Congress. In this document President Harrison also weighed his words, and as they were uncriticised in the halls of Congress and in the columns of the press, it is evident that the people tacitly accepted them as true. His words were:

"I have great satisfaction in being able to say that the general conditions affecting the commercial and industrial interests of the United States are in the highest degree favorable. A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favored period in the history of the country will, I believe, show that so high a degree of prosperity and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life were never before enjoyed by our people."

What could have caused such a complete revolution in the conditions of the country? What could have brought about such a destructive downfall in a few short months? What could have changed the "high degree of prosperity" of Mr. Harrison's message to "the general distress and apprehension" of Mr. Cleveland's? An extract from another document will tell. It is from the platform of the National Democratic Convention of 1892—the platform on which

Mr. Cleveland was elected—the platform which, if elected, he promised to uphold. This is the keystone of the arch which upheld the Democratic platform:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the protection of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only."

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. The madness that seized the Democracy when they promulgated this fatal declaration presages their destruction.

Since that party acceded to power, in March of this year, a wild panic has reigned in the United States. Fear of the destruction of established industries by tariff-tinkering has caused the closing of shops, the shutting-down of mills and factories, and the discharge of nearly a million of men.

Briefly to summarize, the results of the menace of Democratic free trade and the results of Democratic rule are ruined banks, closed factories, bankrupt merchants, and starving laborers. Since the Democrats got possession of the government, three great railway systems have passed into the hands of receivers, two more are on the edge of bankruptcy, all other railways are taking off trains and discharging men, the Nicaragua Canal Company has passed into the hands of a receiver, five hundred banks have closed, eight hundred manufactories have shut down, six thousand merchants have failed, and nine hundred thousand operatives have been thrown out of work.

The Democratic organs of the East are struggling valiantly to make out that silver is the cause of the present depression. This is gradually becoming grotesque. The present silver law had been in force for more than two years before the Presidential election; the present panic did not begin until after that election. *It was not silver but the Democratic party that caused it.*

The *Textile Manufacturing World* has been collecting statistics as to the number of closed mills and idle looms in the manufacturing districts. Incidentally this trade journal says:

"A very large number of the manufacturers have stated what, in their opinion, is the cause of the depression, and the blame is generally laid upon the probability of tariff revision. Many mills, particularly the cotton, attribute their shut-down to financial stringency, although even a large number of the latter class mention the tariff. From the woolen and knitting manufacturers the same statement is many times repeated: 'Business depression, caused by uncertainty about the tariff.'"

There is no question in the minds of the mill-men as to the cause of the present crisis. After some months of idleness, there will also be no question in the minds of the mill-hands, most of whom voted for Democracy, free-trade, and the present condition of things.

Here is the opinion of a body of men who also have no doubt as to the causes of the present industrial depression. These resolutions were passed at a recent meeting of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia:

Resolved, By the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, that in our opinion the stringency in the money market, the stoppage of industrial enterprises, the failure of financial institutions, and the general depression of business have been caused chiefly by the decision of the people at the polls in November last that the system of protection to American industry, under which the nation has prospered for thirty years in a degree without precedent, should be overthrown.

Resolved, That no improvement of existing conditions can be reasonably looked for unless there shall be an authoritative declaration that the protective-tariff system will not be violently assailed.

Here is an extract from another trade journal. It shows that not only are the American manufacturers closing down through fear of free trade, but that the allies of the Democratic party, the British manufacturers, are gleefully awaiting that change. This is from the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter*:

"The tariff policy of the administration, or, perhaps, it should be put the absence of such a policy, is holding a large proportion of the attention of the cotton manufacturers, and justly so, for European buyers are coming back with stories about what English manufacturers are doing. These latter are accumulating a large stock of goods intended for American trade, on the speculation of getting them in here under a reduced tariff. They are certainly either over-confident or over-daring in taking this chance, and contrast strangely with the policy now being pursued here, where manufacturers not only are unwilling to risk new ventures, but are shutting down old ones in their fear of loss through a change in the tariff."

Yes, it is not difficult to explain why the mills shut down. It is because they must await Democratic legislation to ascertain what their future basis will be. If it is to be straight competition with foreign countries, they will either remain shut down, or open with a reduced cost of manufacture. This reduced cost means a reduction in the pay of those who labor with their hands. And for this they may thank the Democratic party.

The Democratic party is at its wits' end. The financial panic and the industrial crash they find it impossible to explain away. Republican journals are continually besought by the administration organs to discuss the present crisis "without

partisanship." They say "This is not politics—it is a matter of business."

That is exactly what it is.

Few men feel so strongly on politics as to endanger their material conditions in life. But when men are threatened with the loss of business, the loss of salaries, the loss of wages, and some even with the lack of food, it becomes very materially a "matter of business" with them. This is the condition that the Democratic free-trade idea has brought about in this country. It is indeed a matter of business—and very grave business it is, too. Before the Democratic party get through, they will find their free-trade idea a matter of business they had very much better have let alone.

This financial panic and industrial crash which the Democrats have brought about can not be discussed "without partisanship."

If it is partisanship which, under thirty years of Republican rule, made the United States the wealthiest and most prosperous country in the world, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship which, under Republican rule, paid off the larger part of the public debt and advanced the credit of this government so that it could borrow money at two and one-half per cent., we are partisans.

If it is partisanship which enlarged the free list so that free imports rose from \$208,000,000 in 1880 to \$519,000,000 in 1893, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship which, under Republican rule, kept American mills in operation, kept American workmen employed, and placed the tariff duties where American labor would be protected, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship to oppose a party which has already closed five hundred banks, shut down eight hundred factories, and caused six thousand mercantile failures, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship to object to a free-trade plan which throws a million of men out of work, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship to protest against a policy which threatens this great and prosperous country with ruin, we are partisans.

If it is partisanship to oppose a policy and a party which, since its accession to power, has shut the gates of hundreds of mills, has lowered and cut off wages, has filled the land with idle men, has wrecked banks, has created a wild panic in financial circles, and has plunged the country from the pinnacle of prosperity to the depth of depression, then we are partisans.

Father McGlynn without his priestly frock and Father McGlynn reclothed in that precious garment are two distinct persons—painfully so. When deprived of his frock, he stood forward with the independence of an individual, a man, and uttered the feelings that were in him, which were bot. Now that he is back in the pinioning regalia again, he genuflects and does obeisance to the powers that be at Rome and fobs the fobs of professional boliness. It is Oliver Wendell Holmes who says that the theological student when reading history has a second eyelid, like a hen's, which falls whenever he encounters a disagreeable fact. So with the priest in the view he takes of his superiors. It all depends on whether he is in or out with them. Father McGlynn, in an article which appears in the current *Forum* on "The Vatican and the United States," rasps Archbishop Corrigan, the Cahensleyites, and all over whom he has been given the victory by Papal Delegate Satolli. But in his description of his recent visit to the Pope, with whom he has become reconciled, he is as deferential, not to say abject, as once he was defiant and insolent. "Is it not," he demanded from the platform of Cooper Union in one of the speeches of his days of recalcitrance—"is it not time for us to protest that it is no part of our religion to engage in the adulation of a poor old bag of bones, seventy-eight years old, with one foot in the grave?" In the *Forum*, the same McGlynn gives this double picture of the same Pope and his reconciled self:

"I had never seen Leo the Thirteenth before. I was not overawed by his majesty, which is great, but was rather won by his evident desire to show to me truly paternal kindness. I remained kneeling during the interview, close to him and leaning with my hands on his chair. I was impressed with his dominant intellectuality, which seems to be accompanied with equal vigor of will, although he is very thin and white, his face being nearly as white as his hair and his cassock. I thought him all mind and soul, in a body that one might almost call transparent."

Aforetime, the now pious and admiring McGlynn declaimed against the Pope's influence in the secular affairs of this and other lands. His Cooper Union language was:

"The Pope in politics has been the curse of every nation. Bismarck carried on a flirtation with the old lady—that is just what he looks like—and they exchanged pictures, and the old lady was highly flattered at being noticed."

In the *Forum* he relates that the reactionary American bishops advised the Infallible One against sending a delegate here. "Some of them played upon his fears by resorting to the argument that his appointment of some one from near

his own person, presumably an Italian, would arouse violent national antipathies, *not so much on the part of Catholics as of Protestant Americans.*" But:

"At last the present wise and vigorous Pontiff, seemingly growing stronger and broader as he grows older, has been led, by a combination of circumstances, to brush aside all objections and to perform a great act that is clearly fraught with momentous consequences to the church in this country, and, by reflex action, even to the country itself."

Mr. McGlynn, chuckling, in effect asks the defeated Corrigan and his brother archbishops and bishops what they are going to do about it, now that the Pope is against them? When the boot was on the other leg—the leg of the devout McGlynn, to wit—he proffered this advice to his followers at Cooper Union:

"So long as the Catholic people give the Pope to understand that he can do what he pleases with them . . . so long as Catholics let the Roman machine, of which the Pope is the mere puppet, do this, that machine will use Paddy in Ireland, and German Paddy, and American Paddy as pawns on the political chess-board, to be sold out at any time for what it can get in return."

The horror of the regenerated McGlynn at the contumacy of his enemies is diverting to the worldly mind which has stored itself with his own utterances when the Pope was not the majestic being he now appears to the eye re-opened by favor. "Bishops and archbishops who have been hitherto parading their devotion and obedience to the Holy See," he shudderingly cries out, "have scarcely taken the trouble to conceal their hostility to the new order of things, and a bitterness hardly distinguishable from downright malignity has been manifested by some of them." How devoted and obedient he himself was to the Head of the Church, when out of the sunshine of its approval, this extract from a Cooper Union war-whoop recalls:

"I still hope for a democratic Pope, and I'll take hack all I said about the stove-pipe hat, and let him wear any kind of a hat he chooses, if he will devote his energies to smashing his temporal throne so that it could not be rebuilt in a thousand years."

In concluding his *Forum* paper, the new champion of Papal authority darkly warns Archbishop Corrigan, and all other rebels against directly transmitted divine power, that something unpleasant is in store for them:

"It is matter of rejoicing for all the people of the church, and for all right-minded men who can not but commend the broad and liberal policies of the aged Pontiff, that he seems to grow in breadth and vigor as he ages. It is matter of bitter regret that any of those who hold high office by his favor, and who should be foremost in seconding and promoting his benevolent designs, should add to his cares and burdens by their petty intrigues to thwart those designs. They may take my word for it that there was a resonance in his voice and a flash in his eye in parts of his conversation with me that made it perfectly clear that they can not oppose his wishes except at the greatest peril to themselves."

It is, of course, neither surprising nor of much consequence in itself that Father McGlynn in office recants what Father McGlynn out of office said. His reconversion to obedience and slavering admiration are important only so far as they prove how impossible it is for a Roman Catholic priest to be a self-respecting, consistent man when his relations to his church are involved. The whole training and habit of his life kill in him candor of mind and the sense of self-ownership, and render him incapable of shame even when the most open repudiation of his real thoughts and the most humiliating personal abasement are required of him. Roman Catholicism is more than a religion. It is an empire, co-extensive with the world, and every believer, he priest or layman, is a subject, a slave, of the Emperor at Rome. To him an allegiance is owing superior to patriotism, superior to truth, and superior to manhood.

A Democratic President, Mr. Cleveland, a Democratic Treasury Secretary, Mr. Carlisle, and a Democratic Attorney-General, Mr. Olney, have been doing their best to nullify the law of the land in the shape of the Chinese Registration Act. The method they have adopted is to plead inability to carry the law into effect by reason of lack of funds. This specious pretense has been very effectually disposed of by Mr. Justice Ross, judge of the District Court for the Southern District of California. Judge Ross says, in a recent decision, that neither Mr. Carlisle nor Mr. Olney has any right to apportion out the moneys appropriated by Congress or the carrying out of the Chinese Registration Law. Mr. Olney has been willing to sanction the expenditure of the funds appropriated for the Registration Law in every way except the right way—to wit, the enforcement of the law.

The views entertained in the East concerning this registration law are extraordinarily bigoted and narrow. As we pointed out in these columns some weeks ago, France has just passed a registration law which is in some respects more stringent than ours. By its provisions, all foreigners who permanently settle in France must register and obtain a permit from the authorities of the city or town where they intend to remain. Foreigners already permanently domiciled in France must take a permit within a month. Under the new law, provision is made, as in the United States, for the expulsion of aliens who fail to register. France goes even further than the United States, as there is also provision

made in the new law for the punishment of those who employ uncertified aliens. This movement against foreigners in France is due to their large numerical increase in recent years, and to the further fact that they are exempt from military conscription. Thus this curious phase has come to pass—that the foreigners there enjoy the protection of the French Government, without being in turn obliged to protect it, as are the Frenchmen born. The French Government also claims that the aliens permanently domiciled in France send out of that country every year surplus earnings estimated at one hundred and seventy-five millions of francs.

Despite the stringency of this French registration law, not a line of adverse comment regarding it has appeared in any Eastern paper. On the contrary, it seems to be approved. Take, for example, this choice hit of philosophy from the New York *Sun*:

"There are twelve thousand Americans residing in France, according to the census of foreigners recently taken. Under a law which was signed by President Carnot a short time ago, all of these Americans who are engaged in any business, any profession, or any kind of industry, must register their names and make declaration of their purposes in the office of the prefect of police. This law is applicable not only to Americans in France, but to all foreigners there. We do not see that there is any hardship in the requirements of the law. We do not think that there can be any proper objection to it. It is merely a matter of police regulation; it will also be serviceable in the imposition and collection of taxes."

According to these peculiar Eastern journals there is "no hardship" in the French law, and there can be "no proper objection to it." According to them, the registration of Americans in a foreign land, with the penalty of deportation if they fail to register, is "merely a matter of police regulation." But if a similar law is passed by the United States, these patriotic journals maintain that it is a "disgrace to American civilization"; that the registration of foreigners is "medieval," and that their deportation when they refuse to obey the law is "barbarism."

France is certainly a civilized country, and a very much more practical one than this; she looks out for her own people first, and for the rest of the world afterwards—if she has time. We commend her example to the editors and clergymen of the East.

Judge Ross's decision was handed down September 5th. We are informed by a Washington dispatch of September 6th that "Mr. Cleveland has fully determined to enforce the Chinese Registration Act." Mr. Cleveland "indicated that he never had any intention of allowing the law to become a dead letter." This is really very good of him. Inasmuch as the people of the United States demanded this law; inasmuch as the Congress of the United States passed it; inasmuch as the Supreme Court of the United States declared it constitutional; inasmuch as Congress appropriated the people's money to carry it into effect; inasmuch as Mr. Justice Ross has decided that Congress can spend the money in the people's way, and not in Mr. Olney's way—considering all these things, it is, perhaps, as well that the administration "has fully determined to enforce the Chinese Registration Act." The Supreme Court of the United States, the Congress of the United States, and the people of the United States ought to be very grateful to Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, and Mr. Carlisle.

In one of the latest numbers of the Paris *Figaro*, there is—apropos of a recent divorce-suit in Parisian society—a discussion of an interesting question of modern sociology—whether a married woman should endure her husband's infidelity or whether she should resent it by revealing to him her discovery and adopting such measures as the law and her own ingenuity suggest. Our French contemporary is taking the sense of its lady readers, after the fashion of American newspapers, and printing their views. They are various.

"Rosette," having discovered that her husband was untrue, declared war upon him; after giving him due notice, she opened his letters, had him followed in the streets, accompanied him on his walks—in fine, wore out his patience until he broke off with his charmer through sheer weariness of being annoyed, and returned to his lawful love. Another correspondent declares that where a woman has reason to believe that her husband has committed a passing peccadillo, it is her duty to forgive him, and to console herself with the thought that his casual fault will endear her to him. "Lucie" holds, concerning marital infidelity, that no self-respecting woman should bear it; she should live with her husband afterward as a friend. That is also the opinion of "Letitia," who says that a breach of conjugal fidelity by the husband should be resented by the wife, not with severity and rigor, not with tears and groans, but with moderation and apparent good humor. A "Lectrice" asserts that from the day a woman learns that her husband has been untrue, her happiness is at an end forever, and if she has the courage, she should revenge herself by infidelity to her husband. "Clotilde" does not believe in patient endurance, which, in her opinion, would generate contempt by the husband; a wife so wronged should change her way, treat her husband with cold indifference, and adjust her household accordingly.

"B. de St. A." thinks a woman should show her resentment in a manner which will teach her husband that if he perseveres he may learn that two can play at that game. "A Widow" holds that a woman should shut her eyes and try to win her husband back by tenderness and love. It will be observed that the "Widow," having only the ghost of a man to worry over, is tenderer and less hard-hearted than the ladies who are still engaged in the warfare of actual matrimony.

This is one of those questions whose solution varies with meridian and rank. In the upper world in Paris, nearly every lady suspects that her husband has a *chère amie*. She is very often right. That is so much the fashion that rich men often make allowances to fashionable *cocottes* merely for the name of being their "protectors." Again, in the ranks of the nobility that sort of thing is considered a matter of course. After the present Emperor of Germany had held his third child on the baptismal font, he began to rove, and it soon became town talk at Berlin that he was oftener in the *coulisses* of the opera-house and in the dressing-room of a popular diva than affairs of state required. The simple little *hausfrau* whom he had married flew into paroxysms of jealousy, declared that she was going back to the Schleswig Schloss from which William had taken her, and flung herself sobbing and screaming into the arms of her mother-in-law, the Crown Princess Victoria. That lady, who is as wise as she is good, and who knows the world as well as she knows the realms of art, soothed her daughter-in-law and prescribed patience: "For, my dear, in our station of life, that is what we must expect."

We have no nobility in this country, but there is many a married woman in the New York Four Hundred who knows that her husband is sufficiently Europeanized to keep another establishment for another woman, and is herself sufficiently Europeanized to wink at it. All that she exacts is that he shall not parade his infidelities under her nose, or allow them to become town talk. In the other strata of American society, the rule is different. Men may be frail; but it behooves them to conceal their frailty with superhuman astuteness, or to prepare for a disruption of the household. An American woman who sued for a divorce on the ground of her husband's infidelity, might be unwise or ill-advised, but she certainly would not be laughed at, as many a European woman would. In fact, in England—although few American women know it—the adultery of the husband is not legal ground for divorce.

On the whole, American women are very fortunate in this respect, as in most others. There are, of course, unfaithful husbands here, as there are everywhere. But the number is small, in proportion to population, as compared with other prosperous communities. This is said despite the "news" given by those veracious chroniclers, the daily newspapers. To judge from the scare-heads on the pages of those more or less valuable organs, the population of the United States is made up almost entirely of unfaithful husbands, faithless wives, eloping daughters, drunken sons, embezzling clerks, fleeing casbiers, and well-meaning train-robbers with interesting families. Yes, to judge from the daily papers, there are only a few of us left.

But these are generalizations from insufficient premises. Such generalization is always unsafe. In Mexico and Central America, for example, the only American journal that has a wide circulation is the *Illustrated Police Gazette*. The dwellers there have largely based their ideas of American life and manners on that perhaps interesting and certainly widely circulated sheet. They believe, for example, that it is an every-day occurrence in American cities for a lady of high birth in a low-necked dress and short skirt (with striped stockings), to attack ferociously upon the street another wealthy lady (also in striped stockings). They believe that in the swell residence quarters of New York one frequently sees a professional man of high rank holding out of the window by her back-hair his wife (in striped stockings). They know that one often sees in Boston a Beacon Street maiden suddenly pause, draw a pistol from her pocket, fire it down her æsophagus, and die upon the sidewalk in horrible convulsions (and in striped stockings).

These deductions are all drawn from the *Police Gazette* premises. But the most superficial observer—even a British newspaper correspondent—must admit that these ideas of our Spanish-American friends are inexact.

Correspondingly, deductions drawn from the "news" of the daily press in this country would give a false and distorted view of the case. There are many millions of American husbands, and among these millions the proportion of unfaithful ones would probably be represented by an infinitesimal fraction of one per cent. This is probably not due to any high moral grounds—most of them are too busy and nearly all of them are too poor. But whatever may be the causes of their fidelity—it may even be because they love their wives—American women may congratulate themselves that in this, as in so many other things, they stand first among all the women of the world.

THE STORY OF A KISS.

How it was Repaid, Doubled and Changed, to an Artist's Model.

Avette was posing. Perched up on the model's table, she disported herself in a dazzling costume of the Regency, her head erect and smiling under its curly wig, her left fist, poised on her hip, lost in its falling laces, her right hand thrust in her waistcoat, and a sword touching her shapely leg. From time to time, though, her smile faded, a pout rounded her rosy lips, and she murmured softly:

"M'sieur! M'sieur!"

Varnet, standing before his easel, remained deaf, his brow knitted thoughtfully, his eyes going from Avette to the canvas, from the canvas to the palette; no sound in the studio hut that low, whispered plaint, making itself so coaxingly tender.

Avette was hored. She positively hated those long silences that sometimes fall upon the gayest studios, seeming to cover, as with a pall, the painter and his canvases. It was like this to-day, when Varnet would not talk. At first she had only pouted, hoping that he himself would weary of his silence, but as he remained dumb, she had begun to complain, resuming instantly the artificial smile of the pose as Varnet's gaze returned to her.

At last, however, the artist seemed to have conquered the difficulty that bothered him. He drew a long breath, threw back his head, scanned his work with a satisfied glance, and responded:

"Eh?"

Taken by surprise, Avette had no reply ready. Should she allow an opportunity to talk to escape her because of a trifle like this? Never! She demanded hastily, in a tone of lively interest:

"When are you going to be married, monsieur?"

"I?" cried Varnet, staring with astonishment. "What are you thinking about, Avette? I have no notion of marrying, child!"

"But now that you have received a medal at the Salon——"

"What does that signify?"

Avette burst out laughing. "Nothing, nothing, of course," said she, "though the public still believes in the value of medals, and papas of marriageable daughters do, too. You will marry some time, monsieur, and bow I will laugh the day you do it!"

"The deuce take me if I laugh!" said Varnet, soberly. "And now, Avette, as I am done with you for to-day, change your clothes and give the key to the *concierge*. I am going out."

"Good!" responded Avette, leaping with joined feet to the floor. Meanwhile, Varnet put away his palette, dusted his trousers, and took up his hat. At the threshold he paused.

"And Avette," he said, "if you break anything, or put the manikin at the door for a scare-crow, or write, as you did yesterday, the name of Rothschild on the slate in the entry, I'll—I'll pull your ears for you to-morrow morning."

"Have no fear, monsieur," Avette returned, gravely, "I never, as you know, play the same joke twice."

Left alone in the studio, the young girl threw herself on the divan and grew drowsy. Her slim, young body looked in its abandon like an automaton fallen on its back. She seemed to sleep, fagged-out, with closed eyes, when, all at once, she sprang up, ran into Varnet's bedroom, and began to take off her costume. A psyche mirror stood by the window; Avette paused before it, plunged into a reverie at sight of her beribboned and charming reflection.

"Ugh! bow hot it was!" She threw open the window and leaned out.

Below her was what looked like a broad well, with walls pierced by a thousand windows, arched over by the blue sky, gilded along the roof-line, and from the depths of which rose trees in clumps of fresh verdure. A grateful perfume of coolness exhaled from this shut-in garden, shining in the declining day; through the lazy foliage of the trees Avette distinguished a dress coming and going along the flower-beds, and once, in an unbeltered spot, the owner of the dress, an elegant young woman, strolling about with a book in her hand. At the end of the path she turned to retrace her steps, by chance raised her eyes and stopped, amazed by the sudden appearance of this Louis the Fifteenth cavalier. Was it a vision suggested by the book she was reading? No, for just then Avette, charmed by the reader's beauty and proud of attracting her attention, raised her fingers to her lips and sent an ardent kiss floating down to the beautiful unknown.

She blushed, ran up the steps of the house to which the garden belonged, and disappeared.

Avette laughed gleefully. She knew women's ways; this startled dove had gone into her cote only to view the hawk more easily.

"Well, gaze and admire, my love!" said she; and she struck a love-sick pose, contemplating, turn by turn, with passionate eye, the windows of the startled dove's home. House and windows both remained shrouded in gloom. Avette grew weary.

"By all the graces, the little one has left me in the lurch!" she cried, and she closed the window and began in earnest this time to remove her costume, the psyche reflecting at the end of the operation a young maid as charming as the cavalier it duplicated before. Passing into the studio, the prohibited manikin caught her eye. She approached, and oppressed, she scarce knew why, by the deep stillness of the great room, she began to talk to it, to cock a hat over its dirty, tip-tilted nose, and to call it her sweetheart.

"Yes, sweetheart mine," said she, "you please me, you do, because you never get mad. Be my husband, won't you? Eh? What do you say?"

And she gave the manikin a thump in the stomach that sent it sprawling into her arms, as if in a leap of tenderness, and thence to the floor with an awkward thud.

"Big fool," she cried, emphasizing her contempt with a

thrust of her little foot, "you are as bad as the others. Men believe everything that women tell them, even when they are pasteboard men!"

And she turned and ran down the stairs, leaving the studio to its silence and gloom, with the long shape of the manikin prone on the floor, like a rigid corpse.

Varnet returned late and entered cautiously, remembering that Avette had remained there alone after he had gone. But the studio, for once, was in order, except that the manikin was on the floor. He picked it up, replaced it in the corner, and approached the easel to review his day's work.

It did not please him; the right arm seemed to him lacking in suppleness. What was the matter with it? He raised his own arm, and twirled and twisted it about, attentively following the play of his fingers. To judge still better, he drew off his coat and waistcoat, put on the Louis the Fifteenth coat, and traced in the fresh color a change of posture that seemed to him better than the other. Satisfied then that he had done his best, he laid down the brush again and entered his bedroom. A strong odor of rice-powder told of Avette's recent presence. Varnet threw open the window.

The sky, dazzling with stars, was outlined at the horizon by a fantastic array of chimney-pots. The roofs stretched away in an irregular, ragged defile; only the adjoining house, in the midst of its sheltering trees, flamed into the night with illuminated windows, whence escaped a languorous waltz-air softened by distance.

At first Varnet, leaning upon the sill, thought of nothing, enjoying simply the charm of the warm night, the twinkling stars, the distant scraping of the violins. Then, insensibly, he began to dream, to construct a whole romance from this sudden blossoming into life of this quiet dwelling, usually so calm, so stately, slumbering day and night under the branches of the tall trees. A young girl, doubtless, had grown up in the shadow of these walls, and now that she was of an age to be married, her parents, well on in life themselves and in quest of a husband for her, had called together their friends and their friends' friends to discover, if possible, the son-in-law of their dreams.

Varnet grew more and more interested in his creation. All the beauty of Venus he gave her; all the grace of Hebe. If only now he had the wealth and fame of this ideal husband! And, carried away by the music and the tenderness of the night, Varnet suddenly, like Avette some hours before, tossed a kiss toward the shining windows, behind which floated this ethereal maiden of his fancy.

"Good luck to you, little neighbor!" he cried; "may you be happy!"

The sound of his voice recalled him to reality. He burst out laughing.

"This rococo costume has bewitched me," said he. "Maiden, indeed! For all I know, it's a pair of old folks celebrating their golden wedding. In either case, good-night, and may you amuse yourselves." And Varnet jumped into bed.

It was barely nine o'clock next morning. Varnet was charging his palette and Avette was preparing to pose, when a peremptory rap sounded upon the studio door. A gentleman desired to see M. Varnet at once, in spite of the excuses of that gentleman that a model was posing.

"I must, nevertheless, speak to you a moment alone on a very delicate mission," returned the visitor, briefly.

"Very well," said Varnet, astonished at this persistence, and he motioned to Avette to pass into the inner room.

The young girl picked up the bundle in which was the Louis the Fifteenth costume and tripped across the studio, whispering roguishly as she disappeared:

"Charge him high, monsieur; he's a greenhorn, I know; money sticks out all over him."

"Greenhorn" or not, the visitor was ready for business.

"Sir," he began, curtly, as Avette vanished, "my presence will not surprise you when I tell you that I am M. de Lesney, occupant of the adjoining dwelling—the dwelling facing your window."

"Ah!" murmured the painter, trying to understand, as his visitor paused expectantly, "you honor me; pray be seated."

"It is not worth while, sir, and as you still do not grasp the object of my visit, sir, permit me to make it plain. Last evening a young man in a *bal masqué* costume was at your window."

"A Louis the Fifteenth costume?"

"If you choose to call it so. And that young man addressed, dared to address, I should say, a signal—a kiss, to be exact, sir—to my daughter!"

"A kiss? How, sir?"

"Why—er—this way, with his hand."

"Your daughter saw him?" stammered Varnet, more and more mystified, and wondering at the acuteness of vision that could see through the darkness of night.

"She saw him, sir, and herself informed me of it. It was a piece of thoughtless levity, I know that; but you must see, you must understand, sir, that I must prevent a recurrence of it. Even a joke may be carried too far, sir."

And the father talked and talked, but Varnet, bewildered, no longer heard him. Suddenly he started; a thought had struck him.

"Mlle. de Lesney was in the garden at the time, was she not?"

"Yes, reading, sir, and, raising her eyes by chance, she saw——"

"Reading—last evening? But it was dark as pitch!" cried Varnet.

"Dark at six o'clock? Not at all, sir; it was perfectly light."

"Six o'clock? You are sure it was six o'clock?"

"Half-past, at the outside."

Varnet drew a long breath of relief, but comprehended as little as before. The voice of Avette humming over her toilet in the inner chamber drew him from his bewilderment. He began to laugh.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "you have made a mistake and I have been stupid. It is not I who am the culprit, though I believe the guilty one is here. One moment, please." And he hurried to the door, opened it, and bade Avette enter. She was adjusting her wig and ruffles before the mirror, and called back, merrily:

"Oh, I know; you needn't tell me. I can always see through things. It was a fine transaction. Say, you'll give me a good breakfast, won't you, Varnet, my love?"

"Come out of that," said the painter, brusquely.

Avette spun around on her heels, put her hand on her sword, crying theatrically: "A man of honor, sir, would have said: 'Let us go out together!'" She strutted into the studio. The sight of the visitor even, whom she had thought gone, did not trouble her. She was calmly mounting the model's table when Varnet stopped her.

"Avette," said he, sharply, "what did you do here yesterday, after I left you?"

"What—did—I—do, monsieur?" she lowered her eyes in affected shame; "I—resumed my sex, monsieur."

"Pshaw! I mean at the window?"

Avette cast a quick, quizzical look at M. de Lesney, hesitated, and snapped her fingers in the air.

"Ah-b! I bave it! I sent a kiss to madame, your wife, monsieur. A kiss is no affront to a pretty woman, and, coming from me, no affront to the most jealous husband. I admired her, and it suited my whim to express that admiration in a form—it seemed to me—most worthy of its object. 'That's what I'll do,' I told myself; and I think, *ma foi*, that I did it well."

M. de Lesney laughed—how could he help it?—and picked up his hat.

"It was my daughter, not Mme. de Lesney, that you saw," said he. "Still, mademoiselle, I must ask you not to repeat that kissing business. Sir, I regret that I disturbed you, but I am charmed with the little adventure that has given me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. You will allow me, I trust, to call occasionally to admire your paintings?" And M. de Lesney bowed himself out.

Three months rolled by. One evening, Varnet, crossing the Boulevard Saint Michel, met a young woman who whispered in his ear as she passed:

"A kiss is never lost, monsieur."

He wheeled and saw Avette. She held out her hand.

"Good-morning, hold hridge room that is to be."

"You know it, then?"

"Certainly; does not Avette see, know, and do everything—even to match-making by means of a kiss?"

"Yes, true, it was your kiss that did the business."

"Good! You are done with it, then? In that case return it, please; I may need it again."

"*Parbleu!* so I will," said Varnet, "on the spot, with interest added."

And, before she could stop him, he gave Avette two rousing kisses on either cheek. Knowing her to be joking, Varnet expected a tap for his levity, or, at least, that she would turn the affair off with one of her usual gay speeches. Instead, she started as if stung, caught her breath sharply, and, with a queer, choking sound in her voice, cried out:

"You—you love her so much as that, then?"

"How do you know how much I love her?"

"Your kisses—real lover's kisses. Too intoxicating for me, though!" she added, with an effort at her old-time elfish malice. "You ought to have thought of that——" She tried to go on, stopped, her dark eyes filled, and suddenly Avette—the gay, cheery, sharp-tongued Avette, with her linnet brain and thistle-down heart, the little model who was going to laugh so joyously at Varnet's wedding—Avette was crying.

"It—it was that kiss of mine," she stammered; "that kiss come back to me, doubled and changed. I—I cry because of it. It saddens, it hurts me; it makes me think of how we poor girls are like so many huddles left to be called for—some are taken, some forgotten in the shop."

Then rallying bravely, seeking to the end to guard her secret, she added, with a laugh like a sob:

"You know yourself how sad it is always to see one going and never to budge one's self."

And Avette flew off, throwing a kiss over her shoulder at the staring Varnet, as sad now, in spite of his happiness, as his little model, with eyes cleared at last, as if a handbag had suddenly fallen, for he had read her trouble: Avette was in love, and—with him. —Translated for the Argonaut from the French of C. M. Vauthier by E. C. Waggener.

Ring-ridden and dehaunched as she is by race-track and gerrymandering legislation, New Jersey is in some things distinctively in advance of her sister States. This is especially the case in the matter of good roads. No State in the Union has better roads than can be found in her more populous counties. Essex County, which includes Newark, the Oranges, and other growing towns, has thirty-eight miles of roads laid with twelve-inch Telford pavement and varying in width from eighty to one hundred feet. These roads, which cost one million seven hundred thousand dollars for construction and right of way, have added greatly to the value of property in all the region reached by them, which is filling up with handsome homes, many of them palatial in character. Union County, adjoining Essex, has, also, made great progress in improved road-making, and is reaping the fruits of her enterprise in enhanced realty valuations. The experience of these and other New Jersey counties constitutes an unanswerable argument in favor of liberal expenditures and coherent system in road-building.

The anti-silver agitation has had the effect in Montana of sending a great number of prospectors back into the mountains looking for gold. The results already achieved by these enterprising gold-seekers indicate that gold-mining this year will return to the State of Montana at least one million dollars more than last year.

BELLES, BEAUX, AND BANKS.

The Effect of the Financial Crisis on the Watering-Place Season.

September marks the end of the watering-place season. In the first week of that month, the fashionable world hies itself to an intermediate heaven where hunting, golf, polo, yachting, horse-racing consume the month or six weeks which intervene before the season opens in New York. The country clubs have their innings, and race-balls are the centre of female delight. This year the condition of the money market interferes with the laws of fashion. With the exception of men of fixed incomes from investments, most people feel the necessity of economizing. They have not allowed the state of their bank accounts to interfere with the grand gayeties of the summer; but they think that now the fall has come, a little retrenchment might be an appropriate prelude to the extravagance of the winter. Those who have horses and yachts will, of course, use them; but there will be fewer grand house-parties and fewer Lucullan banquets than usual before the trees have assumed their autumn garb.

It was whispered in cynical circles that Newport felt the effect of *res angusta domi* six weeks ago. There were fewer lawn-parties and fewer banquets. Not so many new equipages were observed on the avenue. Ladies who were expected to parade a new Worth dress daily were content with three a week. Newport is never dull, there is so much life among the American *noblesse* which makes it its home; but it is a fact that the Casino balls were the events of the week. The Burden ball was, of course, princely; the presents given in the German would have constituted a stock in trade for any jeweler less pretentious than Tiffany; but there were not many such balls this season. Some one says there were only three, as against nine last year; though the genial Sir Julian Pauncefote, Count Sierstorff, the Belgian minister, Bourget, the French novelist, Arthur Peel, of the British embassy, and the flower of New York society stood ready to accept invitations and to make themselves agreeable in the cotillon. The Oelrichs issued invitations for a ball, but recalled them.

It is, perhaps, about time that a halt were called in our fashionable extravagance. Thirty or forty years ago, when the De Rhanes, the Russells, the Belmonts, the Parishes, the Barredas, and the Griswolds were the leaders of Newport society, the sum total of the expenses of the most lavish of these families did not exceed one-half of what is spent by their successors. A young lady who spent five thousand dollars on her toilet was regarded as extravagant; her brother would have been a subject for a writ of *de lunatico* if he could not live on ten thousand dollars a year. Now there are girls whose milliner bills exceed twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and boys who can not make both ends meet on fifty thousand dollars. There is no limit to the sums which may be swallowed up by yachts, race-horses, and jewels. Does it not seem that these melters of coin have outrun the natural development of wealth? Extravagance grows by geometrical progression. Commodore Vanderbilt spent ten thousand dollars a year; his son William, forty thousand dollars; his son William K., one hundred thousand dollars; the fourth generation is getting ready to disburse a third of a million or more. Is not this discounting the accretion of wealth at a more rapid rate than the condition of the country warrants?

Paterfamilias brings home his family from Newport, or Long Branch, or Chicago, and finds that the calls on his purse are more imperative than ever, while his resources are less. Every one to whom he owes money wants a check. And, meanwhile, his rents are unpaid, his commercial house is making bad debts, the interest on the mortgages he holds is not met, there are no dividends on his stocks, the companies whose bonds are in his trunk fear that they will have to default, and, worst of all, his bank can not let him have a dollar. The moment is ill chosen to ask papa for a few hundred for an outing at Lenox. He asks if the town house is not good enough for his children, and declares, with an oburgation, that he is tired of feeding other people who eat his terrapin and truffled *pâtés*, drink his Chateau Yquem, and sneer at him when they get into the fresh air.

New York is not unfamiliar with periods of retrenchment. In the old days, before the paper money issues like watering-carts sprinkled wealth around, commercial crises were periodical, and it was quite common for the father of a family to return home with a grave face and to bid his wife discharge one servant, to stop all parties, to cut his children's allowance in two, to sell his horses, to send his carriage to the coach-maker, and to walk down-town to save stage-fare. In those Arcadian days women did not grumble, but straightway set their daughters to making their own gowns. Economy pervaded every branch of the establishment. They got the benefit of the lesson of thrift when the wind changed and fair weather came round. "By George, sir," said a New York banker, who died worth forty millions a few years ago, "in the crisis of 1837, I blacked my own boots, and I am ready to do it again if necessary."

I do not think that any of the Newport cottagers or the occupants of ground-floor rooms at the West End are blacking their own boots. The wave of retrenchment has not struck the class to which they belong. Shop-keepers and small merchants are cutting down expenses; wage-earners are dispensing with this or that comfort or luxury; people are walking where they rode, drinking lager beer where they drank claret; but the noble though not ancient aristocracy of New York are leading the same free-handed lives, and scattering money *à l'Américaine*. It would seem, though, that when the time comes for the Patriarch and the Matriarch halls, the committees will hesitate before flaunting extravagance in the face of the poor.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 2, 1893.

The King of Siam was educated by an English lady, and a Miss Shakspear is now the governess of his children. He is a great admirer of all that is English.

OLD FAVORITES.

Song of One Eleven Years in Prison.

Who'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds:]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line he clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barsh! barsh! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting io!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting io!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew.
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
tor, law-professor at the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U.
University of Gottingen,
University of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza he dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

—George Canning.

Nocturnal Sketch.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—oo, gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dame slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-mad blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other mao can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Aoon, Night comes, and with her wigs brings things
Such as, with his poetic toogee, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright, white light,
And paralytic watchmen prow, howl, growl
About the streets and take up Pall Mall Sal,
Who, hastog to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now, puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble, "Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashao, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charlie, or Billy willy-nilly;
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest pressed,
Dreameth of ooe of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's hanns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!
—Thomas Hood.

The English Language.

"Give me of every language first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmic cadence, simple for household employment,
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

* * * * *

Thou hast the sharp, clean edge and the downright hlow of the

Saxon;

Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp of the Latin;

Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmic roll of the Greek;

Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous Italian;

Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the Normao;

Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

* * * * *

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one like to hailstones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower;

Now in a twofold column, spondee, iamh, and trochee,
Unhroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along;

Now with a sprightlier sprioginess bounding in triplicate syllables
Dance the elastic dactylics in musical cadences on;

Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

* * * * *

Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can cease from re-

joicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and mine ancestor's

tongue;

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation—

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and harsh;

Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices,
Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,

Sing with the high sesquialtro, or drawing its full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops."

—William Wetmore Story.

The mole plague in the Southern counties of Scotland, which for a time proved a terrible scourge to farmers, has now all but disappeared. This is due to the fact that owls were preserved by the game-keepers and became extraordinarily plentiful.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The latest title invented by James McNeill Whistler for Oscar Wilde is "Le bourgeois malgré lui."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is reported to be less active than usual this summer and to have given up even his favorite recreation of driving. He is at his cottage at Beverly Farms.

Daniel Wilson is elected to the new French Chamber of Deputies. Only a few years ago he was tried, convicted, sentenced, and pardoned for dealing in "decorations." But now he is in power once more.

Richard Watson Gilder, who was a reporter in Washington at the time of the assassination of Lincoln, is giving informal lectures down in Massachusetts upon the life and services of the great emancipator. Mr. Gilder claims to have been brought in close contact with Lincoln and enjoyed his confidence.

The largest family is that of the King of Siam. He has two official wives, eighty-eight of the second class, and seventy-two children. He has fifty brothers and sisters, and two hundred and twenty-six uncles and aunts. They all board with the king, so that there are more than two hundred cooks in the royal kitchen.

Three English ladies are winning fame as hunters this year. Mrs. R. H. Tyacke, with her husband, has shot the largest number of bears ever killed in one season in Kulu, in the Central Himalayas; Mrs. Alan Gardner is hunting cheetahs, shooting panthers, and sticking pigs in India; and Lady Hopetown, wife of the governor of Victoria, is a great deer-slayer.

The Queen of Denmark is stone-deaf, a throat malady being responsible for the affliction. And the Princess of Wales inherits the same trouble. She is already so deaf that she can hear nothing unless it is shouted into her ear; and her daughter, the Princess Maud, has a tendency to throat trouble which, it is feared, may in time impair her hearing, also.

Jerry Simpson declares that it is possible to live well, dress well, and move in good society—Jerry is becoming a society man—and still save half his salary. Hirsute Johnson, of North Dakota, says he saves half his salary; Donovan, of Ohio, puts away three thousand dollars a year; while Livingston, of Georgia, declares he can make more money farming and make it easier.

The eight women colonels of the German army, who draw swords only semi-occasionally and their salaries regularly, are: The Empress of Germany; the dowager empress, wife of the late Frederick the Third; the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia; the Queen Regent Sophia, and the Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; the Duchess of Connaught; the Duchess of Edinburgh, sister of the Emperor of Russia; and Queen Victoria of England.

The present German Emperor, then a small boy, attended the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He was under the charge of his two uncles, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught. As may be expected, young William fidgeted sadly, and consequently received an occasional warning tap on the shoulder. But how he did revenge himself! His uncles were in Highland dress, and the future emperor slyly knelt down and bit into their bare calves with great earnestness.

The other day when Mr. Peffer arose to make a few remarks on the silver question, there immediately came from the galleries a sound as of a drove of Texas steers on a stampede. It was the people striking out for the open air. Mr. Peffer looked pained and glanced around the chamber suspiciously, but not a senator smiled; not one moved. When he got fairly started, however, his fellow-statesmen began to sneak into the cloak-rooms one at a time, and when he concluded, his audience numbered barely a dozen.

Abbé Wathelet, who died in Paris recently, was a true member of the church militant. He accompanied General Dodds on his expedition against the Dahomans. He was an incessant smoker and his pockets were always filled with cigars. The soldiers had very little tobacco and begged of the abbé, who was always generous, but made it a condition that in return for a cigar the soldier should go out and bring back with him the head of a Dahoman. The good abbé was also a fighter himself, and handled a musket like an infantryman.

Five years ago, E. P. Bergamini, an Italian banker of New York, died, owing eight hundred depositors about twenty-five thousand dollars. Ever since then his two daughters, Rachel and Sasselone, have labored diligently to clear off this indebtedness, surrendering all of their real and personal property, including even jewels, pictures, and books, supporting themselves meanwhile, the one by teaching, the other by working as an amanuensis in a lawyer's office. A few weeks ago they met the creditors in the chamberlain's office, and paid out eighteen thousand dollars in checks, varying in amount from one hundred dollars to fifty cents. They hope to liquidate the remaining debts in time.

Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died a few days ago, had very little communication with his sister-in-law, Queen Victoria, for many years past, having been annoyed, after Prince Albert's death, because her majesty did not consult him about political and family matters. The duke objected very strongly to Princess Louise's marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, and was still more indignant when the queen allowed Princess Beatrice to marry Prince Henry of Battenberg. Duke Ernst had utterly ignored the existence of the Emperor William for several years past. He kept away from Berlin, and carefully absented himself from his own dominions whenever his imperial grandnephew was in the neighborhood.

THE WRATH OF THE STORM GOD.

A Story of Ruin.

[The terrible wind and sea storms that have ravaged the coast of the Southern States during the past fortnight call to mind the description of the storm in Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita: A Memory of Last Island," which attracted much attention on its appearance some four or five years ago. From the book, which is published by Harper & Brothers, we have extracted the following passages which tell the tragedy of L'Île Dernière, which, it may be necessary to state, was a sunny little island in the Gulf of Mexico, much in vogue as a summer resort for the wealthy Creoles of Louisiana.]

Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of magical days. July was dying; for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland, brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. It was the height of the season. The long, myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all—hunting and fishing-parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage-wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feebler fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced—one, two, three, four—seven long swells this time; and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights: there was no wind!—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath.

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled, and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the north-east, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the north-east. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore: they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again, the breeze continued from the north-east, blowing like an equinoctial gale.

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous; colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan-backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the ninth wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers; the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment and the crimson spectre vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world—hooting—uttering nightmare sounds—*whoo!—whoo!—whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry, the moaning of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the north-west, the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope into the salines, the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain—rain of bursting

clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it—no one. And, nevertheless, men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason.

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones; the mail-packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of loneliness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men—totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain heights or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed; its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side—the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides—the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention, then, indeed, this sense of separation from humanity appals. Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, 1856, to hope against hope for the coming of the *Star* and to strain their eyes toward far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend, the pilot.

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging—with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving—a tempest whirl of spray—ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City, he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the north-east, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half-across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins, and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas—hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors—a sound of music!

Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night, also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes, mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin, whether affiliated by blood, conaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps, in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening, something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gaiety, to com-

bat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself: "Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields—to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choreographic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms—wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy-foam of lace, the ivory loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the glimmering of satin-slipped feet—than to watch the raging of the flood without or the flying of the wrack.

So the music and the mirth went on; they made joy for themselves, those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines; they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, 1856. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang—and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the *Star*.

"Christ!" he muttered—"a dance! If that wind whips round south there'll be another dance! But I guess the *Star* will stay."

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano—even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz, "*L'Invitation à la Valse*"—with its marvelous musical swing.

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! *The Wind waltzes to-night with the Sea for his partner!*"

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From north-east to east, from east to south-east, from south-east to south; then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms.

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking—curling about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

"*Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite! The water will go down in a few hours, ladies; it never rises higher than this; il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a—* My God! what is that?"

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer, it came—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland—across mad Caillou Bay to the seamarshes—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes; but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now.

Then rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. *Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy hanquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables—during one terrible instant—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosity—raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells boom on boom! One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises—oscillates—twirls as upon a pivot—creptates—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air—heaping up the ocean against the land—upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables—shivering like

tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimhuck Pass—over the agony of Caillou Bay—the hilling tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf—tearing and swallowing the land in its course—plowing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing hut a few hours before—rending islands in twain—and ever hearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses.

But the *Star* remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful, half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well nigh two score souls had been rescued by him; and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn—a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses, abandoning its plunder, scattering its piteous waifs over har and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango-swamps, over the long, low reaches of sand-grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell-reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay, the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift; from their cypress-groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-hirds and squeaking gulls. And, as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat, a storm of hilling wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-hird the wreckers come, the spoilers of the dead—savage skimmers of the sea—hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manilla men from the marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities—fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity—wild chaonelfinders from obscure hayous and unfamiliar *chénères*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot.

There is plunder for all—hirds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret, and kegs of brandy, and legions of hottles hobbling in the surf. There are hilliard-tables overturned upon the sand; there are sofas, pianos, foot-stools, and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of hamhoo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet-tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's play-things: French dolls in marvelous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great *Nautilus* went down. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-hooks, and in pockets—plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned—and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings, and fine chains, brooches, and trinkets. "*Chi bidizza!—Oh! chi bedda mughier! Eccu, la bidizza!*" That half-dress was made in Paris hy— But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu. "*Chi bella spolina!*" Her hetrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe; hut the delicate hone snaps easily; your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. "*Guardate! chi bedda picciola!*" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino—the locket held hy that fine Swiss chain of woven-hair—"*Caya manan!*" And it is not your quadroon hondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrohes you so roughly; those Malay hands are less deft than hers—hut she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. "*Na quita mo! dalaga!—na quita maganda!*" Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers; tear them out!—"*Dispenze, chulita!*"

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all; there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overhurdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell-reefs, where the huge white flashes are—sheet-lightning of breakers—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief-boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

Humor, like heroism, is found in the most unexpected places, even in the agony column of one's daily paper. Here is a delightful example: "My dear and faithful friend of twenty years, I can not think we are never to meet again. Pray, pray, send your present address. I helieve I am wrong in your name, as London letter was returned." Memory is notoriously untrustworthy, hut to be "wrong in the name" of a friend of twenty years' standing is surely a little unusual.

It is reported that the Broadway Cahle Road is earning two thousand five hundred dollars net a day for the Metropolitan Traction Company. That corporation is so satisfied with the financial results so far ohtained that it has determined to duplicate the cahle service on Columbus and on Lexington Avenues.

AMERICANS IN FRENCH CAFÉS.

Our Paris Correspondent Gives Them Some Hints.

"To drink without being thirsty," said Beaumarchais, "is one of the characteristics which distinguish men from the other animals." Paris is, perhaps, unique for the variety of ordinary and extraordinary liquids which its inhabitants drink, and yet you rarely find the charge "drunk and disorderly"—that is, rarely in comparison to other countries—in the annals of the Parisian police courts.

An ingenious Parisian has even gone so far as to say that when, at odd intervals, the police do find a man reclining on the pavement, it is either because the pavement was slippery, or the man felt sleepy, or he thought that there was an earthquake.

Lamartine said, one day, to a friend: "Le caharet ouvre le cœur!" In his youth, as the reader perhaps may remember, the Duc d'Aumale, passing at the head of his regiment before the Clos-Vougeot, made his men halt and present arms out of respect toward one of the greatest vintages in France and one of the great nurses of French wit.

Now suppose that a stranger comes to Paris and goes to a café, as he naturally will, the café being from time immemorial—that is to say, since the eighteenth century—one of the national institutions of France. "France," he says to himself, "is the greatest wine country in the world; wine, therefore, being the national drink, I will order half a hottle, and here, seated in front of the Café de Paris, I will invite my soul and drink my wine as I see pass before me the 'Tout Paris du Boulevard,' of which I have heard so much." And forthwith our stranger calls the *garçon* and asks for half a hottle of Léoville. The *garçon*, although our stranger flatters himself upon the excellence of his French, fails to understand. Our stranger repeats his order, and, after some delay, another kind of waiter—the *sommelier*—brings the hottle and uncorks it.

The people seated at the other tables cast strange glances at the stranger; the very gamins, as they pass along the Boulevard, eye him curiously, and the little milliner girls fairly burst out laughing.

Our stranger examines his dress, feels that he is growing red in the face, wonders if he has a black speck on the end of his nose, and finally concludes that the French have a very rude habit of staring at foreigners. No, gentle stranger, on the contrary, the French are very polite and kind to foreigners, hut they are the slaves of habit and routine, and the rule of life of a well-brought-up Frenchman is carefully to avoid saying or doing anything which will distinguish him from his fellows. You, gentle stranger, in your innocent ignorance of the habits of the country, have attracted the attention of all around you by drinking wine at a café, a thing no one does. Why not? I do oot know. The only reason is custom—*ça ne se fait pas*. At the *marchands de vin*, the resort of the poorer classes, which are to be found at almost every corner, you may order your hottle or half-bottle without fear and without reproach.

By your inconsiderateness, too, you will have deranged the whole internal economy of the Café de Paris. You will have caused the hutler to be roused from his afternoon nap, and you will have been the innocent victim of the indignation of the *dame de comptoir*, who will have to lay aside her wool-work in order to make out a bill for your unfortunate half-bottle of Léoville, the *garçon* being unable to account for it hy tallies as he does in the case of the ordinary *consommations*.

Of course, stranger, if you had known, you would not have made such a blunder. Do not do it again. And, as a rule, perhaps, you will find that the less you distinguish yourself in your habits from the Parisians during your stay among them, the greater will be your pleasure.

And here let me seize the occasion to warn you that the *sommelier*, or hutler, above mentioned, is an inferior *garçon*, and you must be careful never to give him any other title than *sommelier*. If you ever call him *garçon*, you might run the risk of being snubbed, as once was snubbed at the Château of Compiègne, in the days of the Empire, a guest of the first category, who, not knowing hy what title to distinguish a servant in livery from the functionaries present, called him *garçon*. "Monsieur," gravely replied the valet, "in the emperor's household we are all married."

But to return to the question of beverages. In the cafés the Parisians drink all manner of mixed drinks made of combinations of *sirops*, *liqueurs* with alcoholic additions, and beer. The latter is shown hy chemical analysis to be had, and made with anything rather than malt and hops. It is true that you can have English, Flemish, Swiss, and Viennese beer; hut, as a rule, the drink of a country is only good in that country, unless it be a wine, and many exquisite wines will not bear transportation. Absinthe is very much drunk, inasmuch that the *heure de l'absinthe* has won for itself a place among the twenty-four hours of a Parisian day—corresponding to about five o'clock in the afternoon. But the absinthe that you find in most cafés is adulterated and oxidized; the vermouth, too, is falsified, and the liqueurs are often "doctored." Wine, as we have seen, is not drunk in public hy fashionable people.

The French drink *par excellence*, and the Parisian drink *par essence*, is coffee, that slow poison which supported the old age of Voltaire, and which did not prevent Fontenelle from becoming a centenarian. In no country in Europe, except Turkey, is coffee so well roasted, ground, and brewed as it is in France, and in the commonest café you will get a cup of coffee which is nectar as compared with the muddy and acrid mixtures which are sold as coffee in London and Berlin.

In Parisian cafés, two measures are in vogue: the *demitasse*, served in a cup, and the *mazagron*, served in a long glass, and stirred up with a long spoon as slender and graceful as the body of Sarah Bernhardt used to be. You will find in some vocabularies for the use of the foreigner that the name of *mazagron* is applied to cold coffee only. This

is an error, like that of imagining that a glass holds more than a cup.

The *garçon de café* is a very hardly worked creature, who is exploited hy his masters to such an extent that it is only to be wondered at that he does not more often make a mistake in the change. The mystery is how he ever gets any rest. He has to be at the café at eight o'clock in the morning. I speak only of the *garçons* in ordinary cafés, and not the *garçons* in the fashionable restaurants, where the princes of *la haute débauche* sup until daybreak.

Each café has its own terms. Generally speaking, the *garçon* pays the keeper of the café so much for his food, and at the end of the day the *pourboires* are divided among the *garçons*, while in one way or another the keeper of the café reserves for himself a certain percentage. At any rate, the *garçons* are a source of revenue to the café.

In the Latin Quarter, in the cafés and *brasseries* served hy "odalisques," the keeper of the café bleeds the poor girls in a variety of ingenious ways. Formerly, in some of these *brasseries*, the proprietor made a certain costume obligatory, and the women were obliged to buy that costume from the proprietor at double and treble its value. Now the police have put a stop to this extortion; hut the proprietor still manages to make illicit profits out of jewelry and other feminine accoutrements which the "odalisques" are obliged to buy if they wish to keep their places.

The regular *garçon* is clad in black; he wears a little, short spencer jacket and a white apron, and under his arm he carries a napkio. Being always hareheaded while discharging his duties, he bestows much care upon his hair, which is often of luxuriant growth, scrupulously combed and parted, and glistening with pomade. The typical waiter shaves his chin and upper lip—there was a strike last winter among the *garçons* to be allowed to wear mustaches, hut when they received permission so to do, there was oot one who took advantage of it—and, therefore, his pride is still in his short side-whiskers and his voice, which should be of a medium pitch, inclining rather toward a haritone than a tenor. In orderiog *Deux bocks, deux*, or, again, in crying *Voyez terrasse, or Voila, or Bon, or Boum*, he should moderate the note and avoid jerks of the voice.

Strong *basse-taille* voices are only possible in the open air, and have passed out of fashion since Lahlache, a famous waiter of the Café de la Rotonde, io the Palais Royal, hurst a blood-vessel one day in crying out his *bon* with such force that people mistook it for the firing of the cannon in the gardens, and the galleries of the palace echoed with the crash of broken windows.

The names of the *garçons* are generally Louis, Adolphe, Auguste, Boniface, Gustave, and Victor. I oever knew a *garçon* whose name was Paul, or Henri, or Philippe, or Charles. But whatever be his name, meditate it, remember it, and call him hy it. Call him Adolphe or Boniface, instead of *garçon*, and you will see what a smile will sweeten your *mazagron*.

Always go to the same *garçon*, and, after your second or third visit, he will be flattered hy your perseverance, and take you under his protection. Henceforward you may expect everything from him. He knows everything and everybody. He will place your hat and coat in safety; he will moisten the stamps for your letters with his own tongue; he will divine your political opinions, and give you unasked the journal that you prefer; and, after having once explained the proportions of vermouth and of gum, or of hitters and curaçao, that you desire, he will remember it forever. In short, hy a little affability and a few *pourboires* intelligently given, you will procure for yourself an ideal guide, philosopher, and friend.

Who are the people who go to cafés? Ask rather who do not go? Guizot never went to a café, nor Victor Hugo, nor Alfred de Vigny. Emile Augier went hut little, and Alphonse Daudet goes no longer. Gambetta was devoted to them and knew them all—Véron, Madrid, Riche, Proclope, Cardinal—and his favorite dining-place used to be Ledoyen's, nestled under the trees in the Champs-Élysées. Challomel-Lacour, Louis Veuillot, Jules Simon, never frequented a café. Thiers used to be seen displaying his varnished hoots and his pretty, small feet in front of Tortoni's. Francisque Sarcey no longer goes to cafés, and it is now more than fifty years since the ex-Empress Eugénie gave up frequenting them.

The cafés in the environs of Paris have a physiognomy of their own. Those of Asnières, for instance, which the wags call Asnières-les-Bains, and which is, as it were, a continuation of the Boulevard Montmartre and a branch of the Café de Suède. The town is inhabited hy Parisian shop-keepers, men of letters, actors, and actresses; it possesses a theatre, a Trianon, and one of the attractions of the place is the Villa of Thérèse, which may be seen from the railway. There are many restaurants and cafés at Vincennes, and in making out the hills the waiters invariably upset the salt-cellars over them, in other words, prices at Vincennes are "*salés*," to use a slang expression. Joinville-le-Pont consists of a clump of beer-shops and *cafés-chantants* on the banks of the river. The "swell" restaurant is on the island; in the summer the clients are *cocottes*, *bourgeois*, and third-rate "*viveurs*," and in the winter, as one of the restaurant-keepers replied: "L'hiver, monsieur, nous avons les adultères." Bougival is an artlessly immoral fresh-water bathing-place, in whose cafés Anglo-Saxon women must never think of setting foot.

PARIS, August 20, 1893.

DORSEY.

A graphic autohographical description, such as the following, recently appeared in a "want" column: "Housekeeper, unpaid, forty-two, experienced, seeks employment with bachelor or widower. Small means hut highest references; musical, refined, obliging, not intrusive. Not Widow." What a tribute to genius, in connection with the opinions of the elder Mr. Weller, is contained in those two last words!

Drummers are to be attached to the Paris police. When riots are apprehended the heating of the police drum will be equivalent to reading the riot act.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Several unpublished poems by Austin Dobson will be found in the forthcoming beautiful catalogue of Mr. Edmund Gosse's library. It is, moreover, to contain notes on some nine hundred books relating to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Only sixty-five copies will be printed.

The old Whittier homestead at Haverhill has been made to resemble as nearly as may be the home as it was in the poet's boyhood, and the number of pilgrims who visit it is daily increasing.

Mr. Dodgson—"Lewis Carroll," author of "Alice's Adventures"—has brought out a book, which, under the title of "Curiosa Mathematica," sets forth a series of mathematical problems with mentally worked solutions. These he calls "pillow-problems," to be thought out during sleepless nights "by ordinary mathematicians when mental occupation is needed."

Names in novels seem very important to M. Zola, who believes that a mysterious correlation exists between the man and the name he bears. He says: "I always judge a young author by the names which he bestows upon his characters. If the names seem to me to be weak, or to be unsuitable to the people who bear them, I put the author down as a man of little talent, and am no further interested in his book. Names should possess a consonance to the ear. A dissonance between a character in a book and the name bestowed upon him by the author is a very grave defect."

It is stated that Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy, who has been a professor in the Chandler Scientific School at Hanover, N. H., and in Dartmouth College since 1875, will tender his resignation of the chair of mathematics at the next meeting of the board of trustees, and will hereafter devote his time and talent solely to literary work.

Sarah Orne Jewett will publish this fall a collection of short stories, with the title "A Native of Winby and Other Stories."

Dr. Wright's volume on the Brontë family, which the Appletons are bringing from the press, is said to be full of romantic interest. That is to say, it appeals to the curiosity of most readers while giving food for thought to the few who like to study the influences affecting intellectual development.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has evolved this new system of measurement, which it calls Mudie measure, in honor of the great circulating-library man in London with that name:

"Ten lines make one page;
Ten pages make one point;
Two points make one chapter;
Five chapters make one episode;
Two episodes make one volume;
Three volumes make one tired."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Timothy's Quest" and "A Cathedral Courtship" have been purchased by Tauchnitz for publication on the continent. Mrs. Wiggin is writing a new book.

The just published Vol. IV. of the English Reports of State Trials contains the trial of Moxon for the publication of Shelley's "Queen Mab"—a work which was mentioned in the charge as "a scandalous, impious, blasphemous, profane, and malicious libel of and concerning the Christian religion." It will be remembered that Moxon was found guilty, but was never called up for judgment.

Of Charles Dickens's appearance during his first visit to this country, Mrs. E. W. Latimer says in *Lippincott's*:

"My first view of Dickens was at an evening party, when he was standing in the midst of a circle of ladies, relieving himself in very energetic terms of his impressions of *voyage*. His hair was long and light, and looked as if it had not recovered from the tangle incident to days of sea-sickness. He had brought with him two velvet waistcoats for full dress, one of vivid green, the other of brilliant crimson; these were further ornamented by a profusion of gold watch-chain. In 1841, a black satin waistcoat was almost the national costume of gentlemen in America, so that Mr. Dickens's vivid tints were very conspicuous."

The new English edition of "Lorna Doone" will contain a portrait of the author, the only one Mr. Blackmore has ever consented to have made public.

John Addington Symonds, the English essayist and writer on art, died rich. He left an estate valued at three hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, most of which, however, came to him by bequest.

Henry M. Stanley's new book, which will be published early in the autumn, is called "My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories." Portions

of it have already appeared in newspaper syndicates. These stories were collected at camp-fires during the many years of Mr. Stanley's sojourns in Africa.

Count Tolstoi has just finished an inquiry into social matters, which is to be published soon in English.

An amusing little incident is thus recorded in the *New York Times*:

"When Mr. Howells was the editor of a certain magazine, he one day received a story from Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which he did not care to publish. It was called 'The Oysterman,' and dealt with people not given to good English. Miss Phelps had been in the habit of having all her work accepted, but Mr. Howells finally wrote: 'You know, Miss Phelps, this is not a pleasant story.' Some months later, 'The Oysterman' made its appearance in another magazine, but its author had profited by such distinguished criticism and its title now was 'Not a Pleasant Story.'"

Thomas Archer, who wrote the recent book on Fleet Street as "The Highway of Letters," has just died in England at the age of sixty-two.

Five thousand dollars a year is not a colossal sum to result from the sale of a great writer's works. It has recently been computed that the annual copyright fees derived from the sale of Alfred de Musset's collected writings do not exceed this amount.

Rider Haggard's new novel, "Montezuma's Daughter," will be published in the autumn, with illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

The explanation of a literary mystery is to be found in this somewhat amusing paragraph:

Though Victor Hugo has been dead eight years, every succeeding publishing season has seen the production of a fresh volume of poems by the master, so that the matter has now become a joke in literary circles in Paris. The explanation given of this remarkable *post-mortem* fecundity is that Hugo stored up in a cupboard many of the almost innumerable poems he used to improvise while out walking at Guernsey, and his heirs, discovering this treasure-trove, have drawn on it in a way to yield good financial returns.

"L'Epopée Mystique de William Langland" is the title of the new volume in M. J. J. Jusseraud's valuable series dealing with the English of the Middle Ages.

Captain Mahan, now of the United States steamer *Chicago*, and the author of the remarkable book on the influence of sea-power, is one of the most popular Americans in England. He was a guest at the dinner given by the queen to the German Emperor at Osborne the other evening. The English naval critics are unanimous in praise of Captain Mahan's books.

Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson has this to say in the *New York Tribune*:

"Mr. Whittier's literary executor contradicts a published statement that the poet, when disgusted by the publication of the Carlyle correspondence, destroyed all of his own correspondence with his friends, that he could obtain. To this executor Mr. Whittier intrusted, about a dozen years ago, several portfolios filled with valuable material, including many letters from distinguished authors and statesmen. Whatever passages in these papers he wished to have eliminated, he pointed out to Mr. Pickard, and, in the preparation of the forthcoming volumes, strict attention has been paid to his wishes. Many hundreds of interesting letters will be found in these volumes—among them a number of the poet's early letters to Dr. Channing, Mrs. Sigourney, and Jonathan Law."

The new English edition of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," which is sold at half a crown, is the thirty-seventh that has appeared in England.

New Publications.

"Calabazas; or, Amusing Recollections of an Arizona City," by James Cabell Brown, has been published by the San Francisco News Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"To Let," by B. M. Croker, containing eight stories of Anglo-Indian life, has been published in the Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Honor," by Maud Howe, a story of mining operations, dishonest superintendents, railroad deals, and complicated love-affairs, has been published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, \$1.25.

"Muscular Exercises for Health and Grace," by Lydia J. Newcomb, and "The What and How of Vocal Culture," by Mme. F. Roena Medini, have been published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price: 75 cents and \$1.00, respectively.

Champfleur's quaint little tale of "The Faience Violin" has been charmingly rendered into English by William Henry Bishop. It is a very original and amusing study of one of those enthusiastic collectors whose passion amounts almost to monomania, and, though one can read it through in an hour, it will

not escape the memory for many a long day. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Catharine," by Jules Sandeau, an old-fashioned story of a poor curate's niece who is the good fairy of the parish and ends by marrying the young viscount of the neighboring chateau, has been translated into English by Jennie Hamilton Irving, and is published, with a portrait of Sandeau for frontispiece, by the J. G. Cupples Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

There are five short stories by Mrs. Avery Macalpine in the book entitled "Joel Marsh, An American." The scene of the first, which gives its name to the book, is laid in a New England town; "Virtue" is the story of a woman in Paris who has been awarded the Award for Virtue bestowed by the Academy; the next takes the reader to Capri, and tells of a pretty Capriote's love for an Englishman; and the two others are "Babette" and "A Sacrifice to Faith." Published by Ward, Lock & Bowden, New York; price, 50 cents.

The second installment of "The Book of the Fair" contains another forty pages of pictures and text descriptive of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It contains the conclusion of the third chapter, and the fourth, on "The Site, the Plan, and the Artificers," and a portion of the fifth, on "Exposition Management. Congress Auxiliary, and Finances." All these are appropriately illustrated by reproductions of photographs of buildings, statuary, details of construction, and portraits of the leading men who took the initiative and carried on the work. Published by The Bancroft Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

There are seven short stories by Maxwell Grey in "An Innocent Impostor and Other Stories," but no one of them suggests "The Silence of Dean Maitland." "An Innocent Impostor" is an English drawing-room farce in the form of a story, in which a young man gives a cabman a wrong address and is driven to the house of an old lady who is very ill and expects her son home after an absence of six years. As the misguided young man and the missing son have the same name, as the old lady might be killed by the shock of deceiving her, and as her pretty niece does not guess the deception, the doctor commands the young man to keep up the imposition, and amusing situations ensue. The other tales range from grave to gay, and are generally entertaining. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

In a little volume entitled "True Riches" are printed translations of two recent stories by François Coppée; "The Repayment" and "The Cure for Unhappiness." The first follows a Paris priest in his visits to repay to four persons the sums stolen from them some years before by a defaulting banker, who has made another fortune and makes restitution in this way. A poet, he finds, is thankful that he was robbed, as his sudden poverty gave him an incentive to work; an old maid whose loss had driven her to school-teaching, had changed from a querulous egotist to a happy and helpful little woman; a lazy and dissipated young architect had married a poor girl whom he loved, which he would not have done but for the loss of his fortune; and only one of the four, an aristocrat of ancient lineage, reviled the dishonest banker, for he, when his wealth disappeared, had married the heiress of an unscrupulous speculator and felt that he had sold the honor of his family. "The Cure for Unhappiness" tells of a poor clerk who wins the big prize in a lottery, but learns in one year that the dissipation and sycophants that wealth procures are not so conducive to happiness as honest work and honest friends. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Whether "The Prince of India" will ever attain to the popularity of "Ben Hur," time alone can tell; but in it General Lew Wallace has written a story that will live. He has rehabilitated Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew of medieval legend, and, giving him the title of the Prince of India, has set him the task of unifying the various creeds of the world as it was in the time of Constantine. The story opens with an expedition in which the Prince of India leads his chosen trusty servants to a tomb on the island of Sidon, where is concealed the treasure of Hiram, King of Tyre. With the unlimited wealth then at his command—"three other stores have I like this one: in India, in Egypt, and in Jerusalem"—and with the wisdom acquired during his fourteen centuries of life, he determines to free all creeds from the fungi of dogma, so to speak, and reduce them all to one perfect religion. To that end he urges on Mohammed I. to the conquest of the world—and the story follows this plan up to the fall of Constantinople. In such a story there is immense research shown in the intimate knowledge of creeds, from the Book of Kings of the Chinese and the Vedas and Avesta, to the Koran and the Bible as translated by order of the first Constantine; the reconstitution of the civilization of the time is another elaborate piece of work; and a third element of interest is the wealth of absorbing incident that is crowded into this exceedingly picturesque tale. It is printed in two rather small volumes of five hundred pages each, but the reader will regret not the length of the book but that there is no more of it. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50 for the two volumes.

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VANITY FAIR.

The name of Ward McAllister is so intimately associated with the social life of New York, that it will surprise many who have heard of him only as the creator of the Four Hundred and the later One Hundred and Fifty to learn that he has practical ideas of his own on public affairs, and expresses them intelligently and forcibly. In a recent issue of the *New York World*, he has an article of a column and more in which he discusses the cause of the prevalent financial distress. In the course of it, he says: "Look at this village of Newport. Ten years ago, before these fifty and hundred-millionaire people came into existence, there was not a place here that would have brought over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now sixty thousand dollars an acre is asked for lots on the ocean and obtained. Wherein lies the intrinsic value of such lots? Again, look at the price of lots in Fifth Avenue. From East Fifty-Seventh Street to East Seventy-Fifth Street one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is asked and readily obtained. I call this an exaggeration in values. What better air does a man get who lives on Newport's cliffs and pays sixty thousand dollars an acre for land than a man who lives a block off and, from his upper-story windows, has the same ocean view and pays but ten thousand dollars for a similar lot? Unfortunately with us people estimate things in this country too much by what they pay for them. There is no country in the world where the cost of living is so great as in ours. Our daily expenditure for absolute necessities is absurdly extravagant. Since the millionaire era, the cost of living with us has been quadrupled. The millionaires are responsible, to a great extent, for this burden laid upon people possessing moderate incomes. They have initiated extravagant expenditures in everything. Up go their costly palaces in town and country, stables that must needs hold twenty-five to thirty horses, a retinue of servants required by a king, a head-cook whose wages are equivalent to the salary of the governor of one of our States, the maintenance of a yacht for six months at an expense that would have paid General Washington's salary as President of the United States. . . . The largest millionaire fortunes in New York city have come from two sources: one, the enormous growth in the value of real estate, called by Henry George 'unearned increment'; the other, by getting possession for nothing from the State or city of franchises, which really give the owner a sum which, if paid to the city or State, would relieve us from all excessive taxation."

French law governing marriages requires a straight record of each individual's identity from birth to marriage, to make sure that it is marrying the right persons. The other day a man and woman presented themselves at the Mairie. Everything was according to rule, all the official documents were in readiness. When these came to be examined, the bride's record of baptism had set her down as "one male child." There could be no going behind the returns. The mayor refused to perform the ceremony, and the despairing couple went off to consult a lawyer as to how the bride could substantiate her sex in the eyes of the French law with this record against her.

Sitting on one's foot is a feminine habit that is universal, and one that is quite incomprehensible to the masculine lover of comfort. "I had a dreadful experience at Mrs. B.'s the other evening," said a young lady reported in the *New York Tribune*. "I had just thrown myself back on a luxurious sofa, with my foot comfortably tucked under me, when Mrs. B. called to me from the other end of the room. 'Come here, Emily,' she exclaimed; 'I want you to help me arrange these duets'; and I struggled up quickly, only to find that I had caught my foot in the string which fastened the back of my skirt, and do what I could I could not disentangle it. 'Emily,' again called Mrs. B., somewhat impatiently—thinking I had not beard—while I tottered and swayed, kicking out in the most unlady-like fashion, and becoming so red that I am sure the people near me must have thought I was going to have a fit. They all looked at me curiously, and kind Mrs. A. came to my assistance. 'What is it, my dear?' said this good Samaritan; 'can I help you? Don't you feel well?' And the look of amusement was as bard to bear as the sympathy when I explained the situation. Grinning broadly, another friend, who now approached to offer his help, gave me his arm, and between them I hopped in disgraceful fashion to the door, kind Mrs. A. helping me, as soon as we were alone, to extricate my foot, which had been caught in a regular noose."

In Persia, the first home of the high heel, blocks of wood were used simply to "raise the feet from the burning sands of that country, and were about two inches high." With the Persian women these blocks were vastly higher than those affected by the men, their height being from eighteen inches to two feet, thus becoming more of the nature of stilts than anything else. Strangely enough, many years after, a similar fashion came into vogue in Venice; but the motive in this case was comically different, for "by its means jealous husbands thought they would be able to keep their wives at home." The supports of

such shoes in Venice were called "chapineys," and to appease the vanity of the ladies, and doubtless also to sugar the pill, were made highly ornate. The height of these chapineys determined the rank of the wearer—an extra coating for the pill—the noblest dames being permitted to wear them one-half yard or more high.

It is no uncommon thing for a man to be apparently willing that the scale of his household expenses should be conducted on the most lavish basis, paying the monthly bills without a murmur, and yet apparently grudging every dollar that he hands over to his wife and daughters. It is a curious inconsistency (the *Tribune* declares), and one that causes not a little sense of injustice on the part of a woman who can not understand why ten dollars more or less on a bill is not even considered, and the actual money in hand is so hard to obtain. It is very trying for a sensitive woman to have to ask for every cent for her personal expenses, and a man of any generosity should give to his wife a regular allowance in accordance with his means and other expenditures. In England, this is considered in the settlements, and, as a rule, the bride's relatives see that she is guaranteed enough for her personal expenses. In this country such an arrangement is seldom, if ever, thought of, and the bride puts herself and her future with unquestioning faith into the man's power. To the honor of American manhood he it said that our men are of all men the most generous; but it is not always pleasant even for a loving wife to be absolutely dependent, however liberal her husband may be, and the sense of "money begrudged" is absolute torture to most women. If taken in no other light, the housewife fairly earns a salary. To oversee a house, large or small, to provide for the welfare of the family, and to perform all the multifarious duties that such a position involves, actually deserve a large financial recompense, and a woman should have it accorded to her as her right, not doled out to her as a favor.

Mme. Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," draws this pretty bad picture of the society woman: "For vulgarity, for boldness, for folly, ignorance, want of principle, petty weakness, intrigue, and positive vice, you must go to the average society woman. Her one motive is self-seeking. She is a bad wife, a bad mother, and a false friend. For intellect, she has a fair supply of shrewdness and cunning; for religion, a rotten conglomerate of emotional superstitions that do not improve her conduct; for virtue, the hope of not being found out; while for charity, good feeling, modesty, and every womanly attribute, she substitutes tact—the tact to respond outwardly to what she sees is required of her by different people."

The effort to introduce white stockings this season can not be regarded as successful. It was made, in most instances, by young women who carried to the furthest limit the costumes of 1830. Many of these were seen in such public places as at the English race-tracks in white muslin flounced gowns, narrow ribbon sashes, white stockings, and neat little black ties. Unless the girl was exceptionally pretty, this quaint reminder of the Victorian age and the Book of Beauty seems to have excited ridicule rather than admiration. The sense of fitness in dress is too highly developed for women to wear white stockings with the high colors—the greens, the beliotropes, yellows and reds—that have been in vogue this summer and will be worn in only lesser degree this winter. The canon of dress that requires the stockings to match the costume will, of course, prescribe black stockings or white with black and white costumes. It is pretty safe to say that in the freedom of choice black will have it, except when there is a desire to catch some passing straw of fashion. The only indication in the shops that white stockings are to be worn is in the importation of cream-tinted balbriggans, of which a certain number are always in demand. White silk stockings for ball costumes and for wedding-dresses are, of course, always to be found.

The habit of what is called flirting, which some young men and women indulge in, is severely condemned by the *People's Journal*: "It is through flirtation, which has advanced to something like a fine art, that many marriageable young folks lose their chance in life. Flirtation destroys confidence between the persons who indulge in it; it prevents the natural growth of mutual esteem; it is not a thing of good faith. It is an error to suppose that love-making and flirtation are identical: they are, in truth, antithetical. Love-making is tender and ennobling, while flirtation is cruel, foolish, and demeaning. The one is the prelude to wedded happiness; the other is inimical to it. Young men and women should exercise their reason while on the lookout for suitable life-partners; yet many of them give encouragement to flirts—silly flirts who are taken up or thrown off, with results that are often grievous indeed."

A certain Mme. de S., a Frenchwoman of high social ambitions, returning from the country to Paris one day in a railway carriage, fell into conversation with a well-dressed but quiet and reserved man, who sat on the seat opposite. After a while, she chanced to mention impressively that she had observed that

the Countess Lemoine was a passenger in the next carriage, and she found that the gentleman to whom she had been talking was intimately acquainted with her. Of the countess's establishment and circle of friends he told her a great many interesting particulars. So pleased was she with the talk on this subject—proving her acquaintance, she thought, to be a man of decidedly high position in Parisian society—that she ventured to make what was even for her a bold stroke, and asking him for his card, politely requested his company at her next soirée. The train arrived. Mme. de S. alighted on the same platform with the countess. She looked, then, to see the familiar recognition she expected between the lady of rank and her new friend. But what was her surprise when the countess, holding up her finger, beckoned unceremoniously to him, and said: "John, see to the baggage!" Her distinguished friend was the countess's man-servant.

"Some weeks ago," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "an Empire City journal of fashion gravely announced that the Princess of Wales wears during the course of a year only twelve pairs of gloves—one pair per month. As soon as this novel item of news had been duly propagated throughout the country and digested by *la belle Américaine*, a serious depression overtook the trade in ladies' gloves, and great numbers of America's fair sex appeared in the haunts of fashion wearing *gants de Suède* that looked as if their owners had taken the places of the striking coal-miners. True, however, to the instincts of transatlantic tradesmen, the dealers in gloves soon started an inquiry into the cause of the depression in their business, and found it; the result being that an announcement appeared in papers all over the country to the effect that it was the Prince of Wales, and not the princess, who wore only one pair of gloves a month, and that her royal highness never drew on the same pair of gloves a second time. Then came a reaction and a boom in ladies' *gants de Suède*. The men's gloves, however, have yet to be heard from."

Several Viennese physicians have made a specialty of woman-culture. One of them, a Dr. Robert Fischer, says that his practice of this sort is so great that the days are not long enough. Continues this frank speaker: "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate reparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do in the spring and fall than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

An English journal, the *Gentlewoman*, is generous enough to say this: "The usual cry reaches us from across the other side of the Channel. Englishwomen who can dress smartly enough at home are wearing out their old clothes, and, worse than that, allowing themselves to look absolutely untidy at continental watering-places. At railway stations they appear gloveless, with hats and veils awry, and their boots old and dusty. Never does it so behoove a woman to look neat as when traveling, and more particularly *en evidence*. An American can be spotted in a moment, whether in a railway carriage or on board a steamer. As a rule, she eschews the sailor-hat when *en voyage*. Instead, she wears a trim, smart 'boat'-shape of water-proof felt, with water-proof ribbons, and hristling with wings, stuck in by a cunning hand. Her gauze veil is always fresh and immaculate, her gloves easy-fitting, but well cut and newly bought. Her skirt never draggles. No buttons are off her boots. Would that Englishwomen would follow our American cousins' example in this."

A few physicians in the United States now distinguish between malaria and typhoid fever in the early stages of each by what is esteemed an absolutely certain diagnosis. The blood from a pin-prick upon the patient's body is smeared on a glass plate and placed under a microscope. If the characteristic bacillus of malaria is discovered the proof is taken as conclusive.

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SOCIETY.

The Hirsch-Weill Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Minnie Weill and Mr. Louis Hirsch was very quietly celebrated last Thursday afternoon at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Walter M. Castle, 1619 Bush Street. Owing to the recent death of Mr. Castle's father the family is in mourning, hence no invitations were issued for the wedding except to relatives, twelve of whom were present. The bride, who is a pretty brunette with Titian hair, came here from her home in Wilmington, N. C., several years ago, since when she has resided with her sister. She is highly accomplished and is very popular in society circles. Mr. Hirsch has been connected with the firm of Castle Brothers for many years, and is a prominent member of the San Francisco Verelto, at one time being its president.

In the handsomely decorated parlors, which were beautified by many exquisite floral designs and clusters of fragrant blossoms, the marriage ceremony was performed at five o'clock by Rabbi Jacob Voor-sanger. The bride wore a becoming silver-gray traveling-gown, and was given into the keeping of the groom by Mr. Walter M. Castle. After the ceremony and congratulations, a sumptuous dinner was enjoyed and the evening was most pleasantly passed. Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch left on Friday for a brief Southern trip, and early in October will make a trip to Central America. They will be away about four months, after which they will make this city their permanent home. They were the recipients of some elegant wedding gifts.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John P. Jones left Santa Monica last Monday to place her daughter, Miss Alice Jones, in Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. M. Gillig and Miss Bender have gone to Europe, en route to India. Mr. Gillig, Mr. Elwood B. Crocker, and Mr. Frank L. Unger will meet them in India in the winter. They will make the trip via this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory and Mr. John D. Vost have returned from a two weeks' visit to Humboldt County. Mr. Vost will leave on September 16th for Harvard College to resume his medical studies.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting, *nee* Luhrs, have taken apartments on East Twelfth Street in New York city, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, of San José, left last Monday to visit the Columbian Exposition and the principal cities of the Eastern States.

Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper are passing a couple of weeks in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden will soon go East to remain away during the winter.

Miss Helen Walker and Miss Haxe are enjoying a visit at San Rafael.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams left on Friday for Boston, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Charles Knowles, who has been passing the summer here.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned to the city after a year's absence in Europe.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker left last Tuesday to visit Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Miss Daisy E. Willard is visiting friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd and Mr. H. St. Clair Boyd left last Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Karl Kellogg returned to New York last Saturday after a brief visit here.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde returned to his vineyard near St. Helena last Saturday after a two weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler.

Judge and Mrs. John Hunt have gone to Chicago to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. John Bond has returned to the city after passing the summer at Bay Harbor, Maine.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are visiting Chicago.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will pass the winter in Southern California, through the advice of her physician.

Mr. Duncan Hayne has recovered sufficiently from his recent severe accident to be moved, and left town last Wednesday to remain a month in the country.

Mrs. C. T. Deane has arrived in Chicago, where she will remain a couple of weeks before going to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Miss Omdorf are inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Weher, *nee* Roeding, will leave on Sunday for Berlin, where they will reside henceforth.

Mr. Eugene Pissis left last Tuesday to visit Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams have returned to the city after passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin will leave for the East next Friday.

Misses Charlotte and Grace Player and Miss Johnson, of Oakland, will leave next week to visit friends in the East.

Mr. Martin R. Roberts left for Chicago last Sunday to attend the convocation of Pioneers and Native Sons on September 9th. He will make a tour of the Eastern States before returning home.

Mrs. Joseph R. English and her daughter, Miss Marie English, of Vallejo, are passing several weeks at Cape May, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Jordan, Mrs. Richard Derby, and Mr. Earl Derby returned from Europe last week on the steamer *New York*, and are now in Chicago.

Miss Betts has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a two weeks' visit to Miss Mahel Love.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Claus Spreckels left last Wednesday to visit the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe has been visiting Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned from a two weeks' visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. James Appleton Maguire, left last Tuesday to visit Chicago for a month, after which they will go to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, returning home late in October.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are at the Hotel del Monte.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, have been passing several days at Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, will leave for Chicago on September 9th.

Mrs. S. L. Abbot and her son will leave today to visit Chicago, Boston, and New York, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford S. Walton, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. James Irvine and her two sons, Mr. J. William Byrne and Mr. Callaghan Byrne, will leave on Monday to

inspect the Columbian Exposition and make a tour of the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Shiley Severance, of Los Angeles, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Mr. H. B. Houghton will leave on Monday to visit Chicago and the Eastern States.

Mrs. John Barton, Miss Grace Barton, and Mr. W. F. Barton, of Alameda, went to Chicago last Monday. After viewing the exposition, they will visit relatives in Buffalo, N. Y., for a few weeks.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne and Mr. Robert Day returned last Wednesday from a month's tour of Southern California. Mrs. Jay Lugdin, Miss Lugdin, and Miss Nellie Wood have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant George P. Blow, U. S. N., and Miss Adelle Mathieson, of La Salle, Ind. The wedding will take place in autumn. Lieutenant Blow was formerly on the staff of Admiral Brown, U. S. N.

Surgeon J. H. Gaines, U. S. N., retired, is here on a visit, and is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty as Captain of the navy-yard at Mare Island.

Surgeon G. F. Winslow, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Philadelphia*, which will arrive at San Francisco on September 15th.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is acting as military instructor at the State College, in Lexington, Ky.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., who is enjoying a four months' leave of absence, is now in Chicago.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., is on duty at the Columbian Exposition.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., will soon return from the East to act as military instructor at the State University.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles G. Starr, U. S. A., are visiting at San Antonio, Texas. They will return to Angel Island by October 1st.

Surgeon-General and Mrs. J. M. Browne, U. S. A., have arrived here from Washington, D. C. on a visit.

Colonel Edward Mosale, U. S. A., has returned from Vancouver, B. C., where he was on duty.

Major T. S. Dunn, U. S. A., retired, is at Santa Monica. Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., are at Fort McPherson, Ga.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., to Miss Emily Phillips, of Philadelphia. The wedding will take place next winter. It is said that Lieutenant Cassatt will resign from the service after his marriage.

Commander John J. Brice, U. S. N., who was stationed at the Mare Island Navy Yard for a number of years, has received much praise for planning the electric-light huys and personally placing them in position in Lake Michigan, along Chicago's water-front.

Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio, and ordered to rejoin his troop in the Department of the Columbia.

Major G. F. Robinson, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been transferred from Los Angeles to Denver.

Lieutenant Cassius E. Gillette, U. S. A., of the Corps of Engineers, has been assigned to duty with the California Reclamation Commission.

Chaplain Winfield Scott, U. S. A., has been retired from active service.

A cablegram received here last Monday announced the sudden death at Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, of Frederick de Courcy May, a member of the prominent May family of Baltimore, Md. Mr. May was well known in society and club circles here and was a prominent factor in social life in both New York and Baltimore. He married Miss Zelia Coleman, a daughter of Mrs. Maria Coleman, of this city, and sister of Mr. James V. Coleman and Mrs. Henry May, who was formerly Miss Isabelle Coleman. Mr. and Mrs. May lived in Baltimore and abroad most of the time, but were expected to pass part of the coming winter in this city. Mr. May was first cousin of Frederick May, who was the opponent of James Gordon Beckett in their famous duel, and acted as his cousin's second. He was a man of a genial disposition, and his death is much deplored.

"Is it true," asked Miss Folleatle of Mr. Seox at Del Monte—"is it true that they are really engaged?" And she spoke, she looked at a couple who were seated together not far away. "Well," replied Senex, "nobody knows—probably they least of all; but a most suspicious circumstance is that they sit so long together without saying anything at all. I think they must be." And Senex smiled a horrible senile smile.

Mrs. Lushforth—"I suppose you think it is a lot of fun for me to sit up and wait for you while you are enjoying yourself with your companions down-town?" Mr. Lushforth—"No, m'dear, I don't think it is any fun for you at all. I know as well as anybody that your fun begins after I've got home."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The pain caused by the bite of a mosquito is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through the mosquito's throat.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The wedding of Miss Camilla Ashe and Hon. Harold M. Sewell will take place next Thursday at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, on Sacramento Street.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Hilda Alice Hecht, and Mr. Marcus Lewis Gerstle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, which will take place at noon next Thursday at the Temple Emaou-El. An informal reception will be held afterward at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. Arthur La Telle Clarke, the correspondent at Chicago for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, will be married on Monday, October 2d, to Miss Emma Marguerite Jenkins, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Jenkins, of Chicago. After the wedding the young couple will make a month's visit to this coast.

The tennis tournaments that have been progressing at San Rafael for the past two days terminate Sept. 9th. The winner of the ladies' singles will meet Miss Morgan, of the California Tennis Club, who is the female champion of the Pacific States, and the winners in the gentlemen's doubles will contest with the Messrs. Hardy, of the Oakland Tennis Club, who are the male champions of the Pacific States. Handsome prizes will be awarded to the winners.

Miss Tobio gave a pleasant matinee tea last Thursday at her home on California Street, and delightfully entertained several of her friends.

Mrs. J. G. James gave an elaborate luncheon-party last Thursday at her residence, 2131 Howard Street. The floral decorations were pretty and the menu was a delicious one.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dannebaum celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding last Sunday evening by giving a reception at their residence, 1630 Octavia Street. Quite a number of their friends were present and were most hospitably entertained.

—NOW THAT WE ARE ON THE EVE OF THE opening of the winter season it will be well to think a little in advance of what will be done socially. There will be numerous weddings, dances, receptions, and feasts of various kinds, for all of which invitations must be issued. Sanborn, Vail & Co., whose large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, is so well known, are regarded as authorities on all questions of this kind. They have the best facilities for doing the finest copper-plate engraving and are posted on every requirement that the ethics of polite society demand. All classes of work are done by them, and their terms are extremely reasonable.

According to ancient custom, Queen Victoria recently forwarded to the Lord Mayor of London four fat hucks from Bushey Park, and to the city sheriffs three hucks. This usage had its origin in the times in which the city had rights of hunting in the royal forests and parks. Similar presents are made in the doo season to January of each year.

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FOOD HYGIENE.

Some Sanitary Aspects of Bread Making.

BY CYRUS EDSON, M. D.,
Health Commissioner, New York City.

It is necessary, if one would understand the sanitary aspects of bread making, to fully comprehend the present theory held by scientists of germs and the part played by them in disease. The theory of disease germs is merely the name given to the knowledge had of those germs by medical men, a knowledge which is the result of innumerable experiments. Being this, the old term of a "theory" has become a misnomer. A germ of a disease is a plant, so small that I do not know how to express intelligibly to the general reader its lack of size. When this germ is introduced into the blood or tissues of the body, its action appears to be analogous to that which takes place when yeast is added to dough. It attacks certain elements of the blood or tissues, and destroys them, at the same time producing new substances.

But the germs of the greater part of the germ diseases, that is, of the infectious and contagious

I have not the slightest doubt that could we trace back some of the cases of illness which we meet in our practice, we would find that germs collected by the baker have found their way into the yeast bread, that the heat has not been sufficient to destroy them, that the uncooked yeast bread has been eaten and with it the colonies of germs, that they have found their way into the blood, and that the call for our services which followed has rounded off this sequence of events.

I have already pointed out that the germs of disease are to be found in the air and dust. The longer any substance to be eaten is exposed to the air, the greater the chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked, and this process may take anywhere from four hours to ten. It has, then, the chance of collecting disease germs during this process of raising, and it has two periods of working down or kneading during each of which it may gather the dirt containing the germs from the baker's hands. As no bread save that raised with yeast goes through this long process of raising and kneading, so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs.

What is meant by "raising" bread is worth a few

are working at bread, we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately these are not hard to find.

The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure, and wholesome baking powder in lieu of yeast. Baking powders are composed of an acid and an alkali which, if properly combined, should, when they unite, at once destroy themselves and produce carbonic-acid gas. A good baking powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and having done it, disappears.

But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum, or those which are compounded from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed, and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

It is well to sound a note of warning in this direction or the change from the objectionable yeast to an impure baking powder will be a case of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity, which, when combined under the influence of heat and moisture, produce carbonic-acid gas, and having done this, disappear. Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast-made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment, and there is, also, no kneading necessary.

The two materials used in the Royal, cream of tartar and soda, are perfectly harmless even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic-acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder insures the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quality being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred around in it. The mixture is then sifted several times, and this insures that in every part of the flour there shall be a few particles of the powder. The salt and milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible and molded into the loaves.

These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mixture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance, the bread is raised during the time it is baking in the oven, and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach; more than that the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time during which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germs that affect the souring process.

It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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"DISEASE GERMS FOUND THEIR WAY INTO THE YEAST BREAD."

diseases, will develop or increase in number without being in the body of a human being, provided always you give them the proper conditions. These conditions are to be found in dough which is being raised with yeast. They are warmth, moisture, and the organic matter of the flour on which the germs, after certain changes, feed.

It is necessary to remember at this point that yeast is germ growth, and when introduced into a mixture of glucose or starch, in the presence of warmth and moisture, sets up a fermentation. If the mixture be a starchy dough, the yeast first changes a portion of the starch into glucose, and then decomposes the glucose by changing it into two new substances, viz., carbonic-acid gas and alcohol.

Now the gluten, which is also a constituent of dough and moist starch, affords, with the latter, an excellent nidus for the development of germs of disease, as well as for the yeast germs. The germs of cholera, as of typhoid fever, would, if introduced into dough, find very favorable conditions for their growth.

I do not wish to "pose" as an alarmist, nor am I willing to say there is very much chance of the germs of typhus and of cholera reaching the stomachs of the people who eat bread which has been raised with yeast. But I have not the slightest cause to doubt that other diseases have been and will be carried about in the bread.

I have met journeymen bakers, suffering from cutaneous diseases, working the dough in the bread-trough with naked hands and arms. I have no reason to suppose bakers are less liable to cutaneous diseases than are other men, and I know, as every housewife knows, yeast-raised bread must be worked a long time. This is an exceedingly objectionable thing from the standpoint of a physician, for the reason that the germs of disease which are in the air and dust and on stairways and straps in street-cars, are most often collected on the hands. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the way in which the dough cleans the hands. This means that any germs which may have found a lodging-place on the hands of the baker before he makes up his batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, and once there, to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth. This is equivalent to saying that we must rely on heat to kill these germs, because it is almost certain that they will be there. Now, underdone or doughy bread is a form which every man and woman has seen.

It is a belief as old as the hills that underdone bread is unhealthy. This reputation has been earned for it by the experience of countless generations, and no careful mother will wish her children to eat bread that has not been thoroughly cooked. The reason given for this recognized unhealthfulness has been that the uncooked yeast dough is very difficult to digest. No one but a physician would be apt to think of disease germs which have not been killed during the process of baking as a cause of the sickness following the use of uncooked yeast bread. Yet this result from this cause is more than probable.

words. The introduction of the yeast into the moist dough and the addition of heat when the pan is placed near the fire produces an enormous growth of the yeast fungi—the yeast "germ," in other words. These fungi effect a destructive fermentation of a portion of the starchy matter of the flour—one of the most valuable nutrient elements in the flour. The fermentation produces carbonic-acid gas, and this, having its origin in every little particle of the starch, which is itself everywhere in the flour, pushes aside the particles of the dough to give itself room. This is what is called raising the bread.

It needs but a glance to see that it is, in its effects on the dough, purely mechanical. The dough, which was before a close-grained mass, is now full of little holes, and when cooked in this condition is what we ordinarily call light. This porous quality of bread enables the stomach to rapidly and easily digest it, for the gastric juices quickly soak into and



BREAD WITHOUT YEAST—"THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL CONCEIVABLE WAYS OF RAISING IT."

attack it from all sides. The fermentation of the dough, however, uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. If it be possible, therefore, to produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the "kneading" process, which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain.

But while we can easily see the dangers which attend the use of yeast, it is certain that the vesiculating effect produced by it on the dough is to the last degree perfect. It is apparent that if we are to substitute any other system of bread making, we must have one which will give us, first, mechanical results equally as good—that is, that will produce minute bubbles of carbonic-acid gas throughout the mass of dough. Now, it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic-acid gas chemically; but when we

contagious diseases which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances it is not folly to follies to open a single channel through which these germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care all that we eat and drink, and to see that none but the safest and best methods are employed in the preparation of our food? To me it seems as though there could be but one answer to questions like these.

I have shown the danger of using the yeast-raised bread, and with this I have shown how that danger may be avoided. The ounce of prevention which in this case is neither difficult nor expensive is certainly worth many pounds of cure, and the best thing about it is that it may be relied on almost absolutely. Those who eat bread, or biscuits, or rolls made at home with Royal Baking Powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them.

LALLY BROUGHTON'S DÉBUT.

An After-Dinner Confidence.

They were having their coffee, after a rather elaborate dinner—Quavers and Oliver, Quavers, the composer, was the fashion; though not ten years before he had been trotting about in soled boots, and *recherché* little dinners, such as the one he had just eaten, were not at all in his line. His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as "Coaly," only three-and-twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal-mine proprietor, Mathew Oliver, who had obtained his honors not because he went to bed drunk every night of his life, nor because he had risen from nothing by an extraordinary combination of brute strength and force of character, but because he had been all his life a born leader of men. There was nothing of the rough, though, in young St. John. "Auld Mat" had given him the best education to be had for money; he had inherited his father's magnificent constitution; he dressed like a gentleman and he looked like a gentleman; and he had become his own master and a patron of the drama—that sort of young man can be of much use to music and the drama. "Quite the right sort of a chap to have at your back, you know," as Mr. Vampire Trappe, the manager, had observed to old Mr. Steel, the dramatic author.

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it; come to the point at once. Your dinner was a good dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know—"

"Don't beat about the bush, my boy; diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young fellow, with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in."

"Don't," said Quavers; "it's just the one thing I never will do; I know what you want; it's the old story. You've been got hold of, Oliver. She thinks she can sing or she thinks she can act, and she has told you to try and work me, and I am to pitchfork her into something good, and money is no object, and you'll come down haddomely. I know, I know; but it won't wash, my boy—you've come to the wrong shop."

"You needn't sulk," said the young fellow; "I wanted to speak to you about Lalage Broughton."

The eyes of Mr. Quavers twinkled with suppressed amusement, and he chuckled audibly. "Oh, little Lally Broughton," he said; "what has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh?"

"It isn't exactly that," replied young Oliver; "I wish I had been making a fool of myself, and if I had," he added, with a great sigh, "I shouldn't want my letters back—there, Quavers."

"Oh, it's as bad as that, is it?" said Mr. Quavers. "Pour le bon motif, eh? Good gracious! King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, and all that sort of thing. Consult a doctor, my boy—chap who practices in lunacy, if possible."

"Quavers!" cried the young man, excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I—I—hang it, man! I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banquets, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort or other at her feet; and every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me—until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and a note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my flowers aside with her foot."

"Of course she does; perhaps she expected a bracelet, and thought you mean."

"It ain't that, Quavers," said the young man; "she's not that sort. I made inquiries; it was a mean thing to do, but I did. And I want you to introduce me to her, Quavers, for I know you're a pal of hers. And then, perhaps, she'd forgive me. I swear to you—"

"You needn't, dear boy; you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you; though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody; but because you're not a bad sort of chap and you mean honestly. You do mean honestly, eh?"

The young fellow took Mr. Quaver's outstretched hand. "I'm a fool," he said; "I know it, and I've come of a common lot; but I'm not a howling black-guard, Quavers," he cried, and then he shook the hand.

"I'm sorry for you," said the composer, kindly; "and," he added, severely, "you've wasted expensive flesh-pots on me, young man; but I will introduce you. You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally Broughton in the morning; is that good enough?"

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the young man, excitedly; "if—"

"Oh, I know—! if the devotion of a life-time," etc. I'll take a whisky-and-soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made little Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera

had been accepted, the final rehearsal was on. It was, to a certain extent, a dress-rehearsal, and most of the people had got their clothes, but some of the shoes weren't ready and some of the wigs weren't ready; and there wasn't a soul in the house except half a dozen artists from the illustrated papers, who were making sketches from the stalls. But the whole strength of the company was on the stage; the musicians were in their places. We began at nine-thirty A. M., and we were not done—not really done—till ten that night; and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was I can tell you. And everybody was down upon me, and the stage-manager was down upon everybody; and the ballet-master had lost his head, and the chorus-master was like a raving lunatic; and I had tumbled over the train of Miss Dulcet, the popular favorite, our prima donna, and she had used language to me that she must certainly have learned in Italy when she was completing that expensive musical education of hers; and we were all tired and hungry and pretty well utterly done up. Mr. Wackles, the low-comedian, who was playing the part of an innkeeper, had just got through that first song of his about the Staff of Life. He put in a lot of words of his own which he considered funny, but which the author didn't; and he and Sparklebury, the author, were shaking their fists in each other's faces. And the prima donna's under-study had just sent in a medical certificate—not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet-anchor, was in splendid voice. Just then a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus-girl suddenly fell down all in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair; the girl had fainted.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said Wackles kindly enough, when she came to herself.

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl—for she is but a girl—"I didn't mean to, I really didn't; please don't say anything about it."

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in his best low-comedy manner; "look at me—I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours; or, if she feels she must, she should go to the canteen and get a corpse-reviver. Can I offer you anything, Miss Broughton?" he said, with a low bow.

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added—and there was an awful look about her eyes—"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at the staff of life, one of those long French loaves of bread, which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder as though it had been a battle-axe.

"Of course it's real," cried Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir? I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since eight this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsals, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor."

"Good Lord!" cried Wackles. Then he cut her off a great slice, and, in order to keep her in countenance, he cut off another for himself and began to eat it with great apparent gusto.

Lalage Broughton ate that hunch of bread as though she had been a hungry dog.

"Poor little devil!" cried Mr. Wackles; "it's an infernal shame. I'll give our stage-manager a bit of my mind."

I don't know what he said to the stage-manager; but they both got very angry.

At that moment I was sent for into the manager's room. Sparklebury was there; so was Mr. Mephibosheth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece.

"Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried the manager.

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury.

I felt that I was a ruined man.

"Go after her, dear boy," cried Mephibosheth; "promise her anything, promise her everything, promise to marry her if you like, but bring her back. We have no under-study and we've got to produce to-morrow."

I rushed out. I ran across the stage. "Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low-comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has chucked us, and there is no under-study."

"Zerubbabel!" shouted Mr. Wackles.

"Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm—"oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance, sir. I'm letter-perfect in the music and words and I know all the business; and I feel—I know I can pull you through."

All of a sudden I saw that the little girl in the shabby cloth jacket was an angelic being.

It was my only chance.

Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act, she went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of fashion.

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver; I'm to be married to her this day fortnight (added Mr. Quavers, with a smile). I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love with her.

"Quavers," replied Oliver, after a pause, "I—I shall be delighted. You're a lucky fellow."—C. J. Willis in *St. James's Gazette*.

THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOKS.

Both Prize-Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through;
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whereat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended
Each night she took my arm,
And acting as her escort,
I yielded to Love's charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both kept thinking
We won the booty prize.
—*Somerville Journal*.

Dante and Ante.

I love my love with every breath,
And I shall love her ever;
I'm hers, and only hers, till death,
So fair is she and clever.

Yet, though I love, I grumble at
The ways of the sweet joker;
In tricks of mine she's far too pat
(I've taught my darling poker).
She's robbed me of my heart, and now
She thinks it very funny
To rob me further still. I vow
She robs me of my money!

She is demur as any nun,
Browning she talks and Dante,
The while she's having lots of fun
In sneaking off my ante.
—*Chicago Mail*.

At Whist.

Across the polished table there
I see her sitting now; her hair,
Her eyes, her dainty fingers, too,
Just as in years ago I knew,
My partner.

I led a heart—I think the king—
It passed around the silent ring,
And, though it was the best one out,
She paused a moment, half in doubt,
Then trumped it.

"Oh, partner, that was the command,"
She said, when she had played the hand,
Then, wrinkling up her pretty brow,
"You will forgive me, won't you now,
For trumping?"

Another night, remembered well,
She sat where moon-cast shadows fell,
No polished table lay between;
The tree-boughs made a waving screen
Above her.

We talked of other things than whist,
I strove her fancy to enlist
With all a lover's gentle art,
Yet once again I led my heart
Unguarded.

I led my heart again, my last;
When round to her the trick had passed
She thought it not the best one out,
So, paused a moment, half in doubt,
Then trumped it.

This time no pleading glance I caught,
No trembling lips forgiveness sought,
No eyes with lashes drooping wet
Told me my partner did regret
To trump it.
—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Their Lesson.

They sat at the table, three men gay,
With the girl who never had learned to play.

And their easy smiles were a sight to see
As she said, "This is dreadfully new to me."

"I know it is wicked to gamble, but then
It is better than talk to amuse you men."

And her look was blank as a virgin page
As she said, "Now, what is it, edge or age?"

And her face was green as a vacant lot
As she softly murmured, "What's a jack-pot?"

"What is a flush and a straight? Oh, dear,
I'm stupid, I know, but it's not quite clear."

And every man of the courteous crew
Instructed her ladyship what to do.

And she drew one card to a bob-tail flush,
With a merry laugh and a pretty blush;

And of course she filled, for that is the way
Of girls who never have learned to play.

And she raised them back with a charming pout
Till every man in the game was out;

And she kept it up till they all went broke,
And laughed and said, "What a splendid joke!"

Then with faces sad and with hearts of lead
Quickly away to their homes they sped;

And with one accord each player swore
That never again, no more, no more,

His hard-earned wealth would he fritter away
On a girl who never had learned to play.
—*New York Sun*.

The Death Roll is Largely Swelled

By persons careless of imperiled health, who "pooh, pooh!" their minor ailments, believing, or pretending to believe, that nature will effect a change. Nature does effect a change, but it is in the wrong direction. She thus avenges a disregard of her appeals. Don't omit if you are at all ill, to recuperate by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a signal remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, malaria, rheumatism, biliousness.

Though it is fourteen years off it has already been suggested that a celebration be made in 1907 of the three hundredth anniversary of the first English settlement in America, which was at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Justice Thurlow attended a representation of "Pizarro," but sank into a deep sleep during Rolla's celebrated address to the Peruvians. "Poor fellow!" said Sheridan, "I suppose he fancied he was on the bench."

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One morning the warden said to the keeper: "I say, Huber, the scoundrel is acting worse than ever. Put him on bread and water." "But he is already doing two fast days." "Then give him a cook-book to read."

Not long ago, Queen Victoria wished to make up a marriage between a lady and gentleman of her court. The former proved rebel to the royal advice, quoting St. Paul's famous words: "He who marries doeth well; but he who does not marry doeth still better." "My child," said the queen, "he content in doing well; let those who can do better."

As Alexandre Dumas had dined with a state minister, somebody asked him if he had enjoyed himself. He replied: "If it had not been for me, I would have been bored." Dumas was in the habit of giving two francs to a beggar whenever he met him. Once he had only two cents, which he gave. "Oh, Mr. Dumas!" exclaimed the beggar, reprovingly. "Give them to a beggar," he replied.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Café Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Régence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

"There will be a meeting of the board," said the preacher, "at the conclusion of this service." So the official brethren of the church gathered around the pastor after the benediction was pronounced. Among them was a stranger, whom it was necessary as delicately as possible to remind that his presence was not needed. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger; "I understood this was to be a meeting of the bored, of which I claim to be one."

In 1868, Judge Little, a testy man, but a good lawyer, was suddenly appointed to fill a vacancy on the superior court bench in North Carolina. He had a habit of swearing which could not be suddenly laid aside. At one of his first courts, a lawyer, nettled at one of his decisions, said, in a rather emphatic way: "We will appeal from that." The old judge forgot the proprieties of his new post, and promptly replied to the startled counsel, in the same tone: "Appeal and he d—d!"

Mr. Herbert Spencer (as narrated in *Life*) recently put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation. Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game of billiards. The philosopher led off and left the halls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. Then the young expert naturally looked at the philosopher for the customary compliment, but the loser of the game said, very seriously, after depositing his cue in the rack: "Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand; but the mastery of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

"Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber." So at any rate thought not King, who, preaching one day at Whitehall, observed King Charles the Second and several of his attendants asleep. Stopping down, he cried out to one of the delinquents: "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt you, but if you snore so loud you will wake the king." His majesty thereupon awoke, and turning to his neighbor, remarked with his accustomed good nature: "This man must be made a bishop; remind me on the next vacancy." Latimer speaks of

a woman who suffered from insomnia, and who, all soporifics having failed, was taken to the Church of St. Thomas of Acres, where she fell at once into a refreshing slumber.

The twelfth of August is all very well in the Game Laws, but you can buy any amount of grouse on that date if you can afford to pay for it (says Harry Furniss). Indeed, I once heard of an old lady who bought some on the eleventh, and in the street, too. She met a second-hand dealer who traded in everything, from mansions to mouse-traps. "Oh, Mr. Levy, I was not aware that you sold game. What a beautiful brace of grouse you have in your hand!" "Yes, madam, I sell everything—even my customers sometimes. I should not like it to be known that I was selling grouse before the twelfth; but if you don't mind the price, you can have them." "I would pay a guinea each for them," she replied; "it is my husband's birthday, and if there is one thing he likes more than another it is grouse." "They are yours, then, at that price." I had this story from Mr. Levy himself. "But where did you get them?" I asked. "At an auction, five minutes before. The auctioneer broke the glass case by accident, and, as I had bought a lot of rubbish, he made me a present of the birds that were inside—they were stuffed!"

Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said: "My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to hustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, was one day at a public dinner. Expatriating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously. "I faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting." "Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start; "oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend, I hope you're not killed; and if I've harmed you seriously, I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Aug. 28, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|-----------|---|------------|
| 7:30 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, & Runney, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | * 12:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Niles and San José. | † 6:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Peters and Milton. | * 8:45 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. | * 6:45 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | * 9:00 P. |
| 2:30 P. | Vallejo and Martinez. | 12:15 P. |
| 3:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 12:15 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Europe, Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| * 5:00 P. | Niles and Livermore. | * 8:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10:15 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10:15 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| † 6:00 P. | Vallejo. | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| † 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | † 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sta.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | * 2:45 P. |
| † 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | † 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| † 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | † 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | * 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | † 7:26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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| SS. City of Sydney | | September 23d |
| SS. San Juan | | October 3d |
| SS. Colima | | October 13th |

Note—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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| | | |
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| China | ... (via Honolulu) ... | Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3 P. M. |
| Peru | | Saturday, Sept. 20, at 3 P. M. |
| City of Rio de Janeiro | | Thursday, Oct. 19, at 3 P. M. |
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The drama of blood and horror has had no late additions. Perhaps "La Tosca" is the only great play that has been added in a recent day to the list which, in England, began with "The Duchess of Malin" and was supposed to have reached a climax in "The Cenci." Oo horror's head horrors accumulated, till Shelley produced the most gigantically awful of modern tragedies.

Of the drama of spiritual horror—the drama which depicts the tortures of the soul, not the tortures of the body—there is probably no better example now on the stage than "The Bells." There is a quiet awfulness about this play which seems to float out from the stage and chill the spirit of the audience. The helpless, hopeless, irremediable terror of the hunted murderer is one of the most ghastly pictures in the range of the drama, as ghastly as the picture of the victim of an unescapable, remorseless heredity in "Ghosts"—another play of spiritual horror.

The pervasive, chill fearfulness of "The Bells" gains added ghastliness from the homely warmth and charm of the environment of Mathias. If this haunted criminal had spent his tortured days alone among rocks and woods, or alone in the noisy solitudes of crowded cities, he would have been merely an ordinary murderer hiding from justice. But in the warm centre of a gentle and peaceful home, surrounded by love, enjoying riches, respect, and friendship, his solitary figure takes on a gloomy dignity, the majesty of misery, the tenderness of pathos. He moves alone, shut in with his crime, remote from all the world in the isolation of his consciousness of sin, ready to cry like the great Apostle, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" but knowing that his cry is in vain.

This suggestion of the aloofness from all that he loves that his crime has engendered, is very striking in Mr. Irving's representation. The ever-dreaded sound of that weird and ghostly reminder jingles between him and the voice of his fond and blooming Catherine, the tender little words of fun and affection that Annette whispers to him. The bells ring for him so loudly that their jangling drowns the tones of affection and friendship, the solemn call of the church-bell ringing through the crisp, frosty air. Who can ever forget his expression—wary, sly, almost maniacal in its fixed, shrewd brightness—when, in the first act, he hears the distant jingling of the bells, and, looking up, eyes furtively the faces of his family and friends? The story of a visible conscience has been written. This is the story of an audible conscience.

"The Bells" is said to have been the play in which Mr. Irving first revealed himself to London audiences as a great actor. It is admirably suited to him, and shows off to perfection the finish of his art. Every detail, every expression, every movement is the result of laborious and tireless study. Mr. Irving is a master of his art, and he is a master who has come by his mastery not by a lightning flash of heavenly inspiration, not by inborn, inherent intuition and instinct, but by work, labor, care, study, unremitting, endless, determined, unflinching, unflattering. Never was there an actor whose art left upon his audience such an impression of immense carefulness and perfect completeness. There is not in "The Bells" a gesture, a lifting of the eyelid, a twitch of the lip that is slightest. The personation is wrought up to the very highest degree of artistic excellence that is possible to be attained. A turn of the eyes, an inflection of the voice, could not be added. Finish, refinement, polish, all go no further. They have reached "the very butt and sea-mark of their sail." Mr. Irving can feel that satisfaction which, according to the Master in Henry James's story, is felt by the man of talent who is conscious that he has extracted the very best that his talent could be prevailed upon to yield. The lyre has given forth the most perfect music there was in it to give.

If genius is, as Buffon said, "only great patience," and, as somebody else said, "the capacity of taking ideofoite pains," then Mr. Irving is undoubtedly a genius. But if, as our own sage said, "talent is that which is in a man's power, genius is that in whose power a man is," then Mr. Irving is the very highest form of a man of talent standing on the step above, which rises remote, solitary, unapproachable, the pinnacle where the genius stands alone among the eagles and the stars. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

In the minds of many, genius can not be dissociated from wildness, from tempestuous modes of existence, from singularity, from disdala for all the accepted forms of living. To these a genius, plodding and taking pains, is like Pegasus tethered to the plow. Edmund Kean and Sarah Bernhardt are their dramatic ideals of genius, male and female,

and Chatterton their poetic demi-god. The thought of the great spirits, in whom the sacred flame burns high and red, chaining the muse down to lead laborious days in striving and hard work, is, to them, revolting and unnatural. Genius is a law unto itself. Its possessor is the heir of all the ages, to whose making countless generations have striven, and agonized, and fallen, and gone into darkness, unknelted, unconfined, and unknown, all in the enrichment of one being in whom their accumulated experiences at last have flowered.

To the people who believe this, Mr. Irving will not appear as a genius. He will appear as a man of the highest talent, with the most complete intellectual equipment. He will appear as a student, as a man of infinite learning and intense refinement, as the most thorough actor on the stage, as the dramatic star who, by intellectual force and unswerving devotion to his art, has reached the highest point possible of attainment. In "The Bells" he left upon the mind of the spectator much the same feeling that Adelina Patti does after "Semiramide." You are moved to extreme admiration, but not enthusiasm. The brain, not the heart, is touched. Wonder at this amazing display of concentrated, complete artistic finish seizes you; but the emotions that should be roused by the piteous and horrifying story of Mathias remain unmoved.

Nothing more ghostly, more thrillingly weird has ever been seen in this city than the last act of "The Bells." This is what stage-setting ought to be. Mathias dreams an awesome dream—a dream so ghastly that, following on the long strain of torturing fears, the terror of it ends his unhappy existence. The shadowy court-room, with the vague, indistinct figures of judges and jury suggested in the background, has all the formless, inexplicable, unearthly fearfulness of places seen in dreams. The deep, hurried, solemn voices of the Judge and the Mesmerist have the hollow resonance of voices heard in dreams. Finally, when the Mesmerist comes forward and makes his mystic passes over the head of Mathias, the horror of the scene seems to reach a stifling crisis. The tableau of these two figures is hideously unreal and greswome. The Mesmerist stands in the shadow, only his moving hands are in the light. The music groans—horrible, growling, tuneless dream-music—the white hands move swiftly downward, projecting the influence on the victim. Mathias, with wide, glittering eyes and opened mouth, droops and droops and sinks to sleep.

The charm of Miss Terry—the exquisite, irresistible fascination of this captivating actress—baffles analysis and description. She is as spontaneous, as impetuous as Mr. Irving is studied and self-coated. She is fascinating because she is herself, because she could not be otherwise. As you watch her, falling momentarily more deeply under the magical spell of that delightful personality, you do not find yourself marveling over her cleverness, the perfection of her art, the finish of her portrayal—you are carried away with her to realize Nance Oldfield's irresponsible gayety dashed with an April touch of sadness, or the splendid Portia's affluence of high spirits and richness of heart.

Nance Oldfield was gay, merry, full of fun and careless *diablerie*. She moved about the stage with a marvelous buoyant lightness that had nothing in it of the feline, soft-footed stealth of Bernhard's movements, and yet was fully as graceful and supple. There was an extraordinary suggestion of youth about the personation—youth and carelessness of heart. Nance Oldfield had the irresponsible heedlessness of the play-actors of her day, and yet, in the midst of her merriment, a sigh to give for the might-have-beens of her own brilliant yet incomplete life. The whole personation was as fresh and clear as a May morning, as true and sweet as an old Scotch song.

Portia is a very different woman. Portia is magnificent and clever—immensely clever. She is really the cleverest woman in all Shakespeare, not the wit-tiest, but the cleverest, fertile of resource, self-confident, enterprising, ingenious, and learned. In her splendid villa, with its marble columns topped with gold capitals, its colonnaded vistas, its silken hangings, its tessellated floors, Portia spent studious and thoughtful hours. She was a very grand lady and a very intellectual lady, and a lady who could love splendidly, as all Shakespeare's women do, and yet was not so tender as to be above relishing a little joke at the expense of her beautiful Bassanio.

"At Belmont lives a lady richly left, and she is fair." And, truly, so she was. No Portia could have been fairer or more superb. She was a sumptuous golden figure, clothed all in yellow stuffs that swept richly and softly over her marble floors, with pearls braided in her yellow hair that "hung on her temples like a golden fleece," and great scalloped ruffles standing up round her ears—as splendid a princess as any that Titian ever painted or that ever lived in picturesque magnificence in Italy's gorgeous age. Though she suffered from *ennui*, the saving sense of humor, which Shakespeare gave his great heroines, made her merry, and human, and lovable. And with her fine brain she had, too, a fine heart, which, with the splendid abandon of a great woman who loves greatly, she unreservedly laid at the feet of Bassanio, who, truth to tell, did not really deserve such a noble prize.

Away from the secluded solitude of Portia's villa stands Venice—the Venice of dark streets and winding water-ways, peopled with strange figures with

whom we all have a close acquaintance. There is Antonio, the melancholy man, sad and half-hearted, the Merchant of Venice; and Bassanio, the worldly, the beautiful, the debonaire; and the other gay sparks, always laughing, passing through those darksome, mysterious streets, with swinging strides, waking the echoes of the gloomy-fronted palaces with their resonant laughter, stealing over "Shylock's bridge, with houses on it where they keep the carnival," in the bravery of brilliant dominos and the disguise of a bit of black velvet over the eyes as mask, clustering together on the bridge steps to watch for Jessica, "Lorenzo's infidel"—her little lamp in hand—to open the casement and peer fearfully out for her Christian lover. A gondola glides noiselessly by under the dark arch of the bridge, obscuring the moonlight gleaming on the canal beyond. Then it is again still, and deserted, and dark but for the glimmer of light from the iron lantern that hangs over the bridge. The door of Shylock's house opens slowly and Jessica, looking a slim, frightened little boy, steals out. Her lover throws his cloak about her, and away, fleet-footed, stealthy, breathless, they fly up the bridge steps, under the rays from the swinging lantern, over the bridge into the gloom beyond, away and out of sight into the romance, and mystery, and silver-moted darkness of the Venetian night.

The predominant figure, a contrast to the golden Portia, is Shylock. Mr. Irving has made his Jew rather more repulsive than the other great Shylocks of our day. The prominent characteristic of his portrayal is a subtle and hungry rapacity. It is painted on Shylock's face, and gleams in his cruel small and sly eyes. His hooked fingers show it; it is seen in the expression of his countenance. Under all, slumbering beneath the cringing cunning of a fawning manner, lies a burning hatred of the Christians, implacable, ferocious, concentrated, wolfish. "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," Shylock says, and it is such lines as this that Mr. Irving's personation illuminates. His Shylock leaves upon the mind a fearful picture of cruel, fierce, and untamed nature, with all its native savagery intensified by repression, all that is foie in it distorted by ill-usage and injustice to fiendish malice and a passion for vengeance, while the inborn predatory instincts of the Jew have been heightened into a ferocious greed and vulture-like rapaciousness.

Of the majesty, the patriarchal dignity of the Jew who is a great man among his own people, who has a strong reverence for the fierce Jehovah of his religion, there is nothing in Mr. Irving's personation. He treats the character from another point of view. The splendor of scorn and fury, and oriental, bizarre richness of coloring that gave Booth's Shylock such a tempestuous and passionate majesty is not to be found in Irving's. His is the hungry greedy Jew, the cringing Jew, who, despite the contemptuous treatment the Gentiles have given him, yet attempts familiarity with them—the Jew whose strangling frenzy of rage and hate bursts out in palsied, inarticulate fury, horrible in its futility, and, finally, whose defeat and humiliation in the trial scene seem right and just, and wake no sympathy nor pity for the hated and wolfish creature.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 11th: Irving and Terry in their repertoire at the Grand Opera House; "Urania" at the Baldwin Theatre; "Fatinitza" at the Tivoli Opera House; "A Nutmeg Match"; and "Dollars and Sense."

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

—IT WILL BE A SOURCE OF SINCERE PLEASURE to the art-lovers of this city to know that the firm of S. & G. Gump will soon resume business. It has been one of the oldest firms in the city, and its financial difficulties were caused by misfortunes that might overtake any business house without fault of its own. They have always been popular with the public, and their creditors have gladly consented to the arrangement by which the firm is able to resume business.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club Concert.

The members of the Loring Club gave their first concert of the seventeenth season last Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The club was assisted by Mrs. A. E. Brune and Miss Ruth W. Loring. Mr. David W. Loring acted as musical director as usual. The programme was as follows:

"Roundelay," Rheinberger; "Ave Maria," Aht; "Hérodiade" (Air de Salomé), Massenet; "The Fisher Boy," MacDowell; "King, King's Drinking Horn," Hatten; "Breeze of Spring," Weinzierl; "Night's Greeting," Saint-Saëns; (a) "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," F. Clay, (b) "Schmetterlings-Walzer," Meyer-Helmund; "Sailor's Song," Hatten; "Morning in the Wood," Rheinberger; "A Gallant Hero is the Spring," Esser.

The Batchelder Concert.

A testimonial concert was given to Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, in Oakland, last Monday evening, prior to her departure for Chicago. It was the first concert of the season, and was well attended. The programme was as follows:

Aria, "Mignon," Thomas, Mrs. Batchelder; violin solo, "Evening Song," Schumann, Mr. Stewart; "Erl King," Schubert, John Metcalf; "Since First I Met Thee," Rubinstein, Mrs. Dewing; "Evening Song," Blumenthal, Mr. Wilkie; "Toreador," Hols, Mr. Jones; "For All Eternity," Mascherini, Mrs. Batchelder; duet, "Eden Song," Dana, Mrs. Dewing and Mr. Wilkie; Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his second ballad concert of this season next Thursday afternoon at Golden Gate Commandery Hall. A most interesting programme will be presented.

Mr. Harry Sanuels, the young violinist and a favorite pupil of Mr. Henry Heyman, left for Europe last Sunday to complete his musical studies under some of the best masters.

There are probably one hundred and fifty schools for cooking in Germany and Austria, the best of which are at Vienna, Berlin, and Leipzig. A man who wishes to become a chef must begin at the very bottom of the ladder—at peeling potatoes—and work up round by round to the top. A course of schooling as strict as that of any polytechnic school in this country must be followed for four years before the student can get a diploma. Every year competitive exhibitions are given, in which as many as two hundred chefs take part. The chef who was employed at the White House by Grover Cleveland, during his first term, has a gold medal which was presented to him by the Empress Frederick for excellence in cooking, a silver medal given by the King of Saxony, a diploma from the Queen of Austria, and numerous other marks of approbation and honor won in competitive contests in cooking. It is not to be wondered at that European cooks command extraordinary salaries in this country.

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BALDWIN THEATRE.

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Monday, September 11th. First Representation in This City of the Wonderful Scenic Spectacles,

URANIA

Coming.....MRS. JOHN DREW

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO., LESSORS AND MANAGERS.

First engagement in San Francisco and first appearance in five years in America.

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THE LONDON LYCEUM COMPANY,

Under the direction of ABBEY, SCHOFFERL, and GRAU.

TO-NIGHT, Friday, and Saturday Matinee

Tragedy by Alfred Lord Tennyson,

BECKET

Thomas Becket, Chancellor and Archbishop...Mr. IRVING

Fair Rosamund.....Miss TERRY

Saturday Night (Only Time), The Lyons Mail

REPERTOIRE FOR SECOND AND LAST WEEK:

Monday, Sept. 11.....Olivia, adapted from the

Vicar of Wakefield.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.....Charles I

Wednesday, Evening, Sept. 13.....The Merchant of Venice

Thursday, Sept. 14.....The Merchant of Venice

Saturday Evening.....Louis XI

SEATS NOW ON SALE. Avoid speculators.

Good seats for all performances can be had at the box office.

PRICES—Orchestra, Parquette Circle, and Dress Circle, \$3; Family Circle, \$2; Gallery \$1.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Manager Abbey is going to bring the Coquelin-Hading company here in October.

Mrs. John Drew, the most delightful old lady on the American stage, will be seen at the Baldwin Theatre after the single week of "Urania." She will appear in a revival of "The Rivals," which has evoked the highest praise in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

In spite of the hard times, one hears very few objections to paying three dollars a seat for the Irving-Terry performances. Indeed, the charge is not high as compared with their home rate, for the cost of a stall in the Lyceum Theatre in London is but little less—half a guinea, or about two dollars and sixty cents.

Henry H. Howe, of Mr. Irving's Lyceum Company, is the oldest actor on the London stage—older, indeed, than any on the English-speaking stage. He is in his eighty-third year, and William Davidge, the veteran of the Daly Company, was a year or more younger when he died last year. Mr. Howe has been on the stage for fifty-six years.

Donnelly and Miller's musical comedy, "Ship Ahoy," is in its last nights at the Tivoli, for it is to be succeeded on Monday night by "Fatinitza." Von Suppé's tuneful and picturesque opera has always been a favorite in San Francisco, and the Tivoli is going to present it with such a cast and elaborate settings that it should secure a new lease of popularity.

"The Bells" has not been produced in San Francisco for a number of years. The last time it was played here was at the old Bush Street Theatre, when Charles Wheatleigh was starring. Wheatleigh, of course, took the part of Mathias, while Annette was played by Jeffreys Lewis, who had not then acquired her fame as an impersonator of the Countess Zicka and kindred rôles.

The Irving-Terry repertoire so far announced for next week consists of "Olivia" for Monday night and Wednesday afternoon, "Charles I." for Tuesday, "Louis XI." for Wednesday night, and "The Merchant of Venice" for Thursday. The bills for the last three nights will not be announced until Sunday, when the comparative popularity of this week's plays has been determined.

Very good audiences have assembled this week to listen to the favorite Shakespearean reader, Mr. George Riddle, in his renderings of "Faust" and "Lucrezia Borgia." Mr. Riddle is a reader of much dramatic power, and his talent does not need a musical setting; an orchestral accompaniment to the reading of a play does not seem a very happy idea, but Mr. Riddle himself always reaches a high standard in his strong and intelligent interpretations.

They are very theatrical people in the Lyceum Company. Henry Irving has two sons who went on the stage, though one has retired to become a lawyer. All three of Miss Terry's daughters have been on the boards, though two have married into private life. William Terriss has a daughter on the stage. And the treasurer, Charles Howson, is more laterally connected, so to speak, his brother John and his sister Emma Howson being well known to San Francisco play-goers.

"Urania," which is to be done at the Baldwin next week, is a novel spectacular entertainment of an unusually interesting character. It consists of three parts: "A Trip to the Moon," "Chaos to Man," and "Wonders of America," each accompanied by an explanatory discourse by Garrett P. Serviss, "the Sun's astronomer." The scenic effects are said to be really wonderful, and the scale of elaborateness may be imagined from the fact that the production cost fifty thousand dollars.

The Midwinter Fair has put such a premium on the Haight Street base-ball grounds that it is quite probable the local league will have to seek another field for their contests. Already a number of amusement caterers have expressed their desire to use the big grounds during the fair season, including a Wild West showman from Connecticut; the manager of three foot-ball teams made up of under-graduate and graduate players from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton; an aeronaut who wants to give balloon ascensions and will take venturesome spirits up with him; two circuses; and a number of local speculators of various kinds.

Olivia, Portia, and Beatrice are conceded to be Miss Terry's three best rôles. It was in the first-named part that she made her greatest success prior to joining the Lyceum Company. Henry Irving had acted with her—Petruchio to her Katherine—in 1867, and had then determined that if he ever became a manager she should be his leading lady. Ten years later, when he became manager of the Lyceum, Miss Terry was making a great hit as Olivia in the play of that name, a dramatization of "The Vicar of Wakefield." He made her an offer of the post of leading lady of the Lyceum Company, which she accepted and has held ever since.

Mr. Henry Abbey was interviewed the other day, and the reporter evidently still felt the sting of Miss Blanche Walsh's stigmatism of San Francisco as a "jay town." Mr. Abbey, when asked as to the

truth of this accusation, replied that he "had always found San Francisco a good show town, but it was probably because he had always brought good shows here." This is very true. San Francisco is a good town for good shows, but a jay town for jay shows. It can be said with much justice of Mr. Abbey that he has never brought anything to San Francisco that was not well worth seeing, or hearing, or both.

A remark that is frequently made at the Grand Opera House is that Henry Irving mounts his plays with the most minute attention to detail. This is apparent in everything—costumes, scenery, properties. For example, the Burgomaster's guests in "The Bells" light their pipes with the old-fashioned matches which disappeared years ago. But Mr. Terriss in the same scene lights a cigarette. This looks like the leading man of the modern society drama, who in moments of emotion always lights a cigarette. But query—did they or did they not smoke cigarettes in Alsace in 1833? Is this or is it not an anachronism, Mr. Irving?

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Fred—"Why is she so popular?" Arthur—"A light hurts her eyes."—Truth.

"That young Mr. Squeeze I met last night had a good head on his shoulders." "Whose was it?"—Truth.

Her summer: "What I engaged to three men?" "Oh, yes! I've been having a three-ring circus at the beach."—Puck.

"Suppose you wanted to propose marriage to a girl, Jarley, what would you ask her first?" "If we were alone."—Bazar.

Mamma—"My darling, have you been a good girl this summer?" Daughter—"Yes, indeed, dear; I've been a best girl."—Lefe.

Frank—"Were you actually surprised, as you said, when I proposed?" May—"Yes, indeed; I really had all but given you up!"—Vogue.

Westlake—"Mrs. de Vorsay celebrated her tin-wedding yesterday." Hume—"Been married ten years, eh?" Westlake—"No; ten times."—Puck.

"Do you believe in a lucky star?" "Of course I do. I know one policeman whose heat includes eight fruit-stands and seven saloons."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Sappy—"Smart? Why, she has hwaains enough for two, Miss Maw." She—"Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Sappy."—Truth.

Miss Uncertainage (cooly)—"Two heads are better than one, you know." Young Goodcatch (clutching his hat)—"Yes—ab—but don't you know, I don't want to be a freak."—Vogue.

Haversup More—"Weary Walker's too much of a 'ristocrat fer de business." Maney Steppes—"What's he doin' now?" Haversup More—"Got so he won't sleep anywhere 'cept on a flower-bed."—Puck.

She—"This soda is really too rich for me to take." He—"How inconsistent you are! Here am I, rich enough to buy two or three sodas, and yet you won't take me, because I am not rich enough!"—Truth.

Snapper—"Do you know why Cleveland did not appoint a Tammany man collector of the port?" Anti Snapper—"Why?" Snapper—"If he had, David B. Hill would have sued him for alienating the affections of Richard Croker."—Puck.

"I don't think you appreciate young Noodle." "No?" "No. Why, he has overthrown one of the most famous doctrines of the evolutionists!" "Which one?" "The doctrine of the survival of the fittest. He is in excellent health."—Puck.

"Great joke on Jarley." "What was that?" "Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half-dozen bass sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught 'em. When the basket was opened, they turned out to be bottled Bass."—Bazar.

Kirby Stone—"I hate to mention it, dear; but I must tell you that business has been awfully poor lately. If you could economize a little in dresses—wear something plainer." Mrs. Stone—"Certainly, dear; I shall order some plainer dresses to-morrow."—Puck.

Cooley Cooley—"Yes. I am an optimist. I think everything is for the best." Harold Spooner—"How selfish of you!" Cooley Cooley—"Selfish?" Harold Spooner—"Yes; because you are the best yourself." Cooley Cooley—"Um-m-m!" (Kisses ad infinitum.)—Puck.

Teacher (sternly)—"Willie Waffles, you were late this morning." Willie Waffles (blushing)—"Yes'm. I had to get up in the night and go for the doctor." Teacher—"Well, Willie, I will excuse you this time, but I hope this will never happen again." Willie—"That's what my father said."—Truth.

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MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

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DCCXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 10, 1893.
Purée of Green Peas.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Broiled Steak. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Stewed Corn. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Goose. Apple Sauce.
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Chantilly Basket. Strawberries.
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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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If the workingmen of the United States have a hundredth part of that intelligence with which they are credited by speech-making politicians in quest of votes and a press that never ceases its hunt for subscribers, the present condition of the labor-market will open their eyes to their principal need. That need is the immediate and total suspension of foreign immigration. Labor is the sole commodity which the workingman has for sale, and he ought to have sense enough to grasp the fact that every additional laborer who offers his labor in the market in competition with his own, helps to reduce wages, in accordance with the inexorable law of supply and demand. The workingman comprehends this well enough when competition presses upon him individually, but his mind has not been capacious enough to realize the truth when the competition has for its field the whole country. The workman now out of work in San Francisco perceives clearly that his chances of getting profitable employment are reduced by the incoming of other idle workmen from the interior and neighboring States. But the inpour-

ing of the European hordes at Castle Garden excites but a languid interest in his small brain—the flood seems too far off to have a personal bearing. How tremendous this stream of imported labor is, only those who watch the figures know. In the year which ended with June last no fewer than 497,936 immigrants arrived. That is to say, a mass of people, more than half as numerous again as the population of San Francisco, was added to the nation. Since June 30, 1870, we have, according to the government's statistics, received from abroad the enormous addition of 9,770,143 people. This does not include the "alien passengers"—persons who come over in the cabin instead of the steerage, with no original intention of remaining. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to suppose that many of these change their minds and stay, for the European of any grade is not blind to a good thing when he sees it. Neither does the army of nine millions odd embrace for the past nine years accessions from the British-American possessions or Mexico. The record of these ceased in 1884. Eleven millions is a low estimate of the host that has entered our borders within the preceding twenty-three years—a mass equal to one-sixth of our present entire population. These immigrants are as numerous as all the inhabitants of the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware, and Wyoming combined. The population of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, and Alaska, by the census of 1890, was not much more than two millions, or one-sixth as many people as the European swarm.

Aside from the profound economical and social considerations which this tide of impoverished and inferior humanity suggests to the mind of every thoughtful American, it has so direct an application to the pocket of the wage-earner that it is an indictment of him as a rational being that he has not long ago made immigration an issue in practical politics and closed the gates against Europe as well as China. There are in the United States at present an enormous multitude of unemployed men—the number is stated at three millions by moderate calculators. The vast majority of these enforced idlers have votes, and their cause is likewise that of the labor organizations, whose members are liable at any hour to join them in their want and misery. Congress is in session, and Congress has the power to decree that the foreign competitor shall be barred out. If the workingmen of the country, employed and unemployed, had the wisdom to know what is hurting them, and the political sense to use their power, this session of Congress would not adjourn without giving them the protection which they have a right to demand, and which they are fools not to demand. The fear of losing votes is a goad that will prod any congressman to patriotic action. The House and Senate are particularly timid where the workingmen are concerned, and it needs but the "voice of labor" to make itself heard in order to get immediately legislation which the voice of the educated and property-holding class might plead for in vain through half a century. A man who is being drowned and has not the wit to walk ashore when he may do so, is not entitled to pity if he sinks. Similarly, if the American workman keeps silent while the European walks in and takes the bread from his mouth, starvation is his fitting punishment.

Democrats and Democratic organs are accusing the Argonaut with "distorting" the news about the industrial crisis. They claim that the mills are opening again. So they are, so they are. We do not deny it. We only said that they had closed. We have unearthed with much trouble some of these facts about the "re-opening of the mills." As we have printed some little matter about the way the Democrats have closed the mills, it is only fair that we should print also the facts about how they have re-opened them. Our statistics about the closing of the mills have been printed in the small-est of type—necessarily so. But these lonely facts about the re-opening we print in large, clear characters, so that every Democrat who runneth may read and rejoice:

"LEWISBURG, PA., September 6th. — The City Nail

Works, employing one hundred and fifty hands, resumed yesterday, on two-thirds time.

"DOVER, N. H., September 6th.—The Cocheco Manufacturing Company resumed business this morning on a cut-down of from ten to fifteen per cent. in wages.

"DOVER, N. H., September 7th.—The Sawyer Woolen Mills started up this morning, and will run three days a week.

"ALLENTOWN, PA., September 6th.—The rod-mill of the Iowa Barb Wire Works partially resumed operations to-day, with half the hands.

"ALLENTOWN, PA., September 7th. — The Tamaqua Knitting Mills have resumed operations with a reduced force.

"ALLENTOWN, PA., September 7th.—The Adelaide Silk Mill started yesterday on half-time.

"CLAYTON, N. J., September 6th.—Work at the Moores Brothers glass works was resumed this morning in one factory. The others are still shut down.

"ANSONIA, September 6th.—Wallace & Sons, brass manufacturers, resumed in part of the works to-day with a two-thirds complement of men. The receivers cut wages from twenty-five to fifty per cent."

Yes, the "mills are re-opening." Under the beneficent influence of the Democratic free-trade idea, "American industries are reviving." But they are reviving like a man who has been sand-bagged by a foot-pad. They still stagger.

People are asking what is the way out of the present deadlock in England. By the unwritten constitution of Great Britain, a sovereign is bound to obey the minister who can command a majority in the House of Commons. If, therefore, Mr. Gladstone should require the queen to create four hundred new peers, so as to give him a majority of the House of Lords, she would, under ordinary circumstances, be bound to comply, and the dead-lock would be ended by the passage of the Home Rule Bill through the enlarged House. But it is evident from the vote of the peers—four hundred and nineteen to fifty-one—that the Lords must have had some assurance that she would not do this. It has, indeed, been openly stated that she is not so satisfied of the strength of home rule among the English as to be willing to adopt a course which would practically destroy the House of Lords as a branch of the legislature. It is observed that Mr. Gladstone's majority in the Commons is only thirty-eight; a very substantial minority—which a new election might convert into a majority—of the English people are thus opposed to home rule.

It is suggested in the London Times that the queen should dismiss Mr. Gladstone and call upon Lord Salisbury to form a government. As there is no sort of chance that Salisbury could secure a working majority in the present House of Commons, this plan would involve a dissolution of Parliament, and a dissolution in defiance of Gladstone's wishes would be a "revolution from above."

Still, there are two precedents for a disregard by the sovereign of the will of the Commons. On December 18, 1783, George the Third, of his own mere motion, having a personal dislike for Charles James Fox, removed him from office and ordered Mr. Pitt to form a ministry. Pitt complied, and held office till March 1784, being all the time in minority in the House. But he wore out his opponents at last; they voted the supplies, and gave the ministry a small majority. Again in 1834, King William the Fourth dismissed the Melbourne ministry, and called upon Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington to carry on the government, though their friends were not in a majority in the House. In both cases the ministers dismissed had been defeated by small majorities in the House, and in both cases the sovereign dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country. In the present case, Mr. Gladstone has not been defeated, but controls a small but sufficient working majority in the Commons; and for purposes of his own, having various bills to pass, he is at present opposed to a dissolution.

It is plain that if the queen should dismiss Mr. Gladstone and call Lord Salisbury to power, she would be acting within her rights, and if Salisbury could persuade the Commons to

vote the supplies, he might hold on till after a general election, and even longer if his party carried the election. If, on the other hand, the Commons should refuse to vote the supplies, Salishury would have to resign and advise her majesty to send for Mr. Gladstone back again. Sir Robert Peel, in a memorandum dated March 25th, 1835, laid down the rule by which a ministry should be guided: "Nothing can, in my opinion, justify an administration in persevering against a majority but a rational and well-grounded hope of acquiring additional support and converting a minority into a majority."

It is manifest from the last two elections in England that the people of that country are very evenly divided between supporters and opponents of home rule. At the last election the Liberals carried the day; at the election before, the Unionists won. In both cases the majority was slender. It is impossible to say how a new election might turn out. It would certainly be a scene of hot conflict; now that the Lords have committed themselves to the fight, they would probably bring all their influence and wealth to bear. And it must never be forgotten that at bottom the English, like a large section of the American people, distrust and dislike the Irish, and regard with grave trepidation the experiment of hestowing on them powers which are not enjoyed by the English, Scotch, or Welsh.

Mr. Gladstone's position is one of extreme difficulty. When Earl Grey and Mr. Brougham asked William the Fourth to swamp the House of Lords to carry the Reform Bill, and he refused, they offered him the other alternative—to accept their resignations, which would have involved an appeal to the country. He dared not risk the appeal, and he yielded. Now, if Mr. Gladstone invites the queen to swamp the Upper House, and she refuses, he can not resign and dissolve Parliament without doing precisely what the Unionists want. His cue, having secured a Parliament in which his friends are in a majority, is to keep it, and not risk the fickle masses again. But if her majesty should utterly and positively refuse to pack the House of Lords, it is difficult to see what he could do, and the prospects of home rule would be dark.

One or two straws are worth considering. Between the queen and Mr. Gladstone there has always been a veiled enmity. This may lead her to think favorably of his dismissal. And, on the other hand, the hearing and behavior of the Irish members in Parliament have not conciliated respect. Parnell seems to have been the only intelligent man among them; the others are far from proving in their persons the capacity of the Irish for self-government.

The Democratic organs have been afflicted with a most singular strabismus concerning the closing of factories. This strabismus is more than a merely mental squint—it approaches blindness, and indicates the need of treatment. The *Examiner*, the local organ, has this to say, on the editorial page, in its issue of September 9th:

"During the recent financial flurry a large number of mills shut down, many of which are re-opening, but we have yet to hear of a manufacturer of standing who has attributed his embarrassments to the approach of tariff reform."

On the first page of the same issue of the *Examiner* appeared the following dispatch:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., September 8th.—Smith & Wesson, revolver manufacturers, have posted a notice of a general reduction of wages in lieu of a shut-down. They say in part: "In view of the probable reduction to be made in the tariff within the near future, we do not deem it advisable to increase our stock of goods at the present cost."

The *Argonaut* has printed some hundreds of dispatches similar to the above, in most of which the manufacturers attributed wage reductions and mill closings to fear of Democratic tariff-tinkering. These dispatches, although readily obtained by us, evidently escaped the notice of the *Examiner*. But that journal certainly can not plead ignorance of the dispatches published in its own columns. The editorial writers of the *Examiner* should be condemned to read the *Examiner*.

There is a quality in the air of this republic that gives it power ultimately to fuse with the social and political whole materials that elsewhere remain odurate masses apart. In most Protestant countries the Roman Catholic, and more especially the Irish Roman Catholic, is a morsel indigestible to the most ostrich-like national stomach. Even here the process of assimilation is very slow, but it progresses perceptibly nevertheless. We have seen within the year the overthrow of the Corrigan and Cabensleyites in the church, and supremacy given to the Irelands and Gibbons, who are disposed to accommodate themselves to their political and intellectual environment and become as good Americans as their Romanism permits them to be. We have seen Father McGlynn restored to the priesthood without explanation or apology to his humiliated archbishop, and the rebellious Father Corrigan, of New Jersey, given the victory over his bishop, whom he publicly rated in the newspapers for his narrow-minded hostility to the public schools. The right of the

Roman Catholic priest to think and speak for himself as a citizen—to hold what views he pleases in political economy, and even to criticise his ecclesiastical superiors in matters not included in "faith and morals," has been conceded in upheld examples. Coincidentally with this loosening of the pressing boards that have time out of mind made Flathead Indians of the priests, a spirit of liberty has, naturally enough, diffused itself among the more intelligent laity, and some of them are making hold to try to tell their church what ails it. The mass of priests and laymen have not yet grown accustomed to this new and startling American dispensation. They can not, without shock, sit and listen to criticisms of Mother Church that, in the days when she had the power to be what she liked, would have caused the critic to be excommunicated as a heretic and rebel, and then mercifully handed over to the secular arm for the breaking of his bones and the burning of his flesh. How little used are the hulk of American Catholics to tolerating free speech when they themselves are the subject of it, was characteristically and amusingly shown in Chicago, the other day, at the Catholic Congress there. Mr. M. T. Elder, of New Orleans, sent in a paper to be read before the congress. The reader had not got far into Mr. Elder's paper ere two-thirds of the audience testified their disapproval of his truth-telling disposition by rising and stalking indignantly out of the hall. Yet did Mr. Elder utter verities that are not to be denied by any who prefer truth to flattery? The New Orleans plain-dealer deplored the tendency of Roman Catholic immigrants to herd in the seaboard cities where they landed, and he told why he deplored it:

"My contention is that we have no hold upon the agricultural masses and that this fact accounts for many of our deficiencies. Why is it that the greatest men of our nation are non-Catholic? It is because the vast majority of these great men are from sturdy rural stock, and the rural stock of the United States is solidly, staunchly Protestant. Let us not whine about prejudice and intolerance, anti-popey and secret societies. Let us tell the truth to ourselves. Our inferior position, and it certainly is inferior, is owing almost wholly to ourselves. The great men of this nation have been, are, and will continue to be Protestant. I speak not of wealth, but of brain, of energy, of action, of heart. The great philanthropists, the great orators, the great writers, thinkers, leaders, scientists, inventors, teachers of our land have been Protestant. What surprises me is the way we have of eulogizing ourselves—of talking buncombe and spread-eagle and of giving taffy all round. I am sorry to say that I can not well join in this enlivening pastime. When I see how largely Catholicity is represented among the hoodlum element, I feel in no spread-eagle mood. When I note how few Catholics are engaged honestly in tilling the honest soil and how many Catholics are engaged in the liquor traffic, I can not talk buncombe to anybody. When I observe the increasing power and ascendancy of the Jews, when I see the superior vigor, originality, and opportuneness of Protestant lay charity over similar attempts on our part, and when I observe the immense success and influence of secret societies, even here in this most Catholic city in the Union, I have no heart for taffy-giving. When I reflect that out of the 70,000,000 of this nation we number only 9,000,000, and that out of that 9,000,000 so large a proportion is made up of poor factory-hands, poor mill, and shop, and mine, and railroad employees, poor government clerks, I still fail to find material for buncombe, or spread-eagle, or taffy-giving."

The remedies proposed by Mr. Elder included a concerted movement toward colonization, agricultural chairs in Roman Catholic colleges, and the publication of agricultural periodicals. All of which would have as much effect on the situation that alarms and discourages Mr. Elder as would the howling of a resistant hellows affect the sweep of the trade-winds. It is not because the immigrant Roman Catholic prefers the excitement of city life, saloon-keeping, and Democratic politics to agriculture that the children of the church are an inferior caste, both as to brains and belongings, in this country. They are similarly inferior everywhere. The Roman Catholic nations, like the Roman Catholic individual, lag away behind in the nineteenth century race. Protestantism sits easily upon the Protestant of this day; he feels free to use such intellect as God has given him without consulting his pastor. But the Roman Catholic is still a Roman Catholic. The guards of the church are around him everywhere. Its ghostly sentinels halt him and demand that his mind shall turn back whenever it ventures to advance upon rational ground. The religious training of his whole life cramps his brain, hardens it, and so shackles his energy. In the domain of intellect there is the same fundamental difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant—particularly the independent and secular-minded Protestant of America—as there is between slave and free labor in the physical field. It is only as the American, naturalized and native, shall cease to be an obedient child of the church that he will become a child of the republic, accessible to the energetic, progressive promptings of his free surroundings. No man can run whose leg is weighted with a hall and chain, and no man can think as well, as quickly, and to such good practical purpose—whether the thinking be in the realm of religion, philosophy, politics, or business—whose brain instead of being its own master is burdened with a load of superstition, and the belief that a slavish reverence for authority is the highest proof of piety and the first condition of salvation. It is not agriculture that the American Catholic needs to place him on a level with his non-Catholic neigh-

hors, but self-ownership. Such steps toward that as are being made—and Mr. Elder, of New Orleans, is a symptom of a growing tendency—are watched with interest and gladness by every one who hopes for the day when none but Americans will inhabit America.

In 1892, fifty-seven millions of pounds of beet-sugar were produced in the United States, of which forty-four millions of pounds came from California. The raising of the sugar-beet is a comparatively new industry in this State, and has been made feasible by the energy of the Spreckels firm, who have erected large refineries at Watsonville, and intend erecting others if not balked by the hostile legislation of the Democratic Congress. An Anaheim farmer named Shaefer realized for his last crop \$119.65 per acre. Richard Gird, of Chino, who is an authority on beet-culture, estimates that the average net profit to the farmer on sugar-beets is \$50 per acre. But this promising industry of California is threatened with ruin by the Democratic party. Mr. John D. Spreckels, when asked as to the future of the beet-sugar industry in this State, replied:

"All depends on the tariff legislation in Congress. California produces more beets to the acre and of better quality than any other State in the Union or the most favored portions of Germany. We could raise enough to supply the United States, and then bring into cultivation only a part of the soil adapted to beets. But you may safely set down that no more factories will be erected in this State until the policy of Congress is determined. Our company has nearly enough new machinery at the works to establish another refinery, which we could put into operation at short notice. We should have it running this season were we assured that the present law would stand."

If Democratic tariff-tinkering shall ruin the beet-sugar industry, and if foreign countries shall supply the United States with sugar instead of the farmers of California, where does the California farmer get off?

The attitude of the Democratic administration upon the Chinese question is pitiable. After the law had been passed, the administration tried to take credit for it in the West. In the East the administration secretly tried to thwart the carrying out of the law, as witness the cases before the New York Federal courts. But the exposure of this two-faced method, and of this administrative double-dealing, so incensed the people that Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet became alarmed. They had fathered a bill for postponing the operation of the present Chinese Registration Act—a bill called the Everett Bill. But they have apparently abandoned their hantling, and it is now a legislative foundling.

Mr. Cleveland in particular occupies an ignominious position in this Chinese business. In 1888, he was a candidate for reelection. He negotiated a treaty with China by which coolie immigration was to be checked, but the Chinese Government "hung it up." As the election was drawing near, and no campaign thunder was resulting from his treaty, Mr. Cleveland inspired the Scott Exclusion Bill, which was passed. This was much harsher than the present Registration Act, which Mr. Cleveland is now endeavoring to obstruct. But now he is elected. Then he wanted to be.

The administration may as well understand this—the Pacific Coast is determined to stop Chinese immigration. The deportation question is only an incident in the long journey toward our goal. Few in California care much whether the hundred thousand Chinese here are deported or not. Perhaps it would be as well—since they were gulled and misled by pettifogging attorneys—to extend the time for registration, and permit them to stay. But no more must come.

It has taken a long time to reach this point, and the half-hearted Democratic administration must not now be allowed to balk. It was in 1882 that the first legislative step was taken—the passage of the Restriction Act by a Republican Congress, approved by a Republican executive, President Arthur. Such was the flood of Chinese perjury as to "prior residence" that the Restriction Act proved to be but a feeble barrier, and, in 1884, another act was passed, requiring certificates as evidence. Prior to this, only the attorneys hired by the Chinese profited by the Restriction Act; now the custom-house officers began dealing in certificates, and the Chinese-hired attorneys and the dishonest customs officials both made barrels of dirty money out of their dirty business. Then, in 1888, came the Scott Exclusion Bill, of which we have spoken. It was strict, but the Chinese continued to pour in over our miles of border on the northern and southern frontiers. It was in 1892 that we finally succeeded in passing an act which requires the registration of all Chinese residents in this country.

Then it was that the accumulated wrath of the East broke forth. Californians were called "uncivilized," and the Registration Act was stigmatized as "barbarous" and "medieval." Inasmuch as every American in France has to register before he can reside there; inasmuch as nearly every civilized nation registers its subjects or its citizens; inasmuch as every American citizen has to register before he can exercise the elective franchise—we fail to see the justice of these attacks. There is nothing barbarous about registra-

tion. What is good enough for Americans in France ought certainly to be good enough for Chinese in America.

It is, we hope, unnecessary to assure the people of the East that the outrageous and cowardly attacks upon the Chinese here are backed by no public sentiment. The better class of citizens are earnestly endeavoring to prevent such attacks and to punish their perpetrators. It is the lowest class which is concerned in such outbreaks, and nearly all of them are foreigners, many of them belonging to the class known generically as "dagoes." The fact that one set of foreigners here should presume to take up arms and attempt to drive out another set of foreigners gives some idea of the absurd extent to which the United States has pushed its hospitality. No: the anti-Chinese disorders in California represent nothing but the lawless spirit of a low class of foreigners. They will be promptly suppressed. But, as Governor Markham suggested to the Democratic administration, their suppression will be easier if that administration carries out the laws of the United States.

Back of all this anti-Chinese feeling—behind this long struggle for excluding an alien race—there is a feeling which is a high and noble one, although the East persists in ascribing to this community the lowest and meanest of motives. The feeling of which we speak is that this country has been handed down to us in trust by men of our own blood and of our own race, for those who follow us. It is a sacred charge. We are bound to hand it to our children as we have received it. The copper-colored races of the Orient must not be allowed to dilute the Anglo-Saxon blood which now predominates in this great republic. It is true that we have the blacks among us. Two centuries ago, thrifty New England deacons made a pretty penny selling human beings to their Southern neighbors, and then, like the Pharisee, prayed loudly in the front benches of their tabernacles. Two centuries later, their descendants, prim, pious, and philanthropic, are abusing the people of this coast for trying to keep out another alien race. Yet the presence of the blacks whom their fathers brought here to sell has cost this country millions of lives of brave men and thousands of millions of treasure. To-day the two races—whites and blacks—dwell side by side in ill-concealed and sullen hostility. To-day that question—the presence of the negro—is the gravest of all the grave questions that confront this country.

But there shall be no more race questions. Of that the pseudo-philanthropists of New England may rest assured. There are enough now. We of this coast have had a long and hard struggle, but the light seems to be visible. This country is for Americans.

Two weeks ago we pointed out the fact that the Democratic free-trade panic had caused sweeping reductions in the wages of employees in car shops, woolen mills, cotton mills, lace mills, hosiery mills, knitting mills, iron works, steel works, blast furnaces, shoe factories, carpet factories, match factories, machine shops, boiler works, coal mines, iron mines, foundries, and railroads. Last week we chronicled a cut in the wages of the employees of three steamship lines running out of New York and one running out of San Francisco. Now the cut is widening and extending. The Pacific Coast Seamen's Union has been forced to accept a heavy cut in wages, which will affect three thousand men who ship from San Francisco. Few will have any sympathy for these men, for the Coast Seamen's Union has been the worst of the many law-breaking trades-unions which have disgraced San Francisco. But any ground for sympathy is at once removed when one reflects that these disorderly and law-breaking seamen all voted for the Democratic ticket and free trade.

The following dispatch from the interior gives a very fair idea of how the contemplated Democratic tariff-tinkering is going to help one of California's industries:

FRESNO, September 9th.—It is reported from Watts' Valley, which is the centre of a large sheep industry, that many shepherms will not shear their flocks this fall because they can not obtain money enough for their wool with which to pay their shearers. It is a serious time for many of them.

It may be well to say here that the foregoing dispatch is fully borne out by the conditions of the local wool market in San Francisco. Since March, 1893 (when the Democratic party took possession of the government), wool has declined in price here forty per cent. The market is dead. Sheep men are offering their fall wool for the shearing, as the cost of shearing would come to more than the wool would bring. If the menace of Democratic free trade has closed the New England woolen mills, it has also ruined one of California's great industries.

In the news of the day there is another and most striking instance given of the utter unfitness of women for association together in clubs. The wife of Auhrey Boucicault, a son of the late Dion Boucicault, sued her husband for divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness. She named as co-

respondent in the case a young lady named Victory Bateman, whose reputation has hitherto apparently been of the best. Miss Bateman happens to be a member of a club lately established in New York called "The Professional Women's League." After the announcement of the suit for divorce had appeared in the papers, Miss Bateman visited the club-rooms and was accosted by a member of the executive committee with a request that she resign forthwith. Miss Bateman burst into tears, and said that she thought the club should have waited till she had had a chance of proving her innocence before asking for her resignation. Miss Rand replied that the committee did not intend to argue about the matter. On this she handed Miss Bateman some paper, with the club heading on it, and a pencil and requested her to write out her resignation then and there. The accused young lady, overwhelmed with confusion and not knowing what to do, wrote and signed the document which Miss Rand desired.

When the facts transpired, a storm burst over the head of the managers of the club. But they seem to have had the courage of their convictions. The committee were "much gratified that Miss Bateman saw the extreme delicacy of remaining in the league under the circumstances." Another admitted that "Miss Bateman is a charming girl," but "she had to be disciplined under the inexorable rules of the league." A third thought that Miss Bateman "ought to feel grateful to the committee for supplying her with such an awfully attractive, stimulating, and fetching advertisement." To all which Miss Bateman replied simply: "I am not guilty. I am the victim of slander. There is no ground for the charges against me. I am innocent. I have not been tried, nor given a chance to say a word in my own behalf."

It is transactions of this kind which demonstrate the unfitness of women for club life or for any form of public life. Miss Bateman may be guilty or innocent, but—unless in women's eyes—she is entitled to be considered innocent until she is proved to be guilty. The club or league to which she belongs undertakes to punish her before she has been convicted; in so doing, it demonstrates its own unfitness for the exercise of power and the extreme danger of belonging to it. The women who control the league appear to be ignorant of the fundamental principles of equity. They run their institution on tittle-tattle and gossip. They do not seem able to discriminate between legal testimony and the vague suspicions of a jealous wife. When Mrs. Auhrey Boucicault appeared in court to testify to the facts in her complaint, the defendant's lawyer asked her one question: "Have you any knowledge, except hearsay or suspicion, that your husband was guilty of the charge you make?" To which question the answer was: "No."

The Professional Women's League assumed to know positively that which Mrs. Boucicault herself only suspected; she went on hearsay and the suspicions of a jealous mind; they, with even less knowledge, tried their fellow-member in her absence and found her guilty. If Christ had said to the Professional Women's League, "Let her who is without sin among you cast the first stone," she whom the Saviour shielded would speedily have perished at the hands of these zealous ladies.

With the guilt or innocence of Miss Bateman this article has nothing to do. But the principles involved are broad. So long as women will condemn other women on a whisper, a rumor, or a newspaper paragraph, so long will women be unfit to share equally with men in the serious business of life.

The effect of this enforced resignation will probably be to cause the dissolution of the Professional Women's League. No woman can afford to place her reputation or her comfort in the hands of such a reckless body. So long as a member may be forced to resign on the mere announcement that she has been accused, no one can afford to belong to the league, for a compulsory resignation leaves a stain which it is difficult to explain or efface. A man's club may be held responsible in damages for defamation of character; but a woman's club is one of those nondescript organizations which has neither domicile nor substance, neither a head to be broken, nor a treasury to be pried open by the sheriff, nor a body to be locked up, nor a soul to be made ashamed.

Ladies by this time ought to be learning that they will not find a congenial sphere of usefulness in club life. They are not fitted for it. Coöperative action seems to jar against the female temperament. Studied separately on a mellow hack-ground of home, the average woman is a lovely creature, kind, considerate, generous, unselfish, sweet. But when a score of these women are pitchforked into one organization, their sweetness turns to vinegar, their reason goes to wreck, and their logical faculty evanesces.

The Senate has refused admission to Allen, of Washington, and Mantle, of Montana. Beckwith of Wyoming, having resigned, no action was taken on his case. These

three were appointed by the governors of their respective States, the legislatures having failed to agree upon an election. The Senate thus confirms the doctrine that was maintained by the *Argonaut* at the time the appointments were made. The language of the constitution is very explicit on this point. It prescribes that "if any vacancy happen by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancy." In these cases the legislatures failed to obey this mandate, and no right is given to the governor or to any other power to fill a vacancy thus created. This is so evident that it is astonishing that there should have been any doubt upon the subject. Yet the contention of the *Argonaut* was disputed in many quarters, and letters and telegrams were sent to this office from Washington, Wyoming, and Montana asking the sources of information. In reply to these queries, a series of cases in which the Senate followed the rule laid down by this journal was presented. When the cases of Allen, Beckwith, and Mantle first came up, the Senate refused to admit them, and after investigation by the committee on privileges and elections, the same rule is followed. The incident will be of value in fixing the matter in the minds of those who doubted the correctness of our position.

Mr. Frank M. Pixley, in one of the San Francisco courts last week, gave testimony in a land case concerning matters which took place forty-two years ago. Surprise having been expressed at his testifying there—considering the fact that the San Francisco papers have for some time been reporting him, variously, as ill, dying, insane, and dead—Mr. Pixley replied: "I have no respect for the papers. I am on oath, and would like this to go into the record of the court—I have no respect for the papers."

The fact that a man can testify clearly concerning events nearly half a century old would seem to dispose of all question as to the condition of his mind; his appearance disposed of all question as to his physical condition. The baselessness of the newspaper rumors concerning him was at once made manifest.

The newspapers of San Francisco are at present hard-pressed for "news." But they certainly should have some slight basis in truth for their "news" columns if for no others. To print as facts such unfounded statements as they have published concerning Frank Pixley is utterly unworthy of reputable journals. From the court records it appears that Mr. Pixley is able to tell clearly what happened forty-two years ago. These extraordinary journals can not tell correctly what happened the day before yesterday. He was a man of mark in this community long before most of the pustular penny-a-liners who now malign him were mewling and puking in their nurses' arms. It is a very great pity that they did not perish then of chicken-pox, instead of surviving as material for graver maladies.

Mr. Pixley desired, while under oath, to say that he "had no respect for the papers." Who in this city has?

With a deficit of fifty millions from diminished customs staring them in the face, the Democrats are much perturbed. They are going to have great difficulty in carrying out their British free-trade plan, and wiping out protection to American industries as "unconstitutional" and "a robbery of the people." In this emergency, numerous free-trade quacks are coming forward with blood-purifiers to remove the internal humors from the diseased body of the Democratic party. One of the most notorious of these quacks is David A. Wells. Mr. Wells has written to Secretary Carlisle his plan for saving the party. It is to increase the tax on spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, raising the revenue derived through these Democratic staples from \$181,000,000 to \$245,000,000 per year. This plan is admirable in theory, but in practice its success is doubtful. To wring from the hard-handed rank and file of the Democracy sixty millions more annually for their whisky and tobacco would cause grave disaffection in the party. There are some sacred things in the Pantheon of Democracy, and one is whisky, and the other is tobacco.

The government receipts on September 6th were the lowest on any one day since the war. For the fiscal year up to September 6th the expenditures exceed the receipts by nineteen millions of dollars. A deficit of fifty millions is looked for at the close of the year. There were over two thousand mercantile failures in July, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), as compared with eight hundred in July, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison). There have been six thousand two hundred and thirty-nine mercantile failures since the Democratic free-trade panic began. Oh, 'twas a great day for Ireland when the Democrats came in—the Irish will fill our offices. And 'twas a great day for England—the English will manufacture our goods. But taking it by and large, it wasn't much of a day for the United States.

A SHADOWED HUSBAND.

How a Lively Dowager Unraveled a Conjugal Plot and Counterplot.

It was late in November when Comte Philip de Santenay, a well-preserved, handsome man of forty and a past-master in the gentle art of the Lothario, became aware of the fact that Mme. Louise Bachy was such a delectable and *chic* little blonde that even a member of the Jockey Club could train his batteries on her without losing caste. After an exhaustive study of the lady's character, her strong points as well as her weak ones, Santenay decided that in this case it was advisable to adopt a method of attack, well known to all experts in such matters, which is generally formulated somewhat in this fashion:

"I love you with a passion that will end only with my life. But do not mistake me; it is your soul's love I want, it would pain me to have you imagine anything more earthly than that. It is my soul that has met its mate in yours."

For a whole month Santenay improvised upon this theme, both by speech, in which he was a trifle heavy, and in letters, in which he did better, for the reason that he composed his amatory epistles in the club library, where a friend, who had been put in possession of the facts of the case between two puffs of a cigar, aided him now and then with criticism and advice. Add to this frequent gifts of flowers and many visits, during which Santenay talked deep philosophy and stared at the tips of her boots, and you have the influences that led poor Louise to admit, one evening, that her soul responded to that of Santenay. She herself was not quite sure to what extent that fine phrase committed her, but she had a lively imagination, and, like a true *bourgeois* woman, considered that a "member of the Jockey"—to use her own expression—was a conquest that no woman has a right to ignore. Finally, to make a clean breast of it, poor Bachy was a deputy, and just then bad to go down to address his constituents in the country and look after his reflection.

Santenay, who had cut his eye-teeth, received unctuously this somewhat vague avowal from the star of his dreams. Two days later he invited her to dine with him at Foyot's, tête-à-tête but "like jolly comrades." Louise accepted, it need hardly be said. But on the morning of the day set for the dinner, Santenay received an anonymous letter which cast a decided gloom over his naturally cold countenance.

But before going further the reader should be informed that the Comte de Santenay is a married man; that his wife, the superb Germaine, is anything but a fool; and that a certain Baron de Paimpol had been for two years admitted to the bouse on a footing of intimacy the precise nature of which will become apparent as the story proceeds.

The letter was couched in the following terms:

If you would avoid a scene and a terrible scandal, do not dine this evening at Foyot's, as you have arranged to do. *You are being shadowed.* A FRIEND.

"Shadowed by whom?" demanded Santenay, who was vastly annoyed at the intervention of an obstacle in a career which, till that moment, had been all smooth sailing. "By Bachy or by Germaine? Bachy has other fish to fry just now. As for Germaine, for the past two years she has not bothered herself to ask at what time I get home nights, or even if I get home at all. She has become a regular blue-stocking. All the time she does not devote to her charities is taken up with lectures at the Sorbonne. I can not enter the house without stumbling over an Academician or Paimpol, whose mind is always in the stars. But, just the same, the three lines of that letter did not write themselves. Well, I must keep my eyes open."

At the conclusion of this monologue, Santenay completed his toilet and was presently ready to breakfast with his wife, who talked to him throughout the meal about the latest discoveries of M. Pasteur.

"If you do not mind," she said, "we shall dine at half-past six this evening. M. Pasteur is to address a meeting of noted bacteriologists, and your friend Paimpol has offered to escort me there."

"I have a better plan than that," replied the wily Santenay. "You arrange your evening as you like with Paimpol, and I'll dine at the club, for you know I have a horror of dining so early."

And so the couple parted in high good humor at having arranged their little affairs so easily.

Santenay immediately sent Mme. Bachy a note, which read as follows:

Our little dinner is impossible this evening. We are watched, I can not imagine by whom. However, he laughs best who laughs last. I have a plan. But it is essential to its success that I should not be seen in your neighborhood to-day. Till to-morrow, then, at the hour you usually open your door to him who loves you and, on bended knee, kisses the tips of your taper fingers. P. S.

Poor Santenay! When he woke up he had thought that the period of soul-loves and kissing finger-tips would be ended that night. This misadventure gave him the blues. At forty years, a Don Giovanni does not enjoy what seems to him to presage a change of luck.

He hurried off to the house of Mme. de Contremont, a dowager celebrated in the last years of Louis Philippe's reign for her wit, her beauty of a certain kind, and her several more or less noted adventures. Now she was only an old woman, wrinkled as a dried apple, mischievous as a monkey, and, moreover, the aunt of Santenay.

"My dear aunt," began Santenay, as he seated himself, "I am going to take you to dinner this evening."

"I accept with pleasure. I always accept invitations to dine. But what has come over your wife, that she should make herself so polite to me?"

"Nothing. The fact is, we are going to dine at a restaurant, just you and I, *en cabinet particulier*."

The dowager trembled like an old war-horse that hears the trumpet sound, drew herself up in her arm-chair, and settled her cap aright.

"Good enough!" said she; "is it for a wager? And it might be interesting to know just how far the wager goes."

"Would you be afraid?"

"Alas! no, my gallant friend. But how about you? Come, come, what is this joke?"

"Never mind, just accept. I promise you a dinner and an experience. The dinner will be good; as to the experience, I imagine it will be very funny."

At half-past seven that evening, Santenay ascended the stairs leading to Foyot's, having on his arm a beffurred bundle from which emerged a foot that the poet Musset himself had kissed, if one may believe the legend. They entered a room where a cheery wood fire crackled in the fireplace, the lady removed her wraps, stuck out her tongue at the mirror that reflected her poor old face, and said:

"Everything is going to the bow-wow. Even the mirrors in the *cabinets particuliers* are no longer what they were in 1848. But heaven has been good to me, I am not quite bereft. There still remains to me my appetite. Well, my friend—this to the waiter—"when you have stared at me sufficiently, you may serve dinner."

The two diners did not hore each other. To say that Santenay did not regret little Mme. Bachy would be to affirm too much. But the dowager was so witty! When she had dined well, drank well, and talked as the wife of the deputy assuredly never would have dared, she tossed her napkin on the table, twisted her chair about, put her feet up on the fender, settled herself comfortably in a position in which one could detect traces of a past grace, and spoke:

"I have dined very well, sir. But I do not hold you absolved from your promise. I am ready for the experience."

"While we are waiting for it," Santenay replied, "let me tell you what has gone before," and he recounted the story of the anonymous letter. He would have kept silent regarding the name of the lady who was to have eaten the dinner, but his aunt interrupted him.

"You are all the same!" she cried; "do you fancy you can hide anything from the eyes and ears of Paris? My dear boy, everybody knows you are paying court to the little Bachy, and everybody knows other things, too. In the first place, where is your wife this evening?"

"At some scientific lecture with Paimpol, so she says."

The baroness shrugged up her shoulders so high that their white angles were in evidence.

"Always Paimpol, eh? Evidently you do not belong to the Othello family."

Just then there came a peremptory knock on the door.

"Come in!" the baroness called out.

Immediately there entered that terror of unfaithful husbands, a *commissaire de police*, wearing his scarf of office, who, hat in hand, inquired for Monsieur the Comte de Santenay.

"There he is," said the dowager; "do you wish to arrest me, too? In my day, such a proceeding as this was unheard of," and, as she watched the astonished face of the man in the scarf, she burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"Officer," she said, when at last she could control herself, "if you imagine you have detected the count in an intrigue, you flatter me most highly; but you are some forty years late. For that reason I am not surprised that thieves and assassins walk the streets in safety. But will you be good enough to close the door? At my age, draughts are fatal."

Instead of closing the door, the *commissaire* stepped out and spoke to some person who had remained out of sight, but whose sex was betrayed by the rustle of skirts.

"Pardon me, madame," he said, "I must have your assistance, and if there is some mistake, as I fear there is—hello! why, she's gone!"

There was nothing left for the poor official to do but to offer his excuses and bow himself out as speedily as possible.

"It was my wife—it was my wife!" repeated Philippe, much mystified. "But why this trap on the one hand, and the warning on the other?"

The baroness said nothing, but pondered the situation, her penetrating steely eyes fixed on her companion. All at once a luminous idea flashed upon her.

"Is M. de Paimpol a member of the Jockey Club?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Do you think he is there now?"

"Probably. I do not think it likely Germaine would bring him here."

"Then take me immediately to the club, and then go home and wait for me there. Just heavens! My friend, I have an idea this experience is even more droll than you thought it was."

Mme. de Contremont hopped into a *fiacre* as spryly as a girl of sixteen, so amused was she. A quarter of an hour later, Paimpol, for whom she had asked, presented himself at the side of her vehicle.

"What!" cried the dowager. "You are not at the Pasteur lecture! Come, jump in. I am going to take you to my house. There have been pretty goings-on, sir!"

Paimpol, now very uneasy, obeyed without a question, and soon the baroness had him all to herself in her little drawing-room, with closed doors.

"Do you know what is going on?" she demanded.

"No," said he. "You seem quite excited."

"And with good reason. Heavens, what a scandal! Who would have thought that little Santenay woman capable of such a plan? If it was you, as I suppose, who suggested it, it has turned out a fine inspiration for you."

"I didn't suggest anything at all," Paimpol declared, with suspicious vehemence. "For goodness's sake, what is the matter?"

"It was not you, eh, who advised your Dulcinea to get a divorce—for your benefit?"

"Madame, I have respectful affection for the lady whom you mentioned, nothing more."

"Protestations? To me? Very well, young man, I wash my hands of the whole affair. Good-evening. You may all get yourselves out of this mess as best you can. Here I come and offer you my aid, and you tell me fairy tales of 'respectful affection'! Do you take me for a fool? Well, let the courts finish the business."

"The courts!" stammered Paimpol. "Did Santenay let himself be caught? Oh, the dolt! the imbecile! This is a pretty pickle!"

"You pretend to be astonished? The detectives say 'To discover the criminal, seek for him who profits by the crime.' Well, sir, let me ask who would profit by entrapping the husband of your—respectful affection. You—you alone, and you need not attempt to deny it. You betrayed yourself by speaking too soon. Your part in the transaction is not one to be exactly proud of; but, there—all's fair in love and war, the end justifies the means."

Paimpol, goaded to desperation, went to the door, assured himself that it was closed, and returned to the dowager.

"Madame, he said, 'I know whom I have to deal with. If your tongue is mixed up in this affair, by to-morrow night all Paris will believe that I have been guilty of a most despicable action. Have Santenay brought here, ask him if he did not this morning receive a letter telling him to be on his guard. That letter I wrote. You see, I am spotless as the snow.'"

"Then it was Mme. de Santenay alone who wanted the divorce. Why?"

Paimpol's head went down with a great sigh. The dowager would not have missed the evening for a small fortune.

"Is this the confidence you have in me?" she continued, pitilessly. "As you choose. I have under my hand what would relieve you of all uneasiness; but, since you wish to tell nothing, silence for silence. Let human justice take its course."

The terrible old woman was already on her feet. Paimpol made her sit down again by main force.

"Hear me, I beg. A gentleman should die rather than avow certain things—"

"Make no avowals, my fine fellow, if that is what you fear. I have your story at my fingers' ends. For two years past you have had a—respectful affection for Mme. de Santenay. That is admitted. And afterward?"

"You know that some women have—very rarely, it is true—what I shall term a certain obstinacy of sentiment."

"Goodness, what a lot of words to say that Germaine is a jailer. Well?"

"Well—the lady of whom we speak does me the unmerited honor of believing that my poor advantages can assure her happiness—better than those of her husband."

"Oh, you're insufferable with your fine phrases! Now see here, I shall do the talking, you can interrupt me if I am wrong. For the last two years you have been on terms of—great intimacy with Mme. de Santenay, under the pretext of a mutual interest in the arts, sciences, literature, *et cetera*. One fine day, Germaine does you the honor to wish to marry you. How this is to be done is very simple. She knows that at the present moment her husband is fluttering about the little Bachy. She pretends to notice nothing, but she keeps her eye on the two turtle-doves. Very clever is Germaine. A most delightful occasion for securing evidence against Santenay presents itself—the divorce is as good as decreed. Your friend—and in this she made her great mistake—confided the state of affairs to you. 'At last we shall be happy!' Am I right so far?"

"Very nearly."

"But the dashing Paimpol is not going to let himself be married so easily, especially after two years of—respectful affection. The emergency calls for a counterplot—in other words, the sending of an anonymous letter. I am still right?"

"More and more nearly," said Paimpol, with a forced laugh.

"You really are delicious. Well, sir, our good friend, Santenay, received the anonymous letter."

"He didn't act as if he had. What need had he to play into his wife's hands so? So this dinner took place after all?"

"Yes, at Foyot's, room No. 7. At nine o'clock a merciless minion of the law forced the door of the sanctuary. He sprang back horrified, the sight that met his eyes was so—"

"Good Lord! That settles it. Duel, suit, divorce, and all!"

"I can not speak with certainty as to a divorce, but I have my doubts. As to a duel, have no fear. My poor husband died in 1845. The life of your friend is in no danger."

"Your husband!" stammered Paimpol.

"Yes. Santenay's companion was myself. You see, he had read your note."

"Whew!" gasped the respectful friend of the fair Germaine. "What a fright you gave me!"

"Poor Mme. de Santenay!" sighed the dowager. "Ah, men have not changed since my day. They are quite willing to be adored, but not to be enchained."

So ends the story, whereof the *dénouement* has the rare merit of satisfying everybody, except Germaine, who was under the necessity of seeking other evidence for her divorce—which she will have much trouble in finding, for Paimpol keeps his eyes wider open than ever.

As for Santenay, the dowager gave him a magnificent explanation of the Foyot incident.

"Just see what a terrible business politics is," she said to him. "The Republican committee tried to make political capital by mixing up your name in a disgraceful scandal. It was they who informed Germaine. That is what becomes of the secret fund."

"But the anonymous letter?"

"It came from the Conservative committee, which was watching their votes."

Santenay laughed long and loud at the dowager's explanation, and he soon forgave Germaine. When he meets Bachy, hurrying gravely along with a portfolio of papers under his arm, he slyly nudges Paimpol, now his confident, and whispers:

"These husbands make me smile."

"And the wives, too," replies the traitor.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinsseau.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

A Budget of Gossip about the Opening of the Dramatic Season.

The summer roof-garden season closed on September 2d, and on the Monday following, the regular winter season opened with several new plays, new combinations, and old theatres washed, varnished, and repainted like a fashionable helle. It is evident that our managers are not afraid of the croaking about hard times.

At the Standard on Monday a new comedy, by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh, entitled "Faony," was produced by Elaine Ellson, Johnstone Bennett, Ferguson, and the other members of the Standard troupe. The chief attraction was the appearance, just before the last act, of Loie Fuller in a skirt-dance, which was received with much favor. The play is rather dull, with occasional flashes of London humor. There is little in it that provokes merriment or could be described as fun. The plot is complicated, and the dialogue heavy and cumbersome; people spent so much vital energy in trying to make out what it all meant that they had none left for enthusiasm.

On the same night, Nat Goodwin made his how in his new play of "In Mizoura," which is the work of Augustus Thomas. This was produced a few weeks ago at Chicago, and made a hit. Goodwin is not an especial favorite here; his matrimonial adventures left a bad taste in people's mouths; but he has made audiences laugh, and they went to see him now in order that he should make them cry. He plays the part of a plucky deputy-sheriff who is on the trail of road-agents, and the part fits him, for latterly he has shown a disposition to abandon huffoonery for high comedy with an element of pathos. The audience were very much pleased with him, and they would have been more pleased still if Miss Mahel Amher, who plays the heroine, had shaken off her heavy melodramatic style and risen to the level of Mr. Thomas's humor.

At the Garden Theatre, Charles Frohman's comedians opened with "The Other Man," a piece which was tested at Washington, and was pronounced very funny indeed. The company still retains Joe Holland and the ladies who were so popular last season. But they will have to get a new play if they want to draw audiences in New York. Mr. Frohman's company has accustomed them to pieces which provoke constant laughter by natural agencies; they have been famous for their delicate treatment of domestic comedy. "The Other Man" is a farce with long interludes of dullness. It turns upon a case of mistaken identity—a theme so threadbare that nothing but new situations and a bright dialogue will carry it off. The actors did their best—Holland, Burns, and Miss Crossman, especially—but they could not redeem the dullness and the incongruities of the piece.

Next day E. H. Sothern appeared at the Lyceum in his new play, "Sheridan," written by Paul M. Potter. The plot turns on the curious amatory experiences of the author of "The Rivals," and the famous duel in which both combatants broke their swords, clinched, and jehaded at each other with the stumps. On the first night the first act was slow, the second better, and the third made a hit. The author has been very successful in reproducing the language of the eighteenth century. He has also reproduced some of its jokes.

Palmer opened with his "1492," which is a success, as it was last season. It is extremely funny, both as to dialogue and as to topical song. The hit of the piece was a parody of the song "After the Ball." Edward Favor sings it, and he was encored ever so many times for the verse which reflects our jealousy of Chicago. It runs:

"After the Fair is over,
What will Chicago do?
With ten thousand empty buildings
Made up of shingles and glue?
If only you live in Brooklyn
Some one may know you there,
But nobody will in Chicago
After the Fair."

The piece is absurd, but its absurdity is fetching, and one laughs, not because one feels that one ought to laugh, but because one can not help it. "Fourteen Ninety-Two" suggests visions of Columbus and West Indian discovery; it is, in fact, a New York reproduction of a Palais Royal "Revue de l'An."

Some of the music-halls had anticipated the opening of the season. Koster & Bial threw open the doors of their new music-hall on Monday. The building used to be Hammerstein's Opera House, known as the Manhattan. It held three thousand people on the opening night, and though they perspired, they did not complain of crowding. The performance was of the regular English type. Miss Maude St. John sang soubrette songs, the waiters scurried to and fro with refreshments, Americans smoked cigars, Englishmen smoked short-pipes, ladies—there were a few of the best people—sat gravely in boxes as though they were at an oratorio. There was a comical interlude by Spanish ladies, in which one of the señoritas in plush breeches relied too confidently on a safety-pin, and had to fly precipitately behind the scenes, amid the shrieks of the audience. Carmenita danced as brilliantly as ever, but her attraction for the New York public seems to be wearing out. People complained of the price charged by Koster & Bial; they are used to paying one dollar and a half at the regular theatres, but the same price at a music-hall staggers them.

Harrigan opened his pretty little theatre in Thirty-Fifth Street with a revival of "Dan's Tribulations," which used to be the talk of the town nine years ago. He had, of course, an overpowering welcome. In his way, Harrigan is a dramatist whom it would be a mistake to deride. He has studied the characters who haunt the by-ways and slums of large cities, and depicts them with fidelity. That there is dramatic material in such life is not to be denied. It is Harrigan's misfortune that he always writes for the gallery, and spoils his rough humor with stage exaggeration. His

people are real enough one moment; but the next they are ranting like Bedlamites.

Lottie Collins is at the Star. She had declared positively that she had given "Ta-ra-ra" for the last time; but after one or two numbers the audience called for the popular melody with such persistent vociferation that she had to choose between giving them one verse or stopping the performance, and she yielded to the inevitable. She positively refused to give the dance. She announces that she has several novelties which are expected to be as popular as the old air—one especially, "A Naughty Alternative"; and she has a pretty strong troupe, including a gentleman of the name of Shortis, who is described as "the Paderewski of the hanjo."

A pretty piece, called "Liberty Hall," is on at the Empire. It is the work of R. C. Carton, and the chief parts are played by Viola Allen and Henry Miller. It is a sort of dramatic idyl, and the lines are captivating. At the Madison Square, Grismer and Phoebe Davies are doing good business with an American melodrama, called "The New South." At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "Glen na Lough" is on; the attraction is the singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen," with the white-haired author, Professor Crouch, at the conductor's desk. Tony Pastor has a young woman named Bartholdi, who walks on her hands and draws corks with her teeth; the rhythmic movement of her lower extremities when they are elevated in air is much admired. "The Silver King," which has coined money in England for its author, is running at the Grand Opera House. At the American Theatre, "The Prodigal Daughter" has passed its hundredth performance, and is still drawing well. Daly's is occupied by an exceedingly clever French troupe, which is playing "L'Enfant Prodigue" in pantomime; it is very clever. The French baron is done to the life and makes the audience laugh every time he cocks his eye at them. The Germania Theatre is closed by a lawsuit between the manager and the leading members of his troupe.

Theatricals are lively all over the country. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are to arrive from the country about the middle of the month; they will open at the Star in Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." About the same time Warde and James will open in "The Lion's Mouth," which is now in rehearsal. Fanny Davenport will spend the winter on the road, as usual, playing "Cleopatra," "La Tosca," and "Fedora," with Melbourne McDowell as her leading man. Among sensational spectacular plays which are promised are "The Land of the Midnight Sun," in which the scene is laid in Iceland and there is an eruption of a real volcano on the stage, and "In Old Kentucky," in which the leading lady rescues a horse from a burning stable, throws off her gown, appears in a jockey's tights, and rides and wins a race.

Mr. Harry Lee, at Chicago, is arranging for more open-air performances of "As You Like It"; next month Lakeside audiences will not like it at all. Minnie Seligman is going to star for three years under Loundoun's management. Her husband, Mr. Robert L. Cutting, is a member of the company, but not the leading gentleman. Mr. Ahhey has chosen a manager for his new theatre in New York. It is to be Horace McVickar, brother-in-law of the late Edwio Booth and son of the McVickar who was known for so long as a manager in Chicago. Julia Marlowe, whose marriage to her leading man, Robert Taher, has lately been announced, and contradicted, and reasserted, is going to open in Jersey and star through the Middle States. Loie Fuller, the serpentine dancer, is also going to star under the management of J. M. Hill. It is whispered that her terms are enormous. The exclusive right to play "Francesca di Rimini" has been secured by Ward and James from the Boker estate. Salvini (Alexander) will take the road with "Hamlet" and "The Fool's Revenge." He has secured a powerful company. Sol Smith Russell is going to devote the winter to "The Heir-at-Law"; his Dr. Pangloss is much commended.

On the whole, the prospect is fair for an active winter in theatrical circles. Actors and actresses buoy themselves up with the hope that before snow falls, money will become easy, and paterfamilias will find greenbacks to pay for a reasonable supply of tickets for young America and the Misses America.

NEW YORK, September 9, 1893.

Mr. Charles Dwight Willard, whose name will be familiar to our readers as that of a frequent contributor to the *Argonaut*, and who is a gentleman of recognized financial ability, holding the post of secretary to the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, is now in Chicago viewing the World's Fair, and has recorded his impressions of the city and the fair in a recent letter to a Los Angeles paper. Those who are indisposed to think that the Midwinter Fair will bring a large amount of money to San Francisco may revise their judgment after reading Mr. Willard's statement. Speaking of the offices in the Administration Building occupied by the chiefs of the enterprise, he says:

"They were furnished with a magnificence that drew from me an involuntary comment. 'Yes,' said my guide, 'we receive visitors here, many of them foreigners, and we can not afford to be parsimonious.' This was the attitude of Chicago throughout the enterprise. It could not afford to be parsimonious, it could scarcely afford to be careful. And to-day Chicago is taking her reward in magnificent measure. The fair itself may not be a financial success, though if the present attendance continues, it will not fall far short of it; but it has already repaid Chicago all it cost her in one circumstance alone. There are one hundred thousand strangers now in the city, spending an average of five dollars per day. Half a million dollars, at a low estimate, is poured into the lap of the city every day that passes. New York is supposed to be the financial centre and the money bulwark of the nation. But to-day the country looks on in astonishment to see the banks of New York cowering and hiding under what subterfuge they may to keep open, imploring the indulgence of their people, their neighbors, and the government to allow them to continue doing business in spite of their continued violation of the law, while in Chicago the banks are meeting all obligations promptly, there is plenty of money for all operations, and the panic of last June is already forgotten. Well may New York people gnash their teeth with envy and rage. The financial reputation of the metropolis has received a blow from which it will not soon recover, while Chicago lifts her head proudly and marches on. Any attempt to describe the World's Fair seems to me a waste of time, and I shall not undertake it."

NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

One of the most effective advertisements at the World's Fair is situated in the Shoe and Leather Building. It consists of a wooden figure of Uncle Sam dressed in the national colors, who talks by phonograph every few minutes, reciting a long and interesting advertisement in a thin and squeaky but perfectly audible voice. The sight-seer will forget many more important things before his mind will be free from the impression made by that phonographic Uncle Sam.

The great German search-lights at the exposition are placed on the four corners of the middle roof of the Maufactures Building, at a height of two hundred and forty feet above the ground. The light from this projector can, under favorable conditions, be seen from Milwaukee, eighty-five miles distant, and a person, standing eight miles away, can read a newspaper illuminated by the light of the projector. A person standing at the side of the projector can, by the aid of a good field-glass, distinguish the vessels of an enemy twenty miles away.

If all the appliances exhibited by the group of automatic air-brake manufacturers were put under passenger-cars, the train thus equipped would string out over three and a half miles of track.

In the building for checking babies, parents who desire to see the fair can leave their offspring during the day, receiving in return a parcel check for each bundle of humanity.

The statue of the republic which faces the Administration Building, by Daniel C. French, is the most ambitious work done by the gilders in the employ of the World's Fair building constructors. This figure is sixty-five feet high, and it has been gilded solid with gold-leaf. It took two hundred packages of gold-leaf at seven dollars per package, making fourteen hundred dollars alone for the gold that went on it, and it took four men over two months to finish it.

At the fair there is everything, from the war-ship and beautiful yacht to the crudest dugout from Canada's backwoods, which brought its remarkable adventurer in his patched-up craft over one thousand miles. The man's name is Antoine Brousseau. Although unable to read or write, he heard of the fair and made up his mind to visit it. He found an old leaky punt about fifteen feet long which had been abandoned, patched it up, and decided to use it as his means of transportation. With the aid of favorable winds, a horse-blanket, and an old wooden paddle, he succeeded in reaching Chicago, after traveling a distance of something like one thousand miles. His only companion was his dog Pete. Before he left his Northern home, he had never seen a railroad or an electric light; had never heard a hand of music or the whistle of a steamboat. The region whence Brousseau comes is as wild to-day as it was when Chicago was only a trading-post.

Probably the largest photograph at the World's Fair is to be seen in the gallery of the Mining Building. It belongs to the exhibit of the Standard Oil Company. Recently the company had a large relief map made, and a photograph of this on glass—seven feet long by four feet two inches wide—was made. No ordinary camera could do the work, so the photographer made a camera of a room twelve by fifteen feet in size. Two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of nitrate of silver was used. The oil-bearing districts are shown in yellow, and each particular region where oil is actually brought to the surface is shown in the color of the oil itself. It took four months from the beginning, when the first negative of the map was taken, to finish the transparency. It is valued at five thousand dollars.

The live stock exhibit includes some twelve hundred head of cattle—Short-Horn, Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus, Galway, Devon, Jersey, Holstein-Friesian, Ayrshire, Guernsey, Red Polled, Polled Durham, Dutch Belted, and Brown Swiss; over eight hundred horses, including French Coach, German Coach, Cleveland Bay, Percheron, Clydesdale, Shire, French Draught, Belgian, Suffolk Punch, Hackney, Morgan, Arab, American-Arab, French Trotter, and Russian; besides Shetland and other ponies; jacks and jennets, and mules; eighteen hundred sheep and fifteen hundred hogs. One of the most attractive features of this exhibit was the display of twenty-one horses sent by the Czar of Russia. Some of these horses are almost priceless in value, and special attendants were sent from Russia to care for them. Emperor William, of Germany, also sent many fine horses from his stables.

Zulus, armed to the hips and armed with war-clubs and flint spears, guarded the entrance to the Kimberley dirt in the Mining Building as the first pans of precious diamond drift were put into the hopper. The dirt, about one hundred tons, was shipped under guard from Cape Colony. It came sewed in sacks, without any doctoring.

The great Liberty Bell at the fair is six feet high, eighteen feet in circumference at the base, and weighs eighteen thousand pounds. It is made of seventy-eight parts copper and twenty-two parts tin, with a hundred pounds of gold and another hundred of silver. The gold and silver were pieces of gold ornaments belonging to beautiful, witching, inconsequent Dolly Madison, money from Paul Revere's great-granddaughter, a silver spoon from the family of Ethan Allen, beaten flat, just as it was found in his house after it had been burned by the Indians, a silver shoe-buckle worn by a revolutionary soldier at the battle of King's Mountain, one hundred dollars' worth of valuable silver coins, sent by Mrs. Wilhor, Bristol, R. I., so valuable that one felt half-sorry to have them melted, a coin of the time of Augustus Caesar, a piece of the gold watch-case of Roger Sherman, worn by him at the Federal Convention in 1789. In the iron toogoe are some nails from the house of Jeff Davis and filigoes from the clapper of the bell that warned Paul Revere that he must ride. It has around the base the motto of the old Liberty Bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all people." Above, on the shining sides, are the words: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."

MY MEMORIES OF THE STAGE.

By Ellen Terry.

Why is it, I wonder, that pain is so deeply felt at the time, and that its memory fades so quickly, while joy flits by almost unperceived, and yet leaves such deep traces behind? At least, this is my experience. It may not be so with most people. They, perhaps, suffer deeply and remember lightly; enjoy strongly and forget quickly. If so, I pity them with all my heart. When I sit down to write these stray memories, it is not the sad recollections that come crowding before me; it is the bright, joyous moments which shape themselves most distinctly in my mind. "Oh, what a light, frivolous nature you must have, then!" I hear some grave and reverend seignior remark, if any such person ever deigns to read this flimsy chatter. Well, I am ready to plead guilty to the charge. I was made like that, and so nature is to blame, and not I. Why, I recollect when I was a very small personage, and first took to the stage, getting many a "wiggling" for not paying attention.

In justice to myself, however, I must say that the ambition to become a great actress caught fire at a very early stage. The first play in which I acted was "The Winter's Tale." I was cast for the part of Mamillius, and how my young heart swelled with pride—I can recall the sensation now—when I was told what I had to do. There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her recollect how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in my little red and white coat—very short—very pink silk stockings, and a row of tight, sausage curls—my mother was always very careful that they should be in perfect order and regularity—clustered around my head. A small go-cart, which it was my duty to drag about the stage, was also a keen source of pride and a great trouble to me. My first dramatic failure dates from that go-cart. I was told to run about with it on the stage, and, while carrying out my instructions with more vigor than discretion, tripped over the handle, and down I came on my back. A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined forever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed—but I am not sure that the incident has materially altered the course of my life.

Although I was then only about eight or nine years old, the wonderful fire and genius of Mrs. Kean made a strong impression on me. Yet under what disadvantages actresses suffered in those days! When I think of the costume in which Mrs. Kean used to play the part of Hermione, it seems marvelous to me that she could have produced the impression that she did. For instance, no matter what the character might be that she was taking, she always used to wear her hair drawn flat over her forehead and twisted tight round her ears in a kind of a circular sweep, such as a writing-master makes when he attempts an extra grand flourish. And then the amount of petticoats she used to wear! Although Hermione is a Greek part, and classic ladies were not supposed to wear a superfluity of raiment, Mrs. Kean used to be always bunched out by layer upon layer of petticoats. Still, I have never yet seen the play which could be made or marred by a single costume, and if the petticoats were "full" of plaits, the voice was full of pathos.

The transition, however, from the old happy-go-lucky way of "staging" a piece, with its sublime indifference to correctness of detail and disregard of archaeology, was steadily advancing. Charles Kean had been sent to Eton by his father, and one of the advantages he derived from a classical education was that he had his eyes opened to the absurd anachronisms in costume and accessories which prevailed at that period, and when he undertook the management of the Princess's Theatre, he earnestly set to work to carry on the good change already begun by Kemble and Macready. A naturally refined taste, in addition to a scholarly sense of accuracy and refinement, set him on the right path, and he it was, in company with Mr. Phelps, who firmly established the series of stage reforms which have been brought in our day to such wonderful perfection by Mr. Irving.

Very young actors sometimes complain of low salaries and long hours. I wish they could see Mr. Kean's salary list—they would soon cease to grumble. Why, a young man to-day gets as much for carrying on a coal-box as an experienced actor then received for playing an important part. Then how different the hours are! If a company now has to rehearse for four hours in the day, it is thought a great hardship. But when I was a child, rehearsals often used to last till four or five in the morning. What weary work it was, to be sure! My poor little legs used to ache, and sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage. Often I used to creep into the greenroom, and there, curled up in the deep recess of the window, forget myself, my troubles, and my art—if you can talk art in connection with a child of eight—in a delicious sleep.

One day, as I lay curled up in my window, I was the witness of a scene which made an indelible impression on my mind. I had been asleep, as usual, I suppose, when I was awakened by a sudden noise, and, looking up, I saw Mr. Harley stretched on the sofa in a fit. One side of his face was working convulsively, and he was unable to speak; but he held out his hand to me and tried to call to me "Little Nelly." Imagine my terror, and to heighten the horror of the scene, he was still dressed as Launcelot Gobbo, in "The Merchant of Venice," the part he had been playing that evening. A doctor was sent for, and Mr. Harley was looked after; but he never recovered from this seizure.

I was nourished from my earliest youth on that most wholesome of all foods for actors, the Shakespearean drama; but this was not the only good I derived from my early apprenticeship at the Princess's. It was there I was grounded in all the wearisome, but most essential details of an actress's education. The greatest pains, for instance, were taken with what old-fashioned school-mistresses loved to designate "deportment." Never shall I forget that other

old "fop," Oscar Byrn, who was the dancing-master and "director of crowds," etc. He often used to say that "an actress was no actress, unless she had learned to dance early," and indefatigable were the pains he took to illustrate his theory by practice. But he was not more anxious to teach than I, child as I was, to learn; and now I look back upon it, I feel that I must have absorbed much of his ardor in watching those under his tuition. There was an old-fashioned minuet "step," to the learning of which he used to attach great importance, and, whenever he had a spare moment or two, he would put me through my paces. There was another exercise of which I was not so fond, and that was what Mr. Byrn used to call "walking the plank." Up and down one of the long planks extending the length of the stage he used to make us walk, at first slowly, and then quicker and quicker, until we were at a considerable pace to walk the whole length of it without deviating an inch from the straight line. This exercise, he used to say, and I think quite truly, taught us uprightness of carriage and certainty of step. Dear old Mr. Byrn, I can recall his directions now, the very sound of his voice—"Eyes right! Chest out! Chin tucked in!" We children used to scoff at him in those days and think it all a great nuisance, but I have learned now to see what an immense aid, not only to deportment, but to clear utterance is "chest thrown out and head thrown back."

But Mrs. Kean, of course, was my principal mistress in the most difficult art of clear articulation. Not that she took much trouble with me at this early stage, but I used to listen attentively to her instructions to the grown-up ladies of the company. "A, e, i, o, u, my dear," she used to say, "are five distinct vowels, but don't mix them all up together, as if you were making a pudding. If you want to say 'I am going on the river,' say it plainly and don't tell us you are going on the 'rivah.' You must say 'her,' not 'har'; it is 'God,' not 'Gud'; 'remembrance,' not 'remunstrance,'" and so forth, and so forth. Nobody ever had a keener tongue or a kinder heart than Mrs. Kean; but, where ridicule was necessary, she never hesitated to use that weapon. "Use your arm from the shoulder, not from the elbow," she would explain. "Get your actioos free; don't stand like a trussed fowl." I did not like it at the time, but I am sure it did me good. The least among us can watch others, and the best "school of acting," it seems to me, is to make a good use of one's eyes and ears in a good theatre.

The only time that I ever met Macready was while I was at the Princess's. He was seeing the performance, and had come behind the scenes to speak to Charles Kean. My dressing-room was at the other side of the royal entrance passage, and as, with my usual impetuosity, I was rushing back to my room, I ran right into the white waistcoat of an old gentleman. Looking up, I saw with alarm that I had nearly knocked over the great Mr. Macready. "Oh! I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, in eager voice; but Mr. Macready, looking down with a very kindly smile, only laughed and answered: "Never mind, you are a very polite little girl, and you act very earnestly and speak very nicely." I was too agitated to do anything but to continue my headlong course to my dressing-room; but even in those short moments the strange attractiveness of his face impressed itself on my imagination. I remember distinctly his curling hair, his strangely colored eyes full of fire, and his beautiful wavy mouth.

Actor-managers are very proud of their "long runs," nowadays; but when I remember that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ran for two hundred and fifty nights at the Princess's, I feel that I must write it down, as it was a rather remarkable occurrence in those days. Puck was the part that was allotted to me in this play, and I revelled in the impish unreason of the sprite. Another piece, though of a very different kind, in which I took great pleasure in playing, was a little farce called "If the Caps Fits," by Edmund Yates, where I acted as Tiger Tom. But I am afraid that the real reason why I remember playing in this piece with so much pleasure was because, for the first time, I was allowed to wear a little pair of top-boots. What pride, to be sure, I used to take in those top-boots! It is true they were far too small for me and made my feet ache fearfully, but I kept this fact a dead secret for fear they might be taken from me, and every evening used valourously to put up with the most insufferable tortures rather than run the chance of not appearing in my cherished top-boots. Whether this was an instance of pride in my art or of female vanity, I will leave to others to decide. In playing boys' parts I had great difficulty in learning to walk in a manner which satisfied Mrs. Kean, who, it seems to me now, had somewhat peculiar ideas on this point. She would insist on making me turn in my toes with the utmost precision. For she had a curious belief that boys always walked in this duck-like fashion. However, I learned my lesson in the end, and ever afterward, in playing boys' parts, I turned in my toes punctiliously.

I was also cast for a boy's part—a "dumb part"—in "The Merchant of Venice," and here my delight was diverted from my boots to a basket of doves which I was allowed to carry on my shoulder, and which in my youthful innocence I was firmly convinced made the principal attraction on the stage during the scene in which they appeared.

When the Keans gave up management in London, my parents decided it would be good for us if my sister Kate and I had a little hard work, and so "A Drawing-Room Entertainment," written by a Mr. Courteney, I think it was, and acted by the Misses Kate and Ellen Terry, was announced to be played at the Royal Colosseum, Regent's Park. The "Drawing-Room Entertainment" (!) was in two parts—two separate little plays, in fact—the first called "Distant Relations," and the second "Home for the Holidays." The whole thing was quite a success; and after playing it at the Colosseum we started on a round of visits, first to Dublin, Belfast, Plymouth, and then to places such as Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, Newbury, Reading, Brighton, the Isle of Wight, etc. We were photographed in the characters there—in the Isle of Wight.

"Home for the Holidays" was a very slight piece, but the people received it well; and we traveled about with it

for nearly three years, and had a "lovely time." It was a very merry, happy time, too. We traveled a company of five, although only two of us were acting. For there were my father and mother, and my sister Kate and myself, and Mr. Sidney Naylor, who took the very important part of orchestra! We traveled mostly by carriage, and what an odd collection we were. Father was, what we will call for courtesy's sake, "stage-manager," but in reality he used to set the little stage himself and do all the work which falls to the lot of stage-manager and an army of carpenters combined. My mother used to coach us up in our parts, dress us, make us go to sleep some part of the day so that we might look "fresh" at night, and looked after us generally. Mr. Naylor, who was then quite a boy, besides "discussing most eloquent music" in the evening, during "The Drawing-Room Entertainment," would amuse us—me most especially—by being very entertaining himself in our journeys from place to place, and making us all laugh about—well, mostly about nothing at all! We visited a great many small towns and we got about ten or fifteen pounds, I think, at each place—each day a new place. It was great fun—the traveling—and our little plays were very pretty. In one of them my sister used to do a scene from "King John" à la Mrs. Charles Kean, and I used to look on at the side and weep—and so did the audience, too!

It must be remembered that my sister and I at this time had the advantage of exceedingly clever and conscientious parents, who spared no pains to bring out and perfect any talents that we possessed. My father was a very charming elocutionist, and my mother read Shakespeare beautifully, and then both were very fond of us and saw our faults with eyes of love, though they were unsparing in their corrections. And, indeed, they had need of all their patience, for, for my own part, I know I was a most troublesome, wayward pupil. However, "the labor we delight in physics pain," and I hope, too, that my more staid sister "made it up" to them.

In the year—I forget the date—the old Soho Theatre in Dean Street was swept and garnished by a crowd of foreign workmen. It was re-christened "The Royalty Theatre," and a very dainty little French lady became the manageress. Mme. Albina de Rhona—for that was the name of the lady—gave me an engagement, and it was at this theatre I had my first experience of what is called "stage fright." Why it should have come upon me at that especial time, when I had already taken part in so many performances, I can not imagine; but come upon me it certainly did, and I shall remember the feeling, I think, to my dying day. I never see a young actress make her first appearance without a feeling of great sympathy. Stage fright is like nothing else in the world. You are standing there apparently quite well and in your right mind, when suddenly you feel as if your tongue had become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downward from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees; your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is well to get off the stage as quickly as possible—you are far beyond the hope of any human help. Whether everybody suffers in this manner or not I can not say; but such were the feelings which overmastered me, one memorable evening, when I was playing a small part in a piece called "The Governor's Wife." Looking back now over a good many years, I shrewdly suspect I had not taken sufficient pains to get "word-perfect," and, if so, I fully deserved the torture I went through. I had just strength and sense enough to drag myself off the stage and seize hold of a book with which, after a few moments, I reappeared and ignominiously read my part. I am thankful to say that I no longer, as may be expected, suffer from this fearsome malady; but, whenever I have to play a new part, for days beforehand I feel as though every nerve in my body was dancing an independent jig on its own account.

Whether Mme. de Rhona boxed my ears or not on the occasion, I can not remember, but I think it is most likely she did, for she was a quick-tempered, bright, energetic little woman, full of vivacity and enthusiasm, ready at one moment to fly into a perfect fury, and, at the next, to overwhelm you with compliments and adulation. She was a wee thing—like a toy—and her dancing and the way in which she moved her hands and arms and feet was so precise, "express, and admirable." Despair entered my soul when I looked at my own big limbs, and thought "how long and gaunt I am and what a pattern of prim prettiness she is." So in order to get rid of my big hands, I would tuck them under my arms! Then she would call out that I looked like "an ugly young poulet trying to roost"! However, this elegant habit I maintained until years and years after, and was only broken of it at last by a friend saying he supposed I had very ugly hands. That did me good, and out they came, to prove they were not so very ugly after all. Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.

A piece, called "Attar Gull," was played during my engagement at the Royalty, and I remember now, with vivid satisfaction, the applause I received for a certain "screaming scene" in which I played. It was an effective situation. I have no very vivid recollection of the piece. I was supposed to have a very great horror of snakes, and, for some reason or other, it was necessary to cure me of this disgust. One of my Indian attendants was ordered to place a dead snake in my room. Out of revenge, he substitutes a live reptile. I appear at a window, with the beast around my neck, screaming fearfully. The spectators on the stage think the snake is dead and can do me no harm, but in reality it is slowly strangling me. I commenced screaming in a frantic, heart-rending manner, and continued screaming, each cry

surpassing in intensity and agony the last. This used to bring down the house, and I was told by Mme. de Rhona I had made a great effect.

After this "screaming success" I drifted to Bristol, for my sister Kate was playing an engagement in the city, and I acted with her. Mr. Chute was the manager, and he had a splendid company. Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) was there (I was much struck at that time by her voice—her singing voice—it was beautiful), Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchère now), Mr. Arthur Wood (an admirable comedian), the Messrs. William and George Rignold, Miss Kate Bishop, and Mr. Coghlan, who was acting magnificently at that time, and dressing each of his characters so correctly and so perfectly that most of the audience did not understand it; for instance, he played the small part of Glavis in "The Lady of Lyons," and looked a picture of the fop of the period—the long straggling hair, the high cravat, the eyeglass, the bows, jags and tags, and the manner!—all a perfect study. But that was some time ago, it was not understood, and the people laughed at his quaint dress!

This Bristol engagement was excellent practice for me, for we played all things—tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque—my share being the second parts to my sister Kate—Nerissa, Hero, and so forth, in Shakespeare's plays, and all sorts of odds and ends in the other plays. Burlesque, too! Of course I said I could not dance. I could not sing, but I was told I had to! And I did, in a way—it was a funny way—but it was the best thing that could happen to me, for it took the self-consciousness out of me, and after a while I thought it was capital fun, for the Bristol and Bath people were very kind. My sister and I, together with Henrietta Hodson, became great favorites, and we were petted, spoiled, and applauded to our hearts' content.

When we left Bristol we came back to London—my sister to the Lyceum Theatre, under M. Fechter's management, where she played a round of characters incomparably, and I to the Haymarket Theatre, with Mr. Buckstone.

I consider this engagement one of my lost opportunities that I would give much to find again. I fear I learned but little here. I played in many plays. Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing," Lady Touchwood in "The Belle's Stratagem." In this comedy Miss Louisa Angell played Letitia Hardy, and I wondered if I ever should. I just "wondered," and that was all. I never felt jealous of other girls playing better parts. I think that was somewhat peculiar. Perhaps I was not ambitious; that was the reason, I am sure, for to this day I only care to do my work well, and can not even think or desire for to-morrow. It was at the Haymarket Theatre I first met Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton (he always walked to and from the theatre, no matter what the weather), and dear old Mr. Howe. In "The Little Treasure," Mr. Howe played my father, and Mr. Sothern my lover. Somehow, I could never like Mr. Sothern. I admired him, but he teased me, and while I was acting, pulled my hair, which I wore hanging down my back, and made me forget my part and look like an idiot. It was his fun, of course—but I was dull and could see no fun at all. I was then fifteen years old, and my sense of humor was not cultivated, I suppose. In the same play how much I did enjoy acting the scenes with my "father," Mr. Howe. How the big tears rolled down his kind old face, and how I cried, too. Oh, we did enjoy it!

An old actor once said to me: "Never leave your stage effects to chance, my child, but rehearse and find out all about it." As illustration of the truth of this, I must tell of an incident which occurred while I was playing at the Haymarket. The play was "The Rivals"—my part in it, Julia. I think I could play it well now, I certainly played it very ill then. It fell to my lot to finish the play—to what is called "speak the tag." Now, it has been for many centuries, I believe, a superstition among actors that at rehearsal one must never "speak the tag," or else the speaker will be "unlucky." So, at rehearsal, I did not say the last few lines—I just said, "Mum, mum, mum!" And when the first night came, instead of dropping my voice with the last word in the conventional and proper manner, I ended with an upward inflection! The consternation this little innovation produced! The prompter was so astonished he thought there was something more to be said, and did not give "the pull" for the curtain to come down. So it remained up, during a horrid pause, until Mr. Buckstone, who was very deaf, not understanding what had happened, exclaimed, in a very audible voice: "Eh! eh! Why the devil doesn't the curtain come down?" I should advise all young people to rehearse the tag and take the chances of being "unlucky."

In the middle of the run of "Lord Dundreary," in which I played—vilely—Mary Meredith, I left the stage altogether for a little while—I think a year—and when I returned to work, it was Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan who offered me an engagement, and I played in a piece called "The Double Marriage," by Charles Reade, at the Queen's Theatre. There I acted with Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Hodson, Miss Fanny Addison, and—I forget, and have no references by me. Mrs. Wigan was very kind and took a deal of pains with me. I think she liked me very much. She was a very, very clever stage-manager and teacher of acting, and she played comedy marvelously. As Mrs. Candour she was absolute perfection. When she moved a finger or turned an eye it told so; it was all done with such effect. She told it all twice over, as it were—first the eloquent gesture as she thought, and the words followed. Nothing escaped observation, although she did everything so very quietly. How hard she had tried to see the value of repose. She would watch me at rehearsal and suddenly call out to me, "Now stand still!" In a few moments more, "Stop! motionless—just as you are."

Oh, my lost opportunities! I wish I had tried to learn more from her—but

"Some achieve foolishness, but some are born fools!"

Now came a great event in my life, for Mr. Irving came to the theatre, and we acted together for the first time. But, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, "that's another story!"

OLD FAVORITES.

Luke.

(IN THE COLORADO PARK, 1873.)

Wot's that you're readin'—a novel? A novel—well, darn my skin! You a man grown and bearded, and histin' such stuff ez that in—Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.

Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here, They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year

On account of his lungs, and the mountains, and the balsam o' pine and fir; And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and night, Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all white. She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away Ez rifle-smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill, A mile and a half from White's, and just above Mattingly's mill? You do? Well, now, *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, *thar's* quit!

She was only bedev'lin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton one bit.

Now, she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a quail; Teeth ez white ez a hound's, and they'd go through a ten-penny nail;

Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar I was hid?"

She did? O, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart as a katydid.

But what was I talkin' of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read

Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them abed,

And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,

And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn thet they read 'bout a chap,

"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;

And they asked me to hear; but I says: "Miss Mabel, not any for me;

When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind

Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin' belike of thet kind, And thar warn't no end o' the names thet she gave me thet summer up here,

"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy"—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough in her way;

She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said thet she knew how to play,

And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez kin use,

And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an Injun's papoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,

And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;

And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book, And it warn't until she left that she gave me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was: It was night when I kem up here To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for deer

At "sun-up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all by the hand, 'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they gave me to understand.

But just ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one, Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the bill with the sun;

Miss Mabel it was, alone—'all wrapped in a mantle o' lace— And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin' like it before

When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore,

And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife

When it gave me a look like that, and—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye

To you in your own house, Luke—these woods and the bright blue sky!

You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still

As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel-Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away—

The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.

And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as you know you once used to say,

A rifle-smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a sudden she tottered and fell,

And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well, It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay

Ez a snowflake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone. . . . And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,

Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.

They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife:

And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!—*Bret Harle.*

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The *Future*, a journal of predictive science, suggests that

disasters, such as the loss of the *Victoria*, would be largely

prevented if the British admiralty would select favorable

moments for launching her majesty's ships, and to this end

recommends an astrologer.

The tallest tree on earth is, perhaps, a gum-tree, *eucalyptus*

regnans, recently discovered in Australia. It is four hundred

and fifteen feet high.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Washington gossips have got Secretary Herbert engaged to Miss Sallie Brown, youngest daughter of the venerable, sanctified, and wealthy Georgia ex-senator, irreverently known as "Sunday-School Joe."

Among the constant patrons of Captain Boyton's water tohoggan in London are the Right Hon. Arthur J. ("Bloody") Balfour and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Mr. Balfour is a sedate and dignified man at most times, but when he gets into the "chute," as it is called, he whoops and shrieks like a Comanche.

Dr. James Grant (Bey), who is in Chicago attending the Medical Congress, is the private physician of the Khedive of Egypt. The young ruler has a suspicion of the native doctors, owing to certain unpleasant rumors regarding his father's taking off. Dr. Grant is a Scotchman, fifty years old, and has lived half his life in Egypt. This is his third visit to America.

Robert D. Wrenn, the new tennis champion of the United States, is a Harvard man of the class of '95. His home is in Chicago. He has been a member of the freshman baseball and foot-ball teams. Last year was his first real season on the tennis-court, when he was ranked eighth among American players as the result of his season's work. He is scarcely over twenty years old.

"Old Hutchinson," the eccentric Chicago stock-operator who lost the better part of his fortune a few years ago, and who then went to New York, where he opened a cheap restaurant, made a handsome competence by the tremendous decline in the provision market a few days ago. He said he had given up speculation, but took the little flyer just to let the boys know that he was still on earth.

King Leopold of Belgium is always looking out for the main chance and speculates heavily. It is hinted that if the true inwardness of the Panama speculation on the Paris Bourse is brought to light, his majesty will figure as one of the chief manipulators. He is not at all popular with his subjects, and is set down as a cold-blooded, insincere man of the world, who cares for nobody but himself.

Senator Hill's distaste for the society of the fair sex is so pronounced that he takes his meals privately when at hotels. He was driven to this step by the request of a lady at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington. She asked the head-waiter to place her at the table at which Senator Hill was sitting. He heard the whispered request, saw the lady take the seat near him, and then arose and left the dining-room before finishing his meal. He never again appeared in the general dining-room of the Arlington.

In the Senate restaurant, according to a voracious correspondent, the monotony of the lunch-hour is now and then broken by the voice of a waiter yelling: "One twenty-five-cent cigar for Senator Lodge, and two five-cent cigars for Senator Berry." Mr. Manderson, of Nebraska, orders the whole bill of fare and washes it down with Chahlis and Burgundy. David Hill ascetically devours salads and drinks water; Davis, of Minnesota, dotes on pork-chops; and Pasco, of Florida, lingers over sheep's-head and hacon.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, who married the daughter of the late Czar of Russia, has succeeded to the throne of the little Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. There is much surprise that the duke should want it for himself, instead of giving it to his little son. He could himself be regent until the son came of age. But they say that the Duchess of Edinburgh wants to get away from England, because, though she is the daughter of one Czar and the sister of another, she can never have precedence over her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales, the daughter of a much less powerful sovereign—the King of Denmark.

The celebrated author and dramatist, Mario Uchard, who died a few days ago in Paris, was apprenticed, first of all, as an engraver, to the Maison Firmin Didot; not liking that occupation, he went in for a long course of music at the Conservatoire. He published several pieces of music, and then next turned his attention to stock-hroking, and was on the Bourse for twelve years. Then, in conjunction with the Comte d'Osmond, he founded the popular "Cercle des Merlions." Shortly afterwards, he married Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, only to separate from her very soon. Last of all, he devoted himself to dramatic authorship, and published in succession "Fiammia," supposed to be his autobiography, "Le Retour du Mari," "La Seconde Jeunesse," and "La Chameuse." His most popular novel was "Mon Oncle Barbassou." His one great idiosyncrasy was love of lawsuits, and a rather noted one of his was when he accused Victorien Sardou of having stolen or horrowed the subject of "Odette" from one of his works.

The late Dr. Jean Martin Charcot was a Parisian, born in the mercantile class on the twenty-ninth of November, 1825. He married young a very wealthy woman; but he remained indefatigable in hospital-work and in scientific research. Every morning he was at his desk at six. His knowledge of the literature of his own and of foreign countries was very extensive. He was great as a clinical observer and as a pathologist, and did not let the advance of age dull his love for science. He is reported to have said—apropos of nervous diseases in Jews, upon which he urged that the legend of the Wandering Jew is founded—that he had never witnessed in so great a degree the power of an ardent and vigorous mind to keep alive an utterly shattered body as in the case of Dr. Herz. Dr. Charcot was doctor of the mad ward at the Salpêtrière in 1862. This led him particularly to study nervous diseases. He was thirty-one years attached to the Salpêtrière. His work in hystero-epilepsy, and his discovery that hysteria was not exclusively a feminine disease, made him generally famous. But what made him particularly popular was his experiments in hypnotism and suggestion.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

D. Appleton & Co. have just ready in their Summer Series "The Translation of a Savage," by Gilbert Parker, the author of "Pierre and His People," "The Chief Factor," and other sketches of Canadian life.

The London Times, in a review of the "Memoir of A. Brooson Alcott," credits Emerson with the authorship of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," even quoting therefrom several extremely un-Emersonian lines.

The first edition of General Lew Wallace's new book, "The Prince of India," comprised fifty thousand copies, and thirty-five thousand of them were sold within a few days of publication.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has been varying his labors in fiction by writing a history of his own family and its engineering works, which will be published under the title of "Northern Lights."

Mr. Holman Hunt's important volume on the pre-Raphaelite movement is nearly ready for publication. Of all the men concerned in this movement, there is left one who could so well tell the story.

In 1844 Sir Walter Scott made a voyage with Robert Louis Stevenson's grandfather around Scotland in the light-house yacht. Thirty-six years afterward Robert Stevenson wrote his reminiscences of this voyage, which will for the first time appear in print in October, with an entertaining note by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Oscar Wilde has two books in preparation. One is called "The Incomparable and Ingenious History of Mr. W. H.; Being the True Secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets, now for the First Time Here Fully Set Forth." It will be issued in an ordinary edition of five hundred copies and a large paper one of fifty. The other work is a poem, called "The Sphiox," of which there will be two hundred and fifty copies and twenty-five large ones.

"With Thackeray in America," an interesting volume by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., containing one hundred and twenty-one illustrations by the author, is announced for early publication.

When asked to place her autograph in one of her novels to be sold at an English fair, Mrs. W. K. Clifford wrote above her name the line: "This is a bad little book and was written by me."

A. P. Russell, who has published "In a Club Corner," "A Club of Ooe," "Library Notes," and "Characteristics," has in press "Sub Coelum: A Sky-Built Human World," which is a picture of an ideal society and yet is said to be neither visionary nor fantastic.

It is proposed that as a monument to the late Theodore Child there shall be maintained a hospital, which the missionaries in Tabraez hope to build, a room to be known as the Childs Room, which will be at the service of travelers and foreign residents of Persia. Tabraez, it will be remembered, is the Persian town where Mr. Child was nursed through an attack of cholera by a missionary, Miss Mary E. Bradford; his death occurred some time later of typhoid, contracted at Ispahan.

A new volume by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "An Old Town by the Sea," which will appear this autumn, relates to Portsmouth, a town of which he has often written in his stories.

A revised edition of Andrew Carnegie's "Triumph of Democracy" is in the press. It is based on the census of 1890.

A volume in memory of the late Noah Porter has been prepared by divers friends of the former president of Yale, and will soon be published.

Among the autumn books will be two new volumes in the American Men of Letters Series—"James Russell Lowell," by George E. Woodberry, and "George William Curtis," by Edward Cary.

New Publications.

Ooe of the best guides to the Columbian Fair is "The Ecoomizer," which tells how and where to find the gems of the fair, with diagrams locating the various exhibits. It is well arranged and of convenient size. Published by Raod, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Bread-Winners: A Social Study," which attracted wide attention when it came out serially, and later in book-form, ten years ago, and the authorship of which was laid at the door of half a score of noted writers, has been issued in Harper's Quarterly; and "Half a Hero," by Anthony Hope, a story to which a man of the people is put forward by his fellows and sings his wings when he comes in contact with women of a more cultivated class than he had known, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Robert Grant has written two admirable books for boys in "Jack Hall" and "Jack in the Bush." Young readers always like to know "what happened next" to their heroes, and even two books will probably not satisfy their appetite for the adventures of

Mr. Jack Hall. He is a Boston boy, and the first book—which originally appeared half a dozen years ago—tells of his school-days at one of the old-established boarding-schools that are almost like the Eton and Rugby of England, where base-ball, boating, and the usual round of outdoor sports fill up much of a boy's life. The other book describes life at a "summer school," a camp on a salmon river in Canada, where six boys, under the direction of a schoolmaster and an experienced hunter, fish and shoot all kinds of game to their hearts' content for six weeks. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

"The Opinions of a Philosopher," by Robert Grant, is a continuation of the record which he began in "The Reflections of a Married Man." A year ago he told of his wooing, the wedding, their experiences with servants, the advent of children, and other events in the life of a young married couple. In "The Opinions of a Philosopher" he takes up the same happy pair at the time when they have to move into a larger house, and does not leave them until the husband has paid a compliment to his wife before the friends who have gathered to celebrate their silver wedding. In this dozen or fifteen years all manner of not unusual incidents occur, such as an experience with burglars; the sending of the oldest son to Harvard; their attendance at an inter-collegiate foot-ball game where the lad makes a brilliant play and is not named for life; the social debut of one daughter and her marriage; their despair over their second daughter, who is stonily handsome but "sensible" and goes in for Christian Science, from which she is weaned, after her marriage, by fear of intrusting her babies to any but a regular practitioner; and the husband's unsuccessful candidacy for Congress; and, finally, the silver wedding. All these are described with the same graceful humor that characterized "The Reflections of a Married Man," mellowed with a kindly philosophy that well becomes the maturer age of the narrator. The illustrations by Smedley and Reiohart are admirable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Robert Louis Stevenson's new story, "David Balfour," being a sequel to "Kidnapped," has much to coteed with, for it will naturally be compared with the first story. However opinion may differ as to which is the better story, there is really little to choose between them. In "Kidnapped," we followed the adventures of David Balfour in his efforts to be acknowledged as the heir of Ebenezer Balfour of Shaw, who had him trepanned and started to the Carolinas, from which fate he was rescued by shipwreck and, through his companionship with Alan Breck Stewart, became suspected and hunted as a Jacobite. In the new story he is in possession of his fortune, and purposes to go to the University of Leydey to complete his education, after helping Alao out of Scotland and testifying to the innocence of James Stewart of the Glens, then a prisoner suspected of the Appio murder. How he accomplishes the various plans the reader will enjoy learning from the book itself. It may be said, however, that David Balfour falls in love with a brave Scotch lassie, and that the course of their true love is ruffled by many misadventures and obstacles, not the least of the latter being the rascally character of the lady's father. This girl, Catrioia, by the way, gives her name to the English edition of the story; and the fact that it is called "Catrioia" instead of "David Balfour"—the latter name is preserved in the United States because it had been used in the serial publication here—indicates how notable the author or his publisher has thought it that Mr. Stevenson should be introducing a woman and love in his romance. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

It would seem that the present is a proper moment, when Tennyson's play of "Thomas à Becket" is being performed for the first time, to say a few words about the romantic story woven into it, to relieve the stern and passionate character of the king and his ambitious minister and bishop.

Every one familiar with English history has read and re-read the long and bitter contest between Becket and Henry the Second; but few know the softer side of his nature, and we can well imagine how he loved to retire to the quiet and restfulness of the bower he had created for his Rosamond, calmed by the love of one woman, not mixed up in any of the cabals of court or palace, and only loving him—her lord—because of the man, and not his unlimited power over others. Daniel (1602), in a poem called "Rosamond's Complaint," makes her say:

"I wrought on no mean object;
A crown was at my feet. Sceptres obeyed me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my subject;
Who did command the land, most humbly prayed me—
Henry the Second that so highly weighed me."

Beyond tradition, the brief notices of local historians, and a few ballads of the poorest description, we know little or nothing of the beautiful and unfortunate Rose Clifford, whose strange, hidden life and mournful end has furnished the theme of modern poems and romance. Daughter of a noble and mistress of a king, living and dying in the days of the troubadours and the "sweet singers of Provence," in the very time of romance and song, her story, ex-

cept for a few mere trifles, remains unwritten. Of that sad life-history, no relics are left but the ruins of the labyrinth, the little nursery of Godstow, and a portion of her tomb.

Richard Pyson (1493) says:

"We rede in Englonde was a kinge that had a leman [leveson—sweetheart] whose name was Rose, and for her grate hewe he clipped her Rose-Monde, yt is to say Rose-of-the-World, for him thought she passed all wyemen in bewte."

The poor soiled Rose had faded and died nearly five hundred years before the poet wrote her "Complaint":

"And I will cause posteritie shall know
How faire thou wert above all woman kinde;
And after ages monuments shall find
Shewing thy beauties tide, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetened so the same."

Like many other facts in history, there is a mystery about the relations existing between Henry and Rosamond. She may have been a much wronged woman. Who shall say that the heiress of Fitz-Pontz Clifford, reared in a convent and strictly guarded in a father's house, was not the lawful wife, rather than the lawless Frenchwoman who broke her marriage vows to wed the English king? Who knows with what promises, to the father of future honors for himself and a throne for his child, were held out as ultimate reward for present silence—a secret marriage, then, but to be acknowledged at a more opportune moment? Who knows but that Guineo and Poitou may have weighed more in the king's ambition than truth and honor?

How often has not woman been sacrificed for man's ambition or State reasons—instance the Empress Josephine, in modern history. Rosamond had two sons by the king—Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincoln, and William, Earl of Salisbury, to whom Henry said on the battle-field: "You are my legitimate son." Was it remorseful memory to the woman who had been true to him in life and death, whether as mistress or wife?

"Rosamond hath little left her but her name,

And that disgraced, for time hath wronged the same."
During her stay at Godstow, which was to be her refuge for years, the pious women questioned and reproved her. She always answered "that it was well with her" and "that she should certainly be saved," and showed no shame nor confusion. Was this the assured sense of innocence or the bravado of guilt that so many of her sisters put on? Another chronicle says: "She was to them a sainte."

Tradition says the king came to Clifford Castle during a hawk party, and first saw his host's daughter, riding with her ladies to meet him, with her falcon on her wrist. Absolutely nothing is known of the relations of maid and king from that day to the time of Henry's marriage to the brilliant and reckless Eleanor of France, who, with all her talents and accomplishments, was powerless to supersede Rosamond in the king's heart.

How much Rosamond knew of the French and English jealousies, of the broils in the palace, of Henry's troubles with Becket, with his wife and his unruly sons, we never can know, certainly only what he chose to tell her, and he may and probably did seek sympathy from her, when he knew he would get it without any ulterior object. That the queen knew of her existence is clear, and that she vowed vengeance for the king's infidelity we can well imagine from her passionate nature. The story of the poison and the dagger is probably a myth, for we positively know that Rosamond died in 1177, when the queen had been in prison for four years and remained there until the death of the king in 1189. That the queen did find her retreat is very possible; and that may have been the cause of her withdrawal to Godstow. Nothing now remains of the convent but a few ruined arches and a broken wall. Large sums were spent upon the place, when the Rose of the World slept her long sleep before the altar, in the chapel. So she died, true to the last, her secret with her. What matter her lost name, so "her king" in the eyes of men "had done so wrong." The world to her meant Henry Plantagenet. She died, and her tomb stood before the altar, covered with rich silk, and candles burning around it, her memory honored and beloved by the sisters, who would scarcely have accorded so much to one, who if guilty, would be doubly so in the eyes of so severe an order (Beodictio).

But even in death she was to have no rest; for on the visit of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, fifteen years afterward, he inquired: "Whose tomb is this?" On being told, he ordered it removed outside the church "for fear the Christian religion should be scandalized through her." So the body was removed to the Chapter House.

Did she die alone? Did the prioress, who knew her story best, relaxing all rule and defying all precedent, send one night in haste to the palace of the king? Did he quickly order out horse and escort and ride through quiet Oxford town to the convent gates, looking up with dry eyes and set lips at the gray walls where his Rose of the World was dying? Would she be loving yet, with that unforgettably tender eyes? Why would her beauty and sweetness haunt him so? Had he not learned to live without her, somehow, all this weary time? Why think now of the waves of golden hair and fair white throat he used to say "he could see the wine through"?

And so the bell clangs loudly out and the gates swing backward to let the great king into a narrow

little room, with only a low bed, a rough table, and a crucifix hung on the stone wall—and that face upon the pillow, with waiting eyes turned toward the door—the face of a dying nun, a dyed saint.

"Bow down once more, and kiss me on the mouth

I must arise and go into the south,

While yet the swallow lingers in the south;

Bow down, O love, and kiss me on the mouth.

"Nor tears, nor prayers, nor love, nor lover's vow,

Can stay the spirit on the portal now;

A mightier monarch's hand is on my brow;

Yet ere I rise and go into the south,

Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

"Lo! they have spoken evil words and said:

'Go let her hide her shameful, wanton head.'

Nor will they grieve for me when I am dead.

Yet ere I rise and go into the south,

Bow down, my love, and kiss me on the mouth.

"Dear, let them speak—it will not hurt me there,

Nor will their sharp words make our love less fair,

Wonderful, excellent, beyond compare

Of aught that lies between us and the south,

Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

"They have not loved! Surely their hearts are small.

This is not love which fears to stand or fall—

For love regardeth not herself at all.

So ere I rise and go into the south,

Bow down thy head and kiss me on the mouth.

"Dear, I can die for thee! Exceeding well

To die for thee, oh love! Though cruel hell

Gape for my soul! Hark, that's the curfew bell,

And we must part before we meet if the south,

Yet kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth.

"And hear me speak one word before I go,

Even if the cool and healing waters flow

Far from the road that leads me to the south;

I am not sorry that I loved you so,

Then kiss me, dear, once more upon the mouth."

D.

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VANITY FAIR.

Everybody in Paris seems to have gone mad over the new cycling craze. The cream of Upper Bohemia, as well as diplomacy and the fine arts, may be seen skimming the Bois on the airy wheel every morning between the fashionable hours of seven and ten o'clock. The Duc de Grammont is a great hand, or, more properly, leg, at this personally conducted form of merry-go-round. He and Baron Alfred de Rothschild are already crack wheelmen. When M. Clémenceau can get away from politics, he loves to do a tandem with his little daughter. One sees Emile Zola whirling past and Jean Richepin says the motion exalts his mood into inspiration. Mme. Réjane, in the smartest of costumes, flies past with a series of shrill little shrieks, and the gilded youth of young Paris has lost itself in admiration of Mme. de Brémont's performance. In fact, the wheel fever is as strong in Paris as tennis was on its revival some years ago, when maidens and mammas first discovered what a sure and sagacious part the racket and ball played in bringing "young people together." French ladies are discarding tricycles in favor of bicycles, which they find less cumbersome. A great variety of costumes have been designed to meet the occasion. Neat and workman-like is one in a light make of gray cloth, with full zouave knickerbockers reaching below the knees and falling over chamois-leather gaiters. The bodice, a kind of Norfolk jacket, is made with a deep basque and full sleeves, tight-fitting from elbow to wrist. The collar, turned back, with revers, displays a neat white shirt-front and tie. A leather belt confines the waist and the sailor-hat is trimmed with red velvet and gray quills. Yet another dress for a fair cyclist is of chin-chilla cloth. The knickerbockers fasten tightly with a hand below the knee and tartan stockings are partially concealed by gray gaiters. A deep basque blouse is worn, which fastens on the chest, at the left side, with three large buttons. The little cap is in cloth to correspond.

There is one society woman in Washington (says the *Post*) who came home from the World's Fair winter in some things as to the ways of the Windy City than when she left the capital. It appears that, having worn out her foot-gear in tramping around the exposition grounds, she went into one of the fashionable shoe-stores. After having a number of pairs of shoes brought out for inspection, she requested to have a pair tried on. The clerk coolly seated himself on the sofa on her right side, and, reaching down, with a dexterous movement brought the customer's left foot up across his knee and commenced unbuttoning the shoe. "Of course, I wasn't going to let on that I was green to the ways of Chicago," said the victim of the incident in relating it afterward, "so I just sat there as though I had been used to having shoes tried on that way all my life, but I must say that the Chicago method is a little startling when applied without warning."

The exact status of engagement-presents in the eye of the law has never been fixed. Among individuals there is a wide difference of opinion. This rarely takes form until after the engagement is broken. There are women whose nice instincts would never permit them to regard engagement-presents as property. These, of course, will make their engagement-presents into a neat bundle and return them. Men, as a class, regard engagement-presents in the light of promissory notes, and consequently returnable. This is not because men have a higher sense of equity or contracts. It is because the presents of men to women have a commercial value that the presents of women to men have not. What can it avail a woman to have returned to her embroidered slippers, smoking-caps, headed cigar-cases, with embroidered monograms. The intrinsic value is nothing, and the articles are of no possible use for any other similar purpose. The presents men give women are usually jewelry, which has a distinct commercial value and always exchangeable. These circumstances, it seems, must have a direct influence on their respective opinions. There are women who will give up everything but the engagement-ring. There has been recently a case before the London courts in which on the refusal of the woman to give up her diamond engagement-ring, she having broken the contract, the man undertook to take it forcibly from her finger. The woman accordingly had him arrested. The judge returned as his opinion that engagement-presents were merely evidences of a contract yet to be fulfilled, and, if broken, should consequently be returned. This prosaic and legal aspect of the engagement-ring does not obtain in this country. In the South the girls wear engagement-rings like scalpels at their belt. This custom has tended to lower the cash value of the engagement-ring in the first instance. An enterprising Baltimore firm, however, has brought into the market an extension-ring. This conceals a clasp. The purchaser, having obtained the size of the lady's finger, sets the ring at the required mark, which is supposed to be merely part of the ornamental device. These rings, being adjustable, are consequently recovered and may be used many times.

Classes for ballet-dancing are very much in vogue at the prominent watering-places, and, although it is

an accomplishment that would not be called into requisition in ordinary life, still it must be very conducive to grace of carriage and movement. Nothing could have been more refined and altogether charming than an amateur ballet given at a private house recently. It was, properly speaking, a skirt-dance, and the rhythmic waving of the white arms and the measured steps of the dancers, to the accompaniment of stringed instruments, produced an effect that, combined with the novelty of the entertainment, took every one by surprise and created the greatest enthusiasm.

Life in one of the palatial "cottages" at Newport is thus described by a writer in *Vogue*: "In this luxurious household a breakfast-table is unknown. Each guest is served with a separate tray, with tea or coffee equipage in silver and porcelain, and delicious French rolls, fresh butter, and any little dainty that the chef's fancy may have conceived to stimulate the appetite in the early hours. I never see my hostess until luncheon time, which is sometimes called breakfast here; but I am duly notified, about eleven o'clock, that the pony-cart or hrougham, if I prefer obscurity after my bath, is ready to take me to the beach. At Bailey's Beach—where, of course, I, having the cachet of good society, am permitted to go—the utmost exclusiveness is maintained. It is a private bathing-ground supported by subscription, and the names of those who apply for admission are as carefully scanned as they would be for a Delmonico or Sherry dance. At the old beach a huge pavilion has been created for excursionists, who bathe there in swarms. Consequently, the smart set go there no more. After the bath comes luncheon—a most delicious repast—with flowers, silver, cut-glass, and course after course of dainties, noiselessly served by butler and footmen in irremovable morning-dress. People drop in, informally, and the most delightful chit-chat follows. Your partner of the night before comes to inquire after your health and well-being; a girl friend throws the reins to a groom at the front door and rushes in to talk over the hall, or to suggest a Dutch treat, or to invite you to take a spin with her in the afternoon to the golf or polo-grounds. Luncheon over, the most disagreeable two hours in the day loom up before you—those devoted to formal visits and the leaving of cards. But even this forced civility is not always quite unbearable, for you often find a pleasant coterie in the drawing-rooms where you call, and if there happens to be a man to spare—which does not often happen this year at Newport—you may have a very good time in the gardens and conservatories. The afternoon drive, which is from five to seven, is bewildering. Such a concourse of people, such a glitter of harness, such a winding in and out to avoid collisions, and such a shrinking of poor little nobodies into the corners of victorias when a tandem leader deliberately turns round and puts his head into your carriage, 'as if he were struck with your beauty and longed to make your acquaintance,' as his elegant owner calls out, while he whips him into place again, but to poor little frightened me—as if he were a wild beast broken loose, and proposing to eat me up on the spot."

In London a number of young women esoterically inclined have banded together and are known as "Souls." The inner doings of this club are kept strictly and appropriately mysterious. Otherwise, they are young women of fashion, very much given to frisks and light caperings. Not to be outdone, there is in Boston an association of young women known as the "Vestal Virgins." But whereas the gatherings of the Souls are profaned by no man, the Vestals were organized by a young Boston sculptor, who has himself the office of high priest. The Vestals are the young women who mean to be painters and sculptors. It is the temper of Boston not to take tea without first hearing a paper read. So the association of the Vestal Virgins and the high priest is primarily for the study of Roman art and literature. To get nearer the subject, the Vestals wear Roman clothes and recline on Roman couches while they give themselves up to their discussion. Having fulfilled the ostensible purposes of the Vestal Virgins, there is a large margin left for gay doings that would have made the stones of Rome cry out with horror. Several of the Vestals have become engaged to be married, and but recently the high priest himself espoused.

The Anthropological Building at the World's Fair contains a composite statue showing the average physical development of six thousand American college-girls. The statue shows many serious defects; faults which can not fail to have a serious effect on the health of American women and the vigor and symmetry of their children. The pose of the figure is incorrect, showing that the great majority of the college-girls did not know how to do one of the simplest and most vital things in the world: to stand gracefully and naturally erect. The chest is lamentably thin and narrow. The waist is too small. In many other respects grave physical imperfections exist. The American young women of the present day are notably taller, stronger, and more fully developed than their grandmothers were at the same age. They walk better, they spend more time in the open air, and they take a great deal of wholesome gymnastic or calisthenic exercise where their mothers'

mothers took none at all. But the movement toward physical perfection which has auspiciously begun should be vigorously carried forward. Harmonious physical development means health, and health means beauty, the enjoyment of life, and the ability to perform the duties of life without unnecessary hardship or suffering.

A woman writer, in a New York newspaper, enters a vigorous protest against the fashion of mannish attire so much affected by our young women. The imitation of masculine clothes by women is not a pleasing feature of present-day life. The "tailor-made girl," with her coat, her hat, indistinguishable from a man's head-gear, and her expansive, glossily starched shirt-front, is a passable imitation of a man so far as the upper half of her raiment is concerned. But she has not gained in attractiveness thereby. Men do not want women to be men. They want them to be women. The fact that their own dress is so utterly prosaic and commonplace inspires the desire to see the prettier half of humanity clad in brighter colors and gowns whose folds and tints delight the eye that is tired of sombre coats and conventional cravats. At best the mannishly dressed girl is only an imitation of something for which her nature, habits, and figure unfit her. She would be more genuine, more winsome, and more womanly in the garments whine cut and hue lend themselves naturally to the charms of her sex.

The relative activity of the senses in men and women has for some time past been the subject of a strictly scientific investigation in Paris. The results of a series of experiments, comprising a vast number of subjects, demonstrate conclusively that the senses are ordinarily from four to five times more acute in the male than they are in the female. The sense of smell in the masculine subjects experimented upon was keen enough to detect the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The female subjects only detected the poison by smell when the twentieth part of a grain was present; proving that the sense of smell is five times as keen in men as it is in women. Sight was found to be general in the male and particular in the female subjects. In other words, the men took in the general aspect of a scene at one glance, while in the women some striking feature of the same view was apparently all that impressed them. The sense of sight was proved to be five times more acute in the males than in the females. The ticking of a watch was heard by the former at the distance of only two yards, while to the latter it was distinctly audible at a distance of ten yards, and even more. A woman only detected by taste, upon an average, the twentieth part of a grain of gall, while the men detected the presence of the sixtieth part of a grain; proving that this sense is three times more active in the latter than it is in the former. About the sense of touch no definite conclusion was arrived at. The experiments were not comprehensive enough to demonstrate any decided superiority upon one side or the other. The practical result of this investigation is the establishment of a reason why women hear physical pain with more fortitude than do men. It is, that the organs of sense being less active, women are less easily affected by pain, or, indeed, any physical emotion.

A private letter from Hombourg gives the following account of life at the Anglo-Teutonic spa: "We live, as you know, out of doors here; tennis in the morning, then lunch at Ritter's—a sort of open-air Delmonico's—dear and select; then a walk through the woods to the 'Brunnen,' then more tennis; dinners and dancing in the evening. The men all look as if they had been made on the same model and dressed by the same tailor, and are mostly dissipated and dyspeptic individuals, in gray suits with Hombourg hats to match, an occasional officer in uniform giving brightness to the scene. The women are an improvement, but even they, apart from Americans, are not always ornamental. The latest fad is wearing a jeweled watch on the outside wrist of the glove, fastened in the same way as in a card case. All the *illgantes* carry their time-pieces on the left wrist in this way, and the effect is rather pretty."

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SOCIETY.

The Sewall-Ashe Wedding.

A very pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. C. L. Ashe, 2315 Sacramento Street, last Thursday evening when her daughter, Miss Camilla Ashe, was united in marriage to Hon. Harold M. Sewall, of Maine. The bride is well known in society circles and is a general favorite with all who know her. The groom was United States Consul at Samoa under President Cleveland's first administration and filled the office for three years; prior to that he was in the consular service at Liverpool. He was the youngest consul ever appointed by any President of the United States and retired with honor. His present residence is in Bath, Maine, where he is engaged in business. The union is regarded as a most happy one, the only regret being that San Francisco society will lose one of its most popular belles.

The suite of parlors was most tastefully decorated with tropical plants and bright-hued blossoms arranged in long garlands woven with foliage, after the style of the Hawaiian leis that the natives use so abundantly in all their fetes. These garlands were hung everywhere possible, producing a most pleasing effect. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. R. C. Foote. Miss Elizabeth Ashe, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall acted as best man. The toilets of the bride, her maid of honor, and near relatives who were present are described as follows:

The bride's robe was an exquisite creation of white antique poul de soie woven in artistic designs, and was a most pleasing improvement on the somewhat unbecoming style of 1890 that has prevailed during the past season. It was copied from a celebrated picture of a robe worn by one of the demoiselles of the court of Louis the Ninth, in the thirteenth century, and fitted the graceful form of the bride perfectly. The skirt was cut wide and full, falling gracefully from the waist and resting on the floor in a moderate train. The long flowing sleeves, which extended to the ungloved hands, and the draperies of the easy fitting corsage were of pure white mousseline de soie. Encircling her waist was a chataleine girdle of orange blossoms that added much to the artistic effect. She carried a bouquet of orchids and wore diamond ornaments.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe wore a becoming gown of white corded silk, en demi-train. The corsage was cut low and finished with a fall of Duchesse lace. She carried lilies of the valley, and wore pearls as ornaments.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe appeared in a robe of black velours de Lyons, en train, trimmed with Duchesse lace; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Norman McLaren, *de Ashe*, who received the wedding guests, was attired in a handsome gown of pale yellow silk, en demi-train, with the bodice of chiffon of the same color. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. William L. Ashe wore an elegant gown of pink corded silk, en train, with pearl passementerie trimmings; ornaments, diamonds.

After the ceremony and congratulations, a delicious supper was served and the hours were pleasantly passed. A string orchestra played during the evening and a few dances were enjoyed. The wedding gifts were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Sewall will leave on September 21st for Japan, China, and India to make a tour of the world, after which they will reside in Bath, Me.

The Gerstle-Hecht Wedding.

The Temple Emmau-El, on Sutter Street, has not been the scene of a wedding for almost a decade until last Thursday at noon when the sacred edifice was crowded to the doors with a fashionable assemblage that was present to do honor to Miss Hilda Alice Hecht and Mr. Marcus Lewis Gerstle, whose nuptials were celebrated at that time.

Of the young couple it may be said that they are deservedly popular with a legion of friends. The young bride is a petite and beautiful brunette, who has had all of the advantages of local, Eastern, and European education. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, and since her debut has been very popular. The groom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, was born in this city and was graduated from Harvard College in June, 1892. Since then he has been a member of the law firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory.

While the ushers were seating the guests, Mme. Julie Rosewald sang a beautiful aria, with violin and organ accompaniment, which was followed by the choir singing the aria "May God's Blessing Rest Upon Thee," by Ambrose Thomas. Promptly at noon the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohegrin" was heard, and the bridal party appeared marching down the western aisle. Leading the way were the ushers, Mr. Bert Hecht, Mr. Louis Greenebaum, Mr. Max C. Sloss, Mr. Warren Gregory, Mr. Henry Brandenstein, and Mr. Frederick Gerstle. Next in the cortège were the bridesmaids, Misses Grace and Rosebud Hecht, and Misses Alice and Bella Gerstle. Then came the pretty maid of honor, Miss Saidie Hecht, walking alone, and she was followed by the lovely bride, who was escorted by her father. After ascending to the chancel they took their proper positions around the floral canopy where the groom and his best man, Mr. William Gerstle, stood. Naturally the dresses worn by the young ladies in the bridal party are a matter of interest, and they are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a beautiful imported robe of blanc ivoire satin, made with a court train over seven yards in length that was gracefully laid and well carried. The robe was a marvel of simplicity, as it was perfectly plain, save for a ruche of white tulle that encompassed her neck. In her dark tresses was an elegant brooch of diamonds and pearls, a gift from the groom, that held in place the fleecy veil of white mouline de soie that fell in the end of the train. She carried a magnificent hand-bouquet of cattleyas and phloxenopsis orchids.

Miss Saidie Hecht appeared in a pretty gown that was of the style prevalent during the reign of Louis Quatorze. It

was of a delicate shade of canary-colored brocade, with trimmings of Duchesse lace. Resting on her coiffure was a large Rembrandt hat adorned with two waving, white ostrich plumes. Her hand-bouquet was of Perle du Jardin roses.

Misses Grace and Rosebud Hecht were similarly attired in pink silk gowns, with white accordion plaited skirts, and wore white Leghorn hats trimmed with pink roses. Their hand-bouquets were of Cecil Bruner roses.

Misses Alice and Bella Gerstle were attired alike in dresses of pink satin trimmed with pink chiffon. They wore white Leghorn hats trimmed with pink roses, and carried bouquets of Cecil Bruner roses.

Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger officiated at the ceremony, prefacing the ritual with an eloquent address to the happy pair. Then the joyous notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" were heard, and the party left the flower-embowered chancel for their carriages. The residence of the bride's parents, 2100 Washington Street, was the scene of the reception that followed the wedding. About one hundred and fifty relatives and intimate friends had been invited, and they were present before one o'clock. Mrs. Hecht received the guests in a magnificent Worth robe of lavender-colored brocade, trimmed with royal purple velvet and finished with a court train. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls. Mrs. Lewis Gerstle was also present, and appeared in an elegant robe of pearl gray brocade, trimmed with Chantilly lace. It was made en train, and her ornaments were diamonds. Congratulating the newly wedded couple was the first thought of the arriving guests, and their felicitations were mingled with the melody of a string orchestra. About half-past one o'clock a sumptuous breakfast was served under the direction of Ludwig, and over an hour was devoted to its enjoyment. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids received favors in the form of a pin representing an orchid, made of white enameled gold set with a diamond. The best man and ushers received gold scarf-pins in the form of a white-enameled orchid set with a diamond. Mr. and Mrs. Gerstle left late in the afternoon on an Eastern trip to visit the Columbian Exposition and the principal cities of the East and Europe. They will be away about three months.

The Banquet to Mr. Irving.

Mr. Henry Irving was the guest of honor at a banquet given to him at the Bohemian Club last Sunday evening by a number of admiring members of the club. Mr. Irving arrived at the club at seven o'clock, and his coming was signaled by the clanging of bells of varied tones. Soon afterward the orchestra played a march, and the honored guest and his hosts proceeded to the dining-hall, which was decorated most artistically. The decorations were all in tones of gold, of the silk coverings for the tables, and of the flowers that graced them in profusion. After the service of an elaborate menu, speeches were made and toasts were responded to by Mr. R. C. Harrison, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Irving, Mr. Peter Robertson, and Mr. B. Stoker, and an original sonnet was read by Gen. Lucius H. Foote. Following the repast was a jinks, which Mr. Irving heartily appreciated. Representations were given by members of the club of the characters that Mr. Irving has so well portrayed, and a number of very amusing features were introduced afterward, causing much merriment. It was a late hour when the affair ended, and all of its features were pleasurable. Those present were:

Mr. Henry Irving, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. Ralph C. Harrison, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., General L. H. Foote, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. H. Howe, Mr. Amadee Joullin, Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Howard McSherry, Mr. William S. Tevis, Colonel Henry Brady, Mr. H. I. Loveday, Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. A. C. Gunter, Mr. Henry Abbey, Mr. E. C. Peixotto, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Sylvain Weill, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. W. N. Cowles, Mr. W. Haviland, Mr. A. Page Brown, Mr. F. Tyaro, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. S. Johnson, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. J. M. Harvey, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr. S. Lillis, Dr. D. C. Lough, Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. I. G. Walker, Mr. Q. H. Smalley, Mr. M. A. Newell, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Mr. A. L. Bancroft, Mr. A. Sproule, Mr. J. Shawhan, Mr. Gerrit Lansing, Mr. T. Tennent, Mr. H. D. Hawkes, Mr. C. E. Howson, Mr. R. G. Brown, Mr. F. Cooper, Mr. James A. Waymire, Mr. B. Stoker, Mr. James Thompson, Mr. W. B. Denning, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. George A. Knight, Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. Charles Josselyn, Mr. D. Swan, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. T. Coleman, Mr. F. Cartan, Mr. J. Nugent, Mr. F. E. Beck, Dr. Kroener, Mr. Warren R. Payne, Mr. H. Eldridge, Mr. A. W. Moore, Mr. F. G. George, Mr. J. R. T. Bell, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. George Easton, Mr. W. G. Curtis, Mr. H. W. Gray, Mr. S. Menzies, Mr. D. Jones, Mr. F. S. Doty, Mr. S. Haslett, Mr. J. C. Campbell, Mr. W. F. Hasson, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. E. J. Coleman, Dr. J. Rensselaer, Dr. Millard Crawford, U. S. N., Lieutenant Ruhm, U. S. N., Mr. F. H. Payne, Dr. Sherman, Mr. W. W. Grannis, Mr. L. Buntin, Mr. C. I. Paddock, Mr. Carlos F. Monteleone, Dr. Wilson, Mr. Horace Hellman, Mr. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. E. J. de Pus, Mr. B. D. Murphy, and Mr. Loring G. Nesmith.

Mr. Irving Entertains.

As a return compliment for the entertainment given to him last Sunday evening at the Bohemian Club, Mr. Henry Irving gave an elaborate supper last Wednesday evening at a downtown restaurant. Covers were laid at half-past eleven o'clock for over forty guests, and the table, arranged in the form of a horse-shoe, was beautified with flowers and foliage, as also were the arches and the chandeliers and the crimson-hued walls. But one toast was given at the supper, and it was the host who proposed the sentiment "God bless us all." The menu was all that could be desired, and the time passed in its discussion was delightful alike to host and guests. Those present were:

Mr. Henry Irving, Prince Galitzin, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. H. T. Loveday, Justice R. C. Harrison, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Judge W. W. Morrow, Mr. J. D. Redding, Mr. Clement Bennett, Mr. Arthur McEwen, Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr.

Walter Stone, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. G. E. P. Hall, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, Mr. E. C. Peixotto, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, General L. H. Foote, Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Raphael Weill, Dr. Spener, Mr. Charles Platt, Mr. J. D. Morrissey, Mr. A. C. Gunter, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Joseph Jordan, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. Amadee Joullin, Dr. Wagner, Mr. J. Shawhan, Mr. W. J. Keeley, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. William Neilson, and Colonel A. G. Hawes.

The Century Club.

The members of the Century Club entertained Miss Ellen Terry in their club-rooms last Thursday from noon until two o'clock. Mr. Irving was also invited, but a prior engagement prevented his attendance. Mrs. John Vance Cheney, president of the club, introduced the members to Miss Terry, who had a smile and a pleasant word for all. Light refreshments were served and musical selections were given at intervals. The affair was entirely informal.

It will certainly be of interest to lovers of art to know that Ernest C. Peixotto is to give an exhibition of paintings and sketches in oil, pastels, and black and white at Vickery's Gallery, 224 Post Street, during the next three weeks. Mr. Peixotto is a young Californian who has won honor and fame abroad by his excellent work, and is soon to return to Europe to seek higher honors. His paintings have been exhibited at the Paris Salons of 1890 and 1891 and his masters were Benjamin Constant and Lefebvre. His French landscapes that are exhibited were done in 1889 and 1890 chiefly from subjects in Normandy, and his Californian landscapes have been the work of the past summer. Visitors are welcome at the gallery and they will find much to admire in Mr. Peixotto's collection.

The first of the Saturday Popular Concerts for the coming season will be given by Mrs. Carmichael Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel at Golden Gate Hall on Saturday afternoon, September 30th. The programme will include a Schumann string quartet, a Raff trio in G minor, songs by Massenet and Goring Thomas, sung by Mr. Victor Carroll, and a violin solo, a ballade by Moszkowski, by Mr. Beel.

To the World's Fair.

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The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The Philharmonic Society will give its first concert of the fifteenth season at Metropolitan Hall on Thursday evening, September 21st.

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The California Lawn Tennis Club will give an exhibition tournament at its grounds on Saturday, September 30th. An admission fee of one dollar will be charged, the proceeds to be used in making needed improvements. There will be a varied programme, in which the principal players of the coast will participate. The annual meeting of the club will be held on the day of the tournament, and officers will be elected for the ensuing term.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his second ballad concert of the second series last Thursday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Martin Schultz, soprano; Miss Esther Needham, contralto; Mr. Albert Hooper, baritone; Mr. Wilhelm Nielsen, basso; Miss Mary Pasmore, violinist, Mr. Henry Strauss, solo pianist; and the Alouette Ladies' Quartet, comprising Miss Luella Wager, Miss Mary L. Carr, Miss Van Amringe, and Miss Esther Needham. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following interesting programme:

Quartet, "The Skylark," Bavarian, the Alouette Quartet; piano solo, "Thème varié," op. 16, No. 3, I. J. Paderevski, Mr. Henry Strauss; song, "Love's Proving," Lohr, Miss Esther Needham; chanson, "Le Vallon," Gnuod, Mr. Albert Hooper; songs, (a) "Flirting," (b) "Warning," Meyer-Helmund, Mrs. Martin Schultz; quartet, "Legends," Mohring, the Alouette Quartet; ballad, "Sally in Our Alley" (A. D. 1734), Carey, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; little suite for violin, "Mary at the Concert," (a) "The great Violinist plays," (b) "O, where is my dear Mamma?" (c) "O, here she is," H. B. Pasmore, Miss Mary Pasmore (seven years); songs, (a) "Summer Evening," (b) "The Sun's Bright Beams," Lassen, Mr. Albert Hooper; serenade, "The Angels' Serenade," Braga, Miss Esther Needham, with violin obligato by Miss Mary Pasmore; duet, "Hunting Tower," Demar, Mrs. Schultz and Mr. Wilkie; glee, "Sigh no more, Ladies," Stevens (A. D. 1757-1837), Mrs. Schultz, Misses Carr and Needham, Messrs. Wilkie and Nielsen; Mr. Henry Strauss, accompanist.

The next concert will take place on Thursday evening, September 28th.

Miss Balte's Schennl.

Miss Bolte's School, 2127 Jackson Street, held a most delightful musicale Friday afternoon, September 8th. A large number of visitors were present. The next musicale will be given Friday, September 22d, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Visitors are cordially invited to be present. The following was the last programme:

Greeting song, school; piano duet, Miss Etta Whaley and Mrs. Renfro; German song, "Tyroler," school; calisthenic exercise, primary class; piano solo, "Ye Merry Birds," Miss Edith Bode; song, "Hunter's Horn," school; vocal duet, "Land of the Swallows," Miss Edith Bode and Mrs. Renfro; piano solo, "L'Amethyste," Miss Lily Adam; German song, "Beside the Mill," school; piano solo, Miss Gladys Meyer; song from "Mikado," school; piano solo, "Spanish Dance," Miss Etta Whaley; duet and chorus, "The Mill," Misses Bode and Muir; piano solo, "Rondeau," Miss Emma Brown; song, "Serenade," Miss Edith Bode; piano solo, "Golden Rain," Miss Lola Lightner; recitation, Miss Amelia Tröpling; piano solo, "Camp of the Gypsies," Miss Drucilla Dumble.

Mr. Adolph Bauer will give his sixth and last symphony concert of the summer series next Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House. Asger Hamerik's "Tragic Symphony" will receive its first presentation here. Mr. G. Minetti will be the solo violinist.

Mr. William H. Keith, who has been studying vocal music in Paris for a couple of years, will return here in the fall. He is now at Baden-Baden with his friend, Professor Alfred Rosemund, of Paris and Zurich.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle have issued formal announcements of the marriage of their sister, Miss Minnie Weill, and Mr. Louis Hirsch, which took place on Thursday, September 7th. Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch will receive their friends on Mondays at their home, on the south-west corner of Van Ness Avenue and Geary Street.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood gave a matinee tea last Wednesday prior to her departure for the East. A large number of her friends called and met with bounteous entertainment during the afternoon.

Misses Maggie and Lucy Brooks gave a charming lunch-party last Monday at their residence, 620 Polk Street, and hospitably entertained a few of their friends. The decorations were in exquisite taste and the menu was a delicious one.

An elaborate dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth last Tuesday evening at their residence, 2027 Broadway, and several of their friends enjoyed their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave an enjoyable breakfast last Sunday at their villa, "Meadowlands," near San Rafael, in honor of Miss Ellen Terry. Quite a number of their friends were present and were most pleasantly entertained.

Miss Lulu Richards gave a delightful musicale last Tuesday evening at her home, 1512 Pine Street, and very pleasantly entertained a few intimate friends. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, Mr. George McBryde, and the hostess all gave vocal numbers that were highly appreciated, and Signor Galvini played some piano selections in his usual masterly way. A delicious supper brought the affair to an end about midnight.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. William H. Mills left for the East last Sunday, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Adella Mills, who will attend college at Ogonitz.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Deming, Miss Celia Tobin, and Mr. Richard Tobin left on Friday in a private car to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen will close their Ross Valley cottage early in October, to occupy the Benchley residence on Pacific Avenue, which they have leased for the coming season.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson left Sunday to visit the exposition at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith are entertaining Miss Alice Griffith at their home in Ross Valley.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis will leave for New York in a few days.

Mr. George Loughborough has returned to the city after a prolonged visit at Castle Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean have leased the residence, 2511 Pacific Avenue, for several months.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adele and Ethel Martel have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. John D. Yost will leave next Wednesday for Cambridge, Mass., to resume his medical studies at Harvard College.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bunker left for the East on Friday to be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers are occupying their new residence, 1209 Jones Street.

Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, and Mr. Robert Hamilton left last Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. P. E. Williams, who has been visiting the Columbian Exposition, is in New York city last week. He is expected home in a few days.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Hélène B. Berger have returned from an inspection of the Columbian Exposition and are at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain through the winter.

Miss Anna Weaver left last Sunday to visit Chicago for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. d'Evelyn have returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay have gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker left last Sunday to visit Chicago.

Miss Madge Fairman has departed to visit relatives in the Eastern States.

Mr. Solly Walter, the well-known artist, has opened his new studio at 26 O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, and Mr. Harry B. Houghton left last Monday to visit Chicago and the Eastern States.

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy has returned from a two months' tour of the Eastern States.

Miss Anna Beaver left last Sunday to visit Chicago for a few weeks.

Mrs. S. W. Rosestock is en route home from Europe, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness left on Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Word comes from Paris that Colonel Stuart M. Taylor has been struggling in the Bois de Boulogne with a silent steed.

Mrs. W. E. Pinney and Miss Jessie Morse left San Rafael last Wednesday to visit Chicago and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Lilienthal will return from San Rafael early in October.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will soon leave on a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States, and will be accompanied by Miss Nellie Hillier.

Mr. Everett N. Bee will leave for Central America on September 23d, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Chumley left last Saturday evening to visit Chicago and Washington, D. C.

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Wallis, of this city, sailed for Liverpool from New York, September 7th, on the steamer *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line.

Miss Mabel Ayer, daughter of Dr. Washington Ayer, left last Saturday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook will leave next Wednesday to visit Chicago.

Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. J. William Byrne, and Mr. Callaghan Byrne arrived in Chicago on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, of San Jose, are inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Major D. E. Miles is making a tour of Montana.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ferdinand Weber, *né* Roeding, left for Berlin last Sunday, and will reside there permanently.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San Jose, have arrived in Chicago.

Mrs. Ferdinand Vassault leaves for the East to-day, to visit relatives in New York and Philadelphia and to see the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Gonzales will sail from New York for Europe on October 10th.

Mrs. E. L. Jewell, of San Leandro, and Miss Mattie Gibbs, of this city, left last Tuesday to visit Chicago and St. Louis, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. John P. Jackson, Miss Lucy May Jackson, and Mr. Stanley Jackson have gone East. Miss Jackson will be placed in school at Ogonitz, after which Mrs. Jackson and her son will visit relatives in Kentucky, then view the Columbian Exposition, and return home late in November.

Mrs. O. V. Walker, Miss Helen Walker, and Miss Josephine Haxe returned to the city last Monday after passing a week in San Rafael.

Miss Mary D. Bates returned last Sunday from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and family have returned to their residence, 1605 Franklin Street, after passing the summer at "Aloha," their country villa in Contra Costa County. Mrs. Bancroft and Miss Alberta Bancroft will receive on the first and third Thursday of each month.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin left for the East on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brown left last Saturday for Chicago, where they will remain six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade visited Coronado Beach while en route back from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Argüello, *né* Spence, and Miss Ada E. Sullivan will leave on Monday to visit the Columbian Exposition and the principal cities of the Eastern States. It is possible that they may go to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Zimmerman and Miss Mamie Dooley will leave soon to visit the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will remain at Stag's Leap until winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Seligman will return to the city late in September after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., of Oakland, will leave Monday evening to visit the Columbian Exposition and the principal Eastern cities.

Mr. Oliver Eldridge was at Sandwich, R. I., when last heard from.

Mr. W. S. McMurtry is at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Donaldo Pacbeco will go to Central America early in October. Mrs. Pacbeco is at the Hotel Vendome in New York city.

Mr. Harry R. Cooper has gone to visit Victoria, B. C., for a brief period, after which he will inspect the Columbian Exposition and then go to New York city. He will be away about three months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., of the flagship *San Francisco*, visiting friends in Jamestown, R. I., last week.

Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, U. S. N., has been found guilty of charges preferred against him for irregularities in his pay accounts. The case at the Navy Department in Washington, D. C., and, before action is taken, Mr. Sullivan will be heard in his own defense.

Lieutenant Robert D. Walsh, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will be relieved from recruiting duty at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., next Tuesday, and will join his regiment after taking a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles L. Potter, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., is now stationed at Lime Point.

Lieutenant Smedberg, U. S. A., has been assigned to the Fourth Cavalry at the Presidio.

Captain Joseph S. Dorst, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from a month's visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Lieutenant William P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted six weeks' leave of absence.

The retirement of General Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A., from active service has taken place. He is very well known on this coast. His last duty was on the staff of General Nelson A. Miles at Chicago.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is away on a two weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will report at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., for duty next Tuesday.

Lieutenant George H. Cameron, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Boise Barracks, Idaho, to the Yosemite National Park, Cal.

Lieutenant and Mrs. T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., of Mare Island, have been entertaining Mrs. William M. Stewart, of Nevada, at their quarters.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., left Mare Island last Saturday for the Eastern States.

Captain Benjamin K. Roberts, Lieutenant J. Estcourt Sawyer, and Lieutenant William G. Haan, all of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., constituting the regimental board of officers for conducting the battery competitions in the Fifth Artillery, have completed their duties in this department and have gone to Fort Canby, Wash., for the performance of their duties at that post.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, Deputy-Surgeon General, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to take effect on October 1st, with permission to apply for an extension of fifteen days.

Lieutenant C. K. Moore, U. S. N., is now at Honolulu with the *Boston*. Mrs. Moore is with him and is very popular in society circles there. She is a sister of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, the well-known writer, and was married in this city.

Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, Medical Department, U. S. A., has been elected vice-president of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was the guest of Lieutenant Chester Harding, U. S. A., during his visit in Chicago, while en route from the Presidio to Lexington, Va.

Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., has resumed duty at Mare Island after a prolonged leave of absence.

Lieutenant John McClellan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as a member, and Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as judge-advocate of the general court-martial at the Presidio, their positions being filled by Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., as judge-advocate, and Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., as a member.

Lieutenant Dwight E. Holly, First Infantry, U. S. A., is at the Infantry School of Application at Leavenworth on two years' duty.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Engineers Corps, U. S. A., is on duty at Fort Scott mounting the new guns.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Mason to the Presidio, exchanging with Lieutenant S. Jordan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Troop C, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Bidwell, Cal., and ordered to take its station at the Presidio. This will bring Captain George H. G. Gale and Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure to the latter post.

Captain Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as recruiting officer at Angel Island, and Lieutenant L. P. Brant, Adjutant First Infantry, U. S. A., now holds the position.

Colonel and Mrs. William H. Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. McKirch.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, Medical Department, U. S. A., of the Presidio, and his wife are entertaining Miss Barker, of Philadelphia.

Captain David H. Kinzie, Lieutenant John D. Miley, and Lieutenant John McClellan, all of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., are at Monterey with the light battery.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Moale, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has charge of the inspector-general's office during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A.

The officers of the *Thetis* gave a delightful hop at Mare Island last Wednesday evening as a farewell compliment to the officers and ladies who are at the navy yard.

— A PRETTY CARD-CASE AND A HANDSOME purse are two necessary articles that a lady should possess when out calling or purchasing. The fall novelties are just out, and Sanborn, Vail & Co., have them all. They are displayed in handsome showcases at their large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. The class of goods is of a superior quality throughout, yet the prices are very reasonable as advantage has been taken of the stringency in the Eastern money-market. Consequently, Sanborn, Vail & Co. are enabled to sell these fine goods at very low rates. If you get a card-case, you will naturally desire visiting-cards, and that is one of the features of the firm.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or otherwise, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



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In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

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The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast.

Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

You can find quiet, pleasant, nicely furnished rooms, near the best restaurants, principal stores, theatres, etc., at the

GLEN HOUSE,

236 Sutter, nr. Kearny and Market Streets.

LADY OF FRENCH PARENTAGE, Educated in Germany and with many years experience in teaching the Languages, History, Literature, and Art, would like a position in a family to teach or be companion and chaperon to one or two young girls. The country preferred. References exchanged. Address "X," Argonaut Office.

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—: GRAND —:

LIQUIDATION SALE

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

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FICTION MONTHLY.

No. 11, October, NOW READY, contains, complete, a thrilling novel, new and original, entitled

"A DESPERATE REMEDY."

Price, 10 Cents. Of all newsdealers and THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York. Subscriptions received for any Periodical, Foreign or Domestic.

The New Bread

As endorsed and recommended by the New-York Health Authorities.

Royal Unfermented Bread is peptic, palatable, most healthful, and may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort even by those of delicate digestion, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

To make One Loaf of Royal Unfermented Bread:

1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder,* cold boiled potato about the size of large hen's egg, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less, according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4 1/2 by 8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes' baking, to prevent crust too soon on top. Bake immediately after mixing. Do not mix with milk.

* Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the "Royal." Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly.

Cyrus Edson, M. D.

Com'r of Health, New-York City.

Breadmakers using this receipt who will write the result of their experience will receive, free, the most practical cook book published, containing 1000 receipts for all kinds of cooking. Address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

THE MAN WHO OPENED WINE.

A Leaf from the Life of a Crushed Comedian.

He was one of the passengers in the smoking-car. Everything about him invited attention. His make-up would be catalogued on Union Square as a "summer snap." It consisted of cheeks of many colors, and suggested an explosion in a paint factory. From a massive yellow chain hung a locket studded with—oh, well, diamonds. The owner of this noticeable wardrobe and jewelry had a large round face and a grease-paint complexion. He dropped into a seat where an Italian with a good deal of unnecessary jewelry was seated. Where the song-and-dance man discovered the trade-mark was a mystery to the other passengers; but he opened talk with the Italian by asking:

"In the profession?"

"Yes," said the Italian; "I'm leading an orchestra in New Britain for three nights."

"Well, you must know me, don't you?" asked the song-and-dance man, with a lithograph expression in his face.

"No, I think not," answered the orchestra leader. There was a suggestion of disappointment in the song-and-dance man's face as he said: "I'm looking kinder rocky to-day. Well, you've heard of me, any way. Linton and Vinton? High-class Irish comedians, song and dance, business of old women, first entrance, and high-class Irish gents for encore? With the Four Shamrocks last year, and a national reputation, me boy."

The orchestra leader looked a bit dazed, and the other passengers lighted their tobacco and gave attention. "Haven't got one of me cards," continued the song-and-dance man in a centre-of-the-stage tone, "but I'm Linton, and now you know me. National reputation, me boy. Well, that don't do me any good now. On the level, I'm feeling bogus to-day."

Mr. Linton waited for applause, and when he didn't get it he continued: "You see, old man, it was this way. Me and me partner, the other half of the sketch, closed early last spring, and we've been doing a turn at South Beach for our health. Easy work and pretty good money—one hundred and fifty a week. Well, last night me partner wasn't feeling well; had one of those after-the-ball tastes with business of a swelled head, and I says 'Let's take a ball.' You know me, Linton and Vinton, high-class Irish comedians, and what I say goes. Well, we'd been getting pretty good money, one hundred and fifty a week, and we didn't think no more of opening wine than beer. Say, it was a night for you!"

Mr. Linton's face brightened for a moment. "I'm feeling bogus to-day. We met some dead-game sports, wine-drinkers, old man; but say, on the level, they took me home to Brooklyn at nine o'clock this morning. Some one had touched me for me watch, me shoes and hat, and me gold-headed cane that was presented to me, and, of course, me wad was gone. What t'ell did I care for seventy-five or a hundred? But, say, I was honestly dead sore about the cane and the shoes. Every one in Brooklyn knows me, Linton and Vinton, high-class Irish comedians, national reputation, lithographed everywhere. What d'ye think? Well, the gang took me home at nine o'clock in the morning, and all the dead-game sports were going to church. Piped me? Well, say, they were all dead on, and that's one reason why I'm sore, see?"

The orchestra leader had become interested, and Mr. Linton got confidential.

"Now, I'm giving you this by the lines, see? Married? No? Well, I tell you I'd rather be kicked hard than have my wife and my wife's mother talk to me. Say, old man, they've got tongues of leather. Fine woman, my wife, but she talks too much. Sure to take the centre and the calcium when she does it, too. Told Booth about her once in Frisco, and he said it was tough luck. Well, there I was, Linton and Vinton, national reputation, and lithographed everywhere, with me shoes, watch, and cane gone, and a never-again head. Now, what could I say, old man? Nothing, and I said it as long as I could. Those women talked. They asked me if I wasn't ashamed of myself. Is that a nice question to ask a man who has been opening wine at South Beach? Of course, I was ashamed, and I was dead sore at being piped by all the sports going to church. Well, say, I can never forget that me mother was a woman, and I didn't strike me wife. I believe in 'once a gentleman, always a gentleman,' and that's me every time. Well, say, I stood those two leather tongues as long as I could, and then I thought of the other half of the sketch, that's Vinton. I think he feels pretty bad. I just bolted and took the train to join him. He must feel pretty bad, but he's a rowdy-bred, he is."

The orchestra leader's sympathy was aroused, and Mr. Linton leaned over to him and said in a whisper that could be heard a dozen seats away:

"I say, old man, how are you fixed?"

The Italian's face lost all expression, and he looked out of the window. Mr. Linton fished four cents out of his pocket, and, in an alas-poor-Yorick tone, said:

"Well, it's tough for me to be broke! Linton and Vinton, high-class Irish comedians, easy money, one hundred and fifty a week! Well, this is unsun!" After an appropriate stage pause, Mr.

Linton leaned over to the Italian and again asked anxiously: "I say, old man, how are you fixed?"

The Italian settled down to enjoy the landscape and didn't hear him. Mr. Linton heaved a sigh. Jangling his four cents he tried again, and in a louder voice: "On the level, old man, got any dust?"

This was a hard question to dodge; but the Italian forgot his English and said, showing a letter-head: "New Britain—three nights—no understand."

Mr. Linton should have copyrighted his expression. Just a bit discouraged, he continued: "Say, old man, I must have a ball when I get to Bridgeport. Every one knows me there. Linton and Vinton, high-class Irish comedians; but I'm proud, I am, and I hate to strike a town and stand a man up for a drink. Couldn't do it for pride. Now, if you'll advance me a quarter and give me your address, I'll send it to you. Me tongue's got fur on it and I'm dead anxious for a ball. Just a quarter, old man?"

But the Italian didn't understand, and again he showed the letter-head and said: "New Britain, three nights. No understand." Mr. Linton looked from the Italian to the reporter in an appealing way. When he obtained his quarter, he said, gleefully: "Say, young fellow, on the level, I piped you when I came aboard. In the profession? No? Too bad! Getting off at Norwalk? Well, s'long, old man. Don't open wine at South Beach. Look me up when you get back. We open in September with good people, Linton and Vinton, high-class Irish comedians, national reputations, and lithographed everywhere. Why, you know me, Well, come around and I'll introduce you. Say, but my wife and my wife's mother—all right. S'long." And the train pulled out of Norwalk for Bridgeport and the other half of the sketch.—*New York Sun.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

There and Back.

I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care
And take a Pullman sleeper
For Chicago and the fair.
And when I've spent a week or two
And seen the sights so great,
I love to steal a chance to ride
Home on an empty freight.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Late for Dinner.

We sit alone in the dim lamp-light
And watch for my lady gay;
My *vis-à-vis* looks never a look,
Her eyes are blind for aye.

The smoke has scattered above our heads;
The lamp on the oaken floor
Throws many a shadow quaint and odd;
My heart chills to the core.

No foolish sigh in the evening air,
No sorrow my heart puts on—
My neighbor is only a *pomme de terre*,
And I am a *champignon*. —*Vogue.*

Until—

Maud was the sweetest and the best;
Maud gave my heart the most unrest;
Of all maids Maud was loveliest—
Until I met Nan.

Then was sweet Nan the fairest maid;
Beauty was hers that ne'er could fade;
Girl of the superfine grade—
Until I met Fan.

Then—I'll confess it bold and free—
Fan was the maid of maids to me,
Down by the restless surging sea—
Until I met you.

Now I would swear that you are best,
You give my heart the most unrest;
You are by far the loveliest;
I swear I'll be true—
Until—*Basar.*

As Per the Old Ditty.

The modern maiden who says she swims
Is surely a darling daughter;
She hangs her clothes on her shapely limbs,
And she doesn't go near the water.—*Puck.*

In Exaltis.

"Aide go my way," said Lottie Laisle,
"And you go yours, Eugene Duafaisle,
My mother says you have no staisle,
Nor cash enough to make a paisle.
I shall not marry yet awhile,
Unless I capture Count Argaisle."

Crushed by these words Eugene Duafaisle,
Throwing aside his footman's staisle,
Resolved upon a long exaltis,
So he betook him to the Naisle.

The years have passed and Lottie Laisle
Has failed to capture Count Argaisle.
But what of young Eugene Duafaisle?
He has not thought of Lottie Laisle.

Nor yet of staisle or money paisle,
For, walking one day on the Naisle,
He slipped into the water staisle,
And fed a good fat crocodile.

—*Rochester Post-Express.*

An Earnest Hope.

We care not who writes the country's songs,
Or whether they're written at all;
But we earnestly hope that he will not write
Any more like "After the Ball."
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Song of a Winner.

(With apologies to Poe.)

Hear the players with their chips—
Ivory chips—
What a music's in them as they pass the finger tips!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle
In the humid air of night
Sometimes melting to a single
While the winners' voices mingle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Rube Lytome
To the tinambulation that so musically slips
From the chips, chips, chips, chips,
Chips, chips, chips—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the chips.
—*Vogue.*

WORLD'S FAIR ADVERTISING.

It has Proved to be a Failure.

Many of the larger advertising houses of this country cut down their appropriation for newspaper advertising this year, and expended the money on their World's Fair exhibits. They hoped to be amply repaid by the advertisement that would result. In this expectation they have been disappointed, however. The World's Fair is so vast and its attractions are so numerous that individual exhibits are entirely lost. The result is that these advertisers realize that newspaper advertising is the only kind that pays, and are replacing their advertisements in the papers. W. W. Brett, an advertising expert who has been studying the situation, says in *Printer's Ink*:

"There are a thousand and one schemes of advertising carried on at the fair—some large, some small, but all more or less of a failure. I have spent a month at Chicago, and have talked with numbers of exhibitors as to the value of the fair as an advertising medium."

"The consensus of opinion is this: That money spent is practically thrown away, except in a few instances; this is the general opinion. Why? Because the sight-seer at the fair is so tremendously impressed with the whole, that detail is entirely obliterated."

"Then, again, many of the exhibitors are located in the galleries, and this position is almost a wilderness. For example, in the gallery of the Agricultural Building are located all of the prominent cereal companies' exhibits. I have stood in the gallery of this building and watched thousands pass below; I have then turned and looked about me, and found myself practically alone. There is 'wailing and gnashing of teeth' among the gallery exhibitors. This applies to the other buildings as well. When one takes into consideration the fact that there are acres upon acres of aisles on the main floors bounded by attractions, one can readily appreciate why the stairs are but little used."

"I have a personal acquaintance with the majority of the largest advertisers in food products in New York. Most of them are of the same opinion, and that expressed to me in person. It was this: The World's Fair, from an advertising standpoint, is an absolute failure."

"The awful, tiresome sameness of pillars, carved wood-work, and effects in white and gold, while pretty, become fearfully tiresome to the eyes. It is utterly bad advertising. The man who advertises soap would much better have spent his money in building a soap-house, erected from his own products, than to have built a house—if I may use the word—of staff and painted it in white and gold. In the one case, he might have saved fifty per cent. in cost and used it in asking his friends, through the papers, to call."

"Many of the exhibits are monuments that show how little effect a great deal of money will have, if misapplied, and, further, go to illustrate what a poor thing poor advertising is."

Don't Laugh

At people who are nervous. It is brutal to do so. Their affliction is very real and distressing. It can easily be remedied, however, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a nerve tonic of leading merit, indorsed by physicians and of long standing in popularity. It restores and cultivates digestion, regulates the liver, and prevents malarial, rheumatic, and kidney trouble. It is pure and efficacious.

Editor—"Supposing I were to allow you to choose your own work; what would you select?"
Spacery—"I think I should like the relief work; taking each man's day off in succession."—*Puck.*

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

—MOTHERS REASSURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Some London music-hall shares, lately sold, show that business is good. The Tivoli sells at nearly 200, the Pavilion at 125, and the Empire at 350.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more economical,
costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Driving the Brain

at the expense
of the Body.
While we drive
the brain we
must build up
the body. Ex-
ercise, pure air



—foods that
make healthy flesh—refreshing
sleep—such are methods. When
loss of flesh, strength and nerve
become apparent your physician
will doubtless tell you that the
quickest builder of all three is

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only
creates flesh of and in itself, but
stimulates the appetite for other
foods.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600f.

QUINA-

LAROCHE'S
INVIGORATING TONIC,
CONTAINING



Peruvian Bark, and
Pure Catalan Wine.
Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of
Paris, as the Best Remedy for
LOSS of APPETITE,
FEVER and AGUE,
MALARIA, NEURALGIA
and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experi-
mental analysis, together with the val-
uable aid extended by the Academy
of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M.
Larocche to extract the entire active
properties of Peruvian Bark (a result
not before attained), and to concen-
trate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest
degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free
from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.
22 rue Croix, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,
30 North William street, N. Y.

LAROCHE

SOZODONT

A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated
to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT

which makes the teeth as white and as radiant
as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient
that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.
The *Lyric* and *Dramatic* professions are loud in
their praises of

SOZODONT

Don't Kick! Country merchants should not com-
plain of dull times, but consult
J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Ill.

DO YOU USE???

Buttermilk
Toilet Soap

The best, purest and most eco-
nomical cleanser, makes your skin
feel new. We want you to try it. At all dealers,
or sample cake by mail 12c.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.
185-187 WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILL.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PENSION CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 403, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of
duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war.
Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and
their widows, now entitled, Old and rejected claimants
speciaily. Thousands entitled to higher rates.
Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee
until successful.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Coleman, of Norwich, before he was made a knight, was one day in a Paris hotel, when an inquisitive dame asked: "Are you the Mr. Coleman who has made so much money out of the mustard we take off the sides of our plates?" "No," was the answer; "I am the Mr. Coleman who makes money out of the mustard you leave on the sides of your plates."

It is not of Earl Beauchamp, whose coming of age was celebrated quite recently, but of his father that this story was told two or three years ago. At one of the well-known hotels in Paris, the late earl was addressed by a friend as "Beauchamp." Whereupon a young lady who overheard the word, asked: "Are you the gentleman whose pills are advertised everywhere?"

Of a certain literary man, who disdains the trammels of style, the story was lately told that he once offered to an editor a piece of verse in hexameters. The editor read it over and remarked: "This is very good, but I shouldn't think you'd want to have these three or four lines with thirteen syllables in them." "Oh, I don't care about those," said the poet; "I'm not superstitious!"

A Capuchin, about to preach in a church at Lyons, slipped on the pulpit steps, falling so ungracefully that a pair of brawny legs presented themselves through the banister to the gaze of the startled congregation. Quickly recovering himself, the self-possessed monk took his place in the pulpit and gave out words appropriately chosen from the gospel for the day: "Tell the vision unto no man."

As a general rule, it annoys a celebrity to be "called out of his name." Charles Keade used bitterly to complain that his most passionate admirers often gave him one letter too little, and that "harbitorary gent," John Forster, expressed himself still more strongly to the same effect. Mr. Du Maurier, when one of his devotees addressed him as De Maurier, is said, with equal wit and good-nature, to have adjured him to "give the devil his Du."

Two eminent French gentlemen, who were great friends, used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days. Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald. One day, Alphonse met him with a beaming countenance and cried, gayly: "What do you think, Jules! I have been buying a strong box!" "Then, Alphonse," replied Jules, firmly, "I shall buy a hair-brush."

Judge Lowry, of North Carolina, was a most learned judge who, while a practitioner at the bar, unexpectedly lost a case for a client who was a justice of the peace, and in his own opinion a very learned one. The judge was at a loss how to explain the cause satisfactorily to him when they met, but he did it as follows: "Squire, I could not explain it exactly to an ordinary man, but to an intelligent man like you, who are so well posted in law and law phrases, I need only say that the judge said that the case was *coram non judge*." "Ah!" said the client, looking very wise and drawing a long breath, "if things had got into that fix, Mr. Lowry, I think we did very well to get out of it as easy as we did."

A lawyer in Florida had been retained to protect a local railroad against farmers whose animals were pulverized by the trains. For three years he appeared before the county and district courts in advocacy of the wrongs of his clients. Finally, he was discharged by the railway company, and at once became a Populist. Hired one day to represent a man whose long-horned cow had become a thorough-bred Jersey by cross with the locomotive, he faced a lawyer who was his successor in the affections of the local Jay Gould. "I want to declare now," he said, in concluding his diatribe against the grasping and soulless monopoly that, vampire-like, sucked the life-blood of the people, "that for three years I held my conscience in abeyance, but now it has broke loose."

Once, when the late Fred Burnaby was returning to his hotel in Seville very late at night, three Spaniards of the very worst type persistently followed him. The streets were dark and narrow, and he began to realize that his would-be assailants were rapidly gaining on

him. The position was critical, and it became necessary to display promptitude. As he walked, he began soliloquizing audibly in the native tongue, at the same time letting the moonlight flash along the barrel of a small revolver, which he always carried. His soliloquy took the form of a mathematical "sum." "How many men could I kill," he inquired, "with six bullets, which are at the present moment in my pocket, if I accept as a fact that two bullets would effectually polish off one man? Answer—three. Right!" The effect of this conclusion was very remarkable. The Spaniards at once turned about and the mathematician was left master of the situation.

When Lord and Lady Lytton were traveling in an open carriage through Italy, not long after their marriage, Lord Lytton was dressed in some fantastic costume which he affected at that time. Passing through one of the many villages close to the sea, they noticed a singularly handsome girl standing at a cottage door. Bulwer, turning to his wife, with ill-concealed complacency said: "Did you notice how that girl looked at me?" The lady, with an acidity which developed itself later in life, replied: "The girl was not looking at you in admiration; if you wear that ridiculous dress, no wonder people stare at you." The bridegroom thereupon, with an admirable sense of logic, said: "You think that people stare at my dress, and not at me; I will give you the most absolute and convincing proof that your theory has no foundation." He then proceeded to divest himself of every particle of clothing except his hat and boots; and taking the place of the lady's maid, drove for ten miles in this normal condition.

In February, 1848, when the French capital was in the throes of revolution, a mob surrounded the Hôtel de Ville and menaced the deliberations of the Assembly, which was sitting within. At the Théâtre Historique, where Chateau-Renaud, a French actor of no great consequence at the time, happened to be, he heard of the turmoil, and a bright thought came to him. He put on the costume of a representative of the people in the year 1793. Then he hunted up an old white horse, mounted it, and, with a small crowd at his heels, rode straight to the Hôtel de Ville and through the mob which was shouting about its doors. Dismounting, he went into the hall, where Lamartine was presiding. "Citizens," he shouted, "deliberate in peace! No one shall come in while I am here!" He went out and remounted his white horse, and no one did come in. One fantastically attired man, with a terrible countenance, had completely overawed the crowd, which probably would have defied successfully a regiment of soldiers.

W. R. Chirdwick tells the following story: "Once traveling through France I reached Grenoble, where I found out I was almost penniless. I managed to go up to Thonon, a few miles from Geneva, and on my way there I thought a great deal of how to reach Geneva. I passed the night at the Lion d'Or, and the next morning when I woke up I called for the *garçon* and asked him for my trousers. It is the custom in French hotels, you know, to put outside of your room your shoes and clothes, so that the following day you find everything clean. After some search he told me he could not find them. I insisted, and had the landlord called up. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but no one can tell where your trousers are.' 'Well,' I said, 'I want a pair of trousers and a ticket to Geneva I had in my pocket.' The landlord was at a loss. He had the house searched over and over again, but no trousers. 'Well,' said I, 'I shall not go out of here without my trousers and my ticket. Send for the chief of police.' Two hours later the landlord entered my room, bringing a new pair of trousers and a ticket, apologizing for all that trouble." Mr. Chirdwick was asked where his trousers were, to which he replied: "I had none. I had pawned them to pay my fare to Thonon."

Tribute.

While it is over thirty years ago since ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS were first introduced to the medical profession and public, the marked success and unprecedented popularity which they met with not only continues, but steadily increases. No other plasters have been produced which gain so many testimonials of high value as those continuously accorded to ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and the only motive for these exceptional tributes lies in the fact of their being a medicinal and pharmaceutical preparation of superior value. Additional proof of the true value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS lies in the fact that they are being largely imitated by unscrupulous persons, who seek to deceive the public by offering plasters which they claim to be the "same," "equal," "as good," "better," "best porous plaster," etc., while it is in general appearance only that they resemble ALLCOCK'S. Every one of the so-called porous plasters are imitations of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

Avoid dealers who attempt to palm off inferior and worthless plasters that are purchased by them at low rates for the purpose of substitution.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

AN OIL DRESSING NOT A VARNISH

RED SEAL DRESSING

FOR LADIES' FINE SHOES

SOLD AT ALL SHOE STORES

Made by Lievre, Frick & Co., S. F.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

—THE ONLY LINE RUNNING—

SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars.

DENVER AND PUEBLO TO KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS,

Connecting with Direct Routes to CHICAGO, THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY

The Only Line Reaching the Celebrated ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic.....September 27th
Germanic.....October 4th
Majestic.....October 11th
Britannic.....October 18th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Sept. 7, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9.45 P. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Suisun, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | 8.45 P. |
| 10.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Knights' Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10.15 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San Jose..... | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | 7.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10.15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos..... | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2.45 P. |
| 7.30 A. | San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8.33 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6.26 P. |
| 9.30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2.27 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San Jose and Way Stations..... | 5.06 P. |
| 12.05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San Jose and principal Way Stations..... | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8.06 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San Jose and Way Stations..... | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7.26 P. |

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only, § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon):

SS. City of Sydney.....September 23d
SS. San Juan.....October 3d
SS. Colima.....October 13th
SS. San Jose.....October 23d

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Peru.....Saturday, Sept. 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, October 19, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.....Thursday, October 26, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, November 9, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Belgie.....Thursday, September 21

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu), Tuesday, October 10

Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 31

Belgie.....Thursday, November 30

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICH, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., August 18, 28, September 12, 27, October 12, 27.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, August 18, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (Santa Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport every fourth and fifth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THREE POINTS

Pozzoni's

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE WHITE, 1/2 FLAHE, Brunette. 18

POZZONI'S

All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS



It has not been the fortune of many poets to have their dramatic poems put on the stage, set, and acted as Henry Irving did Lord Tennyson's "Becket." This would seem to be the last of many honors showered upon the great laureate in his green old age, the crowning glory of one of the most completely harmonious and perfect of lives.

Tennyson has never shown a very strong dramatic talent. "Queen Mary," "The Cup," and "Harold" are none of them successful as plays. The laureate's absolute perfection of phrase, which can describe with equal richness and wonder the warring of a game pie or the magic land of the lotus-eaters, is lost in the rapid give and take of spoken dialogue. The enameled brilliancy of his style is a thing to ponder over in a library's still seclusion, not to strike an auditor in the quick flash and reflash of conversation. Moreover, in the delicate exclusiveness of his super-refined temperament, there did not exist a great and universal sympathy with or comprehension of "the complaining millions of men," there was not the universality of human curiosity and interest that should belong to the dramatist. Tennyson was by instinct and education an aristocrat. He loved and understood his own high class; but from the vast multitude who fought and struggled and agonized in the mire below, he had a sensitive shrinking. He never could have portrayed a Fra Lippo Lippi; and would have shrunk in repugnant pain from painting the picture of the dying bishop of St. Praxed's. If Browning had only condescended to be lucid, what a dramatist he would have made!

The story of Becket is so dramatic that even Tennyson's chill, exquisite refinement can not take the fire and blood out of it. And with it, the story of Rosamond—King Henry's Rose of the World—is interwoven in a strain of impassioned romance. The tale of Rosamond and her secret bower at Woodstock is the most highly romantic, the most entrancingly picturesque of any of the stories of English history. It has fascinated many writers; it has held in thrall countless lovers of legend and story. The figure of Rosamond, "the rose-faced minion of the king," is one of the most lovely in poetry or history. Her secluded life, passed in her secret bower in Anjou, then in her secret bower in England, is dyed deep with love and romance. This Rose of the World, the jewel at the heart of the long labyrinth of Woodstock Forest, living serene, harmonious days in the hushed quietude of her seclusion of flowers and trees, is surrounded by an atmosphere charged with the magic of her beauty and the spell of her entrancing charm.

From the story of Becket and of Rosamond, Tennyson has made his drama, which Henry Irving has set with all the sumptuous magnificence which marks the mounting of his plays. "Becket" will remain in the mind less as a tragedy than as a series of superb pictures. There are three or four of them:

There is the picture of the king and Becket playing chess on the ramparts of a castle in Normandy. It is a golden afternoon, and the far valley, stretching away into a dreamy haze, looks dim and rich from this elevation—a yellow, still, flat country, with a little river winding lazily along. The king and the prelate sit at the chess-board—two striking figures, richly attired, splendid; the one, young, slim, and graceful in his gorgeous dress, with high, hawk-features and an imperious glance; the other, thin-faced, intellectual, ascetic, much of sweetness and power in the pale, long countenance, much of shrewdness and penetration in the quick eyes. They play. The king, angrily, kicks over the table, and the little chessmen roll about. He is evidently fierce and hot-blooded, this beautiful, picturesque king.

There is another picture in the second act—the hall in Northampton Castle, where the high dignitaries of the church are called to sign the customs. This is a blaze of color—color of ecclesiastical robes, scarlet, and purple, and gold; color of the blustering barons' heavy draperies as they pass back and forth through the crowd; color of mitre, and crosier, and alb, and chasubles, as the kings of the church cluster round the table to sign. There is the soft, mellow gray of the Templar's dress, with its scarlet cross and chain mail, and the black stole of a monk or two, dark against all that moving brilliancy. There is movement, too, in this picture—movement of figures as the clamorous barons start forward with half-drawn swords, or the envious prelates bend across the table to catch the great archbishop's defiant words; movement of face and feature as the seated churchmen lean forward, with craned neck and tense curiosity, to hear the quiet and emphatic "And that I can not sign."

Rosamond's bower is another picture. This setting for the jewel, "that Rosamond whom men

called fair," is a place of leaves and flowers, shadows and shafts of light, a hollow place of green quietness in the heart of an impenetrable forest. The jewel of this setting is here alone—pensive, restless, a flitting figure, with floating lines of diaphanous blue-gray draperies and down-drooping, amber-yellow hair; a captive in this green and fragrant solitude.

The last picture of all, and the finest, is that in Canterbury Cathedral, where the fighting priest stands serene and unmoved among the terror-stricken monks. As the blows of the barons' swords fall on the doors without, the monks, shaken with fear, fly in scattered groups this way and that. The cry goes up "To the choir!" and a body of them rush toward the stairs, while another, screaming "To the crypt!" fly toward the back. Some run to the altar, some to the door. Their sandaled feet scrape on the floor; their aimless, flurried dashes in every direction give a remarkable suggestion of distraught terror to the different groups. One is safe in saying that never before on the stage in this country have we seen a party of supernumeraries so admirably trained, drilled to lend at once realism and picturesqueness in a most striking scene.

Becket is supposed to have been a fighting priest. He was brave and bold as a lion. He says himself he led seven hundred of the king's knights, and one of his enraged brother prelates alludes to him as a "Mittred Hercules." This robust and fiery side of Becket's character, Mr. Irving subordinates. His Becket does not look like a warrior. He is all the priest, the man of God, to whom the Holy See of Canterbury has been intrusted and to whom the people are a sacred charge.

Mr. Irving's portrayal is founded on the mediæval ideal of the lofty ascetic, not the monk of cloisters, but the monk of courts, who knows his world, condemns its sins, deprecates its follies, strives to strengthen its weaknesses, and mingling with it yet leads a life of personal repression and fervid religious exaltation. His Becket was a man strong in self-conquest, having reached that point when self-renunciation has become sweet. The character, thus treated—the whole in perfect harmony and tune—gave an impression of extraordinary serenity, of perfect peace of heart. Becket is one to whom the temporal world is of less reality than the spiritual. Whether this is the Becket of history, or even the Becket of Tennyson's play, is of no moment. If an actor can create an impression of a character that is complete and consistent, it does not matter whether it is historically accurate or inaccurate.

Rosamond, as Tennyson drew her, was a very young woman, whose entire being was absorbed by a great passion. Her character, perhaps owing to the remote and isolated life she led in her secret bower, entirely cut off from all influence and communication with the outer world, had retained the simplicity of childhood and the absence of the sense of responsibility seen only in an extremely young and light-hearted person. In the scene where she first appears, she has escaped from her guard, run across London at night, and, finding the unruly barons on her track, flies into Becket's lodgings for protection. Here, while the great churchman is gently reproving her for her folly in indulging in such nocturnal wanderings, she breaks off, at a thought suggested by his words, to show him how, as a child at Clifford, she caught moths to save them from the candle-flame and put them out into the night again. The whole character is marked with a sort of fascinating, confiding childishness that makes the spectator chill with apprehension at the thought of this helpless creature being the object of the fiery Eleanor's implacable hate.

That Miss Terry, who is decidedly mature in appearance, should be able to invest the part with a suggestion of extreme youthfulness, bespeaks her greatness as an artist. Her Rosamond is a girl, simple, frank, trusting, whose life of loneliness and seclusion has thrown a haze of pensiveness over a spirit originally gay and blithe. She is not carried away in the great scene between Rosamond and Eleanor to lend to the king's sweetheart any heroic or queenly courage. Rosamond is struck chill at heart at the words of the infuriated queen. She admits, in the distraught terror of her helplessness, that she is not the king's wife. Yet the consistency of the character, the inborn pride of the Rosamond who is a De Clifford, and who until recently has supposed herself the wife of a king, breaks out in fine, despairing majesty when she says: "I am a Clifford—my son a Clifford and Plantagenet." And her shrinking horror of the alternative of flying with Fitzurse gives the character a dignity and elevation that are beautifully in keeping with its clear simplicity and instinctive delicacy and purity.

In "Olivia," Miss Terry again depicts a young woman, a young girl. It may be said of this charming actress that she does not so much create characters as lend to the characters she depicts the glamour of her own fascinating personality. She invests each part she essays with her own individual, indescribable charm, and they are all consequently very much alike. Olivia, though a simple, eighteenth-century, country girl, is of a deeper, more thoughtful nature than Rosamond. In the first act, when Squire Thornhill tells her of the fine ladies and fine doings of London town, with more regard for the truth of his narrative than the feelings of his sweetheart, she gives a fine rendering of the hurt surprise, the pained dignity, and the sharply

rushed jealousy that his somewhat gay disclosures awake in her gentle heart.

In this scene she is charming; first in her irrepressible joy at the sight of her gay and handsome lover, then in the uneasy moodiness of her hurt pride and jealousy. But it is in the third act, when Squire Thornhill, in a burst of either boredom or remorse, reveals the fact of the fraudulent marriage to her, that she has an opportunity to show the finest emotional talents. Miss Terry was very strong and true in this scene, though in her rendition of Olivia's rage and despair, she suddenly, by some incomprehensible methods of her own, made the vicar's daughter appear a much older woman than she had done in the opening of the act. Olivia's bewilderment, dazed horror, and final frantic despair were splendidly depicted, leaving upon the mind an unforgettable picture of a gentle and loving woman distraught by the discovery that she has been trapped and deceived.

As a play "Olivia," with an old-world fragrance and peaceful charm, is yet rather thin. It has no story but that of Olivia's misfortunes. It is not nearly so robust and vigorous a play as "Saints and Sinners," which is almost identically the same in plot, but it is infinitely more refined and fragrant delicate. Moreover, Letty, in "Saints and Sinners," was not tricked by a false marriage. This makes a great difference in the way an audience will take the play. Sympathy with the heroine is necessary to the success of such a drama, and sympathy, complete and perfect, could go out from the spectator in the unfortunate Olivia, so much more sinned against than sinning.

The great recommendation of "Olivia," the play, is the same recommendation to be made for "The Vicar of Wakefield" itself. The play is fine as the book is fine, as a perfect picture of pastoral life in the rustic England of a past century. It is not to be valued as a melodrama for the sensational or exciting scenes it contains; it is to be valued as a living painting of a past epoch. It is to be taken as a whole, judged in its entirety as a well-executed and finished canvas. The simple peacefulness of the first act, the wholesome freshness of the same, the frank and candid plainness of the characters—their little disappointments, their worldly ignorance, their small pleasures, their ambitionless, placidly flowing lives—all go to the making of a lovely picture of a life as pastorally tranquil as that of the shepherds who fed their flocks in the vales of Arcady.

The most charming picture is that of the second act—the picture of the vicar's parlor in the old vicarage. This room was a triumph of stage decoration, with its great window set in small square panes of glass, its deep old fire-place and uncomfortable, long-legged sofa, the spinnet in one corner, the tall glass cupboard, through the doors of which one could catch glimpses of the blue and white china that Bridget Elia loved so much. As the night fell and the family gathered about the table, a neat-handed Phyllis came hurrying in from a side-door and, then down four steps, carrying two candles in heavy silver candlesticks. It was like seeing a series of paintings from "The Vicar of Wakefield," or taking a glimpse backward into the life of an old dead day long since swept away into the limbo of the past.

The character of Dr. Primrose is a small one for Mr. Irving's talents. Like Becket it is a reposeful character, and the suggestion of elaborated effort which was so apparent in both Shylock and Mathias was not felt. It showed the same perfection of finish which marks all Mr. Irving's portrayals, and the same lack of warmth. Mr. Irving's style is purely intellectual, gaining all its effects by a cold and finished completeness, not reckoning on the power of intuition or the occasional strength of rugged, jagged roughness. It is a style that has the cold, hard brilliancy of a diamond cut and polished to fullest perfection. Every character he assumes is complete—a rounded, finished whole. The actions are consistent with the character, from the gesticulations of the hands to the movements of the eyes. The portrayal is taken in sweeping survey and in minutest detail. The general type of the man represented is studied, and the gait, the turns of the head, the movements of the hands, that would have been natural to such a type of man, are studied. We have seen no other actor who is such a master of the art of elaboration and, at the same time, is so broad; no other actor who has honestly and earnestly built up the fabric of a deserving fame with such laborious and unwavering endeavor. Mr. Irving's achievement as an actor is a good example of what can be done by the power and might of a fine intellectual equipment when backed by prodigious persistence and unconquerable determination.

To-day will see the last appearance of these English visitors in San Francisco, so let us wish them on their journey *bon voyage* and Godspeed. They have come thousands of miles to act for us, and have given us of their best. They have for two weeks portrayed for our pleasure some of the greatest characters of the drama in a manner which has won for them the highest acclaim of their own countrymen. Their engagement here has been one of the finest and most important ever played in San Francisco, and they have been received with enthusiasm and warmest applause. Let us hope they will repeat their visit, and that our good-bye may be really an *au revoir*.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Will return October 3th.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

CCCXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,

September 17, 1893.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fillet of Sole, Excelsior Sauce.
Breaded Veal Cutlets, Potato Croquettes.
Corn Fritters. String Beans.
Roast Chickens.
French Artichokes.
Strawberry Ice Cream. Lady Fingers.
Fruits. Coffee.

CORN FRITTERS.—Scrape the corn from six good-sized ears, mix with a large cupful of bread crumbs, season with pepper, salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot lard, not too deep; turn when well browned.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

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Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

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Monday, September 18th. For a Limited Engagement Only. Grand Production of Sheridan's Comedy.

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Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Philosophy. Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$525) in Greek, Latin, English, German, and Teutonic Philology, Romance, Languages, Mathematics, History, Chemistry, and Biology. A fourth Hall of Residence will, it is hoped, be opened in the autumn, and will accommodate all applicants for admission. For Program address as above.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 18th: Mrs. John Drew's company in "The Rivals" at the Baldwin; "Fatinitza" at the Tivoli; "The Soudan"; and "Urania."

Mionie Madderly is to return to the stage soon, and will star in a play written for her by her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske.

Loie Fuller is dancing in two theatres in New York now—between two of the acts of "Fannie" and as an interpolated feature in "Panandrum."

M. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie-Française, is writing a sequel to his "La Comédie-Française à Londres (1871-1879)," in which he will recount the experiences of the French players during their recent visit to the British metropolis.

The late Miss Carlotta Leclercq, who played in Charles Fechter's support at one time and was well known in this city, once played Titania in a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Princess's in London, while Miss Ellen Terry was the Puck.

It seems that the beautiful Miss Adelaide Prince, who retired from Augustin Daly's company to marry, is going back on the stage after all. She is to take Miss Julia Arthur's place in "The Prodigal Daughter," while Miss Arthur returns to her post of leading lady in A. M. Palmer's stock company.

It is generally hoped in England—and in this country as well—that Miss Terry's visit to the United States will rehabilitate her health, which has been far from good of late. Indeed, she was suffering so acutely from neuralgia, not long ago, that she seriously contemplated retiring from the stage.

"Ship Ahoy" has proved popular enough to overstay its allotted time at the Tivoli by one week, but on Monday night Von Suppé's romantic opera, "Fatinitza," will be given. It is a pleasing and tuneful work, and well cast as it will be by the Tivoli Company, it should maintain its reputation as a favorite in San Francisco.

It is amusing now to read in Edmund Yates's "Fifty Years of London," apropos of a little farce he and Herbert Harrington wrote for the Strand Theatre in 1838, this extract from a newspaper criticism of that day: "Miss Elleo Terry is worthy of a special word of praise for the spirit and point with which she played the part of a youthful groom or tiger." Miss Terry was at that time barely ten years of age.

Mrs. John Drew's company will begin a season of old English comedy that should be very enjoyable at the Baldwin on Monday night. They will appear in "The Rivals," and the company includes Mrs. John Drew, a delightful old actress; her son, Sydney Drew; his wife, who was Phyllis Rankin; McKee Rankin, Mrs. Sydney Drew's father; and three outsiders—that is to say, three actors who are not related to Mrs. Drew by blood or marriage. They are Charles Erin Verner, Owen Fawcett, and Frank Mills.

Mr. Alfred Bouvier, the resident manager of the Baldwin Theatre, will leave for Europe on Tuesday next to take a hard-earned vacation of some months. This will be his first real rest since he assumed charge of the Baldwin several years ago, during which time he has conducted the theatre with marked ability and proved himself a most pleasant gentleman. During his absence, the Baldwin will be managed by Mr. Harry Mann, who has been in New York for some time past, but is well known in this city as the first and very successful manager of the New California Theatre.

When Della Fox made her reappearance in "Panandrum," a few nights ago, she was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, of course, which was led, in part, by the occupants of two of the boxes. In one was a party headed by Edna Wallace-Hopper, who has been taking Miss Fox's place during the latter's vacation in England, and in the other sat Mrs. Guy Standing, who was Isabelle Urquhart, and Sylvia Jerrish. The latter had returned—was brought back for a reconciliation, they say—from England with Della Fox, and had the intention of appearing in New York soon in a new opera. But she is now dangerously ill at her hotel, and her reappearance on the stage in the near future is extremely problematic.

Max Freeman was not a coolidge dove by any means when he was stage-manager of Emilie Melville's company at the Bush Street Theatre, then newly opened by Charles E. Locke; but he has grown more and more helligent as the years flew by, and now he has been definitely dismissed from the New York Casino. He has been having rows of greater or less moment with various persons with whom he comes in contact for several years past; but a fortnight ago he had high words with Sydney Rosefeld, the librettist of "The Rainmakers of Syria," during rehearsal of that play, and attempted to obliterate him with a chair. And that evening he thumped oneself in front of the theatre. Hence his dismissal.

The first time "Fatinitza" was produced in this city, Mathilde Cottrelly played the title rôle at the old

California Theatre. The occasion was a striking one, as it was her first performance in English. Max Freeman played the part of the general. Subsequently Cottrelly went to New York, where she became the *chère amie* of Colonel John McCaull, and was a sort of feminine understudy to the stage-manager of that gentleman's theatre. The next time "Fatinitza" was produced here was at the Grand Opera House; it was played in German, and Geister, the famous Vienesoe prima donna, took the leading rôle. The Bostonians have played it frequently here, and Fatinitza is one of Jesse Bartlett Davis's best rôles. The Tivoli people produce it next week. It has been played there several times, and always has drawn good houses.

Ellen Terry used to call Charles Reade her "papa-in-art." Her elder sister, Kate, he knew in 1870, and called her "the sweetest, tenderest, and most intelligent actress of the day." At twenty-six, she married Arthur Lewis and retired from the stage. Of Ellen Terry, who she was still overshadowed by her elder sister, he recorded in his *catalogue raisonné*:

"ELLEN TERRY.—A young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls *le grand art de plaire*. She was a very promising actress—married young, to Mr. Watt, the painter. Unfortunate differences ended in a separation, and instead of returning to the stage, she wasted some years in the country. In 1873 I coaxed her back to play Philipa ("The Wandering Heir") at the Queen's Theatre, and she was afterwards my leading actress in a provincial tour. In 1875, engaged to play Portia; and her performance is the principal histrionic attraction, the Shylock of Mr. Coghlan being considered somewhat slow and monotonous."

"Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular. Complexion a delicate brick-dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawn-like grace, whether in movement or repose. Grace pervades the hussy. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman."

And again he makes another characteristic entry: "Ellen Terry is a very charming actress. I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same. Little duck!"

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Do cigarettes make you ill?" She—"No; but the people who smoke them do."—*Judge*.

"Has she given you any encouragement?" "Oh, yes. She says she will get all of her father's money when he dies."—*Life*.

"What did Daddy say when he heard that it was triplets?" "He said: 'This is too, too much.'"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

After a concert: "Were there many women there, George?" "No, my dear, there were scarcely any—only their mothers."—*Ex*.

Popular belle—"I have been engaged six times." Miss Plainface—"Really! Why, you have had luck, haven't you?"—*Life*.

Cora—"Fred says that I was made to kiss." Nellie—"A delicate way, my dear, of referring to your turned-up nose."—*Truth*.

Magistrate—"The case against you looks pretty dark, Mr. Johnson." Mr. Johnson—"Dat's all right, judge; I kin prove an alhino."—*Puck*.

Hecker—"How brown you are, old man. Been to the seaside?" Decker—"No; I put on my face some of that stuff I use for my russet shoes."—*Life*.

Vintor—"Whose exhibit is that?" Columbian guard (obligingly inspecting it)—"Some Russian's, I guess. His name seems to be Handsoff."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Her religion is very much like her dress; she can put it on or off, just as she pleases." "Yes, and like her ball-dress, at that; there isn't very much of it."—*Life*.

Jack—"Why did you kiss Mamie so fervently? Are you engaged to her?" Charlie—"No; but I was, and she has consented to break off the engagement."—*Truth*.

She—"It is no sign, because a girl is engaged to a man, that she is willing to marry him." He—"No; but it is a sign that the man is willing to ruin the chances."—*Vogue*.

Bertie Blazer—"Suppose I should kiss you?" Miss Summerhaze—"I'd scream." Bertie Blazer—"But no one could hear you." Miss Summerhaze—"I know it."—*Puck*.

The debutante (aside)—"How many verses shall I sing?" The professor—"Do you want an encore?" The debutante—"Of course." The professor—"One."—*Boston Budget*.

"The value of such a poem as this can not be expressed in mere dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Rondo. "No, it can not," agreed the editor; "we will pay you seventy-five cents for it."—*Life*.

The tramps were trudging along the dusty road on a hot afternoon, because the harvest hands wouldn't let them stop in the shade to rest, and they had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before. "Hungry?" asked one. "Yes, but I'm

drier," was the gloomy response. "What would you give for a nice, cold glass of beer?" "Willie," responded the other, earnestly, "I'd almost work for it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fullcash (waking with a start *mediâ nocte*, and hearing step-sounds in his bedroom)—"Who's there? Speak! Who's there?" Hoarse whisper from the darkness—"For heaven's sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone down-stairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light, I'll nah him to two twos." (Fullcash obeys; and the whisperer, which his name is Sikes, ambles gently down-stairs and out of back-door with his hooty.)—*Pick-Me-Up*.

For Insomnia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. C. K. COLE, Helena, Montana, says: "I have used it in my own family (largely by myself) for insomnia due to mental fatigue from overwork, also as a stomach tonic. The results were so entirely satisfactory that I am now prescribing it regularly in a large class of afflictions. I find it an exceedingly agreeable medicine, and can cheerfully indorse it."

Pinckney (bitterly)—"Our marriage was purely a commercial transaction. You bought my name with your fortune, as you would buy cloth at a store." Mrs. Pinckney (more bitterly)—"Except that I neglected to get my change."—*Puck*.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box 385.

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Milk train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from grocer or druggist.

She—"What did Cousin Tom mean by saying that the Misses Quartz were well punctuated?" He—"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it was that they had ample dots."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Ripans Tahules assist digestioo; sweeteo a sour stomach; cure liver troubles.

"No, Mr. Bronson, I can not consent to your marrying my daughter." "But what is your objection to me, Mr. Twinslow?" "I haven't any; but my daughter has, and she requested me to tell you so."—*Bazar*.

BALD HEADS!



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Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Skin Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c. per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

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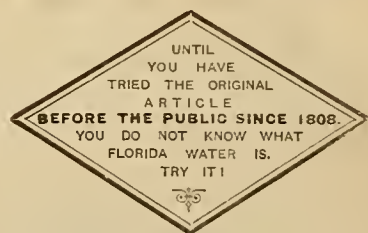
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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One hundred years ago the corner-stone of the capitol at Washington was laid—under Masonic auspices—by George Washington. Last week the centennial of this event was celebrated—not under Masonic auspices—by Grover Cleveland. It was to have been under Roman Catholic auspices, but at the last moment Cardinal Gibbon failed to appear. There is a marked difference in the two celebrations. From Freemasonry to Roman Catholicism is a far cry. There is also a marked difference in the tone of the first President and

of the present incumbent. At a certain point in the celebration, we are told by the Associated Press dispatches, "Mr. Cleveland turned full and fair on the assembled House and Senate, and said to them: 'If the law-makers ever forget the duty of broad, disinterested patriotism, and legislate in prejudice and passion, or in behalf of sectional and selfish interests, the time when the corner-stone of our capitol was laid and the circumstances surrounding it will not be worth commemorating.'" The dispatch goes on to say: "The added tone of defiance and warning with which Cleveland said this, and the ringing applause that greeted it, gave a peculiar significance to his words."

These remarks by Mr. Cleveland are truisms. Under ordinary circumstances, they would attract no attention at all. But the circumstances at present are extraordinary, and they have attracted marked attention. When Mr. Cleveland "turned full and fair upon the Senate," and uttered those words, he meant them as a threat.

When the President called Congress together in extra session, he told both the Upper and Lower Houses exactly what he wanted them to do. He practically ordered them to repeal the Sherman silver purchasing law. He expected them to repeal it without debate. When that great body, the American House of Representatives, began debate, Mr. Cleveland showed ill-concealed anxiety. The fact that one of the houses of the American Congress did not hasten to obey his will seriously disturbed Mr. Cleveland.

Then followed scenes almost unparalleled in American history. The House of Representatives swarmed with the creatures of the administration. Representatives were cajoled, bullied, bulldozed, and almost bribed into voting Mr. Cleveland's way. Promises of Federal patronage were dangled before their dazzled eyes, threats of a deprivation of Federal patronage were freely made. The House at last yielded, and the "administration" measure was passed.

We do not condemn the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. But the methods by which it was accomplished deserve the reprobation of every right-thinking American citizen. This talk of "administration measures" and of "the government forces," has an evil sound. The organizing of a conspiracy by the Federal executive and the Federal cabinet to logroll measures through the Federal Congress smacks of a constitutional revolution. Mr. Cleveland's duties are plainly defined in the constitution. When he attempts to control and direct legislation in the Congress, he oversteps the line. The Democratic party claims to be the exponent of constitutionalism. When it allows the executive to encroach upon the functions of the legislative and judicial branches of the government, it stultifies itself. It does more—it shows itself to be a cowardly political party, unworthy of the high place to which the American people have permitted it to crawl. Mr. Cleveland's interference with the legislative branch—as shown in the unparalleled proceedings concerning the Sherman Act—and his meddling with the judicial branch—as shown in the disgraceful obstruction of the Chinese Exclusion Act—are acts which must make even Democrats ashamed.

Mr. Cleveland is accustomed to having his own way. When he was mayor of Buffalo, he was political boss of Buffalo; when he was governor of New York, he was political boss of New York; now that he is President, he seeks to be political boss of the United States.

But he will fail. The Senate will not be dictated to. It will doubtless repeal the Sherman law, but it will do it at its own time and in its own way. The Senate of the United States, even if it is Democratic, has not yet fallen so low as to be the super-serviceable sycophant of the executive.

Mr. Cleveland does not occupy an enviable position. His attempt at dictating to Congress has been met with resistance; the intrigues of his minions in the halls of the Senate have been treated with contempt. He is threatened with a revolt in his own party. Under his administration the menace of legislation hostile to American industries has brought about a panic such as has not been seen for twenty years. Hundreds of banks have suspended, thousands of mills have shut down, tens of thousands of merchants have

failed, and millions of workingmen are idle. Despite this appalling financial and industrial crisis, one wing of his party is clamoring for the removal of all duties, and for the abolition of protection. The revenues are falling off—there was a decrease of nearly ten millions in the month of August alone. A deficit of fifty millions stares him in the face.

If the Democratic party is wise, it will check its executive in his attempt to usurp the functions of Congress. If the senators and representatives of the Democratic party have in them any of the ancient vigor of their predecessors, they will not permit a President to treat them as puppets and work them with wires pulled from the White House. And if that party has any reason left, and is not infected with that madness which presages destruction, it must cease in its wild efforts to destroy. Like Samson, it is blindly pulling at the pillars. But the Temple of the Republic shall not fall.

San Francisco needs a good many things to bring her up to the rank of a first-class modern city; but none of her defects is quite so conspicuous as the absence of public spirit among her rich men. This defect is not owing to their being tighter-fisted than rich men farther East, for most of them are free enough with their money in private ways. They are simply the creatures of local custom, and it has never been the local custom to be public-spirited. The few who have tried it, from time to time, have usually been punished instead of applauded. The pioneer feeling that California was but a place of sojourn, to be left for "the States" when a man had made his "pile," lingered long among all classes, and one of its bad and most lasting effects has been to retard the growth of that local patriotism which is so striking a characteristic of such young communities as Denver, Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, and that sense of responsibility to the public which wealth so often manifests in older places, like Boston and Philadelphia, by the endowment of educational and charitable institutions. It happens that most of our millionaires date from the pioneer era, and have retained, little impaired, the spirit of that early time when every man was for himself, and deemed that he did his whole altruistic duty when he impulsively put his hand in his pocket to help out some unfortunate, the sight of whose immediate necessities moved his compassion or prodded his generosity by the unpleasant suggestion that he himself might be in the same plight any day.

But surely San Francisco is now old enough, firmly enough planted, and big enough to justify civic love and solicitude. Yet, astonishing as has been the town's growth, she owes nearly everything she is to the selfishness of her citizens and next to nothing to their desire for her betterment. She has expanded for the same reason that a shop is enlarged—because increase in business requires increased accommodations. A few million dollars would make San Francisco a clean and beautiful city instead of a dirty and shabby one. The citizens will not tax themselves for the alteration, and her rich men would apparently as soon think of throwing their money into the bay or wasting it in any other madness as to spend it for such a purpose. New York's meanness in permitting the rest of the country to stand most of the expense of providing a pedestal for Bartholdi's statue, her grudging contributions to rear a fitting monument to Grant at Riverside, and her laggard support of the Washington arch project, have been notable proofs of languid public spirit in the metropolis, but San Francisco can match her indifference and meanness.

What have our millionaires done toward insuring the success of the Midwinter Fair, for example? That is an enterprise which surely ought to appeal to the pride as well as the interest of every citizen, and especially to every property-holding citizen. Nevertheless, the liberality of the contributors has, as a rule, been in inverse proportion to their wealth. Not only the millionaires but the rich in general have all but ignored the fair, which has in it the promise of great material and ethical good for the city. Were the wealthy men of the town to support it with enthusiasm and money it could easily

be made to attract the eyes of the whole country and bring bither a stream of travel that would greatly benefit the city, State, and coast pecuniarily, and sensibly affect their civilization. The rib could make the fair a concrete financial success; even without their aid it will, from present appearances, be a success in its indirect influences. But why should it not be made a success in every sense?

The Midwinter Fair plan has now reached a stage that involves San Francisco's standing as an American city, in so far as that standing depends upon her reputation for ability to recognize opportunity, for energy, enterprise, and self-respect. Were the fair now to fail for want of funds, San Francisco would be put to ridicule as a dull, pretentious, slow-coach of a place, whose curmudgeon rib give the measure of her brains, her vitality, and her civic pride. How useful a renown of that sort is to a city even the stupidest millionaire can comprehend.

There are a score of men among us who could insure the fair's success and never feel the cost. In the end, indeed, they would, as landlords and investing capitalists, be immensely the gainers by the expenditure. But these twenty, in common with the wealthy as a class, bold off for various reasons, among them being an objection to some of the men who have in hand the project. The time is past for such objections. The fair enterprise is larger than any individual, and its fate is now wrapped up with the reputation of California and of San Francisco. If there be truth in the theory that the occasion produces the man, this city should speedily furnish a few millionaires large-minded enough for their opportunity. It will be shameful if they do not appear.

A concerted effort is being made by the Democratic organs to show that "trade is reviving." We are now in the middle of September, when the fall trade should be fully under way. At this season it is usually the case that every business feels the impetus of the fall orders. What business feels it now? The most that any man can say is that "money is not so tight." The Democratic free-trade panic has utterly killed the usual fall movement in business. As to the "revival in trade," we showed last week how poor a thing that revival is. Many of the mills that are re-opening are running on half time; others with half their former force; others with wages scaled down from ten to twenty per cent. Verily, the mill-hands must be grateful to the Democracy for this "revival in trade"—half a loaf is better than no bread. As for the railroad "revival," that has not developed, with the exception of an increased passenger movement around and toward Chicago. The freight traffic is dead. As a matter of fact, the railroad employees throughout the country are just beginning to feel the effects of the Democratic free-trade panic. On the first of this month the reductions previously announced went into effect. On that day the wages of railroad men along tens of thousands of miles of line were reduced from ten to twenty per cent. There were no strikes. The men realized that the traffic was so small that reduction was unavoidable. The Democratic party—"the workingman's friend"—promised last summer that there would be no strikes when they came into power. They builded better than they knew. There are no strikes. Under the rule of the Democratic party, business has fallen off to such an extent that the workingman dares not strike, or he will starve. No, there are no strikes now. But for many men there is no work either.

It appears that it is not Miss Sallie Tilden who is to marry Mr. Samuel Milton Blatchford, the heir of the late Judge Blatchford, but Mrs. Henrietta Tilden, a widow, who is likewise one of the legatees of the ex-millionaire railroad lawyer.

Statistics tell us that widows marry more frequently, in proportion to their numbers, than spinsters. Sociologists have tried to explain the anomaly, and have sometimes failed. On general principles, one might suppose that the delicate fragrance and sweet simplicity of the bud would be more attractive than the mature charm of the full-blown rose; but that does not seem to be the case. The superior popularity of the widow has led more than once to the adoption of protective measures by girls. A few years ago, the young ladies of St. Louis seriously endeavored to boycott widows. They declared they would attend no halls or parties to which widows were invited, and they called upon their fathers, brothers, and mothers to support them in their aggressive movement. But the war ended in an armistice, and it was generally considered that the widows had the best of the battle. Now, a society has been formed in London "for the regulation of widows." How it is proposed to regulate them is not explained, but the prospectus of the society states that "it is not fair, as a matter of abstract justice, that one woman should marry two or three times, when thousands of equally deserving women have no chance to marry even once." It may thus be inferred that the London ladies propose to rule widows off the course and to require them to remain manless

until all the spinsters have been mated. This social reform may be carried into effect if the men do not object. But if there should happen to be in London society—as there doubtless are—a number of pretty and seductive widows, their exclusion from social life might involve a wholesale exodus of the men. You may drive a horse to water, but you can not make him drink.

The peculiar charm of the widow is derived from the broader views she acquires during her marriage. Her conjugal experience taught her to be unselfish, considerate, sympathetic; and these are, above all other attributes, those which go straight to the heart of a man. A widow understands men. She sees down into the recesses of their hearts. She knows how to feign that she appreciates them. She is familiar with their weak spots. She knows what form of subtle flattery will subdue them, and what will disgust them. She has learned what things to say, and what things to leave unsaid. She is aware that man is a selfish beast, and that, to effect his capture, a woman must efface herself and shape her conversation and behavior so that he shall be the main object in view. Most men are always thinking of themselves, their aims, their hopes, their fears, their pursuits, their appearance. It is the cunningest form of flattery for a woman to make it appear that these are the things in which she is interested; this the bright widow can do until she infatuates her man.

The unmarried girl is like the man. She, too, is always thinking of herself. She is impatient when the conversation is diverted from her charms and her thoughts. Her idea of the world is that it is a small shrine in which she sits on a pedestal and the man kneels at her feet. Now, she may be pretty and sweet, with cheeks like roses and a voice like music, but the kneeling posture becomes fatiguing after a time. The man longs to rise to his feet and stretch himself. This strikes the girl as evidence of unappreciativeness and indifference, and she resents it. Her idea is that permission to worship at her pretty feet ought to be enough for any man. She knows that she is divine, and what more can any man ask than to bask in the light of her divinity? In a word, she is selfish, conceited, inconsiderate, and thoughtless, and, after a careful study of her, men leave her to woo a widow.

A cardinal mistake which girls make is to forget that men marry for themselves. It rarely happens that a man asks himself the question whether he will make a woman happy. What concerns him to find out is whether the woman will make him happy. And when he finds two women—one of whom is always thinking, if not talking, about herself and her own interests in life, while the other is, or affects to be, deeply concerned about his aims, and his pursuits, and his purposes—he does not hesitate for a moment in choosing which of the two he would rather marry. For a partner in a hall-room, for a companion at a seaside resort, the rosy, fresh young maiden, with her naïve ways and her sweet innocence, may be all that any man could wish. But matrimony is not a hall-room, nor is married life a seaside resort. It is very serious business indeed, with long stretches of care, possibly with interludes of sickness, poverty, and sorrow. The question which every sensible man puts to himself, when he finds his heart going out to a girl, is: "How would she bear such a life?" Would she be patient in suffering, sympathetic in sorrow, brave in poverty? And if he finds that the pretty girl with the bright eyes and the shapely figure does not warm with sympathy at a tale of suffering, and does not yearn to share the sorrows of her friends, but is impatient of all unpleasant things, he is apt to turn his back on her and to trust his fate in the hands of one who may not be so fair, but who will be a more sympathetic helpmate on life's long journey.

Among the various arguments advanced against the Chinese Registration Act by the pseudo-philanthropists of the East is this: that it will result in the return of American missionaries in China. Well, what of it? There are enough heathen in our own country to engage the attention of countless missionaries, and we are not sure that America has any business to interfere in the religious concerns of other nations any more than they have to interfere in ours. This journal has never looked with much approval upon the efforts of the Roman hierarchy to meddle with American affairs. Correspondingly, we see no justification for our meddling with the religion of the Chinese. We think it would be a good thing for this country and for China if the American missionaries there were to return and devote themselves to the saving of souls on their own soil. It is a question in the minds of most intelligent men whether the American missions in China have ever accomplished anything. Money has been expended by the hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the Chinese souls saved are few. Waiving the religious question, there can be no doubt that, from the point of international comity, the sending of missionaries is an impertinence. We commend to

the attention of Democrats the following remark by Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy:

"I do not know that it is a duty to disturb by missionaries the religion and peace of other countries, who may think themselves bound to extinguish by fire and fagot the heresies to which we give the name of conversions, and quote our own example for it. Were the Pope or his holy allies to send in mission to us some thousands of Jesuit priests to convert us to their orthodoxy, I suspect that we should deem and treat it as a national aggression on our peace and faith."—*Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, Vol. 7, p. 287.

There is good sound Americanism in those words. But since the days of Jefferson, this country has sent hundreds of missionaries to disturb the religion and peace of Oriental countries, and the Pope has sent thousands of Jesuit priests to disturb the religion and peace of the United States. And all of the Jesuits are Democrats.

The Comstock gambling game is almost played out. One day last week the only transaction in the San Francisco Stock Board was a sale of four hundred shares at fifteen cents. On another day there were no sales at all. Recently there has been a feeble attempt made to attract public attention again to the moribund stock market by asking the miners to accept wages of less than four dollars a day. This request is expected to indicate that a movement for a more economical management of the properties is on foot. The companies have asked the miners to take three dollars a day, but let it be known that they were willing to compromise on three dollars and a half. The miners have refused to accept a cent less than their time-honored four dollars. When it is known that there are only about three hundred miners now employed in the Virginia City and Gold Hill mines, it will be understood how little bearing the question of wages has on the situation. A good proportion of the miners were ready to stand a reduction if the managers would engage to employ more men, but no such promise could be extracted. Even if it were possible at this late day to convince the people that a Comstock mine can be honestly and economically worked by the same class of persons who for so many years have worked them extravagantly and dishonestly, scaling the miners' wages would be a beginning at the wrong end. The office of the average Nevada mining company, both on the ground and in this city, is a nest of ornamental officials, who place the stockholders under rare obligation if they take nothing more than their salaries. In and about the mine there are always barnacles enough to sink a ship. At every step, from the boring of the shaft to the sale of the bullion, tribute has to be paid to somebody who is not acting in the interest of the stockholders. Supplies at double prices, corporations within corporations, milling rings, stuffed pay-rolls—that has been the system ever since the Comstock mines were discovered. Pillage—gross, never-ceasing pillage—has been the history of the management.

And while this looting has gone on at the mines, the public has been worked on the same principle at the stock-board end of the game. Theft, on so grand a scale and so long-continued, was never more strongly, brilliantly, and profitably organized. More millions have been taken from the pockets of the people by the manipulation of stocks than have been boisted from the Comstock levels. The closing of the San Francisco Stock Board, which is evidently near at hand, will be a satisfactory ending to an iniquitous business. The public has been milked long enough. The published lists of delinquent assessments prove how tired the stockholders are. The "insiders" will presently be the unwilling owners of all the shares, and they should be allowed to keep them.

The close of the stock board will be to the advantage of legitimate mining in this State and throughout the coast. Gambling in shares does not stimulate honest mining and is to the last degree injurious to the honest miner. The criminal management of the Comstock and the swindling deals in its shares, continued through a quarter of a century, have contributed more than any other cause to make capital, domestic and foreign, shy of mining properties on the Pacific Coast. There are plenty of good mines still in Nevada and California waiting for capital to develop them. With the stock board out of existence, it is to be presumed that the money heretofore "bucked" away in share-gambling will gravitate toward their exploitation, and also other money which the gambling and cheating of "the street" have scared away from anything connected with the name of mining. As for the Comstock, it is easy to foretell its fortune. When it can be no longer used as bait to catch suckers, the Duboscs and Diavolos will quit the sport and the lode will fall into the hands of business men who will work it for what legitimate profit the ores will yield. Then we shall not hear so much about the Comstock, but it will pay dividends instead of hatching assessments.

The following hysteric paragraph is from the New York Sun, a leading Democratic newspaper:

"In the midst of the appalling stagnation and trouble in business, there is, under the circumstances, one cheering and all-sufficient thought

to every anti-protectionist, to every individual who, with his mind on the tariff, voted last year against the historic policy of protection. The shutting of protected factory doors and the clicking of their locks are signals that some robber has ceased to rob. As soon as the mill is closed, the owner, formerly the plunderer of the many and the oppressor of the poor, has to sit idle and helpless. He can not wring a cent of his old profit from the labor and savings of others. His outrageous and unconstitutional business is stopped. The Democrats have brought the old-time robber barons to an end. Protection is robbery. Down with it!"

This curious outburst impelled us to look up the dreadful fate of these robber barons whose factory doors are closed, and who are "idle and helpless." The Brooklyn *Eagle* reporter found one at Manhattan Beach. His name is A. P. McCoomb. When the reporter found this particular robber baron, he was seated on the piazza, "idle and helpless," smoking a cigar, and looking out to sea. When interrogated, he admitted his nefarious calling, and said:

"Yes, I am one of the robber barons out of a job. I come from a little town up the State. I had a factory there. When Harrison was elected, I built a big addition. I had seven hundred hands working for me, and my factory was the backbone of the town's prosperity. It may be said to have lived on the wages I paid. When the election-riding came round last fall I was invited to speak. But I did not attempt any oratory; I had no idea that there would be a Democratic majority in my town. I told the people it was a matter of bread and butter, and they were as much interested in it as I, and I left the matter there."

"A Democratic orator followed me, and demonstrated that the Chicago platform meant release from the imposition of the robber barons' protection; that American manufacturers did not need protection; that the workingman got none of the benefits of protection; and that one of the factories would close nor would any of the American workmen be thrown out of employment by the great increase of importations that would take place. I thought my people knew better, but when the votes were counted the rainbow-hued oratory was found to have had its effect. The town had gone almost solidly Democratic."

"It wasn't any use kicking. I saw what was coming, and just took my money and soaked it away in a trust company. When the hard times came my customers canceled their orders and I had to shut down."

"The little town is finding its experiment with Democracy rather a bitter dose, I fear. I am sorry for my hands; they are having a hard time. As for me, I shall wait till the Democrats get through with their tariff-tinkering; I may have to wait till the Republicans get back to power. I can afford to wait, but I am afraid that my employees can not afford it. I am sorry for them, but they voted the Democratic ticket with their eyes open."

"Yes, I am a robber baron, but the Democratic votes have killed me, and I suppose I am dead. But I think the manufacturing business is dead, too."

The philosophic calm of Mr. McCoomb is not shared by his factory hands. To them the shutting down of the mills does not mean sitting on a piazza at Manhattan Beach and looking out to sea. It means a hard, grim struggle with poverty. It means no work. It means no bread. It means no fuel. That is what the Democratic free-trade panic means to the workingman. The rich man can lose half his fortune, and not be ruined; the workman who loses half his wages is in sore straits. The rich man can see his income stop, and go to Europe for economy; the workman whose wages stop must starve. The Democrats are driving the robber barons out of business, but they seem to be driving the barons' workmen out of business, too.

Mr. H. H. Kitson, a Boston sculptor, has modeled two statues representing the typical male and female college student, according to the measurements of several thousand persons by Dr. Dudley Sargent, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium of Harvard. They are now in the Anthropological Exhibition at the World's Fair, and have aroused considerable criticism.

The male figure is fairly good, especially as to the face; but it appears to be immature, and the thighs especially are undeveloped. If this is a fair type of the college student, he must appear to disadvantage at foot-ball or in rowing, for want of muscle between the leg and the trunk. But the female statue is still more objectionable. It also is deficient in femoral muscle, and there is a total absence of the adipose covering for which the Venus Callipyge was renowned. The back and waist are conspicuously weak. The breast looks like that of a fruitless matron. Polycleus's rule was that twice round the thumb was once round the wrist. In the figure the wrist is equal to at least four thumbs, and the arms are thick, the difference between them and the calf being small. Both hands and feet are disproportionately large. Dr. Wood, of the Stanford University, says that the female statue shows the effect of inactivity, injudicious dress, and over-studious habits. He thinks it may very possibly be a type of the average female college student.

Comparing these ideals with what is known of the figures of our young men and young women, both Dr. Wood, of Princeton, and Mr. Magee, of Berkeley, have arrived at the conclusion that California boys and girls are heavier and taller than Eastern boys and girls, especially, in the case of boys, below the waist. This will surprise many people; for observation of the young men who are seen on college campuses, in boats' crews, and on foot-ball fields, here and in the East, have led to the belief that our young men were

not up to the physical development of the Eastern youth. Everybody knows that California girls are larger than New York girls, or Boston girls, or Southern girls; they probably weigh, on the average, from ten to fifteen pounds more. Thick necks, thick wrists, and thick ankles are less frequently seen here than in the East.

Professor Wood, commenting on the number of large, healthy women who are so numerous on the Pacific Coast, ascribes their fine development largely to climate. He says that the growing season is longer here than elsewhere, and that women keep on growing here after the age at which their sisters cease to grow in the East. Certain it is that a number of plants, like the fuchsia, the heliotrope, and the daisy, reach a height here which seems incredible to an Eastern man. May it not be so with women? The largest and most robust women in Europe are found in Normandy; they are often five feet ten to six feet, and their proportions throughout are in keeping. There is no resemblance, however, between the climate of Normandy and that of California; the former is sharp, bracing, and keen. The splendid development of the Norman women is undoubtedly due to heredity; they are the daughters of the Norsewomen, sisters of Hengist and Horsa, comrades of their husbands on the stormy sea.

The body can be educated like the mind, and a deficiency in any one portion can be remedied by training. It may be well for our young women to bear this in mind. Mere avoidupois is no matter of boasting; fat is regarded as fascinating only in Africa. A young girl who attains a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds, and has nothing to show for it but rolls of soft flesh, is rather an object of commiseration than envy. It is the easiest thing in the world for her to harden her flesh and to bring herself down to a fair fighting weight. Any professor of calisthenics will prescribe for her case. It is odds that she can not prescribe for herself. Girls are often heard to say that they are going to take regular exercise in the shape of walks in order to reduce their size, and they do accordingly take a gentle promenade in the afternoons at the rate of two miles an hour. They would be surprised to hear that such exercise is calculated rather to promote than to check the deposit of adipose tissue. To reduce one's size it is necessary to borrow a leaf from the book of a man who is training for a prize-fight. He puts on a heavy coat, and, for an hour or two, runs or walks at a rate never less than five miles an hour. This exercise exhausts the water in his tissues and throws it off in the shape of perspiration, leaving nothing but hard flesh behind. When a man has gone through four weeks of this training, he is all skin, muscle, bone, and vital organ, and has lowered his weight to the minimum degree consistent with health. That is the example for girls to follow who want to bring down their figure to their notion of shapeliness.

Many girls resort to horseback riding to get rid of superfluous fat. This is like the walks at two miles an hour. The fattest men in all military services are old colonels and majors of cavalry.

Altogether, it is certain that the female type of the Pacific Coast is fatter and heavier than her sister of the East. The same conditions, environing the male, do not seem to produce the same effect. The women of this coast, therefore, will have to look to themselves carefully, and see that they do not become unshapely through the deposit of adipose tissue caused, scientifically speaking, by their habitat. It is possible, however—taking a scientific view again—that the presence of obese and charming creatures upon this coast may, through the doctrine of selection and the theory of evolution, bring about the existence of a type of thin men who shall passionately adore a type of fat women.

Concerning the remarks of an unsuccessful actress who recently stigmatized San Francisco as a "jay town," the New York *Sun* has this to say:

"The derisive contempt with which long-suffering San Francisco recently treated certain incompetent or careless players ought to prove a salutary and timely warning to those thespians who start from New York confident that a 'metropolitan reputation,' embodied in a scrap-book of press notices, will carry any one in the 'jay towns' which they propose to elevate with their art. All the education, cultivation, and art sense in the country are not massed together between the Harlem River and the Battery. This fact is well known to a great many men in theatrical affairs. As for San Francisco, she may at least boast of having given to the world one of the very best of modern romances, as well as the best literary weekly published in this country."

The modesty of the *Argonaut* prevents it from establishing the identity of "the best literary weekly published in this country." But what is the modern romance referred to? It must be the balance-sheet of the Pacific Bank.

During the last two weeks we have not printed the Democratic Calamity Calendar. The record of disaster was too voluminous. The list of closed mills, locked factories, and ruined merchants took up too much space for the *Argonaut* to handle it, even in the smallest of type. However, we

take great pleasure in printing a list of the "mills re-opening," on which our Democratic contemporaries lay such stress. That list we can easily manage:

The Malleable Iron Works, at Toledo, O., have resumed with one-third of their force.

The rolling mill of John A. Roehling's Sons Company, at Trenton, N. J., resumed operations on the eleventh instant on half-time.

The Moline Plow Company, of Moline, Ill., have started up their works. A reduction of ten per cent. was made in wages.

The American Brass Works at Cincinnati, O., have started up with a cut of ten per cent. in wages.

The Knowles Steam Pump Works, at Warren, Mass., have started up with only forty hands and a cut of ten per cent. in wages.

The Susquehanna Iron Company and the Columbia Iron Company, both of Columbia, Pa., have resumed operations with wages cut down ten per cent.

NORWICH, September 9th.—The Greenmanville Woolen Mills will begin to run again next Monday. A ten per cent. reduction will be made in wages and the factory will on run four days a week.

LAWRENCE, MASS., September 12th.—One-half of the Washington Mills, the largest woolen mills in the country, were re-opened this morning. The schedule of wages will suffer a reduction of ten per cent. The worsted department at the Arlington Mills starts work this morning at a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.

PITTSBURG, September 12th.—The Charleroi Plate-Glass Works resumed in part to-day with one-half of their men.

PROVIDENCE, September 9th.—The Gregory Mills at Wickford, which re-opened lately, have again closed for lack of orders.

AMSTERDAM, September 12th.—The spring works of D. W. Shuyler & Son, which resumed last week, have again closed down for an indefinite period.

PROVIDENCE, September 12th.—The American Hair-Cloth Company at Central Falls, which re-opened on the first, will shut down again on Saturday night.

We congratulate the Democrats on the wave of prosperity that has swept over the country since Mr. Cleveland called his Congress together. As the foregoing paragraphs show, the workingmen under Democratic rule are having a much better time. It is principally half-time.

OLLA PODRIDA.

A young woman is missing. Fragments of a female body are found in the bay. The police trace the matter to an abortionist doctor's doors. He is arrested, and will be tried.

This is enough, in all conscience. But the papers of this city are wallowing in the bloody details. Photographs of the fragments of the woman's body are reproduced; hideous, horrible sketches of her severed head adorn the pages of our daily newspapers. Nauseating details of the crime follow, filling many columns.

How the proprietors of journals who claim to be gentlemen, heads of families, husbands of bonest wives, fathers of young ladies, brothers of virtuous sisters, sons of bonored mothers, and guardians of young children, can print such stuff we do not understand. They ought to blush at their own breakfast and dinner-tables for the presence of this vile literature. Yet they print it in all its horror. And for what? For money.

What will not these papers do for money? What quack advertisement is too indelicate for them to print? What "massage" notice is too plain for their columns? What lie is too bold for them to tell for coin? What thing is too disgraceful for them to publish in this evil rivalry that is dishonoring them and disgracing journalism? Such a press has no influence. These journals have destroyed their power for good. No bad man cares for them. But dread of their vile misrepresentations and abuse may keep good men from public positions or from offering their services to the public for fear of being dragged into a scandalous notoriety by ribald and unprincipled mention.

We have asserted before and now repeat that San Francisco is literally accursed of its press. There is no other institution on this coast so utterly debauched, so thoroughly licentious, and so absolutely demoralized as the newspapers of this city. Heretofore we have denounced these publications for their mercenary character, their selfishness, their cowardice, their personal jealousies, their vindictive quarrels. We have demonstrated their mendacity and exposed their hypocrisy. We believe they are utterly unprincipled, and in the pursuit of unlawful gains will stick at nothing.

The press of this city has recently had a new attack of scandal-mongering. Stories on so trifling a foundation that they would be whispered even at an old maids' tea-party are gravely printed as "local news." Scandal, servants' tittle-tattle, and back-stairs eavesdropping go to make up the bulk of the stuff which local newspaper men call "good stories."

For a number of years there has been a gradual departure of the wealthy residents of San Francisco. One by one they leave for other and larger cities, sometimes in the East, sometimes abroad. There are many inducements for people of wealth to live elsewhere. But when in addition to the attractions of other and more luxurious cities there is the added stimulus of a personal press in this newspaper-cursed city, the departure of the wealthy becomes a hegira. Any family possessing wealth enough to live luxuriously in San Francisco becomes at once a target for the poisonous pens of San Francisco "journalists." It is small wonder that so many wealthy people leave this place for other cities where they may live in luxury and enjoy themselves without newspapers flinging filth at them as they pass.

A HUSBAND'S MISTAKE.

How his Little Device to Save his Honor Worked Too Well.

Mme. la Baronne de Givone was a reproduction of that famous type of classic beauty, the Greek goddess, examples of which are so rare now and growing more and more so in this *fin-de-siècle* epoch. A woman born for the Olympian cothurne and the simple drapery clasped upon the shoulder, neither pretty, nor witty, nor marvelous in any way, but Greek, plain Greek from brow to instep—upon the word of her estimable husband, the shrewd, far-sighted, and successful financier, M. le Baron and banker, Aloozo de Givone.

The baron, moreover, was not wrong; madame his wife reflected the universal admiration as a polished reflector throws back the light; they always chose her to preside over those functions that required traditionally statuesque patronesses; men bowed before her as before an armed sentinel, and women never thought of such a thing as being jealous of her.

The age of this beautiful Greek, however, announced by herself, was of a very vague character, like the age of a statue as given on the bill of sale, "somewhere between nine-and-twenty and nine-and-forty years."

As for the baron's age, it was that of all husbands when they are loyal spouses—fifty years. Very rich and childless, every evening saw them in the social swim, but leading there, as elsewhere, the solemn, ceremonious, well-regulated, dignified life of the old clock in the salon of their stately old mansion in the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne.

But—alas, that it should be so!—transcendent virtues are always subject to thunder-clap relapses. One day, at the house of a diplomatic personage—a careless parvenu, who opened his doors to all sorts of arts and artists through an affected democracy—Mme. de Givone made the fatal encounter. She trembled—she the proud, distinguished Baronne de Givone, trembled before a comic singer, the vulgar star of a café concert-hall.

He had come there, poor devil, to earn a louis and his supper, without a thought of reanimating goddesses of the Parthenon, and was chiefly concerned, while chirping out his "imitable imitations," by a suddenly discovered slit that striped with white the sooty black of his coat under the arm, and the necessity for keeping his hand clasped over his heart to bide the fiery stroke of an unpaid laundress's iron, which spread itself out in brownish tint upon an otherwise snowy shirt-front.

The physique of this singer of comic ditties perfectly corresponded with his employment—calf-eyed, thick-lipped, oose like a duck's bill, awkward in gait, and with only the knowledge of making a stage-bow fairly well—an ungainliness, all the same, that mattered little; Mme. de Givone was caught by the epidemic that at times seizes all too-perfect women of vaguely defined years.

She believed that she loved Cæsar Ibes, and fell upon him, like a bolt from a clear sky, with all the notes, flowers, invitations, *et cætera*, that women of the great world employ in such cases as barometers, so to speak, of the condition of their affections. Cæsar did not, however, return this love, though touched a little, of course, like all amiable animals to whom, through an impulse of pity, one speaks caressingly as one passes. He did not love her; and when she called him the "ray of sunlight in the autumn of her life," instead of telling him, as she might have done, of his "imitable tones," a dull dislike rose up in his heart against her.

Cæsar Ibes was not rich, either; Herminie bankrupted him in cabs engaged by the hour, and actually dared to offer him on his birthday a cigar-case embroidered by her slim Greek fingers, when he would have infinitely preferred to the work of the needle a diamond scarf-pin, or even a good imitation diamond, provided the mounting was not too sham.

Still one can taste a little of love and not become a drunkard. Cæsar, not knowing what else to do, permitted himself to go on being loved and being ruined by cab hire, in obedience to the will of the goddess, who made of this prosaic and useful vehicle their regular and not too compromising trysting-place.

It went on thus—well, really, it does not matter how long—when, one morning at the breakfast-table, M. de Givone, with frowning brow, announced a sudden departure, possibly a week's absence and a call to Lyons on a serious banking errand.

Herminie saw him set out with the joy of an emancipated school-girl, and promptly dispatched a note to her "dear friend" to call upon her that coming evening, closing with directions as to finding the servants' stairway.

"My husband deceives me," she declared; "I am sure that he deceives me, because he has grown so cold to me of late. This voyage is but a pretext to join some—some creature. I scorn him, and I wish to see you—to see you here, in my own house. Come!"

The evening came, and the clocks of the quarter were still striking ten as Herminie de Givone, the "deceived" wife, all glittering with diamonds and rustling with laces, as she had come from the concert where Ibes, all the fashion at the moment, had been the lion of the occasion, stepped from her carriage, dismissed the waiting-maid, and ten minutes later, by the servants' stairway, was ushering the young comedian to the sacred precincts of her private boudoir.

A strange awkwardness, however, seemed to settle upon the two culprits as they crossed the threshold of that severely Greek nest, with its Olympian memories; Herminie slowly and silently unclasped her diamond necklace and turned to lay it upon a table near by, and Cæsar, with equal slowness, fumbled nervously with the buttons of his concert-hall paletot.

Then, just as the diamonds fell into the bronze tray waiting to receive them—fell with the light spattering sound of falling tears—the door opened again and M. de Givone appeared.

Herminie uttered a cry and fell prone to the floor, and

Cæsar began mechanically to rebutton his paletot, his pale face convulsed with terror. The banker was pale, too, but ominously calm.

"Sir," said he, quietly drawing a revolver from his pocket, "you are poor, you are a coward, and I know why you are here. You came to steal my wife. Happily, I had taken my precautions. I have placed on guard at each side of the servants' stairway of my house two police officers charged to arrest and to search you. They will find"—pointing to the baronne's jewels glittering in the tray beside them—"that diamond necklace concealed between your shirt and waistcoat; they will take you to the police-station, and there you will admit the theft; there, also, you will declare that you were here to see the baronne's maid, and this vulgar comedy will end by a just application of the law—that is to say, a certain number of months in prison. In consideration of recovering the diamonds, however, I agree to do what I can to soften the rigor of the richly deserved sentence."

And smiling blandly, M. de Givone placed his finger upon the revolver's trigger.

"But—but, monsieur," stammered the comedian, entering the tragic rôle in spite of himself, "you would compel me to sacrifice my honor."

"And my honor, sir," responded the banker, drawing nearer, "what of that, sir? Appearances give me the right to blow out your brains here and now, sir; but I do not love scandal. Take your choice, then. Carry off the diamonds or—I kill you!"

Briefly, nothing was more cleverly arranged. Cæsar Ibes was poor, a nobody, riddled with debt, of a physique to please only chambermaids, and Herminie de Givone as flawless before the world as the statue she resembled.

With moist brow and chattering teeth, Cæsar made but a step to the table where flamed the resplendent necklace.

"To call out is useless," he grumbled, essaying to smile. "If I told the truth, even, they'd take me for a fool, I suppose!"

"No one would believe you, sir."

Givone raised his arm again, and Cæsar saw the gleaming barrel of the revolver almost against his brow. It was an invincible argument. Cæsar yielded.

"Well, if I must, I must," said he; "better a prison than death, you know." And the necklace vanished into the hiding-place designated by M. de Givone, who followed him to the threshold, pointed the way he should go, and dropped behind him the portière.

Cæsar found himself alone in the corridor. To the left, in the distance, twinkled the lamp of the vestibule, lighting the servants' stairway; to the right, shining in the moonlight, gleamed the long, sparkling panes of the corridor window. Beyond that window was the garden, beyond the garden the Bois de Boulogne, the fields, security, and freedom!

"Bah! why not?" thought Cæsar brusquely, dazzled and blinded by that which he had suddenly conceived; "I've time enough to throw myself into a traio; eight hours lands me at Havre, and once in England—the devil himself couldn't catch me. Houp-la! my boy, and that"—snapping his thumb lightly in the direction of the baoker's closed door—"that for all the eoraged husbands in Paris!"

He threw up the sash, flung a leg over the window-ledge, and—the diamonds with him—was lost to the night.

Six months have gone since then; the worthy financier is still deploring the mistake he made in persuading Cæsar to steal against his will, and Mme. la Baronne Givone more than ever resembles a well-groomed statue.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of *Rachilde* by E. C. Waggener.

There was a crushing and crowding at the "Abington" Baird sale which took place recently at that well-known haunt of former revelry, 36 Curzon Street, London. The costly gewgaws which "Mr. Abington" had so lavishly got together did not go for the traditional song. Chippendale clocks, sculptured marbles, carved screens, rare engravings, Watteau panels, and the rest of them brought decidedly picturesque prices, and the billiard-table, where many a thousand was staked on a game and won or lost by the reckless owner with equal jollity, fetched an equivalent of four hundred and fifty dollars. "Dear, dear!" an innocent old lady exclaimed, "what excellent taste the poor man had for a bachelor!"

At Jan Van Beers's Artistic and Comic Exhibition in London some few years since, half his works had to be seen through the eyes of Japanese masks; horrors and fantastic wonders met the visitor at every turn. A skeleton, upon the approach of a visitor, struck a gong and held up a portrait of the spectator (in a looking-glass) for inspection. Now the eccentric artist, turning his mechanical ingenuity to more practical account, has designed for himself a wonderful dining-room. When one course is disposed of, the table vanishes, and Mr. Beers's guests are left sitting round a hollow void; but anon the "mahogany" returns groaning under more good things.

The Duke of Edinburgh, between 1875 and 1885, made several attempts to sell to the German Government his reversionary interest in the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, to which he has now succeeded. In 1876, the queen had a conference with the old Emperor William at Baden-Baden on the subject, and nearly succeeded in negotiating an arrangement, but it fell through on account of a dispute about the pecuniary terms.

It is a striking proof of the late Dr. Charcot's influence over his patients at the Salpêtrière that two women rushed into the matron's rooms in tears, crying that they had dreamed their doctor was dead, and, at that moment, the matron was reading a telegram announcing the event. This incident would probably have pleased Charcot more than any other tribute to his personal force.

THE TURF AND TURFMEN.

The Horsemen of the New and Old Epochs—Pierre Lorillard—Dwyer Brothers—Richard Croker—John A. Morris—August Belmont—California Turfmen in the East.

The retirement of Pierre Lorillard from the turf leaves few survivors of the band of gentlemen horse-breeders which included August Belmont, "Prince" George Lorillard, M. H. Sanford, ex-Governor Bowie, and John Hunter. They are succeeded by men doubtless as gentlemanly as they, but who look upon horse-breeding as a trade, and pursue it mainly for the pecuniary gains which it yields when intelligently followed. The old horse-owners of Virginia and Kentucky looked to sire and dam, and stopped there; now the science of crossing different strains of blood has been brought to perfection, and the horseman affects to predict, before he has assorted the parents in his paddock, what speed he will get out of the foal. Pierre Lorillard is the only American who ever won the Derby. At that time he thought he would not only establish the supremacy of American horses over their European rivals, but would realize a vast fortune. He failed in both objects. He has not won many races, and his stable has been a source of heavy expense. The only really valuable horse that was sold at his auction was Lamplighter, which had cost him thirty thousand dollars. Iroquois and Longfellow have had few successors.

Perhaps the best-known man on the American turf at present is a small, slender man, always nattily dressed and jaunty in appearance, whose name is Michael F. Dwyer. He began with a small share in Rhadamanthus, and now owns a long string of horses, nearly all of which have been winners. He has a supernatural eye for a horse; people who watched him when he was the head of the firm of Dwyer Brothers learned that it paid to follow his lead. He is a genius at betting, also. He does not make many bets but those he does make are heavy. Five thousand is the figure he affects. He rarely loses, but when he does—as when he dropped at Monmouth last year sixteen thousand dollars on one race—he loses his money smilingly, and never loses his temper. Unlike Lorillard, he has no predilection for any particular breed. Lorillard always preferred the progeny of Leamington. Dwyer judges horses on their own merits. He gave thirty thousand dollars for Don Alonzo last autumn.

Almost as successful and quite as well known as Dwyer, is Richard Croker, the Tammany boss. He is a neophyte on the turf, but he is rich, sporty, and generally succeeds in what he tries. Without saying anything to any one, he put a hundred thousand into horse-flesh, and did not get many animals for the money. He gave twenty-five thousand dollars for Long street, and twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars for Yorkville Belle. He has announced that he is going out of politics and is going to devote himself exclusively to horse racing. If he is as successful on the turf as he has been in political life, he will soon be richer than Mike Dwyer. Since he took the command of Tammany Hall, it has never lost an election, and the fame of John Kelly has been eclipsed.

Another great horse-breeder is John A. Morris, of Morris Park. His father owned racing stock, and the son spends his large income in increasing and improving his stud. Besides Morris Park, where he has extensive stables, he has big stock-farm in Maryland and a large cattle-ranch in Texas; on these some of the promising horses of the day are kept. Mr. Morris is lavish in his expenditure for the purchase or training of his horses; but he rarely if ever bets, and his name seldom appears among the lists of winners. He leaves betting to his trainer, Wyndham Walden.

The Belmont stable has attracted little attention since the death of its founder. Since then it has contained no animals which were peers of La Tosca or St. Florio. But the son August Belmont, Jr., has lately developed some taste for the turf, and he owns a filly, Lady Violet, of which great things are expected.

Another oen mao is Dr. Knapp, a rich clubman, who we consider a model last year with the two-year-old colt, S. Walter. Emboldened by success, he gave thirty thousand dollars for another colt, G. W. Johnson, and men who at horse seem to think he got a bargain. Lorillard always thought that the colt's legs were too weak to stand training.

Four horsemen from your part of the country often figure in the papers. These are J. B. Haggin, "Lucky" Baldwin, Jim Keene (who is now operating with his son, Foxhall), and Marcus Daly, of Anaconda. Mr. Haggin seems to enjoy the races as a sport and to care little for winning. He bets like a prince, and report says that he generally wins. The Keenes are plungers; they must have sunk a lot of money on the turf in the course of the last ten years. It was due to them that they should win the Futurity Stak with Domino. Marcus Daly is accumulating a careful selected and valuable stable; it is quite on the cards that he may introduce the world to one of the winners of 1894. His trainer is Mat Byrnes, whose reputation stands high.

The chief excitement on the turf at present is the 2:2 record, made this week at Fleetwood by Directum, a four-year-old stallion, bred in California. This does not come to Nancy Hanks's record of 2:04, but it is the fastest ever made by a trotting stallion. Thirty-five years ago, the sporting world was amazed at the news that Ethan Allen, Morgan horse, had defeated the famous George M. Patch by trotting his mile in 2:28. During these thirty-five years horse-breeders have concentrated their utmost efforts on reducing this record, and now they have cut it down twenty-one seconds. But the fastest pace has always been made by a mare or a gelding. Now Directum threatens to depose Nancy Hanks from her throne, and to lower his own record by three or four seconds more. He has more strength than the mare, and his knee-action—which is exhausting—less play. Should he be so lucky as to lower his record 2:03 or less, he would be almost invaluable for stud purposes.

NEW YORK, September 16, 1893.

FLANEUR

THE MODERN AMERICAN ABROAD.

Our London Correspondent Says he is no Longer a Sight-Seer—He has a House in Mayfair and a Shooting-Box—And is Never in Town Except in the Season.

From a society point of view there is no place on earth so dull—so stale, flat, and unprofitable—as London at the present time of the year. Even Americans are beginning to find this out. Of course I refer to Americans who not only have the *entree* to good society, but who go. To them, nowadays, London does not exist outside the radius of the West End. They know, or profess to know, no other part, and are as sublimely ignorant of the Tower and the British Museum as any native-horn swell you could pick out. An American of this sort is ashamed to be seen in London after the twelfth of August. Even if he has not a Scotch moor, like the Bradley-Martins—or a friend to ask him to one—he hopes people will think he is shooting grouse somewhere in the North, if he is not yachting along the French coast. And so he goes away from London with the rest when the time comes, and stays away till the proper time arrives for him to come back again. The Continent is crowded with Americans when the London season is over.

It used not to be so. Years ago, before Lady Mandeville, and Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mrs. Ronalds, and Mrs. Mackay established an American stronghold in high English society, Americans were content to come to London like other foreigners to view its historic points of interest and to see its people through American spectacles. They put up at the Langham for a week or two, and when they were not gazing in silent admiration at the Johnsonian side of Fleet Street, were taking tours through the Tower in charge of a "heef-eater," or paying flying visits to Windsor and Hampton Court. They were far happier east of Temple Bar than west of it, and in reality knew nothing of "the city" as a distinctive locality, but thought the whole of the metropolis was rightly so designated. Their visits to Buckingham Palace consisted of deeply interested inspections of the interior when the queen was away and occasional glances at the Royal Mews with the aid of a well-tipped groom. The Bank of England was a more attractive spot than Marlborough House and the Royal Exchange than Rotten Row. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter were just the same to them. All their favorite places were equally attainable, whatever season of the year they came. But now they go to levées and drawing-rooms, they drive and ride in the park, they rent houses in Park Lane and Belgrave Square, and entertain royally, by Jove! whenever they choose.

"An 'otel!" I heard one of these Americans exclaim once, with supreme disgust in his face; "I never go to an 'otel in London, my dear fellow. I either hire a house in Mayfair or South Kensington, or else have rooms in St. James's Street or Piccadilly, near my club."

The old Duke of Blankhurst happened to overhear the remark.

"I remember your father, sir," he said, "twenty or thirty years ago."

"Ah, yes, your grace," smiled the American through his eyeglass, "my governor used to come to England a good deal when I was a hoy, I've heard."

The duke looked at him with a curled lip.

"I was going to say, sir, that he was quite happy at the Langham, which he said was the only place where he felt at home."

"The governor always had odd tastes, your grace," replied the American; "just imagine anybody going to an 'otel from choice. But where is this wonderful Langham?"

"Pah!" said the duke, and turned his back.

I heard him afterward tell this story in the smoking-room of a country-house, amid roars of laughter.

I chanced to meet an American gentleman of this type the other day. I had a slight acquaintance with him and stopped to speak. It was in Pall Mall.

"I'm only here for a few hours," he began at once; "I had to come and see my hankers about my letter of credit. Otherwise, I should be ashamed to show my face. I'm off again to-night."

"Can't you find anything to do?" I asked.

"What? How? When? Where?"

"Here, now," I said. "Go and see the Tower?"

One might have thought I had asked him to stand on his head on the top of the Duke of York's Column, from his face:

"By Jove! I hope you don't think I'd do such a heastly caddish thing as that," he growled, sulkily. "No fear."

"Have you seen the Mansion House?" I went on. He gave me a cold stare. "Or taken a trip round in the Underground?"

"My dear fellow," he answered, "I fear you must think I come from Oshkosh or Kalamazoo."

Then he hailed a hansom and got in. As the cab whirled away, I could not help feeling impressed with the idea that he had scored.

There are hundreds of Americans who come to England in these days who are just like that.

On the other hand there are hundreds of the other sort—people who come from Oshkosh and Kalamazoo, as my friend suggested. But they occupy quite a place of their own, and cut no figure before English eyes, as their fathers and grandfathers used. The anglicized society Americans have completely crowded them out. They are the Americans you hear talked about and referred to. The former are in London all the year round, seeing sights, asking questions, dressing oddly, and doing and saying (from an English point of view) *outré* things. But they have ceased to attract any attention. They are no longer novelties; they have grown stale; Englishmen are rather tired of them, to say truth. The other kind, on the contrary, are less troublesome and easier understood. And while they lack every vestige of the national characteristics so lavishly displayed by the genuine Americans, they so willingly conform to the usages

and customs dear to the English heart and so carefully study the observance of the minutest details of social etiquette that English society accepts and receives them without a murmur of hesitation. You will not find these Americans in London now, unless the prolonged session of Parliament gives them an excuse for remaining. But, like the swallows and cuckoos, they will come back in the spring.

LONDON, September 1, 1893.

COCKAIGNE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Maestro's Confession—(Andrea dal Castagno, 1460).

Threescore and ten I

I wish it were all to live again.

Dnesn't the Scripture somewhere say,

By reason of strength men oftimes may

Even reach fourscore? Alack! I wnn knows?

Ten sweet, limg years of life! I wuld paint

Our lady and many and many a saint.

And thereby win my soul's repose:

Yet, Fra Bernardo, you shake your head:

Has the leech once said

I must die? But he

Is only a fallible man, you see.

Now, if he had been nur father, the Pope,

I shuld know there was then no hope,

Were only I sure of a few kind years

Mure to be merry in, then my fears

I'd slip for a while, and turn and smile

At their hated reckonings. Whence the need

Of squaring accounts for wurd and deed

Till the lease is up? . . . Hnw?—hear I right?

No, nn! Ynu could not have said, *To-night!*

Ah, well! Ah, well!

"Confess," you tell me, "and be forgiven."

Is there nn easier path to heaven?

Santa Maria, how can I tell

What, nnw for a score of years and mure,

I've hurried away in my heart sn deep

That, howso tired I've been, I've kept

Eyes waking when near me another slept,

Lest I might mutter it in my sleep?

And now at the last tn blab it clear!

Hnw the wmen will shrink from my pictures! And wurse

Will the men dn—spit nn my name, and curse;

But then up in heaven I shall not hear.

I faint! I faint!

Quick, Fra Bernardo! The figure stands

There in the niche—my patrnn saint;

Put it within my trembling hands

Till they are steadier. Sn! My brain

Whirled and grew dizzy with sudden pain,

Trying to span that gulf of years,

Fronting again those limg-laid fears.

Confess? Why, yes; if I must, I must.

Nnw, good Saint Andrea, he my trust!

But fill me first, from that crystal flask,

Strung wine to strengthen me for my task.

(That thing is a gem of craftsmanship;

Just mark how its curvings fit the lip.)

Ah, ynu in your dreamy, tranquil life,

Hnw can ynu fathom the rage and strife,

The blinding envy, the burning smart,

That, worm-like, gnaws the Maestro's heart,

When he sees another snatch the prize

Out from under his very eyes,

For which he would harter his soul? You see,

I taught him his art from first to last;

Whatever he was he owed to me.

And then to he browbeat, overpassed,

Stealthily jeered behind the hand!

Why, that was mure than a *saint* could stand;

And I was no saint. And if my snul,

With a pride like Lucifer's, mncked control,

And goaded me on tn madness till

I lnt all measure of good nr ill,

Whose gift was it, pray? Oh, many a day

I've cursed it, yet whose is the blame, I say?

His name? How strange that ynu question so,

When I'm sure I've told it n'er and o'er,

And why should you care to hear it more?

Well, as I was saying, Dementia

Was wntt my skill to make such light,

That, seeing him go on a certain night

Out with his lute, I followed. Hnt

From a war of wurd, I heeded nt

Whither I went till I heard him twang

A madrigal under the lattice where

Only the night before I sang.—

A dnuble robbery! and I swear

'Twas overmuch for the flesh to bear.

Don't ask me. I knew nt what I did,

But I hastened home with my rapier hid

Under my cloak, and the blade was wet.

Just open that cabinet there and see

The strange red rustiness nn it yet.

A calm that was dead as dead could be

Numbed me. I seized my chalks tn trace—

What think you?—Judas Iscariot's face!

I just had finished the scowl, nn mure,

When the shuffle of feet drew near my door

(We lived together, you know I said):

Then wide they flung it, and on the floor

Laid down Domenic—dead!

Back swam my senses: a sickening pain

Tingled like lightning through my brain,

And ere the spasm of fear was hrnk,

The men who had borne him homeward spoke

Soothingly: "Some assassin's knife

Had taken the innocent artist's life—

Wherefore, 'twere hard to say. All men

Were prone to have troubles now and then

The world knew naught of. Toward his friend

Flurence stood waiting to extend

Tenderest dolo." Then came my tears,

And I've been sorry these twenty years.

Now, Fra Bernardo, you have my sin:

Dn you think Saint Peter will let me in?

—Margaret J. Preston.

A Michigan street-railway has just made its first issue of aluminum street-car tickets, which are about the size of a silver quarter-dollar. One is round for the ordinary fare, the other octagonal for children. The adult's ticket is sold by the railroad company to the public at the rate of six for a quarter, and the child's ticket at the rate of ten for a quarter. The company does not allow its employees, either conductors or motormen, to sell the tickets to the public, but disposes of them in ten-dollar lots to the several store-keepers who bundle them exclusively.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Vanderbilt's purchase of the Paul Cameron estate as an addition to his hunting estate near Asheville, N. C., for seventy-five thousand dollars, it is thought, will make him the largest land-owner in the State.

The infant who has just made his appearance at Holkham is Lord Leicester's eighteenth child. The present Lady Leicester, a sister of the Duchess of Westminster, married Lord Leicester in 1875. There are fifty years of difference in the age between Lord Leicester's eldest child, Lady Powerscourt, and the young gentleman just born.

M. McHugh, Member of Parliament for Armagh, is the daring innovator who is credited with introducing the American straw hat into the House of Commons, where the "plug" had held undisputed sway for years. The innovation has found favor, and Mr. Gladstone himself abandoned his silk hat for one of white straw during the extremely hot weather.

William K. Vanderbilt bought a cottage at Mount Desert the other day for two hundred thousand dollars. He offered to give two notes for one hundred thousand dollars each, both payable within thirty days. "I would rather, though," he said, "that the first note should not be drawn for at least fifteen days, as I am buying the cottage out of my pocket-money and don't wish to be cramped."

It turns out that the so-called Russian Grand Duke George, who was with the Russian fleet at the time of the naval review at Hampton Roads, and who was gushed over by the society belles, is a son of the late Czar, by his morganatic wife, Princess Gourievskaja, who is now living in Paris. The young fellow, therefore, is really not a grand duke at all, although he receives a pension from the Russian Government and is allowed certain privileges.

Angelo, the Bulgarian brigand who has just been killed in an affray with the gendarmerie, kept a note-book in which his murders were regularly recorded. They reached the total of one hundred and ninety men—Angelo never molested women—killed with the rifle, and forty-two killed with the knife. Even this incredible total does not include gendarmes and soldiers whom, apparently, Angelo thought beneath record. A sum of nearly twenty thousand dollars was keeping the note-book company in Angelo's pocket.

Some of the new Populist congressmen are extremely frugal, but none of them have yet heaten the record of Walt Butler, of Iowa, who was in the last Congress. Every day he came to the capitol carrying his luncheon in a tin box. The only patronage at his disposal was the appointment of a page. He named his son for the place, and at noon Congressman Butler and his son sat on the floor of the House, in full view of the galleries, and ate their frugal luncheon together out of the family luncheon-box.

Paul de Cassagnac sometimes gets the worst of it in his bullying. In the French Chamber of Deputies, not long ago, M. Menier, the great chocolate manufacturer, arose to speak, when M. de Cassagnac, in his usual amiable and gentlemanly fashion, began to hellow: "Chocolate! Chocolate!" M. Menier hore the interruptions for a time, but at length turned and shouted that if Cassagnac would pay him the bill his uncle owed him for chocolate for twenty years, he could yell "chocolate" as long as he pleased. The Chamber roared and the fire-eating deputy subsided.

Congressman Everett continues to be the hero of numerous stories at Washington. One of them deals with his hatred for the female sex in general and particular. A reckless hook-agent—a female hook-agent, too—knocked at the door of Everett's house in Quincy one afternoon. She saw the name on the door-plate, and when the doctor appeared she inquired: "Is Mrs. Everett at home?" Everett danced a few steps of an Emerson polka, frothed at the mouth, and yelled: "No, madam! Mrs. Everett is not at home. She never will be at home. Get out!" He then slammed the door.

It is now understood that Mr. W. W. Astor intends to apply for naturalization papers and become a British subject. He can not, indeed, under the new property laws, hold freehold real estate without so doing. His ambition, so says rumor, runs to political life in the Commons, with a possible baronetcy and subsequent peerage in the future, which might land him in the House of Lords. He is not the first American who has abandoned his native land for the mother country and been rewarded by a title. The late Sir Curtis Lampson, of Boston, was a case in point. His son succeeded to the baronetcy, and his very clever daughter became the wife of Frederick Locker, the poet. Mr. Astor's political aspirations, by the way, will not be forwarded by his recent move of closing to the public the terraces at Cliveden, which were formerly much enjoyed by frequenters of the River Thames; and it is rumored that he will soon withdraw also the privilege of picnicking in Cliveden Woods.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who is exceedingly worried with Lord Rosebery for having made the Scotch peer's son a peer of England and so having given the son precedence over the father, posted off to Homburg recently to see Rosebery and give that devoted secretary of state "one in the eye," as he expressed it. Lord Rosebery got wind of his intention, and asked a friend to adjust the difference; but the friend posted off to the hurgomaster, and the result was that Queensberry was shadowed by the only constable Homburg boasts until he could be served with a portentous document, which set forth that, whereas the British Minister of Foreign Affairs was "our guest," his distinguished countryman, the Marquis of Queensberry, was politely requested to refrain from committing an attack on the said noble lord's person, and in faith thereof he was prayed to sign the document. The upshot of it all was that, with some persuasion from his friends, Lord Queensberry not only signed, sealed, and delivered, but removed himself from Homburg.

THE DEMON VIOLIN.

The scene in Hooley's saloon was not an uncommon one for a far North-Western town. It was late, and Jim Reagan, the night-shift, stood behind the bar. In front of it, a couple of maudlin men, in blue overalls and jumpers, clasped each other in clumsy affection, talked loudly, and frequently ordered drinks of the stolid and indifferent Reagan. Within a door and behind a wooden partition were congregated thirty or forty men—miners, ranchers, ne'er-do-wells of the town, and a sprinkling of "sure-thing" gamblers. Four or five tables, like magnets, held each its quota of players. Around the floor lay strewn the packs of rejected playing-cards like fallen leaves. A piano, at one side of the room, gave out loud and discordant sounds.

The man performing upon it was the most striking figure in the room. With tattered clothes, disheveled hair, and bleared eyes, he was yet distinctively different from any of his companions. The dark eyes and olive skin suggested birth in a southern clime. Work in the mines or on the ranch was not indicated by the slight frame. The well-formed hands were not distorted by toil. Torn, and soiled, and rusty brown, as it was, his suit of clothes had once been black—his coat, a frock. "Crazy Paolo" they called him. Wine, whisky, a little food, and a night's lodging constituted his hire at Hooley's to bang the miserable piano and play his violin—the violin so carefully locked in its case.

He had finished a harrowing popular air at the piano for the twentieth consecutive time, and stopped to take a drink from the glass at his elbow. Three or four big, hulking men near by stood looking at him stupidly from under their broad felt hats. The poker-chips clicked at the gaming-tables. Reagan, in response to an order, brought in a tray of liquor and cigars to one of the tables. Paolo reached for his case and almost reverently took out his violin. A little preliminary tuning and it went to his shoulder. The how was drawn over the strings, but so softly that none save himself heard the sound. Again it glided over the instrument, and then it began to wander back and forth—now slowly, now swiftly, now tremulously. As the truant bars of favorite old operas, sad nocturnes, and gay gavottes poured into his yearning ear, his face lit up with a strange joy. The vacant stare of the men near him changed to a dull curiosity. But the music was all for himself; it was only a moment's delicious communion with his violin he was having. Too well he knew that the next would bring a command to play some horrible song or dance. But the poker-chips still clicked, the men about him said nothing, and Paolo continued to play for the single auditor—himself.

With the music his thoughts unconsciously went back to Italy. He and the violin had never parted since leaving the little Palermo home. The old mother and father had gone long ago, and the father had left him all be had—the wonderful violin. Ah! that was good of the old father, but Giovanni did not think so. Where was Giovanni? A wild boy was brother Giovanni. He did not like the father's violin. It was the demon of the family, Giovanni said; it had brought, and would bring, nothing but misfortune to them; the old father had done nothing but play it, and he had lived in distress and died in poverty. It would have been better had he left Paolo his curse than his violin. As for Giovanni, he would have none of music; he would go away—anywhere—and he would become rich somehow. Yes, that was what he said. But Giovanni was not a musician—and a complacent smile stole over the lips of the pitiful wreck. Demon? Misfortune? Slanders on his dear violin! Had he not played to applauding thousands in Rome—in London—in New York? She had come to hear him, it was true; but was it the dear violin's fault that the dark-eyed actress, whom he married, deceived him and ruined his life?

"Here! Paolo! you d—dago! wake up there and play us something lively," came a rough, good-natured voice from behind the clouds of tobacco smoke.

Just then a man came swaying into the room, a reckless drunken determination on his face to assert himself in some boisterous way. He heard the command, looked sullenly toward Paolo, and then walked unsteadily to the piano. Suddenly he seized the violin, tore it from the player's hands, and swinging it above his head, brought it down upon the piano, smashing it to pieces. With a shriek like that of a wild and wounded animal, Paolo gave a bound and caught the man by the throat. It was all over in a moment; they were grappling on the floor together; the man, drunk though he was, felt that the hands strangling him were those of a maniac; he managed to reach his pistol; no one saw exactly how it was done, but the pistol was discharged and Paolo rose to his feet; the other was dead.

The pistol-shot, not the struggle on the floor, instantly brought every one in the room up standing. They gathered excitedly around, but Paolo, with a wail of grief, flung himself upon the piano and pressed the shattered violin to his heart. He kissed it and talked to it caressingly, pleadingly. It did not seem that he knew he had killed a man. He only knew that his violin was dead—that it would speak to him no more.

Soon the room was crowded, for the news had spread quickly. The dead man lay stretched upon the floor, and the throng gazed morbidly upon him and then at Crazy Paolo hugging his violin. Presently the sheriff bustled in, and all made way for him. He picked up the pistol and laid it aside. Jim Reagan was the first to speak:

"Crazy Paolo killed him, sheriff, but he did it in self-defense."

"That's what he did, sheriff," came the popular Western phrase in unison from the crowd.

"Who is he?" asked the sheriff, bending over the prone figure.

"Stranger," some one volunteered.

The sheriff threw back the dead man's coat and started to search the pockets. He soon held up an envelope and read aloud the name in the address:

"Giovanni Lagardi—"

Paolo stood beside him and snatched the envelope from his hand. One glance at the name and a wild glare at the crowd that seemed to last a minute. The next instant he was on his knees, holding the face of his brother close to his own and seeming to look through it. Slowly he arose to his feet, with a despairing moan. Suddenly his eyes became riveted upon an object. Before even one of the spell-bound crowd had divined his intention, the forgotten pistol was in his hand and another bullet had claimed a life. Crazy Paolo fell heavily to the floor, his arm thrown about his victim in a half-embrace.

The fall shook the fragile building. The ruined violin dropped from the piano and lay beside the brothers.

WM. A. TAAFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1893.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY SCOTT.

The following lament for Glengarry was written by Sir Walter Scott, and has never been published until its appearance in the current *Blackwood's*, having remained in the possession of the family ever since it was composed. Under date of Mavis Bank, Rothsay, April 17, 1893, Miss Macdonell writes:

"My father died in January, 1823, and my mother came to Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh, where she lived from May, 1823, to May, 1830. It was there I first saw the 'Death-Song,' and was told by mother that Sir Walter Scott had written it and sent it to her. I believe she got it soon after we all came south in May, 1828, and it has always been in whatever houses we lived ever since."

GLENGARRY'S DEATH-SONG.

Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown!
For the star of the North from its orbit is thrown;
Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,
For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again.

Glengarry—Glengarry is gone evermore,
Glengarry—Glengarry we'll ever deplore.

O tell of the warrior who never did yield,
O tell of the chief who was falchion and shield,
O think of the patriot, most ardent and kind;
Tben sigh for Glengarry in whom all were joined.

The chieftains may gather—the combatants call,
One champion is absent—that champion was all;
The bright eye of genius and valor may flame,
But who now shall light it to honor and fame?

See the light bark how toss'd! she's wrecked on the wave!
See dauntless Glengarry on the verge of the grave!
See his leap—see that gash, and that eye now so dim!
And thy heart must be steel'd, if it bleed not for him.

Arise thou young branch of so noble a stem,
Obscurity marks not the worth of a gem;
O hear the last wish of thy father for thee:
"Be all to thy country, Glengarry should be."

Why sounds the loud pibroch, why tolls the death bell,
Why crowd our bold clansmen to Garry's green vale?
'Tis to mourn for their chief—for Glengarry the brave,
'Tis to tell that a hero is laid in his grave.

O! heard ye that anthem, slow, pealing on high!
The shades of the valiant are come from the sky,
And the Genii of Gaeldoch are first in the throng,
O list to the theme of their aerial song.

It's "welcome Glengarry, the clansmen's fast friend."
It's "welcome to joys that shall ne'er have an end,
The halls of great Odin are open to thee,
O welcome Glengarry, the gallant and free."

To appreciate wave force and what may be termed the throwing power of a wave, let it be understood that in the winter of 1860, at Bishop's Rock Light-House, the hell was torn from its fastenings, although situated one hundred feet above high-water mark. At Unst, in the Shetland Islands, a door was burst in at a height of one hundred and ninety-five feet above the level of the sea. The most wonderful effects of wave force recorded were witnessed at Wick Harbor breakwater. Blocks weighing from five to ten tons were built in above the line of high water, first with hydraulic lime, then with Roman, and last with Portland cement. This great work was considered by the most learned engineers in England to be capable of withstanding the assaults of the ocean for ages; but in October, 1864, over three hundred feet of this giant barrier was swept away. In 1872, a monolithic block, weighing thirteen hundred and fifty tons, was lifted bodily and carried to leeward of the breakwater, and, in 1873, another and heavier concrete mass, weighing two thousand six hundred tons, which had replaced the former, was swept away intact and carried to a point equally distant. The marine dynamometer for measuring the force of waves against an obstacle was invented by Mr. Thomas Stevenson, and one of the results obtained was at Skerryvore Light-House, in the Atlantic, where a force of six thousand and eighty-three pounds per square foot was measured. At Dunhar a force of three and one-half tons per square foot was recently registered.

One of the curiosities of the French elections is the employment of our language as an electioneering agent. M. Clémenceau has been pursued by an English exclamation. When he has addressed his constituents, the enemy in the crowd has shouted, "Oh, yes!" The walls of the Department of the Var have been placarded with this apparently inoffensive phrase. When M. Clémenceau's opponents have not cried, "Oh, yes!" they have varied it with "Rosbif." There is a subtle significance in these words. "Oh, yes!" means "You are the agent of perfidious Albion," and "Rosbif" means "Your pockets are stuffed with British gold."

There are intimations that the Republicans and Democrats in several of the counties of Kansas propose to combine against the Populists, whose desperate and revolutionary schemes so seriously threaten the credit and good name of the State.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

From the opening of the Pavilion to the hour of its closing there is a crowd, constantly renewed but steadfastly dense, around the Tiffany case of jewels, whose contents are valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. There is an irresistible fascination in gazing at a diamond worth a hundred thousand dollars; at a necklace of pearls worth two hundred thousand, and at collars, pendants, tiaras, and corsage ornaments in which the number of brilliants is reckoned by the hundreds and prices are counted by tens of thousands of dollars. But when it is said that in one set of jeweled ornaments there are eighteen hundred and forty-eight diamonds and in a single shoulder ornament there are nine yellow sapphires, eight hundred and sixty-one emeralds, and ten hundred and seventy-two diamonds, the secret of the spell is seen.

The fair is wonderful to the wisest, and it petrifies the farmer just come out of the woods with his large lunch-box. Standing in front of the Electrical Welding Exhibit, he sees a man dip a cold piece of iron in a pail of water, and it immediately turns red-hot while under water. It is comical to watch him as his whiskers thrill.

In the Transportation Building, France and England have finished models of modern steamships. That of the *Campania* attracts attention because of the record made by the vessel and its unusual form. The section amidship is almost square, the sides being perpendicular, the bottom flat, and the edges only slightly rounded. There is no keel. The finest model is that of the warship *Victoria*. It is thirty feet long, and cost twenty thousand dollars. This model is only a half-section, but it is set against a mirror, which reproduces the lines and makes it appear as a complete ship.

In the Mines Building the "Statue of Salt" commands a wondering throng. It is said not a few elderly ladies believe that they have actually seen a replica of Lot's wife.

The International Steamship Company has on exhibition an enormous model, showing a midship section of one of its steamships, with all the interior fittings. This is a curiosity to the country people who have never seen a great ship. They climb up and down the gangways from deck to deck, go through the saloons and state-rooms, and promenade the bridge on the upper deck with tireless interest.

In the Anthropological Building are some of the most important prehistoric relics from Carson, Nev. They consist of casts, and, in most cases, the originals of footprints discovered in 1882. There are mammoth tracks, human tracks, horse tracks, and bird tracks. The deposit where these remains were discovered is supposed to be quaternary or upper pliocene.

The Bethlehem Iron Works is represented not only by enormous forgings of guns and steamship shafts, but by a model, ninety feet high, of the one-hundred-and-twenty-ton hammer used in making these tremendous forgings.

The Russian Government displays in the Imperial Post booth the various methods of carrying the mails. There is a model representing five men carrying the mails over the mountains through the snow in the Caucasus, where the footing has to be chopped out of the ice step by step. Another model represents three horses abreast in the usual Russian style attached to a two-wheeled mail-cart. Near this, three horses attached to a sleigh show this same route in winter. There is also a model of a mail-cart drawn by two yokes of oxen; a special mail-boat used in the Archangel District, rowed by women; a camel that carries the mail in the deserts of the south-east, and a mail-sled drawn by reindeer.

The model of a prairie farm commands admiration. It was designed and partly executed by an Illinois girl, seventeen years of age. The principal materials entering into its construction are grain and grasses, and these have been handled with no small deftness and effect.

In the camps of aboriginal people from different sections of North America, Maine has sent several families of civilized Penobscot Indians. New York is represented by an Iroquois village. Canada has contributed several families of Creeks living in bark wigwams. A skin tent is inhabited by an Eskimo family. All these have brought their boats, which are shown on the water near by. Among the others are the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, Apaches, and Navajos, and Arawack and Savannah Indians.

In the library of the Woman's Building is a copy of every translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, next to the Bible and Shakespeare, has been published in more languages than any other book. Some of the titles read as follows: "Le Cas de l'Oncle Tom," "La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom," "Oncle Tom's Hutte," "Le Cas du Pere Tom," "Stric Tomaz," "La Capanna dello Zio Tom," "Zio Tommaso," "Papa Tom," and "Neger Hut."

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has an exhibit of great historical value. In it are models of all the earlier types of road-engines and locomotives, reproduced at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. Oliver Evans's boat on wheels, the *Oruktor Amphibolos*, is here with fifty other old specimens, a great collection of rails, etc., and more than a thousand pictures and drawings of locomotives, etc., of great historical value. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company also has a fine exhibit of historical interest, in a building of its own, which represents a model station, with the "John Bull" and its train of quaint old "coaches" standing on the track. In the building are many relics of the early days of railroad-ing, models of old cars, photographs of the road and its stations, relief-maps of the mountain region, samples of rails and track appliances, and models showing uniforms in use.

A hand-carved iron eagle, the work of a Japanese artist, Shinjiro Ito-o, of the Province of Ki-i, took him just five years to make. It is two feet in height and measures from tip to tip of the extended wings five feet, the weight being one hundred and thirty-three pounds. The head is so constructed that it will swerve from side to side. The bird has more than three thousand feathers, made separately by hand.

The model of the United States Treasury, in the Administration Building, is an object of much interest. It is built of Columbian half-dollars.

THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

Some Account of the Famous "House of Molière"—How Its Rehearsals are Conducted—Anecdotes of Noted Plays and Players.

Rehearsals at the Comédie-Française differ all round from those at any other French theatre, says Albert Vandam. To begin with, they are never in a hurry at the Comédie-Française. The most signal failure of a new play, which would drive ordinary managers frantic, leaves the Comédie-Française perfectly unconcerned. The most startling success is not allowed to encroach upon the repertoire for more than two or three nights a week; and that repertoire is vast and varied.

The "collating" is done in the greenroom of the theatre. The author receives an intimation that his play is about to be "cast and underlined," and, on the day appointed, he repairs to the Comédie with a clean copy of his work, divided into as many parts as there are acts, each part being stitched in a gray or blue paper cover. The stage directions are underlined in red ink. In addition to these parts, he has a number of smaller paper-covered books of oblong shape. They are the actors' parts, with their cues. This time he reads his work to those whom, in conjunction with the administrator-general, he has selected to represent the *dramatis personæ*; after that he casts his piece.

Next day the work of collating begins. The actors read their text from the rôles supplied to them, and the prompter or stage-manager—or, in rare instances, the author himself—checks the mistakes that may have crept in from the original manuscripts. The blunders are often highly diverting, but the reader himself is profoundly unconscious of them, "he reads what's on his rôle." "What in the name of sense are you saying?" asks the manager, trying to keep serious amid the violent laughter of those around. "I am saying what's on my rôle," is the phlegmatic reply. In days gone by this "collating" was repeated a dozen and even a score of times at nearly every good theatre in Paris. At present the custom has been allowed to lapse everywhere except at the Comédie-Française.

The system has many advantages, not the least among them being the time it affords M. Claretie to elaborate his plans with regard to scenery, dresses, and properties. The first-named are stored on the Boulevard Bineau, outside the gates of Paris; but, immense as is the stock, very little of it is utilized for a new production. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as a rule—the comedies of Molière were the exception—the stage represented a palace or a room—*un palais à volonté* or *une chambre à quatre portes*, as the original has it. The first was used as the framework for heroic tragedy, no matter whether the scene was laid in Greece, Rome, or elsewhere; the second when less exalted personages had to be shown "in their habit as they lived." They might be Spaniards, as in Corneille's "Cid," where the action of the whole of the five acts is unfolded in the said "room with four doors," or Assyrians—the local color of their surroundings was of no importance, the play was the thing. And when the French comedians, stimulated by the example of the Opéra, do make an attempt at a little more accuracy, they take care to emulate the thrift of which Hamlet speaks. In 1702, they order a new set of scenery for a tragedy, entitled "Montezume," but with the express proviso that it shall be *aussi peu Mexicain que possible* (textual), so that it may be used for other tragedies. We have all smiled at Mr. Vincent Crummies's commission to Nicholas Nickleby "to write a play round a pump"; but the Englishman was, after all, but an unconscious plagiarist. Molière's "Psyché" was written for the express purpose of utilizing a magnificent set representing the "lower regions," which had been originally painted for the Italian opera, "Ercole Amante," performed before Cardinal Mazarin.

The indifference to topographical and chronological accuracy in the matter of scenery continued to prevail as late as the most flourishing period of Scribean comedy. With the advent of M. Arsène Houssaye, the first serious blow at the old-fashioned system of "making things do" was aimed. Since then the Comédie-Française has pursued a steadily progressive policy. As a rule, on the very day the author reads his play to its future interpreters, a clean copy of it is handed to MM. Bianchini, Devoir, and Dérélot. M. Bianchini, though comparatively young, is the designer of costumes in ordinary, both to the Comédie-Française and the Opéra; M. Devoir is the stage-carpenter-in-chief at the "House of Molière"; and M. Dérélot is the head "property man." The last-named person is the custodian of the most unique collection of bric-à-brac in the world. For instance, that bell in the corner of his largest room is the bell belonging to the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, which gave the signal for the slaughter of the Huguenots on that terrible night of August 24, 1572. Then there is the piano which figures so prominently in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's "Rantau." It was necessary that it should be a piano of the style of sixty years ago. One of M. Got's friends—a lady—remembered having learned her scales on such an instrument, but she had parted with it to a musician, who managed to recollect having disposed of the piano years ago to a convent. Got, provided with a letter of introduction to the Lady Superior, made his way to the Rue d'Enfer-Rochereau. Said M. Got: "A sister told me to wait in the court-yard while she took the letter to the superior. The superior took me through a couple of seemingly endless passages, with a great number of doors on each side—the doors of the nuns' cells, as I discovered afterward—while another sister came behind making a terrific noise all the time with a large bell she carried. To these 'simple souls' I was an actor, and as such excommunicated by the church, and every one who could had to get out of my way. At last we got to a small room with a piano in it, very rickety and dusty, emitting a plaintive, jingling sound; this instrument was the correct piano. It was

done up a bit, and finally figured in the second act of 'Les Rantau.'

M. Dérélot does not allow pasteboard cutlets or fowls on the tables, and, when an actor invites another to partake of "that excellent bottle of Pommard," the audience may feel assured that it is not some grating *petit bleu* or Suresnes that is being poured out. The bottles are not only full, but full of generous liquor. The Comédie-Française was the first to abolish the old dispensation in that respect, after an accident that occurred at the Opéra Comique many years ago. In those days, property-men always kept in stock a quantity of bottles, the emptiness of which they disguised by filling them with ink; the sediment adhering to the sides rendered them non-transparent. Of course they were emptied before being brought on to the stage, but one evening the precaution was neglected, and Milhès, the actor, pretending to pour himself out a glass of Chambertin while talking, swallowed a mouthful of the disagreeable stuff. Thereupon, an actor of the Comédie-Française hit upon what he considered a clever device. He inserted black crape instead of ink. Having to uncork the bottle on the stage, he plied the corkscrew too vigorously; it caught the black material, which revealed itself to the audience, who roared with laughter.

In short, at the Comédie-Française there is little or no sham; the silk and velvets are of the very best, the gold lace is real; and, better than all, the comedians need not disburse a cent for anything unless they feel disposed. Talking of the expenses actresses were compelled to incur in former years, Augustine Brohan said one day: "On nous mettait sur la scène toutes nues; il est vrai, nous étions assez jolies pour ça." ["They placed us on the stage stark naked; but we were pretty enough to stand it."] When the clever actress launched that epigram, many things were already paid for by the treasury; at present, the management provides even the boots, hats, and bonnets of the actresses in modern as well as costume pieces; nay, I am told that a laundress—*une blanchisseuse de fin sentend*—is attached to the theatre. M. Legouvé, in his "Soixante Ans de Souvenirs," tells us of the fuss made by the comedians at their having to pay eight thousand francs for Mlle. Mars's three dresses in "Louise de Lignerolles"; six or seven years ago, I saw a single dress that cost ten thousand francs, and not a word was said about it. The only thing in which realism is not carried to the bitter end is the stage jewelry. Paste still does duty for diamonds, "but," as M. Perrin said, "it does not matter, seeing that, from one year's end to another, it is never used. It is surprising," he used to add, with a wan smile, "how many heirlooms of jewels there seem to be in actresses' families, for any remark upon the subject invariably elicits the same reply: 'Oh, my mother had them long before her marriage.' And yet, to look at these mothers, one would hardly think so."

Perrin was but a mediocre painter, but no great artist ever understood the combination and blending of shades better than he. What was more to the point, he made up his mind not to apply his knowledge only to "costume plays." A comedy of Dumas fils or Augier required, in his opinion, as much supervision in the matter of "dressing" as a tragedy of Corneille or a romantic drama of Victor Hugo. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the members of the Comédie, when, shortly after his advent at the Rue de Richelieu, there was a "call," with dresses, "props," and scenery of a modern play. The women especially were up in arms. They did not care to discount the effect of their new gowns, and cloaks, and bonnets before the *première*—not even to their fellow-actors, and, least of all, to their sister-actresses. But their surprise was still greater when M. Perrin began criticising their toilettes, and to suggest certain changes, not so much in the shape of their garments as in their shades, in order to preserve the harmony of the whole as a stage picture. Had the world come to an end, then; did the Comédie-Française stand where it did, and was the administrator-general henceforth to be reckoned among the Worths, Pingats, and Virots? As for the men, with the exception of MM. Got, Febvre, Mounet-Sully, and Prud'hon, they simply revolted. Had not their tailors assured them that their clothes were in the latest fashion? But M. Perrin stood firm, and little by little the quasi-English checks were banished, though even at present there is a periodical outbreak of them among the younger male members of the Comédie; the only really well-dressed men at the Comédie being MM. Worms, Leloir, and Henri Samary.

For a little while M. Perrin contemplated another reform, in the incongruous effect of the painful glitter produced by, perhaps, a hundred new dresses on the first night. M. Mounet-Sully endeavored to lay the axe to this detestable system by rehearsing for weeks in the dresses he is to wear in the production. "They rehearse the part with me, and like myself get used to it," he says. M. Febvre, who is, perhaps, not quite so mercurial and energetic as his fellow-actor, and probably disinclined to take as much trouble every day for many weeks running, hit upon another device. At the revival of Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," in which he played the comparatively small part of Saltabail, he had his dress ready several weeks beforehand, and exposed it in all winds and weather on the roof of the theatre, so that at the *première* it looked thoroughly in keeping with the character of its wearer. But that was an exceptional case. Saltabail is an out-at-elbows, down-at-heel desperado who is not supposed to sacrifice to the Graces; it was very evident that the experiment would not answer in the ordinary way. M. Perrin had proposed the only alternative long ago—*i. e.*, to wear the dresses during at least the greater part of the rehearsals; but the proposal was simply laughed to scorn. The epigrams were such as to make even M. Perrin, who was uniformly stolid, wince. "I do not know who would be worse off, my maid or myself," remarked an actress. "I know who would strike first," added a second. "It would add another hour or so to each rehearsal," observed an actor. "I suppose we should have an hour or so allowed for our meals," commented another.

"It would add another hour or so to each rehearsal"; that in reality was the gist of the hostility to the proposed

measure. Rehearsals, even at the Comédie-Française, are not what they were. The time that ought to be devoted to them is still given at the "House of Molière," but it is grudgingly given. Time was when a French actor was an actor and nothing more; he did not aspire to cut a figure in society. It is doubtful whether Regnier, Samson, and Delaunay ever went to an entertainment outside the circle of their professional friends and acquaintances, except in a professional capacity. The former often superintended amateur theatricals. Rachel was admitted now and then to the salons of the noblesse; but, in spite of her genius, the social difference between herself and her hosts was tacitly kept in view, except in rare instances. But in justice to her memory be it said, she estimated that kind of condescension—for at that time it was considered such in certain Parisian circles, and I am not quite certain that the feeling has altered much—at its just value, and never allowed society to encroach on her art and the time spent in its cultivation. Mlle. Mars not only knew her own part to perfection but that of all the *dramatis personæ* besides.

And now let us look at a picture of a rehearsal in our own days. There is a story that will show the respective capacities for taking pains of the representative of the old and new régimes. At one of the rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," and during one of the long speeches of the hero, Mme. Bernhardt one day perched herself on a table, crossing her hands in her lap, allowing her legs to dangle in the air. Victor Hugo, who witnessed the proceedings from one of the boxes, did not comment upon it aloud; but, beckoning to one of the scene-shifters standing at the wings, handed him a slip of paper for the actress, on which were written the following words:

"Une reine d'Espagne, honnête et respectable,
Ne doit pas comme ça s'asseoir sur une table!"

And Mme. Bernhardt was not the greatest offender in that respect. The *ensemble* of the Comédie-Française, good as it is still, by no means approaches the perfection of thirty and even twenty years ago. In those days the rehearsals of a new piece took a month, at present they take three; two-thirds of the time formerly devoted to preparing for the great battle are now spent by the actors in social entertainments, either as bosts, guests, or "paid guests."

How does the author fare all that time? I fancy his hopes, his confidence, his aspirations, and his enthusiasm must receive rude shocks during that interim, apart from the trial to his temper, be he never so patient. Certain is it that the *grandes premières*, as we were wont to see them at the Comédie-Française, with the playwright directing and sustaining his interpreters from the wings, like a general watching a battle, are, with one exception, things of the past. Alexandre Dumas fils seems to have inherited, with many other things, the bravery and invincible energy of his sire, for, no matter how protracted the rehearsals may have been, he looks as fresh on the first night as on the morning when he cast the play. Those who knew the father and know the son say that there is a difference in favor of the former. The author of "Le Demi-Monde," "Denise," and "Francillon" no more loses his temper and courage than did the author of "Henri III. et sa Cour" and "Antony"; but in the case of the offspring it is the pluck and imperturbability of a Cromwell, in the other it was the contagious hilarity under difficulties of a Henry the Fourth, of whom it was said that "*son courage riait*," or, better still, of a sublime Mark Tapley. The fact is the elder Dumas was not artificially but naturally deaf to all manifestations of disapproval; he heard only the applause. Sitting well back in one of the stage-boxes, he listened to his piece with the greatest pleasure, and laughed at the clever bits as if he had heard them that night for the first time. His work amused him before it amused the spectators. At a *première* of one of his pieces at the Comédie-Française, which followed hard upon a terrible "frost" of one of M. Viennet's tragedies, the tragic author was standing close by the great novelist at the wings. "I am afraid they used you rather roughly last night, my dear M. Viennet," said Dumas. Scarcely had the words left his lips when a distinct cat-call fell upon their ears. "I am afraid, my dear M. Dumas, they are going to give you a hair of the dog that bit me," replied M. Viennet, triumphantly. "Take no notice of it, my dear M. Viennet," retorted Dumas, sweetly; "it's probably one of the audience of last night who fell asleep and has just waked up."

But the *grandes premières* of the Comédie-Française are things of the past. Sardou will keep up to the last; he will attend the dress-rehearsal, seated in the third or fourth row of the stalls, his skull-cap on his head; but at the *première* he will have, or pretend to have, a headache that keeps him at home. In fact, many shirk the first performance who would face it if they could make sure of the sympathy of their fellow-playwrights through good and evil. "But for Renan, I would never attend a *première* of my own work," said M. Pailleron. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian frankly confessed that they had not the courage to remain. "I might do so, but for the pessimism of Chatrian," said M. Erckmann; "at the slightest mark of disapproval, he pinches me black and blue." "I could do very well by myself," said M. Chatrian, "but for the optimism of Erckmann; at the faintest sound of applause he digs me in the ribs till I am ready to drop to the floor."

In short, all those that remain at the wings or in a box at such an eventful night betray their emotion in some unusual way. Verdi, even when conducting, has in his left hand a piece of old newspaper, which, up to a certain point of his opera, he kneads into a ball; then he begins to tear it into shreds; when the curtain falls upon the finale, the last shred falls to the ground. A good many start for a long walk and rarely leave the theatre a quarter of a mile behind; "they return to it as the murderer is said to return to the spot of his crime," remarked the late Emile Augier.

In New York all the bonded warehouses are at present packed solid with foreign goods, waiting the improvement of the times, there being now comparatively little demand for such merchandise.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Lucy M. Hooper, wife of Robert Hooper, ex-vice-consul-general at Paris, died recently in France. Mrs. Hooper had been active in journalism, and in 1880 wrote "Under the Tricolor," which made quite a stir in the American colony in Paris, as all the characters were supposed to represent Americans.

The table of contents of *Harper's* for October is as follows:

"Manifest Destiny," by the Hon. Carl Schurz; "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf by Caravan"—I., by Edwin Lord Weeks; "Lispard's Meadows," by Thomas A. Janvier; "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Richard Harding Davis; "A French Town in Summer," by Mrs. Pennell; "Riders of Syria," by Colonel Dodge; "Our National Game-Birds," by Charles D. Lanier; "The Childhood of Jesus," by Henry Van Dyke; "A Pirate in Petticoats," by Francis Dana; "Witchcraft Superstition in Norfolk," by Charles Roper; new installments of the serial stories; poems; and the departments.

The first edition of Miss Wilkins's "Jane Field," comprising seven thousand copies, has been sold and a second issued.

A well-known scholar and man of letters has sent the following *jeu d'esprit* to Dr. Murray, on bearing the news that the New English Dictionary has at last got through the letter C, and that D is now in hand:

"Wherever the English speech has spread,
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read,
That you've conquered your A B C!
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the sad result must be
That you're taking to dabble and dawdle and dote,
To dullness and dumps, and (worse than those)
To danger and drink,
And—shock to the think—
To words that begin with a d—"

Paul du Chaillu's book, "Ivar the Viking," will be issued this month. It records the life of Ivar from his birth, giving incidents in the every-day life of the Norseman, including games, worship, social customs, etc.

During the recent discussion in a literary journal as to the smallest editions of known works ever published, the "record" was taken by a volume of Mr. Ruskin's, of which it is said that but ten copies were printed in all. Now, however, we hear of a book with an edition limited to one copy only:

This is "Tyler's Life of Henry VIII." The publishers of this history gave the late Mr. Lewis Lloyd permission to print a single large folio in sumptuous style, with wide margins and every luxury which modern book-binding could devise. Upon the title-page is an affidavit from the printer that one copy only was printed. Mr. Lloyd's object in creating this unique edition was to include autographs of all the notable personages mentioned in it; and this he did, going to fabulous expense in the gratification of his fancy, and acquiring, among others, the autographs of King Henry, all his wives, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, Pope Leo the Tenth, and Martin Luther.

French novelists, to the number of more than a hundred, have organized a society for the protection of their interests in the matter of contracts and translations. In order to be a member, one must have published at least four novels.

The following authoritative statement concerning the authorship of "The Heavenly Twins" will be read with interest:

Sarah Grand has been so pestered by wild shots in the press to prove that her name is anything but Sarah Grand, that she desires to make a public and definite statement concerning herself. Her name is Sarah Grand, not "Sarah Grand"; her Christian name is Sarah, spelt with an *h*; her surname is Grand—to read Sarah Grand. There is no deep or subtle mystery either in Sarah or in Grand. She appreciates the desire of the press to cast a halo of romance over her name, but she is neither a poisoner nor a *poisenee*—she is simply Sarah Grand. By no other name is she now known, nor would she like to be known. She trusts, therefore, that the full acceptance of this situation by the press will be an additional kindness added to the many she has already received from it.

Harper & Brothers published on September 12th two additional volumes in the Distaff Series. They are "The Kindergarten," edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "Household Art," edited by Candace Wheeler. Henry B. Fuller's novel of Chicago life, "The Cliff-Dwellers," and George A. Hibbard's "Nowadays, and Other Stories," with his own illustrations, appeared on the same date.

New Publications.

"Amabel," by Cathae Macguire, a story of English army life in the ranks, has been issued in the Rialto Series published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"Gold," by Laura Daintrey; "A Changed Heart," by May Agnes Fleming; "An Athlete's Conquest," by B. A. McFadden; and "The Star and the Cloud," by A. S. Roe, are among the paper-covered novels recently issued by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Ideals," by Mme. Sarah Grand, which has been

given a new lease of life by the great popularity of her later story, "The Heavenly Twins," has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Evans and Sontag" is the title of a narrative by Hu Maxwell of the exploits of the two train-robbers who stopped and robbed a train near Fresno just a year ago, and for ten months successfully eluded or combated the detectives and searching parties sent out after them. It follows the newspaper reports closely, the narrator supplying from his inner consciousness such incidents as are needed to fill out the story. Published by the San Francisco Printing Company, San Francisco.

"Stories of Italy" is the fifth volume in the pretty little series that is being made up of short stories taken from one of the magazines. It contains four tales: "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier," a Venetian story by F. Hopkinson Smith, illustrated by the author; "The Anatomist of the Heart," by T. R. Sullivan, a story with the same locale, illustrated by Albert Lynch; "The Song of the Comforter," by John J. a'Becket, which has for its heroine a poor girl who has gone to Italy to cultivate her voice; and "The House on the Hill-Top: A Tale of Modern Etruria," by Grace Ellery Channing, with illustrations by L. Marchetti. The stories are worth re-reading, even if one has seen them before, and the illustrations seem to gain rather than lose by reduction to the smaller size. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Gilbert Parker, the man whose tales of Canadian life are having a great vogue just now, has written a very clever story in "The Translation of a Savage." The "savage" is an Indian girl whom a jilted lover, an Englishman in the North-West, marries in a fit of pique and sends home as a retaliation on the parents who have abetted his fiancée in throwing him over. She is a chieftain's daughter, however, and her native dignity carries her through the hard ordeal until, in a few years, she takes and holds her place as the daughter-in-law of one of the great county families. But, as she comes to know her surroundings, she also learns the wrong her husband has done her; and, when after four years' absence he returns home, he finds a wife who does him honor before the world but whom he has to woo again. The theme is not a new one, perhaps, but it is handled with much art, the development of the woman's character being skillfully portrayed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Sign of Four," by A. Conan Doyle, contains a dozen chapters in which are shown some of the achievements of Sherlock Holmes, "the only unofficial consulting detective." They are really marvelous, for the way in which he solves apparently unfathomable mysteries of crime seems to partake of the nature of magic until his explanations of how he arrives at his conclusions by deductions from the most insignificant data reveal them as the result of wonderfully trained observation and infallible reasoning. He examines a watch, and declares that it belonged to an eldest son who had inherited wealth, fallen into evil ways, pawned it frequently, and finally filled a drunkard's grave; but that is merely child's play to the miracles he performs in recovering the stolen treasure of the Sholtos. This is the main theme of "The Sign of Four"; but in its development there are a variety of side-issues which furnish exciting incidents. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand's series of historical volumes on the Famous Women of the French Court has reached its seventeenth volume, with two more yet to come. There are three volumes on Marie Antoinette, three on the Empress Josephine, four on the Empress Marie Louise, two on the Duchesse d'Angoulême, three on the Duchesse de Berry, and four on the women of the Valois and Versailles courts—two only of the latter having been published as yet. The second of these is "Women of the Court of Louis XIV.," and treats of Quee Marie Thérèse, Mme. de Montespan, Mme. de Maintenon, the Bavarian dauphiness, the Marquise de Caylus, the Duchesse d'Orléans, the daughters of Louis XIV. and the Duchesse of Burgundy—portraits being given of Queen Marie Thérèse, Mlle. de La Vallière, and Mmes. de Maintenon and Montespan. It is an entertaining volume, as are its predecessors in the series, presenting a particularly interesting feature of a particularly interesting period of French history. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

CALIFORNIAN FRUITS AND WINES.

A New York reader of the *Argonaut* sends the following communication concerning the creation of a permanent Eastern market for Californian wines, olives, raisins, other dried fruits, and canned fruits. His views will be found well worth reading:

NEW YORK, September 2, 1893.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The natural productions of California have assumed such large proportions, and the natural resources of the State for a still larger production are so practically unlimited, that the question of opening up additional markets to those now existing must be one of momentous interest to the growers and shippers.

The productions above referred to may be divided generally into two classes—namely, first, fresh fruit, and second, dried and canned fruits, wines, olives, etc. The fresh fruits being already dealt in largely and provided for by commission houses and dealers in the East, this letter will touch upon them only to a very limited extent. What I propose is to suggest a profitable method of opening up and enlarging a permanent market in the Eastern States for the wines, olives, raisins, and other dried fruits, and the canned fruits of California.

It may be surprising to many growers in your State to learn that, although there is at present a large consumption of Californian wines in the East, they, as well as your brandies, raisins, olives, etc., are almost unknown to a large majority of the people. The main reason for this, perhaps, that there has been no organized effort made to persistently advertise such products and bring them to the attention of the public. By advertising I do not refer simply to that which may be done through the medium of the newspapers, but include all the ingenious methods of introduction employed by growers of foreign wines and by manufacturers of products to be consumed in the household.

Perhaps one of the most difficult things to overcome, in connection with domestic wines, is the popular prejudice in favor of French, German, and other imported wines. An idea seems to prevail generally that wines are essentially a foreign product, and can not be properly made, except in foreign countries, and that domestic wines are crude and unfinished. Besides, this is a potent factor, for it turns upon human nature, it is thought by many people that it is not fashionable or stylish to put upon their tables a wine confessedly made in this country.

So many circumstances considered, it is, perhaps, not very surprising that Californian wines have not made for themselves a more permanent place in popular favor. I do not refer to quality, but to the manner of placing them on the market. For long periods of time past, foreign wines have borne distinctive names, which are supposed to indicate the localities in which they were grown, or the particular grower, such, for instance, as Château Lafite, Château Margaux, etc. These and other names are taken as an indication of quality, peculiarities of flavor, blending, etc., and the public—which must always have a distinctive name for the article it demands—has become accustomed to these as standards. With American wines the case has been somewhat different. Generic names, such, for instance, as "Zinfandel," are given to certain wines by different growers throughout the country. Now, the Zinfandel grown by some vineyards is very different in quality from that grown by others, and, consequently, if a person makes his first trial of domestic wine and happens to get a poor quality of Zinfandel, a domestic wine of that name, no matter who may be the grower, becomes a wine to be shunned. He may not know that John Smith's Zinfandel may be better or worse than that of James Jones; and so the whole product suffers. A revision of nomenclature, based upon a knowledge of human nature and public peculiarities, is one thing needed for Californian wines.

There is no good reason why your wines should be reckoned inferior to those of France or any other foreign country, when the facts justify conclusions so different; but we must make them so. There is no doubt that if the good wines of California had heretofore been properly and systematically brought before the public by liberal and business-like methods, they would have become more largely and favorably known than they at present are, and the consumption of them would have greatly increased.

While it is quite true that the wines of California have a large sale in the East, it must be remembered that they are generally dealt in by individuals and firms who do not advertise them liberally and cultivate and build up an enormous demand similar to that which has been built up for foreign wines. Why? Because these firms and individuals build up a business for themselves and not for the growers, and are content if they acquire sufficient patronage to make for themselves a good business that will pay a fair profit. True, this is good for the growers, but not so good as it might be, for all business principles teach us that the public must be accustomed to the name of the article, in order that inquiry and subsequent purchase may be stimulated. Such results will not occur with the products in question, except through an aggregation of interests, by means of which judicious and liberal advertising can be made the means of familiarizing the public with the wines which California can produce in such vast quantities.

This reasoning is applicable not only to wines, but to others of the products of your State, such as brandy, raisins, olives, etc. The present productions of this nature are already large, but the means are at hand whereby they can be largely increased with advantage.

I come, therefore, to the object for which this letter is written, and that is, to suggest the idea of a permanent market in the East, controlled by those principally interested, for the intelligent handling on a large scale of Californian products of the kinds above mentioned. To do this profitably and with the idea of creating a large and stable market in these commodities, I would suggest the organization, by a syndicate of your largest growers, of a company for the purpose of establishing markets in the East to cultivate wholesale and retail dealing in the products above mentioned.

I would further suggest, as a detail of this scheme, that large-sized stores be opened in prominent thoroughfares of the principal Eastern cities, commencing, say, with New York City. As a distinguishing trade-mark, each of these stores might have a sign over the door, such as "The Store might be handsomely fitted up to display not only the goods to be handled, but also a permanent collection of all kinds of products and curiosities of your State, arranged so as to form an interesting and attractive exhibit.

By judicious advertising, this would soon become one of the sights of the city and would fail to attract public notice. Invitations to visit the exhibit would serve to bring in, not only the desirable class of people in the city itself, but also those in the suburbs and adjoining towns. In this way, a greater number of people will learn of the products of your State than could possibly happen in the ordinary course of business as now carried, and, without doubt, large

CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

An article, *Manifest Destiny*, by the Hon. Carl Schurz; Edwin Lord Weeks's paper, *From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf by Caravan*, with 13 illustrations by the author; Thomas A. Janvier's illustrated paper on *Lispard's Meadows*; Richard Harding Davis's *Undergraduate Life at Oxford*, with illustrations; Mrs. Pennell's *A French Town in Summer*, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; Colonel Dodge's *Riders of Syria*, with illustrations; *Our National Game-bird*, by Charles D. Lanier, illustrated by A. B. Frost; *The Childhood of Jesus*, by Henry van Dyke, with illustrations; Francis Dana's story, *A Pirate in Petticoats*; Charles Roper's paper on *Witchcraft Superstition in Norfolk*; Poems, Serials, etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y. City.

sales would result in a comparatively short time. With good management, persistent advertising, and by means of clear, logical, and convincing circular matter, as well as by personal work of first-class men, it is not difficult to foresee within a reasonable time a very large increase in the consumption of Californian wines, etc., to the advantage of the growers and others interested.

Permit me to add one more suggestion, this time for the benefit of your fresh-fruit growers. During the present year, there have been enormous quantities of cherries sent by your State to Eastern markets. These cherries are usually shipped in boxes containing about six or eight pounds, and a person desiring a smaller quantity must, of course, have them weighed out and carry them away in the most convenient receptacle, usually a paper-bag. In handling, the dealer frequently "mashes" some of the cherries, and usually those left in the box, as well as those weighed out, are not improved by this process.

There is an immense sale of small fruits in New York city to business men down-town, who purchase on their way home. Many of these people live a long way uptown, while tens of thousands reside in suburban towns, and the carrying of cherries in paper-bags is often attended with inconvenience, by reason of the fruit being crushed and bursting the bag.

Now, if your cherry-growers will make part of their shipments in small boxes containing, say, two pounds, and put a small piece of stout string in the side of the box for a handle, I can predict for them a greatly increased sale. This quantity, about two pounds, is about as much as it is desired to take home at one time for family consumption. And many people would avail themselves of the convenience. The same thing is also applicable to other fruits, the idea being that a handy package of fruit, costing at retail from twenty-five to fifty cents, will meet with a ready sale on account of its great convenience, better condition, and good appearance.

I have tried myself this summer, and have seen others try, to buy half a box of cherries in the wood, but have never been able to accomplish it, nor have I seen any one else successful. Yours truly,

WM. H. MEADOWCROFT.

"The Cliff-Dwellers"

By HENRY FULLER.
Price, \$1.50.

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ROBERTSON'S,
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72 POPULAR SONGS

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED.

Full sheet-music size, with accompaniments for piano and organ. Neatly bound in book-form, paper covers; will be sent to any address on receipt of thirty cents. Stamps desired.
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If so, you can have it! We offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is Wanted in Every Home and Indispensable in Every Office, something that SELLS AT SIGHT. Other articles sell rapidly at Double the Price, though not answering the purpose half so well. You can make from \$500 to \$700 in three months, introducing it, after which it will bring A Steady, Liberal Income, if properly attended to. Ladies do as well as men, in town or country. Don't Miss this Chance. Write at once to J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.

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ON DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING" is a handsomely illustrated little booklet, which gives you a \$500 education at home, for only 25 cents in silver (don't send stamps). I write advertise-ments, illustrate them, and among my past work I have general advertisers who use the great city dailies and magazines, as well as progressive country merchants who are anxious to lead their competitors. I always have a demand for creditable advertising sketches sent by those who have the booklet, and you can make some money. J. R. LUCKEY, Advertisement Writer, Elgin, Illinois.

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Given to Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks by those who have used them. Guaranteed for 25 years.



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Good Soup, Well Served,

how fittingly it begins all good dinners. One pound of

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will make delicious soup for 6 persons daily for 30 days. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.



VANITY FAIR.

Richard Harding Davis, writing in the current *Harper's* of "A General Election in England," has this to say: "The part the women play in an English election is one of the things which no American can accept as an improvement over our own methods. It may either amuse him or shock him, but he would not care to see it adopted at home. . . . I have seen women of the best class struck by stoos, and eggs, and dead fish, and the game did not seem to me to be worth the candle. I confess that at the time I was so intent in admiring their pluck that it appeared to me as rather fine than otherwise; but from this calmer distance I can see nothing in the active work of the Englishwoman in politics which justifies the risks she voluntarily runs of insult, and indignity, and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes, or of all of his sister's front teeth, and, though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly. It would not be fair, however, if I left the idea in the reader's mind that the woman goes into this work unwillingly; on the contrary, they delight in it, and some of them are as clever at it as the men, and go to as great lengths, from Mrs. Langtry, who plastered her house from pavement to roof with red and white posters for the Conservative candidate, to the duchesses who sat at the side of the member for Westminster and regretted that it threatened to be an orderly meeting. It is also only fair to add that many of the most prominent Englishmen in politics are as much opposed to what they call the interference of women in matters political as they are to bribery and corruption, and regard both elements of an electoral campaign with a pronounced disfavor."

A woman much in Paris says: "The fashion so prevalent in New York at dinners of leaving almost at once after rising from the table, is not in vogue here. No grosser insult to one's host and hostess could be made than to eat and run. You would be taken for a savage. When you dine out, unless you have some extraordinary excuse, you are expected to spend the evening. Coffee and liqueurs are served in the drawing-room to the women, and are then taken up to the smoking-room for the men. The men smoke from half to three-quarters of an hour, and then rejoice the women. Large diners are generally followed by a small reception of guests, who are invited at ten for a cup of tea."

Salt Lake City boasts the baner social corporation in point of uniqueness with its Moonday Eveing Club, whose regular weekly sessions begin with a bath and end with a ball, and have a feast sandwiched between. Its membership is recruited largely from the younger element of the Mormon coogregation, which comprises the fashion and wealth of the city. However, some Gentiles have the honor of belonging to the club. Its rendezvous (writes a *Sun* correspondent) is at Saltair, on the shore of the lake, where there is a Moorish palace rising out of the lake, with long corridors of dressing-rooms and a fine pavilion for dancing. To shape it is elliptical, its arches studded with innumerable electric lights, all reflected in a floor polished like a mirror. The music of gay Strauss waltzes floats out over the water as the Monday Evening Club straightens its hat, tosses back its bangs, and breathes once more. Mormon women, you speedily discover, are fair to look upon, in their fresh and dainty summer gowns, pretty in a sweet and wholesome style of beauty suggestive of the village life rather than the metropolitano. A puzzling resemblance in type is noticeable and easily accounted for by the intricate family relationship. Everybody is in some way related to everybody else. The sons and daughters—and there are many, for children are as thick as roses in June, and apparently as welcome—marry and build for themselves homes in the street where their fathers lived before them. But it is only a fleeting glimpse you have of the pretty women in their muslios and silks, for there is a quick rush for the bath-houses, and, in two minutes, every mother's son and daughter of the Moonday Evening Club is floating and bobbing about in the blue water. The bathing-dresses are, as a rule, dark in color and prettily and modestly fashioned. One thing the Salt Lake City belle considers well in her toilet is the fit and fashion of her stockings, for it is quite impossible to keep them out of sight in the buoyant water of the lake. When the sunset fades, they come out of the water, hustle into the dainty dancing-dresses, and come up into the pavilion, bangs and coiffures intact—for even the poorest swimmer never gets her head under water—looking as fresh and fair as if a bath were the most conventional preliminary to a ball. Lunch-baskets and hampers are unpacked, and a picnic feast, impromptu and informal, is eaten with a relish by the famished bathers. All this, however, is but preliminary to the real business of the evening, for the Mormon maiden is devoted to dancing. At eleven o'clock, the Moonday Evening Club is adjourned for a week.

Social people of Newport are just now agitated over servants' balls. It has been discovered that in England those mysterious creatures known as "upper servants" are allowed certain recreations in the way of balls and parties. Not to be outdone, the swagger set at Newport gladly drove around the

other eight to hired hacks and carriages to enable their coachmen and butlers and upper servants generally to indulge in the giddy pleasures of the dance. The accounts of these balls have been telegraphed to some of our New York contemporaries and published under the general heading of "Society Events at Newport."

For the privilege of wearing trousers the French Government charges women a tax of from two to twelve dollars a year. This by no means gives every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear trousers. The government, instead, confers the right as a tribute to great merit. Trousers are, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men. The only woman to whom has been granted the right to wear trousers are George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persia archaeologist, Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two feminine stoos-cutters, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette. How jealously the right to wear trousers has been guarded in France may be seen in the recent case of Mme. de Valsayre. This lady is well known for her propensity to fight duels and her efforts to get elected to the French Assembly. Last year she petitioned the government for a right to wear men's clothes. Considering she is something of an *élégante*, a pretty woman with a profusion of blonde hair, and dresses richly in fine taste, the Frenchmen, who are versed in such matters, prudently refused her petition.

The *New Review* contains an article by Professor Ludwig Büchner on "The Brain of Women," and proceeds to give from it the following extract: "If we consider that for thousands of years woman, by reason of her subordinate social position, has received a different education from her male partner, and that her training has led her to quite another direction than his, that her horizon has been a more limited one, and, moreover, that every encouragement has been given to the play of her emotions at the expense of the activity of her intellect, and, finally, that this state of affairs has lasted from generation to generation through mother to daughter, then I say that from a physiological standpoint there should be no cause for surprise that, as a result, woman should differ from man, that her brain should be inferior to his, or, at any rate, should have developed on different lines, or, as we have been saying, that the fore part of her brain should be found to be proportionately less and the hind part proportionately greater than that of man."

Of the Frenchwoman's bathing costume, a correspondent writes to *Vogue* from one of the French seaside resorts: "Neither at Biarritz nor at Trouville, Deauville, or even Dieppe, does one see bathing costumes so indiscreet as those which are pictured by many of our illustrated papers here, and which are reproduced, I understand, in the American press as samples of Gallic bathing costumes. The fact is that we all wear skirts when bathing, the only distinction between those of us who are immodest and those who are not, being that in some cases the skirts are longer and made of heavier material than in others. Thus you may see both great ladies and *demi-mondaines* whose skirts do not reach more than half-way down to the knee and which are made of the flimsiest material, clinging, when wet, to the form. No one wears stockings, and the leg is bare from above, not below, the knee. The arms, also, are bare, and the bodice is cut low both before and in the back. But the simple *maillot*, with no *jupon* at all, depicted in the *Journal Amusant* by Mars and subsequently in your newspapers on the other side of the Atlantic, have no existence save in the artist's somewhat picturesque imagination."

In the Middle Ages, night-ropes were, as a general thing, an unknown luxury. Under the Tudors, royalty and nobility had them made of silk or velvet, and, as we read from foot-notes of our informant, "hence no washing was necessary." A night-robe of black satin, bound with black taffeta and edged with velvet of the same color, was daintily fashioned for Anne Boleyn. More luxurious still was one owned by Queen Bess. It was of black velvet, fur-lined, and greatly offset with flowing bordering of silk lace. And, in 1568, her majesty gave orders that George Brodigmoo should deliver "threescore and six best sable skynnes, to furnish us a night-gown." Four years later her highness orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, frize don the backe syde with white and russet silke," for a night-gown for herself, and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murre damask for the "making of a night-gowne" for another person. Night-gowns for ladies were, at a later period, called "nyght-vails," and in Queen Anne's time it was the fashion to wear them over the customary dress, in the streets in the day-time, when out upon a pleasure walk; and, as was fitting, ladies who indulged in night-caps had them also made of silk or velvet, with "much pretty garnishing of lace and glittering cords"; and the fair sex made presentation of costly caps to each other, as tokens of respect or affection.

In a recent lecture on "Turkey," Mr. Oscar F. Straus, ex-minister of the United States to that country, threw some interesting light upon a most interesting phase of Turkish life—the harem. The

lecturer admitted that his knowledge came entirely from hearsay; he had never been in one, and had never known a diplomat who had. He pronounced the institution not altogether unattractive. Turkish women are not secluded in the harem as in a prison; they are absolute mistresses of that side of the house and free to exercise their rights indisputably. A Turkish husband would not dare to enter his wife's apartments when it is not her pleasure that he should, and she has only to place her slippers outside the door to indicate such desire for seclusion. In many ways the Oriental wife makes her caprices felt, and her spouse can only submit with what grace he may, like his Occidental brother. Although four wives are permitted, monogamy is the rule and polygamy the exception—a condition which the lecturer admitted was due not so much to the moral as to the economic side of the question. The right to divorce is vested with the husband; but the divorcee retires with all her property to her family and may marry again at once.

The evolution of the uncompromising, unobscured corset endured by our grandmothers and mothers—and their daughters, for that matter—into the pliant, satiny bodice or mere girdle of the latest make, has, along with its practical import for women, for the philosopher a symbolic interest (says *Harper's Weekly*). Even the *corsetière* has succumbed to the leavening spirit of æstheticism and sound common sense that adorn the end of this most courageous of centuries. The true *élégante* is giving up, or has already given up, the long, high, tight, stiff, and shamelessly awkward corset so dear to the servant-girl. It is, of course, highly probable that the "hired girl" and the would-be fashionable will cling obstinately for some years yet to come to this ugliest invention of fashion, but educated taste at last "knows better." Bulging eyes, puffy hands, red noses, and the sallow complexions, born of imperfect respiration and wretched digestion, are going out of fashion. It is no longer the thing for a pretty woman to jam her much-enduring person into steel and buckram. Now that the waist and hips are freed from their old bondage, we may hope for a revolution in the carriage and movements of women.

The "bathing question" at the North Wales seaside resorts is assuming serious proportions. No longer do people ask if the sexes should bathe together, but whether men should be allowed to bathe at all. There have arisen some new lady prophets, who apparently have discovered that the waters of the seas were created especially for woman. These prophets have brought charges against the inferior sex that the men's bathing-vans almost monopolize the sands; that when in the water men encroach on the limited space allotted to the other sex; that when not bathing they hover in crowds on the narrow strip of beach grudgingly conceded to the ladies' machios; and that while sporting himself in the ocean, the male bather is allowed to encumber himself with only a fraction of the apparel which it is compulsory on the lady-bather to wear. They have discovered that it is "indecent and barbarous" for men to be allowed to bathe in the sea in view of young children, ladies, or nurse-maids. Consequently, it has become obvious to these reformers that a new order of things is necessary. The *St. James's Gazette* suggests that a compromise might be effected on the following lines: (1) No gentleman's bathing-machio to be allowed on any part of the beach frequented by ladies, children, or nurse-maids; (2) no gentleman to be allowed to bathe after eight A.M.; (3) gentleman, while bathing, to wear ulster overcoats, buttoned full length, securely belted round the waist, and reaching to the ankles; (4) ladies' bathing-vaos to be allowed on any part of the shore, and ladies to be permitted to bathe at any time between sunrise and sunset; (5) no men—except married men in charge of their children while their wives are bathing—to be allowed, between sunrise and sunset, to approach within a quarter of a mile of any spot occupied by ladies' bathing-machios. Rules like these would give ladies the privileges and protection they ask, and would also shield them from the revolting sight of a man's wet head bobbing about in the water.

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SOCIETY.

The Crocker Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a delightful matinée tea last Wednesday at her residence, 2200 Washington Street, as a farewell compliment to Mrs. Richardson Clover, who will soon leave for Washington, D. C., with her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Clover, U. S. N. About four hundred invitations were issued for the affair, and almost all of them were represented in person. The beautiful rooms required but little floral embellishment to enhance their natural artistic effect. Here and there, however, in vases and on mantles and tables were lovely clusters of fragrant blossoms that gave a certain additional brightness to the scene. A string orchestra was in attendance, and played cooconcert selections at intervals, while delicious refreshments were served as desired under the direction of Ludwig. The hospitality of the hostess was most bountiful, and her many guests were charmingly entertained.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice Mau, daughter of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, to Mr. Frederick H. Hood, of Santa Rosa, nephew of Judge W. W. Morrow. The wedding will take place in November.

The wedding of Mr. Nat. M. Raphael, of this city, and Miss Pauline Auerbach will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Auerbach, 1514 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch, *né* Weill, gave their first post-nuptial reception last Monday evening at their home, and very pleasantly entertained a few of their friends.

The charity bicycle races will be held this afternoon at Central Park for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital Association, under the auspices of the Bay City Wheelmen. The races will be called at half-past two o'clock. Some of the best cyclists in the State will contest for the prizes.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Byrne Recital.

Miss Kate F. Byrne gave a song recital last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, 1242 Washington Street. She was assisted by Miss Ada E. Weigel, pianist, Mr. Hother Wisner, violinist, and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, accompanist. The following programme was presented:

Violin and piano sonata, op. 8, Grieg; (a) a Northern romance, (b) welcome to spring, Pasmore; (a) etude in G flat major, (b) mazurka in D major, Chopin; "Outward Bound," Grieg; (a) romance, Schumann, (b) folk-dance, Gade; (a) "Silent Love," Kjerulf, (b) "Love's Sorrow," Shelley; staccato etude, Rohnstein; (a) "Moonlight," (b) "Expectation," Saint-Saëns.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his third concert of the second series at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street, next Thursday evening. Among the artists who will appear are Miss Susie Hert, Miss Gladie M. Worden, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds, Mr. Victor Carroll, Miss Hilda Newman, Miss Grace Harrison, Mrs. H. R. Brown, Mr. Henry Strauss, and a male quartet. The programme is an excellent one and will include Brahms' "Liebeslieder," "The Image of the Rose," by Reichardt, and several other numbers of interest.

Miss Mary Pasmore, who appeared at Mr. Wilkie's last concert, made a most favorable impression upon the audience by her clever violin solo. She is only seven years of age, but she has appeared in public twice before. She played at a musicale when she was but five years of age, and a year later appeared at concerts in San José and Oakland. She is the daughter of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, the composer.

Miss Elizabeth W. Putnam, having completed a course of study in vocal music with Mme. Marchesi, of Paris, and Signor Vaonini, of Florence, is expected at her home in this city about October 1st.

Mr. William H. Keith, who has been studying vocal music in Europe for a couple of years, is now in London and will arrive here in November, when he will give a series of concerts.

Mrs. Leila Ellis, the well-known reader and teacher, has been appointed representative of the New York School of Arts and Letters for this coast, which gives her the duty of examining applicants for admission to that school.

— IN CONFORMITY WITH ITS USUAL ENTERPRISE, The Maze has secured the valuable services of Mme. Audree to take charge of its large millinery department. Mme. Audree has just arrived from Paris, under special engagement to The Maze, and has brought with her all of the latest styles that are now the rage in Europe. An experience of many years in the French capital has given her an insight into the business that is not possessed by any of our local milliners, and coupled with this is an innate appreciation and knowledge of the artistic that has made her famous in the creation of fancies that have been copied the world over. There will be a grand opening of the millinery department at The Maze to-day (Saturday), when every one will have an opportunity of viewing the novelties that Mme. Audree has to show.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

After the Ball.

A last word in the vestibule,
A touch of taper fingers;
A scent of roses sweet and cool,
When she has gone, still lingers.

He pauses at the carriage-door
To sigh a bit and ponder,
He thinks the matter o'er and o'er,
And all his senses wonder.

With mantle thrown aside in haste,
Her heart a bit uncertain,
And neither time nor love to waste
She watches through the curtain.

And she has played him well, he knows,
Nor has he cared to stop her,
She wonders when he will propose,
He wonders how he'll drop her.

—Tom Hall in *Vogue*.

Chicago.

In vain for me the autumn days
All sunshine come and go;
In vain the maples flame and flare
With frosty winds a-blow—
A shade has fallen on the town,
Its lovely precincts wear
A strange and unfamiliar look—
For Kitty's at the Fair.

Behind the screen of swinging vines
No slender figure stirs,
As from my window, wistfully,
I gaze across at hers;
And wandering from Coke and Kent
My wistful thoughts repair
On wings toward the far-off lake—
And Kitty, at the Fair.

In fancy, through the wandering crowd,
I step at her dear side;
A scene of fairy sights and sounds
Outstretching far and wide—
The choicest treasures of the earth—
But who could ever spare
A glance from her delicious face—
When Kitty's at the Fair?

At dusk I dream of palaces
Ahlaze with twinkling light,
A wide lagoon that mirrors back
The starlit Western night,
A gondola, a snatch of song
Blown out upon the air—
O would that I might share such bliss
With Kitty at the Fair!

You Princes of the Orient
Make haste across the seas!
The gods will puff your eager sails
With many an onward breeze;
The older world you leave behind
Has nothing to compare
With what the New can show to you—
And Kitty's at the Fair!

—M. E. W. in *Life*.

A Business Letter.

DEAR FRED: Your favor of the third,
Has had my very best attention,
But yet I can not, in a word,
Accept you on the terms you mention;
Indeed, wherever you may try,
According to the last advices,
You'll meet, I fear, the same reply—
"It can't be done, at current prices!"

In vain an ancient name you show,
In vain for intellect are noted,
Blue blood and brains, you surely know,
At nominal amounts are quoted;
And then, I see, you're weak enough
To offer "love, sincere, unstudied!"—
Why, sir, with such Quixotic stuff
The market's absolutely flooded!

But—every day this fact confirms—
The time is over for romances,
And whether we can come to terms
Depends alone on your finances.
So, would you think me overbold
If I, with deference, requested
A statement of what funds you hold?
In what securities invested?

For, candidly, in such affairs
A speedy hid your only chance is,
A boom in Yankee millionaires
May soon result in marked advances;
With you I'd willingly be wed,
To like you well enough I'm able,
But first submit your bank-book, Fred,
To your (perhaps) devoted Mahel!

—Punch.

That Hat.

I won her "Yes!" I kissed her lips,
I searched her eyes with thoughts date:
Her deep blue eyes were fraught with doubt,
How could my darling hesitate?
I coaxed the cause of trouble forth;
She murmured, "Is my hat on straight?"

Weeks flew, she was my wedded wife;
The carriage stood beside the gate
To hear us to our dear new home,
My joy was quite interperate,
I whispered low, "My love, my own!"
As forth we fared in bridal state,
With eyelashes all wet with tears
She answered, "Is my hat on straight?"

Reverses dimmed those early years,
My downfall was precipitate,
I gently broke the news to her,
My angel wife and loving mate,
Our little all was at the dogs

And we should have to emigrate.
She trustfully made answer brave,
With confidence for any fate,
"You'll make another fortune, dear,
But tell me, is my hat on straight?"

She snatched our baby from its death
Upon an engine's path irate;
She spoke a speech with much applause
Upon the day we celebrate;
She single-handed warned and fired
A serving-man intoxicated.
But after every feat supreme,
When I my pride would intimate,
My heroine would always say:
"How nice! But is my hat on straight?"

O woman! Dear to God and man,
What ails your graceful little pate?
Why is that sweet, delightful hat
So difficult to navigate?
Knowledge of good and evil you,
Ere you were summoned to vacate,
Snatched at in Eden and secured
With penalties commensurate.
But will you never, never know,
From now till beauty's doom and date,
Past peradventure of a doubt,
Whether you have your hat on straight?
—Annie Lake Townsend in *New York Sun*.

The International Irrigation Congress is called to convene at Los Angeles, October 10th. The citizens of the trans-Mississippi States and Territories are earnestly urged to send full delegations. The railroads have made special round-trip rates for delegates, and every preparation will be made for their comfort. Opportunity for investigating some of the finest irrigation system in the world will be afforded. Details of the congress can be secured from C. D. Willard, secretary, 137 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Mary Hamilton, a lady noted for her good looks in *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, has just started from Paris on horseback en route for St. Petersburg, a distance of nearly two thousand miles. She is accompanied by a groom, her coachman following by train with the luggage. This enterprising equestrian feat was once performed by a lieutenant of dragoons, who came from Poltowa to Paris in thirty days.

The Countess von Roque, of Rouen, France, the mother of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, has instituted suit in Richmond for the recovery of two millions of acres of land in Virginia and West Virginia, which she claims were obtained from her family through deception and fraud.

The Princess of Wales inherited her deafness from her mother, the Queen of Denmark, who has been stone-deaf for many years.

— LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

DCCXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 24, 1893.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Baked Rockcod.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Lima Beans. Egg Plant.
Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Sponge Pudding. Fruits.
Coffee.

SPONGE PUDDING.—Bake a common sponge-cake in a flat bottom pudding-dish; when ready for use, cut in six or eight pieces, split and spread with butter and jelly or preserve, and return the pieces in the dish. Make a custard with four eggs to a quart of milk; flavor and sweeten to taste; pour over the cake and bake half an hour. The cake will swell and fill the custard.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

That Queen Victoria has not entirely suok the woman in the queen is evident from the following:

"Now, give me a cup of tea!" These were the first words uttered by Queen Victoria on her return to Buckingham Palace after the jubilee procession. When she stepped into her carriage to go to the royal wedding the other day, her last words were these to the Duchess of Teck: "Now, mind you tell me about my dress!" It is said that the queen mislaid her bouquet at the last moment, which shows that she is both mortal and feminine, very. Whether she has become so accustomed to carrying a waterproof in the Highlands that the force of habit is strong upon her, or for some other reason, the queen ordered her mackintosh to be stowed away in the carriage, though the day was hot and cloudless.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

General and Mrs. John Tyler Cutting have returned from their Eastern trip, and are residing at 1101 Pine Street. They will receive on Wednesdays.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs will soon commence the erection of his new cottage at Newport, R. I., which will cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are inspecting the Columbian Exposition. They may pass the winter in this city.

Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilma, Castle arrived in London last Monday. Mr. Albert E. Castle, who accompanied them East as far as New York, is now in Chicago, viewing the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Evelyn, Emily, and Genevieve Carolan are viewing the exposition at Chicago. Dr. Harry L. Tewis went to New York city a week ago.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Deming, Miss Cecilia Tobin, and Mr. Richard Tobin left last week to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Miss Hoffman, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Rafael, and will occupy their new residence, 2509 Pacific Avenue, on October 1st.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson left last Tuesday to join Mrs. Wilson in Chicago, where she has been for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin have had Misses Bee and Edith Hooper as their guests for a couple of weeks at their villa at Burlingame.

Mrs. William H. Elliott will leave in about a week to visit her former home, Baltimore, where she will remain a couple of months.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin has been paying a two weeks' visit to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Wieland and Mr. Albert Wieland are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller, Miss Edith Bass, Mr. Jesse P. Meahan, Colonel W. D. Sanborn, and Mr. Amos Burr returned last Sunday evening from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Jennie Catherwood are viewing the exposition in Chicago. They will soon go to Westchester, N. Y., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne until the Christmas holidays, when they will return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis have gone East to visit Chicago, New York, and Boston.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge will leave in a few days to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore, of Oakland, left on September 6th to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. William W. Welch arrived last Tuesday from Gold Hill, Nevada.

Mr. David Neal, the artist, will return to Europe before long. Last Wednesday evening he gave a delightful dinner-party to Colonel and Mrs. E. A. Belcher and Miss Eckel.

Mrs. J. M. Kilgariff and Miss Sadie Breen have gone East on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington, of Carson City, Nev., are here on a visit and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohng will leave next Wednesday to make a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. Walter S. Hohng left a week ago to begin his studies at Harvard College.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan and family are passing a couple of months in Switzerland.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boak were in Munich when last heard from. They will return home late in the fall.

Mrs. C. G. Noble and her daughter will make a brief visit to Chicago before going further East. They expect to be away more than a week.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Crane will leave on Monday for Chicago and the Eastern States to remain three months.

Mrs. George Rosseter, of Alameda, left last Monday evening for the East, accompanied by Miss Bertha Welch and Miss Carroll, of this city. They will visit the Columbian Exposition and New York city for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels have been in Washington, D. C., during the past week.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin arrived in Chicago last Wednesday.

Mr. Everett N. Bee will leave by steamer to-day to travel in Central America for several months.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. J. William Byrne, and Mr. Callaghan Byrne comprise a party of San Franciscans who are viewing the Columbian Exposition together.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, re. Taylor, have purchased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Moore, corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street, where they will reside.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, is here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. W. S. McMurry returned last week from a four months' tour of Europe.

Mr. H. Henry Veue left last week to visit the World's Fair and the principal cities of the Eastern States.

Mrs. George Law Smith and her daughter, Miss Maude A. Smith, have returned to their home on Jackson Street, after an absence of a year and a half in Europe.

Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, left last Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garniss and Mrs. Adam Grant have gone to visit the Columbian Exposition and other points in the East.

Mr. J. G. Follansbee returned from the East last Wednesday, and will remain here a few days before going to Mexico.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith, who have been at Santa Cruz for several days are now visiting in San José. They will return home during the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Argüello and Miss Ada E. Sullivan will arrive in Chicago to-day.

Mrs. Crittenden Thornton and family, who have been

passing the season at Santa Cruz, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., of Oakland, left last Wednesday evening for Chicago.

Mrs. Charles Dore and the Misses Dore have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. John D. Yost departed last Thursday for Cambridge, Mass., to resume his medical studies at Harvard College.

Mr. Burbank G. Somers has returned from the Columbian Exposition and has resumed his studies at the Hastings College of the City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson have gone to Chicago to visit the exposition.

Mr. William J. Somers has gone East and will visit Chicago en route.

Mr. Frederick McNear and Mr. Seward McNear, of Oakland, have gone to visit the exposition at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown were recently the guests of Mrs. Brown's parents, Judge and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, 38 East Thirty-Third Street in New York city.

Dr. E. B. Perrin is at the Windsor House in New York city.

Miss Kate Jarboe has gone East and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has returned from a prolonged trip to the Eastern States and Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gunter will leave for the East next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., left on Friday to visit Chicago and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Misses Helen and Edna Hopkins, and Miss Cunningham left for Chicago last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield, after a three months' stay at San Rafael, have gone to San José for a brief season.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole and Miss Cole left Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Onda will go East on October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Sewall, re. Ashe, left on the steamer *Belgic* for Yokohama last Thursday, en route on a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Low and Miss Ruth Loring left for Japan last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rothin, Mr. W. Frank Whitner, and Miss Walter left last Friday to visit Chicago and other Eastern cities.

Mr. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook will leave on Monday to visit Chicago and other Eastern cities.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Romie Wallace left last Thursday for Japan and will be away several months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton, Inspector General's Department, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Presidio to the Engineer's Department in Washington, D. C. The engagement has just been announced of his daughter, Miss Minnie Norton Burton, to Mr. Norman Dalton Garston, of London, England.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is at Fort Sheridan, Ill., engaged in the rifle competition.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will soon leave Fort Mason to assume the military professorship at a college in Memphis, Tenn.

Lieutenant S. S. Jordan and Lieutenant E. F. McGlashan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who have been under going torpedo instruction at Wilet's Point, N. Y., have been relieved from duty there and ordered to return to their batteries at the Presidio.

Major James H. Lord, Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list.

Captain Canfield H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who has been absent for several months, owing to illness, has been ordered to join his battery at the Presidio. He will conduct a party of recruits from New York city.

Lieutenant William P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted six weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in Chicago on special duty in connection with the Columbian Exposition.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, First Infantry, U. S. A., is military instructor at the State University at Berkeley.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from the East and resumed command of his company at Angel Island.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., will join his regiment on October first, and will be assigned to Company H at Angel Island.

Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, First Infantry, U. S. A., who has been absent on graduating leave, will rejoin Company B at Angel Island on October 1st.

Lieutenant John N. Jordan, U. S. N., is inspector of material at the Union Iron Works.

Surgeon George F. Winslow, U. S. N., has been transferred from the *Monterey* to the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Leon S. Rondier, First Infantry, U. S. A., is at Benicia Barracks in command of Company C.

Passed Assistant Surgeon J. S. Sayre, U. S. N., arrived here last Thursday on the *Albatross*, en route to his home in Montecello, Mo., after three years' service on the *Marion*.

Of the Comtesse Hatzfeldt and the Marchioness of Hastings, who are oow on the continent, a correspondent of *Vogue* writes:

"Both of the last-mentioned ladies have figured somewhat conspicuously in the *chroniques-sensationalistes* of the day, the Comtesse Hatzfeldt being the lady who eloped, some years ago, with Count Herbert Bismarck, in consequence of which she was divorced by her husband, the Prussian Prince Carolath-Beuthen, and is a sister-in-law of Baron von Saurma-Jeltsch, the newly appointed German Ambassador at Washington; while the Marchioness of Hastings is the sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, the head of the Paget family. It was she who, when on the eve of the day appointed for her marriage to Mr. Henry Chaplin, deliberately went off to Paris and was married to the Marquis of Hastings, falling, however, to return the trousseau or presents which Mr. Chaplin had given her on the understanding that she was to become his wife. A few years later, the Marquis of Hastings was completely ruined by having staked his entire fortune upon his horse, Lady Elizabeth, at the Derby, and by being defeated by The Hermit, belonging to Mr. Chaplin. Unable to meet his losses, Lord Hastings took his own life. His widow subsequently married Sir George Chetwynd, but retained the name and title of her first husband, which causes a considerable amount of confusion and even of scandal among those who are accustomed to English ways, and who are absolutely dumfounded by the apparently shameless manner in which the Marchioness of Hastings is living with Sir George Chetwynd."

—IF THERE IS ONE THING THAT ALL LADIES should be particular about, it is the stationery they use. It is as improper to use paper or envelopes of a style of two years ago as it is to don a bonnet of the same period. Hence it is always advisable to consult a competent authority when a purchase of stationery is contemplated. The leaders here in this line are Sanborn, Vail & Co., whose large establishment is on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They constantly keep on hand the very latest styles of stationery, both as regards colors and shapes, and also have all of the little articles that are necessary for an *escritorio*.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Before I answer, I want to ask you one question." *Sutor* (impatiently)—"Yes, yes—it's oo straight."—*Puck*.

"Madam, I am a man with a history," began the visitor. "Sorry," responded the lady of the house, "but we don't allow any book-agents around here."—*Truth*.

"This oote from the editor," said Spaceryt, "looks to me very much like a freeze-out." "What does he say?" asked the office-boy. "Hereafter he wants me to do yachting in winter and skating contests in summer."—*Puck*.

Mamma (raising the slipper)—"Willie, my son—" Willie (across the maternal knee)—"Spunk away, mamma, but don't give me that old gag about its hurtin' you worse'o it hurts me."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I should like to know wheo you are going to pay that bill; I can't come here every day in the week." "What day would suit you best?" "Saturday." "Very well, then, you can call every Saturday."—*Le Petit Parisien*.

Mrs. von Blumer—"I am afraid that young man in the parlor is trying to kiss Clara. I thought I heard her cry out." Von Blumer—"Heavens! let me go in there at ooce." Mrs. von Blumer—"You can't get in, my dear. She has locked the door."—*Truth*.

The would-be-funny summer boarder—"I read an account of how a girl good for forty feet without killing herself." "Good gracious! How did she do it?" The would-be-funny summer boarder—"Tried to get out in a moving street-car with exactly twenty men in it."—*Vogue*.

Cooney Dreistein—"Don'd you own a lot of stock in dot North Greenwich Insurance Company?" Mr. Schlechtenheimer—"Yes, why?" Cooney Dreistein—"Den you petter sell ood. I'm insured in dot company for dwendy dousand tollars, unt I've had a tream dot mine store puns down next week."—*Life*.

Bessie Knox—"Mrs. Murphy, can you come and do our washing, Monday next?" Mrs. Murphy—"Sure, lady, is it washin' yez would have me be doin' nixt Monday, when Ol've had the rheumatiz' to sich a degree all summer that it's oot aven me own work Ol kin do? No, no, miss. But how'd Tuesday do yez?"—*Puck*.

"Say," said the regular customer of the side-street restaurant as he stopped at the desk to pay his check, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?" "What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another kick. "There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."—*Life*.

"Here, William," said a Chestnut Street merchant, briskly, as he entered his office, "take this bunch of flowers in to Miss Typist, and here's a base-ball ticket for the game this afternoon for yourself, and tell Mr. Pennibb that he can have the vacation we were talking about whenever he wants it, and—" William (breaking in)—"Is it a boy or a girl, sir?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

There was a loog intermissioo between the waltz and the schottische, and a little band of society nobodies stood in a group, exchanging compliments. Said one of the sterner sex to a female *vis-à-vis*: "Miss, you are very pretty." "You would say so even if you did not think so," responded the girl, with a smirk. "I know I would," candidly said the other; "and you would think so if I didn't say so." And the cornet sounded for the schottische.—*Boston Courier*.

The rumor that Miss Margot Tennant is to marry the Tory leader brings a conspicuous person still further into view. Says an exchange:

"There is no young American woman in social life who corresponds to Miss Margot Tennant in London high life. She is young, handsome, well-born, and well-placed. She has wit and that audacity that young and charming women may safely practice. For example, she determined on making the acquaintance of the Emperor William on his recent visit to London. This she did while riding her horse on Rotten Row. And the Emperor was so pleased with the acquaintance that he danced with her several times at the state ball. Recently seen at a ball, she was surrounded by statesmen and men of reputation listening to her rapid and witty sallies. All these, however, are not what give her supreme mark of distinction. She is the creator of that unique and mysterious association of women called 'The Souls.' More than this, Miss Tennant has views on woman suffrage, psychics, and politics. She writes in the newspapers, and the other day reviewed a book in Mr. Astor's newspaper."

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA, is recommended for its excellent "Concert and Dance Music." This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valotioe Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from haodwritig in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles oow ready.

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You can have the finest cake, biscuit, and pastry only with the use of ROYAL Baking Powder.

"For finest food I can use none but Royal."—A. FORTIN, Chef de Cuisine, White House, Washington.

JONES'S RIDING RANCH.

A Wild Western Tale.

"You never tell fish stories, Jones?" observed Robinson, in an inquiring tone.

"Seldom, Robinson. The trail of crass exaggeration is over them all. Fish stories have become the common property of the inartistic multitude. Of course I do not for this reason suppress facts having a scientific or commercial value. For instance, last winter I went before the legislative committee on fisheries and laid before it an account of my experience when I had a farm near Omaha, on the Missouri River bottoms, and baited two miles of barbed-wire fence with fresh pork just before the June rise, and after the water receded removed thirty-eight thousand four hundred fish from the barbs, weighing, in the aggregate, over ninety-six tons. The legislature passed a special vote of thanks for the facts."

Jones was becoming warmed up. "You have observed, Robinson," he went on, "that I seldom relate the marvelous. That is because it is too easy. I prefer to have the reputation of telling a plain tale artistically to that of telling a fabulous one like a realistic novelist. That is the reason I never told any one of my experience at breaking one hundred and sixty acres of land to ride."

"Tell us, by all means, Jones," said Robinson.

"Yes, go ahead," added Smith. Jackson Peters hid himself behind a cloud of cigar-smoke.

"It was an exciting experience," said Jones, thoughtfully, as he gazed into the fire, "and one which I have never mentioned to anybody, although it happened twenty years ago. There is nothing so easy to lose as a reputation for truthfulness. I have my own to maintain. More men have lost their good names by telling the plain, straightforward truth than by indulging in judicious lying. However, I will venture this time. It was, as I said, twenty years ago. There was a great mining boom in Colorado, and I closed my defective flue factory in Chicago, to the great joy of the insurance companies, and went out. I saw more money in hens than I did in mines, and decided to start a hen ranch. Eggs sold at five dollars per dozen. The hen, you know, requires a great amount of gravel for her digestion, and she also thrives best at a high altitude; so I went about two miles up Pike's Peak and selected a quarter-section of land good for my purpose. There was gravel in plenty, and I put up a small house and turned loose my three hundred hens. I became so interested in getting settled that I forgot all about establishing my right to the land before the United States Land Office at Colorado Springs. One day a large red-headed man came along and erected a small house on one corner of my ranch, and said that he had as much right to the land as I. He turned out two hundred head of goats, and started for Colorado Springs to file his claim. He had a good horse while I had none. It was ten miles to the town by the road and only five in a straight line down the mountain, but this five was impassable on foot or in any other ordinary way. But I did not despair. I had studied the formation of the land, and knew what I could do. I took a half-dozen sticks of giant-powder and went over to a small ridge of rocks which held my farm in place. I inserted the powder, gentlemen, and blew those rocks over into the next county. I then lay down on my back and clung to a root while I rode that one hundred and sixty acres of good hen-land down the mountain to Colorado Springs. It felt very much like an earthquake, and I made the five miles in a little over four minutes. Probably ten acres of my farm around the edges were knocked off along on the grand Colorado scenery, and most of the goats jolted off; but the hens, gentlemen, clung—the hens and myself. The corner of my front-yard struck the land-office and knocked it off its foundation. The register and receiver came running out, and I said: 'Gentlemen, I desire to make claim entry on the north-east quarter of section twenty-seven, township fourteen south, of range sixty-nine, and, to prevent mistake, I have brought it with me.' The business was all finished by the time the red-headed man came lumbering along, and I gave him ten minutes to get the rest of his goats off my land. He seemed considerably surprised, and looked at me curiously."

Jackson Peters was the first to speak after Jones paused.

"It is one of the saddest things in this life," he said, "that the man who always adheres to the exact truth often gets the reputation of being a liar."

"You are right, Jackson," said Jones; "I know of nothing sadder, unless it be, perhaps, to see a young man forget the respect he owes his former tutor. This life, Jackson, is full of sad things."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Ahmed's Forty Wives.

This is the story of Ahmed Pasha, and how he preserved peace in his populous home.

Ahmed, a sturdy fellow from Anatolia, had covered the person of the Sultan with his body in a riot of janissaries. This act of devotion had won for him the eternal friendship of his sovereign, who showered untold wealth upon him, and in the end made him a full-blown pasha.

Having to spend his days in a vast *konak*, which was at his disposal by the Commander of the Faithful, Ahmed Pasha found the means of impro-

vising a Mohammedan paradise on a small scale. He had four legitimate wives and thirty-six *odalisques*, or slaves, who were ready to obey his every caprice.

This motley household—you would hardly believe it—was, nevertheless, the most peaceful in Stamboul. Jealousy did not make consumptives of a portion of these young creatures, as was the case in other harems. They never had recourse to those magicians who boasted their powers of divining the favorite, whether by shuffling the cards, or throwing beans, or counting the beads of a chaplet, or looking into a well, a mysterious book, or the hand of the subject. They never crossed the threshold of Duyumlu Hodja's cabin to ask him the secret of gaining the exclusive affection of their husband, nor did they visit the house of the witch to whom public opinion attributed the gift of warming anew the heart of the lover, by placing close to the fire a plate on which she wrote down cabalistic letters. They did not seek to rid themselves of their rivals by uttering charms on a lock of their hair, the parings of their nails, or the rents in their garments, nor in seasoning with witchcraft, if not with poison, their food and their drink. This unalterable peace was the topic of all the neighborhood, and the old Turks shook their heads, being unable to penetrate the mystery. One of them had the courage one day to ask the secret from the pasha. He answered with a smile: "I have a talisman, it is true, but it will only be known when I die."

The happy mortal was pleased to call together from time to time his forty hours to the salon of the *haremlik*. While puffing away at his chibouk he passed them in review; he looked as proud as a cock to his hen-house, and said, laughing to himself: "You are all beautiful, *mashallah*, but my heart belongs to the one who has the turquoise ring. She alone is my favorite." And each one answered with a cunning smile: "Dear pasha, to whom, then, have you offered this ring? I would have given up everything to be in her place!"

But it is written that everything shall come to an end in this vile world. One night a great commotion suddenly roused the whole quarter. Ahmed Pasha was dead, and his forty wives heaved piteous sighs over his corpse. "Ah!" cried a Georgian woman, "I shall not be able to survive my poor pasha. He had forty wives, but he told me over and over again that I was his only favorite, and, as a proof of his predilection for me, he handed me in secret this turquoise ring." And she took the precious talisman from her pocket. At these words, each of the thirty-nine widows displayed a similar ring, and declared that the deceased made the same declaration *tête-à-tête* to her. The stratagem of the old fox was unmasked, but too late to alter his happiness. He had lived forty years in the society of forty rivals, and the peace of his harem had not been disturbed for an instant.

An Amateur Howdywife.

Late in the autumn of last year, Mr. Henry Roberts was traveling on horseback through a wild and very thinly settled section of the country in Arkansas. His journey had been long and very exhausting, both for himself and his horse, and he found that he was still far from his destination though the night was well advanced. Being tired out, hungry, and thirsty, he made up his mind that he must find some kind of shelter or be obliged to bivouac in the open air, an extremely unpleasant thing to do in that country.

Finally he espied one of the old, one-room log-cabins, quite common in those parts. He stopped at the door of the shanty and vigorously utilized his vocal organs. After a long wait, the door was slowly opened, the gaunt figure of a man appeared, and the following conversation ensued:

"Can you give me shelter for the night? I am tired out."

"Sorry, stranger, but can't possibly do it. You see, things is that way that it can't be done; only got one room and—"

"But you can put me anywhere you like, even on the floor; I'm done up."

"Hold on a minute," said the man, musingly; "I'll see," and he reentered the house.

When he came out again he invited the stranger in, and after a little palaver gave him a shake-down on the floor, having previously put the horse under a rude shed. The only other occupant of the room, besides the proprietor, was his wife, who was already in bed.

Mr. Roberts quickly went to sleep. As the small hours approached, however, he was gently awakened by his host, who explained matters to him this wise:

"Right sorry to disturb ye, stranger, but ther's sickness in the house; wife's taken bad; fact is, she's h'n' spectin' to hev a baby, an' the nuss was goin' to be here to-night, but didn't come. She bein' away, an' we not 'specting things so sudden, I gave ye a bed. But now, I reckon, the trouble's comin', so ef you'll lend me your horse I'll go for the howdywife."

"The man had not been gone five minutes," said Mr. Roberts later, "before the woman began to groan, and then the perspiration commenced to run down my back. Twenty minutes later, the moans came thick and fast, and then suddenly ceased. At this juncture I heard a voice from the bed, and this is what it said:

"Young nian, I'm right in it for sure; but I've

bin thar before, and I know just what to do, and I'm going to tell you what to do."

Mr. Roberts refrains from making known the details of what now took place, contenting himself with saying that he then "experienced the most extraordinary half-hour he had ever known," a statement that few men are likely to dispute.

Suffice it to say that when the husband galloped up to the door, with his "howdywife" on the crupper, the happy mother, her child on her breast, smiled sweetly, and, pointing to Mr. Roberts, said proudly: "He and I done it."

Roberts felt some little trepidation, for, as he afterward said: "I didn't know how the old man would take it."

But his host was equal to the occasion. Advancing with outstretched arms to his guest, he enthusiastically shook hands with him, and made the usual inquiry:

"Is it a boy or girl?"

"Boy."

"Well, then, its name shall be Henry Roberts Doolittle," said the cheerful father.—*Medical Review.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not Affected by Hard Times.

Oh, dulcet mosquito,
How happy your lot!
Your bill you present and
Collect on the spot.
—*American Industries.*

The Suburbanite Sings.

I have a little quiet home
Afar from city strife,
And there I hope, in peace, to pass
The balance of my life.

I spend my evenings chasing cows
That roam my small domains;
And when the summer mornings come
I spend them missing trains.

O sylvan joys! My little home
Is an enchanting spot;
I s'pose you do not want to buy
A rural house and lot?
—*Washington News.*

The Saviour of his Country.

Oh, he had been to Congress, and
They welcomed his return;
'Twas he who saved the country with
A motion to adjourn.—*Washington News.*

When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know not what I shall do;
I'll cut the leaves of my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time.—*Vogue.*

Impromptu while the Poet Stood.

All day the low-fung crowds have dropped
Banana peels around,
By which one stalwart man has flopped
Unwarned upon the ground.
He wrestled with the pavement sore
In agony of mind,
Swearing he never yet before
Has suffered so behind.
—*Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.*

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartick o'er my lifeless clay:
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my great white cravat
And say, "What's that?"
If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel;
I say, if I should die to-night,
And you should come unto me there and then,
Just even hint of paying me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.—*Quincy Spice Box.*

In the Grasp of a Cruel Enemy

Hosts of people writhe through life to a premature grave. Rheumatism once fully developed is a ceaseless tormentor, and always threatens life from its liability to attack a vital part. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, used early and continuously, will bring relief and prevent evil consequences. Constipation, liver, malarial, and kidney complaints, debility and nervousness are completely remedied by this highly sanctioned medicine.

"What's the matter, Brushe? You look sad."
"I am sad. I decorated a set of soup-plates for Mrs. Boudelle, and what do you suppose she does with them?" "Give it up. What?" "Uses 'em for soup!"—*Life.*

Careful Preparation

Is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and druggists.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

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EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,
and POORNESS of the BLOOD.
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HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

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To take the advertisement out of the paper during the so-called dull season is about as bad as to stop feeding the horse because the present weather is unsuitable for using him.—*N. C. Fowler, Jr.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A British farmer on board a steamer, suffering a good deal from the rolling, said to a friend: "This cap'n don't understand his business. Why don't he keep in the furrows?"

An Aberdonian, who, making a morning call, was asked if he "wud tak' a dram," soberly declined. "Twas too airly the day," said he; "besides, I've had a gill already."

A well-brought-up child was seen secretly to purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner-table, but was afterward seen to enter the empty room and secretly again return it to the dish and triumphantly exclaim: "Sold again, Satan!"

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher whom nobody wanted to hear, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "Because I was called," he answered. "James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

Upon one occasion two ladies paid an English cabby a shilling for the distance they had ridden with one fourpenny bit, two threepenny pieces, one penny, and two halfpence. When cabby looked at the coins, he smiled drolly, and asked: "Well, well, how long might you have been saving up for this little treat?"

Sir William Fraser tells a good story of Brigham Young and "The Lady of Lyons." Young took his wives to see a performance of Lytton's play at Salt Lake City. When the agony was piled up, he rose and, followed by his spouses, left the theatre, exclaiming: "I won't stand such a damned row being made about one woman!"

A seedy man of letters dropped into a cheap restaurant in London recently and called for his British beef. It duly came, but had palpably passed its first youth. The man of letters called the waiter, and delivered himself freely of his feelings. "We never has no complaints, sir," said the waiter, feebly defensive. "Very likely," growled he of the meat, "for that old cow had 'em all. Bring me some mutton, and he somethinged to you."

In one of Theodore Hook's stories, the bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post-chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly. "What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters. "It is nothing, darling," answers the bride, sweetly; "it is only my wooden leg." Only that and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use; but the information put him out exceedingly and caused a coolness which was permanent.

One day, while his apparatus for deep-sea soundings, by means of steel pianoforte-wire, was being constructed, Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop in Glasgow, along with the great Dr. Joule, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the pianoforte-wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What note?" innocently inquired Joule, and was promptly answered, "The deep C."

At a woman's-rights meeting in Switzerland not long ago, a man was doing his best to make the woman speaker uncomfortable by catechizing her on the platform. Finally, he brought up the old argument that women can not be soldiers, and therefore should not be allowed to vote. "True," said the lady orator, "we are not soldiers, but we are the mothers of our children!" "Oh! as to that," said her opponent, "we are the fathers of our children!" "You can't swear to that!" snapped out the feminine orator, and then there was a grand silence.

Among the funny things of the week at the Columbian Exposition was a little incident at the single-tax congress while A. H. Stephenson, the single-tax leader of Philadelphia, was making an eloquent onset upon Henry George for his Chinese restriction ideas. He had just referred to the doors being shut against the Chinese, and with impassioned voice asked: "Where did we get those doors? Did the

Creator give them to us? Who gave us this country, anyway?" To this question a voice in the crowd promptly called out, with great damage to the flow of eloquence: "We stole it from the Indians."

A once famous English barrister, who dearly loved a lord, on arriving one day at Homburg learned that a distinguished member of Parliament was staying at the hotel which he had selected. He at once called the waiter and offered him half a napoleon, at the same time requesting that a place might be reserved for him, at *table d'hôte*, adjoining that of the noble lord. When dinner was served, however, he entered the room and found that the seat was already occupied. He summoned the waiter. "Why was not that place reserved for me?" he demanded, angrily. "Well, sir, I'm very sorry," replied the waiter; "you gave me half a napoleon to place you near his lordship, but he gave me a napoleon to put you on the further side of the table."

After a division of the House of Parliament on a motion of Mr. Fox, Sir George Young, who had been drinking all day instead of attending to his parliamentary duties, insisted on addressing the House; but, beginning with "I am astonished," could proceed no further. When he had repeated these words seven times, the House was convulsed with laughter. The baronet appealed to the Speaker, who pleasantly inquired what he would have him do. Sir George grew very warm at this, and declared he would not give up his favorite word, "for," said he, "I really am astonished, Mr. Speaker." By the advice of friends, however, he was presently prevailed upon, after repeating the word about a dozen times more, to change it to "surprised," after which, "having entirely forgotten what he had intended to say," he sat down.

Macready was playing in a country town, and, upon a night when he proposed to perform "Macbeth," a small scene-painter was cast to act the "bleeding sergeant." At rehearsal, the "star" was quiet enough, merely scanning the local performer as one prize-fighter might judge of the points of another. When the night came, however, a very different scene was enacted. The sergeant dashed on, dropped upon his knee, and said: "My lord, as I stood upon my watch upon the bill, Methought that Birnam Wood 'gan move towards Dunsinane."

Thereupon Macready, with a growl of rage and the words, "Liar and slave!" rushed at the little man and shook him till his teeth rattled. The mauled performer made a bolt for it, and, at the same time, justified his conduct by screaming out: "It's true, s'elp me, Mr. Macready, sir; the stage-manager told me to tell you!"

When Lytton went down to his constituents to be reelected after his appointment as colonial secretary, his wife appeared on the scene. He himself related the story thus: "She was dressed in a complete suit of deep yellow, this being the color of my political adversaries. Her voice was loud, her tone menacing. I leaned forward, placing my right hand to my ear. The first articulate words I caught were 'Monster! Villain! Cowardly wretch! Outcast!' I said: 'Madam, allow me to ask your name.' 'My name, you fiend! I am your wife! Now, you scoundrel, don't ask me who I am, I am told you have been sent to the colonies; if they knew as much about you as I do, they would have sent you there long ago!' When Lytton was shut up in his chambers, engaged on a book, he wrote impassioned letters about Solitude, his only companion. Lady Lytton called at his chambers unexpectedly. "I found my wretched husband's statement was partly true. The monster's only companion was Solitude; but Solitude was dressed in white muslin and was sitting on his knee!"

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Sept. 7, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9.45 P. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Sonoma, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8.45 P. |
| 10.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10.15 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo and San Francisco. | 8.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10.15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2.45 P. |
| 7.30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 8.33 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6.26 P. |
| 9.30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 2.27 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5.06 P. |
| 12.05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8.06 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7.26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

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City of New York Thursday, October 26, at 3 P. M.
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After seeing old Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, one realizes from whom the Drew family gets its histrionic talents. This remarkable old lady, who must be of an age past even the stage which is politely alluded to as "uncertain," gives one of the finest, the most richly humorous, the most realistically absurd performances as Mrs. Malaprop, in "The Rivals," that are to be seen to-day on the stage.

The Drew family have acting in their blood. They have been on the stage for several generations. They have imbibed stage tradition with the soluble foods of their early infancy. Sooner or later they all find their way upon the boards, and, once there, remain, as Mrs. John Drew herself has done, for the amusement and delight of successive generations of theatre-goers.

When there is a Drew in the play-bill, there is sure to be good, if not great, work done. John Drew everybody knows, and everybody admires his admirably polished and gentlemanly style. Sidney Drew, without being so clever, is a good actor, painstaking and conscientious. Mrs. Drew-Barrymore, one of the most gifted of this gifted family, has gone, leaving a melancholy break in the circle. She possessed, beside her histrionic talents, that most unusual attribute for a woman—a powerful sense of humor. This, too, is observable in her mother. Mrs. Malaprop enunciates her elaborate mistakes with a complacency, an unctuousness of humorous effect, which bespeaks a deep and rich joy in the fun of the whole performance. It would be impossible to imagine anything funnier than her flustered confusion when she gives Captain Absolute the wrong letter, or her briding, defiant indignation while she listens to him reading his own letter to Lydia.

In this wonderful old lady's portrayal one sees the careful elaboration of effect, the complete thoroughness which marks the acting of her children. To her, too, the strongly marked Drew physiognomy is to be seen, withered and faded to be sure, but showing those unmistakable facial traits which are to be found in every member of this strong stock—the eyes wide apart and with broad, drooping lids, like the eyes of a brooding eagle, the high nose, and the rather large mouth which has a downward droop at the corners, lending to the face an expression at once discontented and quizzically mischievous. Mrs. John Drew is the smallest member of her family now on the boards. She is a little woman, but she lends to Mrs. Malaprop a pompous and self-satisfied stateliness which makes the sentimental Delia look quite a majestic personage.

In seeing "The Rivals," one is constantly made to think of two things—one, why is the comedy not played oftener? the other, how is it that Sheridan managed to make the principal rôles in it so difficult to portray? In modern comedies we rarely hear of a part being beyond the histrionic powers of a fairly good actor, and, in a modern comedy presented by an average company, we rarely see a part really badly played. But the two great Sheridan comedies bristle with parts which are singularly hard to act. Sir Anthony Absolute requires a master-actor to bring out its finest points. That and Sir Peter Teazle were old John Gilbert's finest characters, and John Gilbert was, in his class, one of the great artists of this country.

The character of his son, Jack Absolute, which looks such a very simple part to take, has been the show rôle of some of the most prominent *jeunes premiers* of the past dramatic era. When Lester Wallack was in his splendid prime, Jack Absolute and Young Marlowe, in "She Stoops to Conquer," were two of his greatest successes. Young Marlowe is a part that requires a well-trained and talented actor. The bragging young spark, who, in the presence of ladies, becomes smitten with the most deadly and terrible bashfulness, is somewhat difficult to portray. But Captain Absolute, who is merely a fine, dashing, soldier sort of man, looks and reads as if it ought to be as easy to act as Captain Molyneux, in "The Shaughraun," or one of the young men in "Ours." When Lester Wallack used to appear as Captain Absolute, he was said to have been a military Apollo, so beautiful was he in his red coat and white trousers, with his black hair powdered and his face smooth-shaven. But it is no becoming costume to any man. Charles Stevenson, Kate Claxton's husband, who was one of the English beauty-actors brought out by Lester Wallack, used to take Captain Absolute and look as handsome as an ideal head in a book of beauty.

Of course Bob Acres has long stood as one of the great classic parts in high comedy. If it does not rank with some of Shakespeare's broadly humorous figures, it is one of Sheridan's masterpieces—more warmly ludicrous than Sir Fretful Plagiarist, more

living, less of a satire, than Sir Benjamin Backbite or Dangle. That it has been the star part of such an actor as Joseph Jefferson attests its position among the great parts of the high-comedy drama. It is one of those characters that to the ignorant look easy of portrayal, and really require the very highest comic ability in the actor. There are a great many good judges who do not find Jefferson's rendering of Bob Acres as fine as Harry Becket's; it is less robust, less of a farmer, more of a townsman. But in the duel scene, Jefferson is superb—he always looks frightened to the point of feeling ill.

It is in the women characters in his plays that Sheridan is said to have produced types that are among the most difficult to act in the whole range of the drama. The same thing has been said of Lady Teazle and Juliet—that no actress can represent either until she is too old to look the part. It is odd how few really great Lady Teazles there have been. From the days of Mrs. Abingdon to the days of Ada Rehan, every female aspirant for the high-comedy honors of the drama has tried her talents on Lady Teazle. Mrs. Abingdon herself, over whom all London ran mad and who reached the proud pinnacle of having her portrait painted by Sir Joshua, played Lady Teazle for a long run and had all the gay world crowding to the theatre, but it was more to see Mrs. Abingdon, who was pretty, and her costumes—for which she was more famous than for her acting—which were particularly brilliant, than to see Lady Teazle. Even Ada Rehan, who is a real high-comedy actress, did not distinguish herself when she essayed this part. Her adherents said it was because she was forced to follow Augustin Daly's conception of the character, which was that of a hoydenish, ignorant country girl, carried away by the gaiety of town life. Miss Rehan made her portrayal on these lines with insignificant success.

In Lydia Languish, the "young lady" of "The Rivals," Sheridan drew a figure which can be presented with passable success by an indifferent actress and can be made almost a star part by a really clever one. Very few Lydia Languishes seem to realize that in this character Sheridan was almost burlesquing the over-sentimental, romantic, under-educated, extremely bored young girls of his own day. Lydia's infatuation for Beverley, the unknown ensign, her ambition to have a love-affair as like those of the novels as possible, her desire for romantic, and unusual, and thrilling escapades, are presented with a humorous breadth of effect that comes near the line of caricature. Most of the Lydias are content to represent a somewhat rude and sulky, but always pretty and flirtatious girl. The real humor of the character, its impossible rhapsodies of exaggerated sentiment, the delightfully expressed disappointment at the discovery that Beverley is, after all, a rich and presentable party, are rarely given the prominence that the author intended.

Mrs. Sidney Drew is one of the indifferent Lydias. She looks pretty, and she wears an interesting 1830 coiffure, which hangs over her ears in charming little curls and is twisted into a rigid knot on top of her head. She is not a sulky Lydia, but she does not bring out any of the latent humor of the character. Mrs. John Drew should give her a lesson in this. There is not a single remark of Mrs. Malaprop's which is not given its full value—every point is made. The picture of the vain, illiterate, pompous, self-satisfied old lady, who placidly trifles with the English tongue with an immovable and smiling complacency, is one that can remain in the mind with Jefferson's Bob Acres and Gilbert's Sir Anthony—a trio of stars.

Why "The Rivals," which has always been sufficient for one evening's entertainment, should be preceded by a curtain-raiser, is a question yet to be answered. This great comedy well given, and not too much cut, is ample amusement for one evening, and it is a pity the edge should be taken off the spectator's appetite with such a piece of pie-crust as "In Honor Bound."

In Sydney Grundy's curtain-raiser by this portentous name, there seems to be a plentiful lack of honor. Nobody has a generous supply of this valuable possession, and the imbroglio is so very clumsily unfolded that one is left with disturbing doubts as to whether the lawyer knew that his wife had been flirting with the young man with the black hair, or whether he was entirely ignorant of whose name was signed to the letter that he so gallantly burned in the lamp. Miss Rankin represented the only character in the piece which seemed to be that of a highly commendable person. She is a pretty girl, with a rather rough voice. When she sat down to the piano, she made a very pretty picture, in her pale-pink dress, with her brown hair drawn up to the top of her well-shaped head, and showing a gracefully bending white throat. The tableau of this charming figure, bending over the key-board, was as clear and fine in color as a French pastel. Mr. Drew did well with the character of the lawyer; but it was a decidedly stupid little play.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 25th; The Old Comedy Company in "The Road to Ruin" at the Baldwin; the stock company in "Fatinitza" at the Tivoli; "The Soudan"; and "Urania."

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Will return October 5th.
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

ELLEN TERRY'S CAREER.

George Edgar Montgomery has given expression to the somewhat paradoxical fact that "Miss Terry has not been subjected at any time to methodical training in the art of acting; yet she has enjoyed exceptional experience, practical schooling in the provincial theatres of Great Britain, and the counsel of older and wiser heads." She comes of a theatrical family, and when she was little more than an infant, she made her debut, or rather was exhibited, in a pantomime at Hull. Her real debut was in "The Winter's Tale," given at the end of Charles Kean's remarkable term of management of the Princess's Theatre, she playing the part of Mamilius. In 1858, when she was only eleven years of age—she was born at Coveyot, February 27, 1847—she was seen as Arthur in Mr. Kean's second revival of "King John," and these two performances revealed Miss Terry as an actress of marked precocity.

For several years thereafter Miss Terry appeared at Bath, Bristol, and other places, in little plays with her elder sister, Kate, an experience to which she refers in her piquant reminiscences, published in last week's *Argonaut*. It was not until 1863 that she appeared again in London, as Gertrude in "The Little Treasure"—an adaptation of "La Joie de la Maison"—in which she achieved a marked success and established a reputation as an actress of high spirit and enchanting simplicity. This success was followed by performances of Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing," Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin," and other minor parts.

In 1863 she retired from the stage, and was not seen again until 1867, when she appeared at the New Queen's Theatre in "The Double Marriage," a dull adaptation from the French by Charles Reade. She also was seen as Mrs. Mildmay, in "Still Waters Run Deep," and—a fateful event in her career—as Katherine in the Petruchio of Henry Irving.

Miss Terry was then only nineteen years old; but so deeply was Mr. Irving impressed by her performance that he promised himself then that, if he ever became a manager, he would have Miss Terry as his leading actress. But at this time Kate Terry married and retired from the stage, and the younger and less popular Ellen also retired for a second period of seclusion.

But in 1874 she made her third return to the London theatres, and has remained an ornament to the stage ever since. She played a succession of rôles in the next three or four years—Philippa Chester, in Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," Susan Morton in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," Clara Douglas in "Money," Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Mabel Vane in "Masks and Faces," Blanche Haye in "Ours," Portia in the Shylock of Charles Coghlan in "The Merchant of Venice," and Olivia in W. G. Wills's adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Miss Terry's performance of Olivia was the crown of her many triumphs, and established her firmly in the affections of the British public—which is hard to please, but, once won, is steadfast in its admiration almost to the grave.

Mr. Irving had meantime secured the Lyceum Theatre, and now had opportunity to redeem his promise to himself of more than ten years before. Isabel Bateman had been playing Ophelia to his Hamlet at the Lyceum, but he secured Miss Terry for the rôle, and she soon surpassed her predecessor.

From that time—to be exact, December 30, 1878—Miss Terry's record has been almost unbroken by failure. Among her ootable rôles may be mentioned Ophelia, Beatrice, Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," Portia, Ruth in "Eugene Aram," Jeanette in "The Lyons Mail," the queen in "Charles I.," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Olivia, and Fair Rosamond in "Becket."

In October, 1883, Irving and Terry made their first appearance in New York, and, in 1884-5, they played a second engagement in the United States. In 1886, they visited our shores again, but not professionally; and they have just inaugurated a third tour of the country by playing in this city the most successful fortnight, financially, that Mr. Irving has ever known.

Of Miss Terry's private life little is known to the outside world—not that it has not had its interesting episodes, but the English are a stiff-necked generation and are willfully blind to peccadilloes that, if acknowledged, might make Miss Terry an unfit person to be seen even across the footlights by that Moloch of British art, the Young Person.

She was married when quite young to the famous artist Watts. She was a capricious girl of sixteen, and she could scarcely be expected to evince wifely love for an old man. An idea of their life may be obtained from an incident that occurred one evening. He had invited a number of friends to dine, but when the hour struck, his wife had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. At last the company went down to dinner without her, but they were no sooner seated at table than in floated their fair young hostess—clad as Ariel, her hair flying, gauze wings upon her shoulders, and her shapely limbs incased in tights!

Naturally the Watts ménage did not long survive. She left the artist's home, and is reported to have had several domestic experiences since.

Demonstrator in natural science—"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells." Voice from amphitheatre—"It isn't under any of them."—*Detroit Tribune*.

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The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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Mrs. F. Marion Crawford is an enthusiastic sailor, and accompanies her husband on many of his favorite boating and yachting expeditions. She is also an accomplished linguist and musician. Her father was the late General Berdan, the inventor.

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MR. VICTOR CARROLL, Basso.

MR. ALFRED WILKIE, Tenor.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nat Goodwin contemplates reviving "David Garck."

Fay Templeto's return to the comic-opera stage will take place in Brooklyn on October 2d, when she will sing the title-role in "Madame Favart."

Ada Rehan is taking her first vacation in several years in a bungalow built for her by Lord and Lady uncaster close by Muocaster Castle, in one of the most beautiful sections of England.

Mme. Adelina Patti, who will commence her tour New York some time next month, is to receive an enormous sum of two hundred thousand dollars for her forty concerts in the United States.

Thomas Holcraft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin," will be given by the Old Comedy Company at the Baldwin on Monday night. It will be Mrs. John Lewis's first appearance in the rôle of the Widow Warren.

Johnstone Beonett will go to Paris at the end of this month, to cultivate her voice at the Conservatory of Music until March. She is sent at the expense of Charles Frohman, who has Miss Bennett under contract for five years.

Nettina Girard, who was dying in a New York hospital not long ago, is on the stage again in a comedy entitled "To Old Kentucky," in which she shares the honors with Queo Bess, a thoroughbred mare on which she dashes on the stage, riding astride.

Even the little children in France talk French, and the stage-manager at Gilbert and Sullivan's Theatre in London grumbles in epigrams. The latest—his name, by the way, is Richard Barker—is that "when the Lord gives a man a teor voice, he takes away his brains."

Mr. Henry Irving's gift of five hundred dollars to the Midwinter Fair fund was a most graceful one. He made it earlier in his stay, he might have been suspected of a desire to boom business at the fair. But as he made it just the day before he left when everything was sold for the last performance, no such motive could be attributed to him.

Manager Hayman and Charles Frohman have put their heads together and decided that, as the Midwinter Fair will make San Francisco a "good show," this winter, they will gather unto themselves a team of the theatrical business by having a good company at the Baldwin Theatre throughout the winter and having them produce all the best Eastern and London successes.

So New Yorkers at Carlbad are drawing criticism upon themselves for the same boorish behavior at the musical concerts of the Café Post-Hof that led the musical conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York to rebuke publicly a chattering party in one of the boxes two years ago. A performance of hisses was directed at the American opera of two tables, the other afternoon, for congering loudly during the concert.

"Ship Ahoy" at the Tivoli seems, like Tennyson brook, to run on forever, which certainly indicates that it is pleasing a great many people. The element of its continued popularity is the constant changes and improvements that are being made in the various specialties. But, according to recent advices, it is to have only two more performances, on Saturday and Sunday nights, "Fatigue" being announced for Monday night.

Roos Vokes's company will be found much improved since it was here last. Of the old members, Miss Vokes and Ferdinand Gottschalk; and the new, Mr. Felix Morris's place is taken by Mr. C. D. Marius, who came to the country with Mrs. Berard Beere; Courteous roles fall to Walter Granville; and the pretty girls of former seasons are now replaced by Misses Ffolliott Paget, Marie Hillyer, Irving, and Blanche Burton.

Bessie Boothell, one of the English music-hall girls, who is known on this side of the water also, has a two-year-old son, and the two-year-old son has a bank account of six hundred and twenty-five dollars. In one of her most popular acts, Miss Boothell makes up as a ragged newshy, and co-operates in the audience often toss coin on the stage.

These she has carefully banked for her, and hence the six hundred and twenty-five dollars. The management of Mrs. John Drew and the Old Comedy Company will be concluded next Saturday night and the following Monday night will see the Vokes and her charming company of comedians at the Baldwin stage. Among the short pieces in their repertoire are "Fun in a Fog," "Tommy Rehearsal," "Maid Marian," "My Bill," "The Circus Rider," "A Lesson in Love," "A Cozy Couple," "Dream Faces," "My Darling," and "Grandpapa."

John and Sullivan have come together again—so some time ago, in fact—and the co-operation of a new comic opera which will be produced in London in a few weeks. It has been decided that the subject of their satire

is the music-hall craze; beyond that, nothing is known, for, though the drilling of the choruses has been going on for some time, Gilbert always keeps his librettos to himself—and Sir Arthur Sullivan—until the singers have learned the music thoroughly. American managers, by the way, bear in mind the ill-success of "Ruddigore," and are fighting shy of the new opera.

Before Loie Fuller made her big hit in Paris, she was for a short time engaged by the Gayety Company as understudy to Nellie Farreo. When she came back to London, after her Parisian conquest, she stipulated in her contract that "no ladies should be on the stage while she danced," lest they might copy her inventions. One evening, just as the glorious butterfly appeared on the stage, she spied a lady at the wings. She stopped short, and, in a loud voice, exclaimed: "Remove that woman!" Those who heard her were forced to obey; but the woman was none other than Miss Letty Lind, who is very much of a personage at the Gayety.

Henry A. Clapp, the well-known Boston critic, has an article on Edwin Booth in the current *Atlantic*, in the course of which he says:

"All that was corporal of the artist fitted well to his fine spiritual conditions. Mr. Booth was recognized as the best accomplished actor of our stage. Free and graceful in motion, with carriage and step which lent themselves with equal and perfect ease to the panther footfall of Iago, the dignified alertness of Macbeth, and the stately progress of Othello; with a beautiful face whose mask was as wax under the molding fingers of passion; with a voice whose peculiar vibrant quality had an extraordinary power to stir the soul of the listener at the very moment of its appeal as music to the ear—all of Edwin Booth that was, in the choice phrase of Shakespeare, 'out of door,' was 'most rich.' And, without unduly exalting the mere material of his art, it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the service which he constantly rendered to the ever imperilled cause of pure and elegant speech."

Camille d'Arville created the rôle of Prince Kao to E. E. Rice's new extravaganza, "Venus," which was produced in Boston last week, and Belle Thorne, formerly of the Tivoli, was the Venus of the cast. The story of "Venus," involving a trip to the planet Mars, is somewhat like that of "A Trip to the Moon," which, by the way, was the last thing done by the old stock company at the Old California Theatre sixteen years ago. Tom Keene, William A. Mestayer, Alice Harrison, and the other members of the company, who had been doing a round of standard plays and melodramas, gave "A Trip to the Moon" to conclude their season, and had a glorious frolic in extravaganza. Mestayer had always been a heavy villain previous to that, but he made such a success that he soon joined Alice Atherton and Willie Edouard at the Standard, and remained a burlesquer ever after.

"In Mizoura," the play that Augustus Thomas wrote for Nat Goodwin, seems to have suited New York almost as well as it did Chicago. The critics of the dailies praised the production generously, and *Life's* critic says:

"Although 'In Mizoura' was written to furnish a star part for Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin, Mr. Thomas has not made the usual mistake of obliterating every particle of individuality in the minor parts, so that the leading character might shine by contrast. Each type is distinct, and few of them are conventional ones. More than that, each is made more distinct by contrast with the others. Never having lived in rural 'Mizoura,' we are unable to judge how true these types are to local nature, but in the aggregate they present a harmonious picture of the leisurely, half-shiftness life of many communities of the South-West. The plot is a little more intense than that of 'Alabama,' involving as it does an express robbery, a murder, and a man-hunt, although none of these occur in the immediate sight of the audience. The dialogue contains some rare touches of human nature, and is well punctuated with flashes of original wit and humor. Mr. Goodwin has so long appeared as a comedian that the public, and we think he himself, finds it difficult at first to take him seriously. In this essay he has wisely been content not to monopolize all the acting there is in the play. The part of Jim Radburn, a philanthropic and love-smitten Missouri sheriff, makes small call on any of Mr. Goodwin's powers, and is hardly a fair test of his possible abilities in a serious line of work. What there is to do, however, he does effectively."

"In Mizoura" will be a popular success. We are especially glad to note this, because it was written by an American author, is played by American actors, and is through and through an American play."

McKee Raokin is again to become a permanent and welcome feature of local theatricals. At the conclusion of the Drew company's engagement at the Baldwin, his place will be taken by George Osbourne, an excellent actor who has long been an actor-manager here, and Mr. Raokin, who has secured a lease of the Alcazar, will open that theatre with an Eastern stock company, a prominent member of which will be his wife, Kitty Blackhead-Raokin. Ordinarily the private life of people of the stage is matter of small moment to the public; but there are few San Francisco theatre-goers who will not be glad to see that a reconciliation has been effected between Mr. and Mrs. Raokin, for both are prime favorites here. It will be remembered that the close of McKee Raokin's management of the old California Theatre was hastened by Mr. Raokin's infatuation for Mabel Bert, an exceedingly pretty member of the company, and the ill success that followed their career, as well as the legal battle in the divorce courts, is well known. Some time ago, however, Rankin and Miss Bert separated, the Rankin family were reunited, and now he and his wife are to manage a theatre in San Francisco once more.

"Yes, I like Rosamood," said Miss Terry, in reply to an inquiry; "but my favorite rôle is Ophelia, because I feel that I can do that better than anything else. Of course we are never satisfied, but I am not nearly so in that part, for the reason that I am not a strong woman, and in that the strain is not so continuous. Portia, I am never sure of;

perhaps one time out of twelve I feel that I have approached playing it as I could wish to. The play of 'Becket' was produced after Tennyson's death, and Lady Tennyson has never seen it. She is so invalid, with a face the color of a tea-ruse leaf, and is confined to her country-house at Aldworth. In this house Tennyson's favorite room is so situated that the moonlight floods it, and he loved to sit there bathed in it. You say you could see the rain fall in the garden-scene. Well," she stopped beating time with her restless fingers to the waltz an orchestra was playing and extended her hands, palms upward, "I am to do that for her in the moonlit room when I get back to England. I have arranged with a relative of hers, and I shall take my costume and reproduce the scene as nearly as possible. What do you think of it?"

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The publishers of our French contemporary, *Le Franco-Californien*, have in preparation a companion-volume to the one on the resources of the State which the legislature authorized for distribution at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is to be entitled "La Californie: Ses Ressources et Ses Merveilles," and is designed to present to French-speaking people the advantages California presents as a place of residence.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Before the Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic House there appeared last week a number of prominent Democrats pleading against free trade. F. E. Kip, president of the Bridgeport Plush Company, read a petition signed by a large number of Connecticut Democrats, earnestly advocating the retention of the protective duty on plushes and velvets. Petitions from Democrats in Paterson, N. J., and other manufacturing towns, were also read. Mr. Kip stated to the committee that there was now in this country an agent of the great English plush manufacturers, working in favor of lowering the tariff. Mr. Kip further said that the average weekly wages paid by the manufacturers in Bridgeport were \$10.50, in England \$4.50, in Germany \$4, in France \$4.10, and in Austria \$3.50. He closed by saying that he would not be driven out of business, for if the protective tariff were abolished he would move his factory to England.

The representatives of the iron and steel industry appeared

before the committee, and testified that they employed four hundred and fifty thousand workmen, upon whom were dependent for support two millions of people. Their industry, if the protective tariff is removed, will be crippled, if not destroyed. The spokesmen of the woolen manufacturers testified that they had a quarter of a million employees and an annual pay-roll of nearly twenty millions of dollars. This industry is also threatened with destruction. In addition to these, there appeared the representatives of the industries producing pottery, marble, plate-glass, cotton goods, tinplate, cutlery, pearl buttons, collars, cement, knit goods, hosiery, porcelain, domestic machinery, window-glass, and many others. California should have been there to defend her raisin, wine, and dried-fruit interests, but, as usual, failed to be on time, and is now trying to get the committee to listen to her after its sittings are closed.

Joseph Munro, representing the farmers of New York, spoke in behalf of the agricultural interests of that great State. Canadian competition made it difficult for the New York farmer to earn a living, while, in addition to that competition, agricultural products from beyond the seas were brought to New York city at the very lowest return-cargo rates.

F. W. Bodine, president of the American Window-Glass Manufacturers' Association, testified that a removal of the protective tariff would result in a heavy cut in wages; if the workmen refused to accept the reduction, the factories would be closed.

J. P. Everhart, of Pittsburg, president of the Window-Glass Workmen's Association, appeared in behalf of his fellow-workers. He testified that even under the present tariff one-fourth of the glass used here was imported. Foreigners now supplied all of the world except the United States. If the protective tariff is removed, they will supply this country also, and the glass industry here will be destroyed. If the tariff is removed, the glass-workers will find their work gone, and, to use his words, "their wives and daughters will have to wheel coal and sand, as in the old country."

Iron-Worker Philip Hagan appeared before the Democratic committee, and begged them, as a representative of the artificers working in iron, not to destroy their industry. He testified that in Europe he had worked at his trade for twenty cents a day, and that "it was a struggle to exist; but that here he was able to give his family a public-school education." He appealed to the committee in the name of humanity not to destroy the livelihood of himself and his fellow-workers.

How are these appeals received by the Democratic party, "the friend of the workingman"? Let us see.

The Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic House have received these arguments and these appeals with sneers. When they were asked by the representatives of the woolen and iron industries to set a time for their hearing, each of these great industries was given one sitting.

Two sittings of six hours each. Twelve hours devoted to the interests of seven hundred thousand workers. Twelve hours devoted to the consideration of the welfare of three millions of people.

After this exhausting seance, the Ways and Means Committee turned the representatives of American industries out of their luxurious committee-rooms, and devoted themselves to the discussion of good old Democratic whisky from Bourbon County, Kentucky.

Let us see how the recognized organs of the Democracy treat the arguments of the manufacturers and the appeals of their employees. Here is a specimen from the pen of Henry Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, who was chairman of the Committee on Platform at the last Democratic National Convention. Mr. Watterson says:

"The protected darlings of the Republican party stand hats in hand begging alms of the Democratic Ways and Means Committee of Congress. Give us just a year or two longer, begs one, as if the warning that protection must go had not been fairly, and clearly, and repeatedly given by the people more than a year or two ago. Whether as a squalling-infant industry, an insolent, full-grown monopoly, or a senile beggar for yet a little longer time to plunder, the protected industry displays a greed that defies satisfaction."

It may be pointed out to Mr. Watterson that the Ameri-

can manufacturers are not "begging." There is not one of them who will not readily compete with foreign manufacturers if the American workmen will work for the same wages as the foreign workmen. It is not the earnings of the manufacturers which Mr. Watterson and the Democratic party are trying to cut off, it is the wages of the workingmen.

Let us take a few more specimens from Democratic organs. Here are some of the editorial utterances of the *New York Sun*:

"The tariff hearings before the Ways and Means Committee end to-day. They never should have been begun. The American people decided last fall that protection was robbery, and ordered the Democratic party to destroy it. This fall the robbers go before a Democratic committee and beg to be allowed to keep on robbing!"

"The bearing and trial of the tariff were given last year, and are closed beyond appeal. The Ways and Means Committee is charged with the duty of carrying out the sentence. These entreaties of unrepentant spoliators for mercy are an impertinence and a waste of time."

"The protected manufacturers, denounced as robbers by the Democratic national platform, have procured, whenever possible, protected manufacturers, nominally classed as Democrats, to go before the committee and defend robbery. Thus, on Friday, the president of a plush manufacturing company in Connecticut was introduced to the committee as a Democrat by a Democratic representative, and made a plea that the people might continue to be robbed by means of a protective duty on plushes and velvets. He read a petition signed by some residents of Bridgeport, calling themselves Democrats—a petition in favor of unconstitutional robbery. On the same day, a man from Detroit, calling himself a Democrat, urged that the people should be robbed for the benefit of the pearl-button industry. This man, calling himself a Democrat, had the impudence to declare that a protective tariff is necessary to the maintenance of the pearl-button industry. Asked by a Republican member of the committee if he didn't think a protective duty on pearl buttons unconstitutional, he was forced to shuffle and crawl in a most pitiable fashion."

"On Saturday the indecent exhibition was continued. A so-called Democratic representative from Ohio pleaded for robbery by means of a protective duty on pottery. So-called Democrats from Vermont wanted the United States to go on robbing the public for the special benefit of the Vermont marble quarries."

"Of course the Republicans get great enjoyment out of this sort of thing, and they hope that the robber tariff can be saved by the selfish particularism of such so-called Democrats as are among the beneficiaries of robbery. But the Democratic party, faithful to the constitutional tariff, will not give up the great fundamental principle at the call of a few spoliators unworthy of the name of Democrats."

These remarks are so extraordinary that they sound like elaborate mystification. The *Sun* has never been friendly to Mr. Cleveland, and it may, in its sardonic way, be embarrassing the administration by demanding the enforcement of the Democratic platform. But that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that the *Sun*, whether disingenuously or not, is simply demanding that the Democrats carry out this pledge made in their platform:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the protection of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only."

How do the workingmen of the United States like the way in which they are being treated by the Democratic party, "the workingman's friend"? Before that party gets through with the workingman he will be crying, "Lord, save me from my friends."

The principle of protection which the Democrats now denounce as "robbery" has lasted in this country for a third of a century. Under protection, this country has reached a pinnacle of prosperity never known in the history of the civilized world. Under protection, the workingman has received the highest wages ever known—much higher, we fear, than he will ever receive again. Under protection, despite a bloody civil war, the American people have so reduced a gigantic national debt, that their credit to-day stands highest in the world. Under protection, the West has been settled, and great cities have grown where there was only waste and wilderness.

Yet it is this system which the Democrats denounce as "unconstitutional" and as "robbery." It is this system which, with honeyed speeches, they cajoled the workingmen to help them to destroy. The workingmen have tal-

first step, lured on by the free-trade will-o'-the-wisp to the edge of the precipice. But they have stopped, appalled at the blackness of the abyss before them.

Such of the Christian clergy as objected to the holding of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair showed practical wisdom, even though they might be deficient in that liberality of spirit which is supposed to be characteristic of the nineteenth century. The Rev. Dr. Henson says that the coming together of the creeds reminds him of the witches in Macbeth, who each brought something to the pot, and the result was a hell's broth. "Paul," adds this shrewd theologian, "could have got along very well at Athens, if he had consented to place Christ in a niche in the Pantheon with about thirty thousand other divinities."

The spectacle of Roman Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, Jews, and Buddhists holding a congress to amity is, indeed, enough to make the world wonder—to wonder what has cured them of their traditional desire to break one another's bones, cut one another's throats, and burn one another's flesh. Can it be that they have grown in grace, sweetness, and light from a deeper study of their tenets, or that the causes which enable them to keep from fighting are altogether outside of themselves? Shall we admit the suspicion that the brethren drawn from the four corners of the earth do not bite because they have been muzzled by the secular spirit of their time—that their placable disposition is due to an indifference as to points of faith that were held to be vital by their more zealous forefathers? If the Christian or the Mohammedan believes that acceptance of his dogmas is essential to salvation, how can he sit down in brotherhood with those who serve Satan by affirming the contrary? Can the unconverted be blamed for questioning the earnestness of a pastor who, fresh from shaking hands with the benighted Buddhist and the dog of a Mohammedan, threatens with perdition the sinner who has doubts on the head of the exclusive efficacy of Christianity to save?

There are other reasons why it is to be regretted that the parliament was convoked. Our own faith (which is the only true one) has not been represented in a manner to cause pride. The Rev. B. Fay Mills may be mighty as a revivalist, but be certainly is not one of the intellectual giants of his time. The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, is a brother of signal power in the matter of voice, but he is not a master of logic, and when he failed to "stampede" the convention for Christianity by waving the Bible above his head and yelling, his usefulness at the parliament was gone. Such champions as these could scarcely have impressed the delegates of other religions with their profound knowledge of comparative theology. Moreover, the pilgrims from far lands will have some highly amusing reports to carry back with them as to what they will describe as the ignorance and illiberality of the Christians who had invited them to Chicago to have their say freely. When, for example, the champion of Islam stood forth to explain why polygamy is suited to the social, industrial, and climatic conditions of Mohammedans, the Christian mob in Parliament Hall rose at him and bawled and hissed him down. "How many of you," asked a Buddhist priest, doubtless at the instigation of the devil, "have read the life of Mohammed?" Just four hands went up in that great concourse. "How many of you have read the life of Buddha?" There were five hands uplifted. Then this blasphemous heathen had the effrontery to cry out: "How dare you judge us?" It is fortunate for this pagan that he lives in 1893. Not so long ago he would have paid for his rashness with his life.

It is to be wished, indeed, that our representatives had exhibited a more familiar acquaintance with history. His Grace the Archbishop of Taute, on Sunday last, in addressing the parliament on behalf of the Jews, attributed the contemporary outbursts against them in Europe to the popular belief that they use the blood of Christian children in their religious ceremonies. "The origin of the calumny," he said, "must be traced to the Roman conceit that the early Christians used human blood in their religious observances." It is true that the Romans did entertain this conceit, but their authority for it was the testimony of early Christians themselves. Converts made by one sect from another frequently declared that the sect from which they had been won were given to bloody rites and other atrocities not to be specified by modern pen. The archbishop might also have explained that persecution of the Jews is not a Christian monopoly. The Romans and Greeks made it warm for God's chosen people long before the Saviour appeared on earth.

The cause of Christianity has not been advanced by this Chicago convention. Since, for some reason that has not been disclosed, the churches have refrained from putting forward their men of brains and requirements, it is seriously to be feared that the brethren who did appear and speak will be accepted as representing the intellectual standard of the household of faith. Were that true, ground would be

given for the assertion, too commonly made, that men of mind no longer enter the ministry. The parliament will encourage the infidel Ingersoll to repeat his taunt that the "brand of inferiority is on the orthodox brain." But when the delegates have separated and returned to their several altars, we shall doubtless have an ample literature that will explain why the churches preferred to be championed by babes and sucklings rather than by men of full mental stature and respectable scholarship.

The Market Street Railway system is the largest cable system in San Francisco—in fact, the largest in the world. It is also the best. None of the Eastern roads compare with it in any way. Its cars, tracks, cables, and grips are all of the best patterns. Its conductors and gripmen are a superior class of men. They are superior to those in similar positions on other San Francisco roads, and as compared to the uniformed toughs who swear and squirt tobacco-juice around the Eastern cable-cars, they are Chesterfields. But despite the popularity of the road, and the excellence of its employees, the Market Street Company has been forced to make a cut in their pay. The men received an average of \$2.50 per day before, and will now average about \$2.20 per day. We are sorry that these men are to have their wages cut, for they are good men and deserve all that they receive. We suppose, however, that most of them voted the Democratic ticket. They will now have an opportunity to study political economy from the standpoint of their own pockets. The company which employs them and the community which patronizes them are both still suffering from the depression caused by the Democratic free-trade panic. It is that, and nothing else, which has paralyzed industry in the United States, shut down shops, closed mills, locked factories, discharged workmen, and made everybody poor. People feel so poor that they look more closely at their nickels and walk more. This is good for their health, but bad for the street-car companies. What is bad for the companies is bad for their employees. We hope that these very deserving men on the Market Street system see the point of this argument, and do not get muddled by the Democratic organs. The cut in their wages is not due to the Federal Elections Bill, or to the repeal of the State Bank Tax, or to the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law, or to the price of green cheese in the moon, but it is due to the fact that the Democratic party, with its free-trade threats, has so paralyzed industry in this country that all classes are suffering, and, as usual, the workingman first, most, and worst of all.

If the sins of President Cleveland concerned the Democracy alone, the outcries of wrath from so many organs of his own party would be amusing merely; but unhappily the country is in interest. It is the element of apparent surprise mingled with these screams which diverts. Account for the aberration as we may, it is still true that there are sensible men who are Democrats, yet how any man of sense could have expected Grover Cleveland to turn out other than he has done is incomprehensible. Surely his energetic nullification of the Chinese Registration Act was not needed to make anybody aware that Mr. Cleveland deems himself the wisest as well as the best of men—wiser than Congress, wiser than the Supreme Court, wiser than the fathers who framed the Federal Constitution and hedged about the President's great powers with restrictions as salutary as they are well defined. He has ever held himself to be wiser than his party, and his calm contempt for the himetallic plank of the platform on which it renominated him is thoroughly Clevelandesque. There is nothing new, either, in the contrast between his professions as a civil-service reformer and his actions as a strictly practical dealer in spoils to control congressional action and strengthen his personal machine.

Long ago he demonstrated his ability to grovel as low as any other politician. His hasty pushing and signing of the Scott Chinese Exclusion Act when he was a candidate in 1888 and needed the Pacific States in the electoral college, his expulsion of Sackville West, the British Minister, because of the Murchison letter in the same campaign, and his bluff at interdicting Canadian commerce, were acts of transparent demagoguery intended to please the Irish. A more humiliating bid for the favor of the slums of New York, where the ofal of the world festers and the worst of Ireland's refuse dominates the muck-heap, was never made even by a Tammany candidate for mayor of our foreign metropolis. The Mugwumps, in common with the Democracy, ignored all these little proofs of Mr. Cleveland's worldliness and painted him anew last year with a halo about his head—as a high-minded, pure-handed saint who graciously condescended to walk the wicked world of politics for its redemption. No sooner had his own election for the second time been secured than he showed his old egoism by rolling tables of stone down from his Sinai upon the sinful office-seekers who were climbing its sides to get the reward of their services. From

behind the burniog hush of his own selfishness he thundered that he had no debts to pay, no obligations of ordinary gratitude to discharge, and that the sufficing, the exceeding great reward of every wheel-horse of the Democracy should be that he had assisted in the reelection of Grover Cleveland. The San Francisco *Examiner*, in refusing to carry any further this Balaam on its sore back, calls him "the new Cleveland." He is the same Cleveland—unaltered in kind though changed in degree. His success last November confirmed every fault of his character, which is neither lovely nor uncommon. Originally, when a wave of chance lifted him from the puddle of Buffalo politics and landed him in the governor's chair of New York, and another wave placed him, astonished and bewildered by his own luck and eminence, in the White House, there can be no doubt that his singular fortune awed him into a wish to be equal, so far as his abilities would allow, to the tremendous opportunity which had been given him. He was a raw man, a man commonplace in everything save egotism and stubbornness. The first speedily cured him of any suspicion that it was not his own merit that had raised him to this pinnacle of greatness, and the second made him impervious alike to counsel and criticism. He became strong, with a mule's strength. His defeat for reelection puzzled him for a time, but his return to the White House has convinced him that a jealous heaven has learned that it can not do without him in supervising the affairs of this republic. For him now to believe that he can err is not possible. The surest sign that he is right is that everybody else thinks he is wrong.

Mr. Cleveland's four years of private life in New York, moreover, have left their impress. He found himself treated with profound consideration as an ex-President by the money grandees of the city and also received by the Four Hundred. The contrast between the grandeur of his later days and the earlier time when he was a petty machine politician and sheriff of Buffalo, probably seldom left his heavy and solemn mind. Furthermore, his new millionaire friends, intimates of Mr. Whitney, his Standard Oil Secretary of the Navy, were considerate enough of their own and his interests to put him in the way of making a fortune. Mr. Cleveland is now a very rich man, and feels himself allied with the plutocracy financially, socially, and politically. His nomination of Mr. Van Alen, the multi-millionaire anglo-maniac, to the Italian mission is one of the manifestations of his new sympathy with the ultra-opulent class.

The *Argonaut* ventured, very soon after Mr. Cleveland resumed the Presidential chair, to predict that the Democratic party would be treated to a benevolent despotism, and that both his party and the country would soon grow very tired of it. That prediction has been already fulfilled. With a confidence even greater now than then in our powers of prophesy, we foretell that there are stormy waters immediately ahead for Grover Cleveland. Daily he is alienating important elements of his party, and he is not in exchange drawing to his side men hitherto opposed to him. He would rule by the right of his single dull will, and he will end by standing alone. The people of the United States are not prepared to accept one-man government; and if they were, a gentleman of Mr. Cleveland's calibre would hardly be chosen Dictator. There is every prospect that if he shall serve out his term he will leave the White House the most utterly discredited man that ever entered it. He is too small a man to play the part for which he has cast himself. Such a combination of vanity and obstinacy may be trusted to wreck itself. As for the party which is responsible for President Cleveland, what chance would it stand at the polls if they were to be opened to-morrow?

During the campaign last fall, the two wildest shriekers for the Democratic free-trade plan were the New York *World* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. These two leaders of Democratic thought, representing the East and the West, habbled beautiful fairy-tales to the workingmen about the millennium which awaited them as soon as the Democrats came into power. The Democrats have come into power. But the workingmen's millennium has not come—not up to date. Instead of it, they are eating their hearts out in idleness and filling their empty stomachs with the bitter bread of charity as a result of the Democratic free-trade panic engendered by their journalistic friends. It is a curious fact that the two papers which did so much to hoodwink the workingmen are now engaged in feeding them. The *World* is collecting money to give away loaves of bread free to unemployed workingmen, while the *Examiner* is receiving subscriptions to sustain a soup-kitchen on a San Francisco sand-lot.

The attempt to destroy John Curtin's sailor boarding-house with dynamite on the night of September 23d is the last step in the war between union labor and free labor. Curtin's place was a resort of non-union sailors. The men who frequented it had been threatened, assaulted, beaten within an inch of their lives by bullies in the service of the

Seamen's Union. Mrs. Curtin, the wife of the owner, was told only a week ago by a union sailor that her days were numbered. The union had entered upon the settled policy of crushing free labor on this coast by intimidation and violence. Its agents had filled the hospitals with victims of their brutality, had harassed ship-owners who refused to surrender to the union by cutting anchor-chains, putting acid on mooring lines and rigging, by smashing boats, and trying to blow up tugs. The calculation was that a steady adherence to this policy would drive non-union sailors from the coast, and would secure for the union members a monopoly of the business of manning sea-going vessels sailing from the port of San Francisco. It was in pursuance of this policy that the Curtin boarding-house was wrecked by dynamite, and four men sent to their long account.

The police have arrested men who are under suspicion, and it may prove that they are guilty. But even if they are, they are only instruments of a confederated body, to wit, the Sailors' Union. They merely executed the orders of the union leaders. It is on these leaders that the wrath of an outraged community should fall. It is they who should be punished. The wretch who exploded the bomb is only their tool.

Several years ago it was apparent that one of two things must happen—either the men who had banded themselves together in unions would succeed in establishing a monopoly of labor on this coast, in which case industries would die out; or the common sense of the community would rise in revolt against what demagogues call the "organization of labor," and it would be the unions which would die out. The alternative presented itself in a tangible shape when the iron-molders went on strike. They, like the seamen, strove to maintain their monopoly by threatening, assaulting, and brutally beating workmen who imagined that labor was free and that every one has a right to earn his living by his work; they put the owners of foundries to enormous expense to guard their property; they drove business from the city by compelling foundrymen to cancel contracts. But the employers of labor had by that time founded a counter-organization to the unions, and they met the strike with a firm front. The consequence was that the strike collapsed. The strikers were ignominiously defeated, having for over a year seen their wives and children eat the bread of charity. Nor has the aftermath of the conflict ended. No prudent employer will retain in his service a workman who has done his best to ruin him—other places besides Homestead may know how hunger feels before the business is over.

When the iron-molders were beaten, it was hoped that the members of the other unions would realize the folly of trying to prevent non-union men from earning their bread. But no such realizing sense came to the members of the Seamen's Union. It is a powerful body, having four thousand members on its rolls. It consists largely of desperate men, used, as sailors are, to deeds of violence and scenes of danger. No calling evokes the brutal instincts so surely as that of the sailor. The leaders of the union are destitute of principle and of humanity. To them the maintenance of the union is a matter of bread and butter. That it should involve murder and mayhem does not disturb them in the least. This is the union which now undertakes to declare that sea-faring in this and the other Pacific ports is not free, and that no man shall ship in a sea-going vessel unless he belongs to the union. If he does, his life is in danger.

It is much to be feared that no one will be punished for the outrageous doings of the twenty-third of September. It will be difficult for the police to find the murderers. If they are found, the Seamen's Union will furnish as many witnesses as may be required to swear that at the time of the explosion they were at Kamtchatka or Seringapatam. Demagogue attorneys will probably volunteer to defend them, and the deputy-sheriffs will see to it that there are some citizens on the jury who are in favor of a monopoly of labor by the unions.

There would be no hope of retribution overtaking the miscreants of the Seamen's Union were it not that the fight between union labor and free labor is also a fight between ship-owner and seaman, and that for their own sake, the owners of shipping can not afford to allow their ships to be sailed by such scoundrels as this union evidently contains.

Here is a partial list of the outrages committed on non-union ships and seamen during the present year. As no union ships or seamen were attacked, it is undeniably the work of the sailors' union:

| Dates. | Outrages. |
|-------------|--|
| Jan. 17th. | Three non-union sailors on the <i>Emily</i> stabbed by union men. |
| | Several non-union sailors on bark <i>Enoch Talbot</i> maltreated by union men. |
| Feb. 9th. | Moorings of barkentine <i>Monitor</i> slipped by union men. |
| March 10th. | Cables of bark <i>Aurora</i> cut. |
| March 15th. | Anchor-chains of ship <i>Tacoma</i> cut and ship sent adrift. |
| March 16th. | Moorings of schooner <i>Yine</i> shipped. |
| March 29th. | Attempt to blow up the <i>Baumore</i> by union sailors at Nanaimo. |
| April 5th. | Mate of the schooner <i>Sparrow</i> half-killed by union men. |
| April 6th. | Attempt to blow up the tug <i>Ellet</i> with dynamite. |
| May 3d. | Three non-union sailors on schooner <i>W. L. Beebe</i> horribly beaten by eight union men. |
| May 5th. | Boats used in shipping non-union sailors broken to pieces. |
| May 29th. | More boats used in shipping non-union sailors destroyed. |
| June 15th. | Non-union sailors stoned by union men in front of Curtin's boarding-house. |

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| June 23d. | Moorings of steamer <i>Emily</i> cut. |
| July 1st. | Holes bored in bottom of steam-schooner <i>Norma</i> . |
| July 15th. | Russell, mate of <i>Mabel Gray</i> , murdered by union men at Eureka. |
| July 25th. | Non-union crew of steamer <i>Cosmopolis</i> terribly beaten by union men at San Pedro. |
| Aug. 2d. | Two non-union sailors dreadfully maltreated by union men. |
| Aug. 10th. | Non-union sailors of ship <i>Kennebec</i> , at Seattle, half-killed. |
| Aug. 12th. | A non-union boarding-house sacked at Port Townsend by union men. |
| Sept. 2d. | Ferocious attack on non-union sailors by union men at San Pedro. |
| Sept. 3d. | Schooner <i>American Girl</i> sent adrift by union men. |
| Sept. 14th. | Three non-union sailors beaten into insensibility with brass knuckles by union men. |

To this long list of assassination and cowardly crime is now to be added the infamous murders of the night of September 23d. There is a hope that large rewards will be offered for the detection of the assassins. These, it is said, will be made up by subscription and added to the amounts already offered by the State and city. If so, there is some hope of unearthing the murderers, for in so large a body of scoundrels as these murderers come from there must be some who will betray their mates for coin. There is no honor among thieves and murderers. Thus there may be punishment meted out to the cowardly wretches by whose work four innocent men were blown to fragments in a bloody and awful death.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Democratic free-trade panic will accomplish one thing that is not evil—it will put an end to the tyranny of the labor unions. In fact, it is not improbable that they will be utterly wiped out. The only thing that holds the labor unions together is an artificial constriction of the law of supply and demand. On a weak labor market it is impossible to maintain strong labor unions. The Democrats have certainly succeeded in bringing about a weak labor market, for there are over three millions of skilled artisans at present out of work in the United States. These are the figures of Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency. How many unskilled laborers are now idle it is impossible even to estimate. The number must be well up in the millions. A large mass of unskilled labor tends to encroach on the lower levels of skilled labor. These lower levels of skilled labor, in turn, encroach on the higher levels, and so on up to the highest. The existence of large numbers of idle laborers, skilled and unskilled, will weaken the united front of the trades-unions. They are doomed. Their death will lie at the door of the Democratic party—the only good thing it has done since the fourth of March, 1893. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The example set in London by Lady Walter Campbell is being followed in New York, and impoverished ladies of fashion are taking to trade for a living. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Jr., whose husband lost his fortune through the Field, Lindley, Reichers & Co. failure, has become a partner in a millinery-store on Fifth Avenue. Miss Helen Lawrence, who is a daughter of the late Effingham Lawrence, at one time one of the wealthiest and most notable citizens of New York, has associated herself with Miss Barnwell, who is also well known in society, and has opened a millinery and dress-making-store in West Fifteenth Street. Miss Cornelia Chandler, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Chandler of the navy, is lecturing on Japan, and it is becoming quite the thing to have her lecture professionally at fashionable receptions. Miss Binger, who used to be a prominent member of the Four Hundred, has opened a store on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-Fifth Street. Miss Olea Bull, daughter of the late Ole Bull and a relative of the Longfellow, is trying to raise artistic dancing to the level of the fine arts. All these ladies are earning their living in an honorable and congenial way.

There is no reason why the practice should not become general. In every city are found young ladies of refinement and social standing who have been impoverished by vicissitudes of fortune. Until recently these girls have had no resource but to go out as governesses. Where they have been so lucky as to be engaged by mothers as refined as themselves, or to find pupils well-behaved, courteous, and kind, they have had no serious reason to repine at the cruelty of fortune; there are many worse billets in life than the post of governess in an agreeable family. But where they have had to serve an ill-bred parvenu, or where they have to teach a bevy of ill-natured and unmannerly brats, their lot is not to be envied. And unhappily the employers of governesses more frequently belong to the latter than to the former class. Now a lady who is thrown on her own resources can quite often make an opening for herself in some branch of mercantile life in which her friends can help her. In such an opening she enjoys comparative independence, and can generally enjoy more of the comforts of life than if she filled the place of upper-servant.

There is no degradation in trade. The notion that there is, is European and is a relic of the ancient times when the gentry consisted of men of the robe and the sword. In Rome and Venice to this day a man who is engaged in trade can not be admitted to society. In England, a line is drawn between wholesale and retail dealers; the former may be received at the houses of the great, the latter never. Thus the gentility of traders is measured by the pound—the

man who sells sugar by the barrel may bask in aristocratic sunshine, but he who sells sugar by the pound must remain in the outermost darkness where he belongs. All this is pure nonsense. Many traders are far better gentlemen than dandy dragons.

Every new field of usefulness which is discovered for women is an acquisition for society at large. Nothing is more detrimental to the wholesome improvement of the sex than the custom of making women dependent upon men. When a girl is brought up with the idea that she must marry for a home or starve, her finer impulses are blunted and her normal purpose in life defeated. She becomes a hypocrite and a deceiver. Though her conduct be that of a saint, she carries in her breast the soul of a Traviata, whose aim in life is to beguile some man into providing her with food and clothes. She can not love where she would, for she can not afford to bestow her affection on one who is unprepared to assume her board and millinery bills; and she must affect to bestow her love on one for whom she cares nothing, or whom, perhaps, she positively dislikes, because he has the wherewithal she seeks. It is chiefly from this bandicap that so many young women graduate in cunning and deceit.

When girls are brought up, like their brothers, to support themselves, they will become as honest as men. They will marry or not, as they will; and if they do marry, as most of them will, they will marry him who—at least at the time of the espousal—appears to be the right man. If no such man turns up, they will remain single, and need not be any the worse. The old stigma attaching to spinsterhood will disappear when it is generally understood that most of the old maids could have been wives had they chosen. Sallow-pated writers have sneered at spinsterhood because it seemed to imply that the spinster was so destitute of personal attractions that no man would have her. There was a color of truth in the notion when livelihood as well as happiness seemed to depend on matrimony. But if women make themselves independent, the satirist of female celibacy will be simply ridiculous.

Numbers of men go through life without marrying. They remain single from choice. Why should there not be an equal number of women who are indifferent to matrimony? Considering how much a girl has to sacrifice when she becomes the wife of a man whom she only knows from what she has seen of him in social life—how revolting the exigencies of conjugal life must appear to a girl of sensitive instincts, exquisite refinement, and virginal delicacy—it is wonderful that the number of female celibates is not larger than it is.

The army of men now pouring into this State seems to be causing some apprehension. There need be none. The only people having genuine cause for alarm about the matter are the leaders of the labor unions, the workingmen, and the Democratic politicians. The Democratic Demosthenes is going to have much trouble in explaining on the stump why his party has brought about the conditions which threw so many millions of men out of work and caused this grand labor hegira. The workingman is justly alarmed, for the labor influx is going to cut down his wages. The labor-union leaders will find their occupations gone. But none of these things should alarm the rest of the community. For years California has wanted immigration. She is getting it now—through the efforts of the Democratic party. Many of the new-comers are tramps, but a majority of them seem to be sober and well-meaning men in search of work. Numbers of them are mechanics, and already wages in the building trades are falling as their numbers increase. For many years the highest wages have been paid in California, and the trades-unions have run things with a high hand. It looks now as if their reign were over. Labor is like everything else—when there is an excess of it, the price falls. As for the tramps and vagrants who are pouring into the State, their labor ought to be utilized, too. If they are going to be fed by the communities they invade, it had better be in gangs, in prisons, and by numbers. Then they might be put to work breaking stone and making roads. California needs good roads; here is her opportunity.

A recent attempt at train-robbery in Missouri was baffled by the handits being betrayed to the police. Among those who joined the gang for the purpose of "giving them away" was a newspaper reporter. This opens up new possibilities. The efforts of newspaper reporters to "disguise" themselves as tramps, beggars, book-agents, hichloridians, lunatics, and so on, are familiar to the reading public. But these attempts, meritorious as they are in the city editor's eyes, serve no high and useful purpose. This latest effort, however, has a practical sound. It is not only worthy of imitation, but it gives the reporter a reason for existence. The most profound and optimistic students of sociology have hitherto been tempted to despair when contemplating the newspaper reporter. Now he can be classified somewhere between the stool-pigeon and the detective.

THE CRUCIBLE OF CHAOS.

How a Scotch Scientist Evolved Life from its Elements.

I had been unable to sleep, and at last, as the gray light of dawn came in through the uncurtained window, I arose, hatched my feverish head, and went out into the streets of Paris. I walked briskly along, not heeding whither I went, and at last found myself in a sparsely inhabited part of the city. There were few astir at that hour, and my attention was soon claimed by a tall, spare man, pacing slowly along, his head bent on his breast. Suddenly he diverged toward the nettle-grown heaps of some unoccupied ground, fallow since many years, to judge by the rankness of the vegetation.

The next instant, like a flash, I thought I recognized the loose long frame and the unmistakable auburn mane of one I knew well of old—Rob Brodie—a whilom college chum.

I halted and called out in English. He was at that moment bending, apparently to grub at the root of some broad-leaved weeds, and sprang up again, rigid, to his full height.

"Meldrum! hy all that is odd!" he exclaimed, after a moment, adding, as he advanced in three immense strides, "and by all that is welcome! But where from," he went on, shaking my hand heartily, "and what make you here, at such an hour?"

"Trying to cure insomnia," I answered.

He looked at me keenly, but kindly, for two seconds, and my heart warmed toward our old friendship.

"Yes. You are not so happy as I remember you," he said, simply, and, forbearing further inquiry, bent over once more, like a stork, to examine the mold, which he stirred with a knife. Having apparently found what he sought, he heaped some of the black earth on a spread handkerchief, which he tied up at the corners.

"But you?" I asked; "why such an early bird?"

"A good trope," he cried, merrily; "the right one, too, as usual with you. I am, in fact, 'catching the worm.'"

"For fishing to-day?" I suggested.

"No, my dear Meldrum," he returned, rising and towering over me afresh. "No; have you ever known me waste my time in such wise?" Then, quite gravely, but with that odd blinking in his eyes I remembered of old as premonitory of some astounding statement, "I am selecting light and likely food for my Son of Chaos," he explained.

I must have looked the interrogation I felt unequal to formulate, for, after fixing me in an abstracted manner, he pursued of his own accord:

"I will tell you all about this, though it may be premature. It may," he repeated, thoughtfully. "But no; the victory is as good as won, and you shall be my first witness."

Then, with a sudden warmth, he took my arm and marched me away by his side.

"You, Meldrum, old friend," said he, after a pause, "were one of the few who ever believed in my so-called subversive assertions. Ah! I could wish we had here to-day one or two of our skeptics! But it little matters now; they shall hear of it, all in time."

We halted in front of a bumble-looking, one-storied building, withal very neat, and, with its narrow door, looking pleasantly private. Over the low roof, red-tiled like a country-house, could be seen the projecting boughs of tolerably well-grown trees.

"By the way," said Brodie, at length breaking his silence, after he had pulled the bell, and as a rapid patter of feet was heard approaching from within, "you do not know, I suppose, I am married? There she comes."

I looked up at Brodie in surprise.

"My wife," said he, in the most natural manner possible, and with hospitable gesture motioned me in.

I looked down again on the little body—a Japanese!—the prettiest specimen I had ever seen. The little woman, who was dressed, no doubt for indoor purposes only, in her native silks, smiled a confident baby smile at me, and led the way to a ground-floor room, large and cool, and one of the most peculiar dens conceivable.

It was quite bare in the middle but for a table and two small chairs. The walls, from the red-tiled floor to the beamed ceiling, disappeared under an astounding motley of chattels, spread on broad, rough shelves. Books there were, of course, in great numbers. Besides these, philosophical instruments, most of them of shapes and for purposes unknown, pbials and glass jars containing greswome anatomical preparations, bundles of dried plants and stuffed animals, a collection of odd-looking musical instruments, Eastern statuettes of Buddhistic physiognomy, and a thousand odds and ends of kinds utterly meaningless to me, filled up every nook that was suitable as to space.

In contrast with this medley stood, at the lighter end of the room, a tidily appointed analytical bench, on which I recognized the microscope and the balance of modern straight sailing science.

Brodie's wife waited patiently till my astonished gaze again rested upon her.

"Breakfast?" then lisped the incredible little Jap in pretty, broken English. "What? Tea, yes? Bread, fruit, yes?" and on my assent, left me seated and pondering in the middle of my friend's Capernaum.

I first knew Brodie in Glasgow, the sombre, dark college-halls of which we both helped to warm with our red undergraduates' gowns. I was fascinated from the first by his odd physiognomy, his immense height and absurd thinness, his phenomenally red hair; by the owl-like appearance of his nose, high-bridged, but rather small, between enormously wide open, gray eyes, which he would characteristically close when reflecting, and open of a sudden with a fantastically profound expression. This attraction at first sight ripened soon into admiring friendship under successive revelations of original personality—for, with such an extraordinary presence, there was something curiously taking in the fellow's utter lack of self-consciousness. He more than held his own in that circle of brilliant young scholarly wits, or of very

positive scientists (as they acknowledged themselves to be) that met weekly at our *noctes* in his rooms; for Brodie was the best to do among us, and hospitable in proportion. He left Glasgow one fine morning quite suddenly. Some years later I again met him, still a mere student, in Leyden. I believe he inclined then to Buddhism. As for science, he followed the world-renowned medical lectures at that seat of learning, but with a dreary, critical kind of interest; all his enthusiasm was now, it seemed, centered in Basil Valentine, Paracelsus, and thinkers of similar mold. After that, I lost sight of him altogether, though I heard that, having indulged in a spell at Bologna, he had been seen making his way, as it was supposed, to Japan. And from what I had just seen, the rumor was likely to have been true.

Presently his small heathen wife returned softly to the room and husied herself laying a cloth on the table, and thereon the morning refection. I heard much voluble talk from my entertainer, but followed it with little attention. He explained to me the story of his life and schemes, bow and why he had chosen such a companion, such an abode.

"All these experiments and their classified results," he said at last, touching me lightly on the arm in a way that made me start, "are embodied in this little manuscript"—there was a fat pocket-book in his hand—"but the last, almost concluded, will eclipse them all."

I made an effort to seem interested, and half turned to look inquiringly at the working-table by the window.

"No, not there!" he cried. "It is in the garden, out in the free air, under the blue sky, under the glorious sunpour. My tank of light is the crucible—Isis, Sol, the pivot of our system, the universal creator, the unrenitting life-giver, my furnace; water, the ubiquitous menstruum, the blood that courses this world's body (but water in the chaotic condition), my Osiris, the matrix for this transmutation of inert matter into living. *Chaotic condition and waiting for ordered forms*, Meldrum—there is the whole secret."

Here Brodie, who had by degrees waxed passionately emphatic, suddenly abruptly checked himself. After a moment's silence, he added, with impressive simplicity:

"I have made the experiment, that is all. The old priests over there," pursued he, significantly pointing eastwards with his thumb over his shoulder, "who so furiously forsoke me certain experiments under threat of complicated tortures, they it was that gave me this idea—unwittingly, no doubt. They are some thousands of years behind us, we say. Maybe. Or shall we have it, so many thousands of years nearer to unbiased reasoning? Ah! I always thought myself there *was* something in their esoteric tenets which might well put some of our great men nearer the scent. With these latter, sometimes, like a rift in a black cloud—old Darwin himself, now—well, never mind, *you* would not understand; but the great man came humblingly close, I promise you, to a new germ of ideas in one of his 'fool's experiments'—as he apologetically called them, afraid of Philistine judgment and lacking the pluck to pursue. Fool's experiments! Bah! It was his transcendental genius that once—alas! only once—urged him to break through the shackles of conventional science. You may have heard how he tried the effect of a hassoon's searching music on a germinating cotyledon? No? Of course you have not; it is not your subject. But to come back to mine—it was, as I said, the prohibition of those old devils, by the Sacred Mountain yonder, that gave me the idea I am now carrying out. A revelation, Meldrum! Like a flash of lightning, I saw the reason why, in the unscientific days of old, the priest class anathematized the very idea of an incantation. So I packed at once, you see. It was not so much the fear of being 'honed alive' that made me run, but the frenzy to see this out. Their distress was so obvious that I knew for sure there must be even more than I surmised at first in what I suggested; there were arcana capable of being brought to light, and on the lines I then tentatively followed. So we fitted, and ultimately, on various considerations, elected to take our perch here. She left with me, not only because we loved," he half-turned round to cast a thoughtful look at the woman, "but also because she knows the suitable music."

He brought back his wide-open gaze, which now began really to fascinate me, upon my face.

"I do not claim to be a genius myself," he resumed, with serious modesty; "I only claim *common sense*—your man of genius invariably lacks equilibrium. He can deduct, or induct, never can or dares to do both at the same stretch. He can prove to you that all our so-called elements only differ really in the swing of their atom vibration, and yet he will blindly deny the possibility of transmutation and rejuvenescence. I ask you, is it logical? Having unraveled so much of Nature's tangle, he dares maintain that the *nisus formativus* of life itself is not within man's ken, and, terrified, harks back to the old saw—*omne vivum ex ovo*—and there the matter is to rest, forsooth! No one dares consider the question of the *first vivum*, eh?—the *vivum* out of chaos! Now, those untrammelled minds of old alchemists, astrologers—call them what you will—though they *did* grope in the dark (through lack of the experimental means we now at last possess) for such things as 'the stone' and the 'life elixir,' were actually nearer the broad truths of this material world. But they, too, were afraid of the powers, and hid their discovered truths under their hocus-pocus jargon. Yet we will have to go back—but maybe I weary you, old man. I shall leave you alone to rest. You are at home—so I said before. I have my work. When you care to, you will find me in the yard."

And I was left in silence. I remained, mistily cogitating. It must have been sleep, for I certainly *woke* up later, and that in a heart-freezing anguish, with the blood hissing through my ears and every individual joint aching in distressing vibration.

All this (I have thought since) was, of course, the result of sinking into exhausted torpor, in a cramped and choking position, on two small chairs. But at the time it seemed as though every fibre of flesh was quivering and my blood spurting under the pulse of some throbbing *outer* roar.

And in fact the room was filled with a deep sound, the like of which I had never heard.

This presently died away, to be, however, immediately followed by the most impish music conceivable—a perfect charivari it fell on my still unsettled wits; an undulating caterwaul, with now and then a grating, shivering, sistrum-like clangor that set tooth and nail furious.

Poised on tiptoe in my first startled attitude I listened, vaguely thinking of Macabre's uncanny Rebec. Then, again, the cacophony subsided, merging into sounds not inharmonious although devoid of conventionally musical sense, and I was able to breathe again, to sink once more on my heels, and to realize that all this strangeness proceeded from the garden through the open, flower-screened window. But in a very short time, however, there mixed itself with the music, which had grown luring, almost caressing, an increasing chorus of unmistakable bird voices, and after a while the whistles, twitters, chirrups became deafening.

Fairly maddened this time, I rushed out, rudely pushed the inner door, and found myself in a little orchard. It was inclosed, on one side by the bouse itself, on the others by high stone walls; utterly uncultivated but with a neglected wealth of wild vegetation, and carpeted with grass ankle-deep.

On my irruption, most of the birds—for the place was, as I had surmised, full of them—flew up like a swarm, and took their perch in the neighborhood, darkening eaves and wall-crest and higher boughs, where they kept up their excited concert.

I then noticed Brodie and his wife; she held in her hands a tall monochord instrument; he was armed with what seemed a double-bass fiddle-stick. His countenance was illuminated.

"Come, Meldrum," he cried, in a loud, exultant voice, "see for yourself; come and watch my paligenesic crucible."

I advanced through the wild weeds, and there before me stood what at first flush seemed a large, self-luminous sphere, a phenomenal pearl, poised in space. This resolved itself, however, into a crystal bowl with wide trumpet-shaped mouth, filled with opalescent liquid, through which rapidly ascended and disappeared a constant flow of iridescent bubbles. The surface of the water was dotted with small floating islands of a moss-like substance, emerald-hued, with here and there blood-red specks. This, to me incomprehensible, machine was supported on what seemed a bronze pillar, from which ran into the bouse, snake-like in and out of the grass, a sort of twisted brown cable.

"Here," said Brodie, gazing upon it with fond, expectant eyes, and raising his voice to make it audible above the piping din, while his wife gravely went on with her weird performance—"here is my crucible, heated, as you see, by pure ethereal sun-rays, which permeate and vivify the innermost free molecules it contains. These life-rays are concentrated on it, dive and work into it, not only from the free heaven above, but on every side: from this system of mirrors"; and as he spoke and I approached still nearer, I had noticed, with further bewilderment, various glasses, set up in what—as Brodie explained—is called catadioptric system.

"Furthermore," Brodie pursued, "the elements of the molecules in the matrix (and it contains all the elements—not so many, after all—of the living clay) swings in there, but is free to change as it lists under new impulses; for I keep them in that necessary primordial chaotic state, with this pile," jerking his head in the direction of the cable; "they are perpetually decomposing and re-uniting, and so ready to be rearranged in sympathy with what their master lists. Now they are harmonizing with the concert you hear. Have you never felt even yourself, high organism as you are, changed to your innermost fibre, from placid to tender, or fierce, by a few musical vibrations? But I have no time now; you see that they are rearranging themselves, and not blindly, not inertly—there must be, there *is* something living there; not only that moss, those confervæ; they live, 'tis true, but that is not enough. There must be life with movement and feeling; life sentient of pain and pleasure—we shall see!"

He stopped, pushed me aside, and motioning to his wife to desist, applied his how to the edge of the hasin. There rose again on the ear, slowly, but ever waxing in strength, the mighty gong-like roar that had awakened me a short time ago in such innermost-felt anguish. The water rose into geometrical forms, and its inner light broke into shimmering prismatic colors; its surface leaped up into changing, ridged designs, and at last burst upward into showers of scintillating droplets.

And now the little Japanese began again on her rebec, and one by one, as the roar subsided, and her music was heard, the birds came back to the call till the trees and the ground were black with them; some even impudently perching on the lips of the uncanny howl.

Scarcely believing my senses, I stood and watched Brodie, who, pale and fierce with expectation, peered into the milky liquid. Suddenly I saw the sweat burst upon his forehead. A shadow, a sort of cloud, became visible in the middle of the howl. Presently amid the ever-developing pandemonium of bird whistles and hisses round us, this shadow began to move; it seemed to grow compact, then more rapidly it flitted to and fro, and once or twice passed near to the glass sides.

Brodie gave a stifled cry, and, as if losing all self-control, plunged his hand into the bowl. After a frantic search, the hand reappeared, holding some horrible object which struggled in uncouth and flabby agony. I can not describe it otherwise than as a jelly-fish-like creature, yet to some extent bird-shaped—a molluscous monster, possessed of rudimentary, useless limbs, legs, and wings, as of some callow fowl, translucent and viscid.

A very storm of nausea seized me as soon as I had fully seen the Thing. But on Brodie himself the impression was one I can not recall without revulsion. There *may* have been a moment of triumph; but what I saw in his face was what I have seen only in the most fearful dreams of fever. He remained a moment, open-mouthed, fascinated by the

object he held at arm's length, hahbling faintly between quick breaths:

"It's living—living—living."

Then, as the Thing curled what seemed to be its head round, the horror of it appeared at one wave to overreach him, and he gave a choking cry:

"Mercy—it has eyes! It looks at me, laugh!" and shrieking, with a wild gesture of loathing, he attempted to throw the creature from him. But the viscous abomination clung to his fingers, and his hair rose on his head.

Through the high pitch of the birds that now gave forth their clamor with incomprehensible fury, his groans, betrayed by tremulous lips, were inaudible. But at last, with a howl of despair, he succeeded in tearing the clammy creature from his hand and throwing it upon the earth.

For an instant only I could see this grisly gosling, this unspeakable liquid fowl, writhe and seemingly attempt to crawl back, as if for protection, toward its creator; but the clean birds of the air would have none of it. In their numbers they clustered round the beast, angrily fell to work with claws and beak, and the next minute, of Brodie's *vivum out of chaos*, there was no trace left.

The deed done, the birds rose simultaneously, and, with a great whirr and hurdling of wings, fluttered away into the sunny air. Silence reigned once more in the green well. I looked at Rob. He stood leaning against a tree, trembling and staring stupidly at his hand. His little wife, with her fiddle at her feet, gazed up at the discomposed face of her master with sorrowful eyes that presently filled with quiet, welling tears.

And here the abject, unexplainable fear encompassing this man who had, or thought to have, made life out of matter, suddenly in the oppressive stillness infected me also, body and soul, with panic.

As one tries to escape from the unutterable, all-shadowing anguish of nightmare, without a word, and no doubt unnoticed, I turned and flew from the house and ran through endless tangles of street, away, away, till at last, exhausted and bathed in grimy sweat, but somewhat relieved of my incubus, I found myself once more in familiar surroundings.

Tried the following day, being myself again and stung by remorse for having thus deserted an old friend in his distress, to find my way back to his retired abode. But my search was vain.

THE CALIFORNIAN COYOTE.

By Joaquin Miller.

I heard a tale long, long ago,
Where I had gone apart to pray
By Shasta's mighty mount of snow,
That touches me unto this day.
I know the fashion is to say,
An Arab tale, an Orient lay;
But when the grocer rings my gold
On counter flung from greasy hold
He cares not from Acadian vale
It comes, or savage mountain's climb.
But this the Shastan tale:

Once on a time, the Friar gray,
Coyote, made his monkish round
And came to where the red men lay
All dead; starved, stark, upon the ground.
The last spark from the camp had fled—
Prone dead! the very dogs were dead.
All day amid the dead he prowled;
Then sat him down and wailed and howled
Till morn. Then from the mount above
He heard God's voice in pity say,
"Yea, all is dead but love."

"But take up Love and cherish her,
And seek the white man with all speed.
And keep Love warm within thy fur;
The white man needeth love indeed.
Take all, and give him freely, all
Of love you find, or great or small;
For he is very poor in this,
So poor he scarce knows what love is."
The gray monk took Love in his paws
And sped, a ghostly streak of gray
To where the white man was.

But man arose, enraged to see
A gaunt wolf track his new-hewn town.
He called his dogs, and angrily
He brought his flashing rifle down.
Then God said: "On his hearthstone lay
The seed of love and come away;
The soul of love, 'tis needed so,
And pray that it may grow and grow."
And so the gray monk crept at night
And laid Love down, as God hath said—
A faint and feeble light;

So faint, indeed, the cold hearthstone
It seemed would chill starved Love to death;
And so the monk gave all his own
And crouched and fanned it with his breath
Until a red cock crowed for day.
Then God said: "Rise up, come away."
The heast obeyed, but yet looked back
All day along his lonely track;
For he had left his all in all;
His own Love, for that famished Love
Seemed so exceeding small.

And God said, "Look not back again."
But ever, where a camp-fire burned,
And he beheld strong, hurly men
At meat, he sat him down and turned
His face to wail and wail and mourn
The Love laid on that cold hearthstone.
Then God was angered and God said:
"Be thou the heggar then; thy head
Hath been a fool, but thy swift feet,
Because they bore sweet Love, shall be
The fleetest of the fleet."

And ever still about the camp,
By peak or plain, in heat or hail,
A homeless, hungry, hated tramp,
The gaunt coyote keeps his wail.
And ever as he wails he turns
His head, looks back and yearns and yearns
For lost Love, laid that winter day
To warm a hearthstone far away. . . .
Poor shaggy, homeless tramp, I keep
Your lost Love warm for you, and, too,
A cañon cool and deep.—*The Independent.*

A FRENCH BATHING RESORT.

Our Paris Correspondent writes from Trouville—Watching the Bathers—French Seaside Propriety—The Social Leaders and the Fashions.

Trouville filled early this year. The unusual heat sent people scampering out of town in a hurry. When I arrived the place was crowded with yachtsmen. Many belonged to the Royal Yacht Squadron and had come over from Cowes. Comte and Comtesse de Quélen were installed on board the *Gloriana*, one of the biggest among the French craft, and were giving dainty little luncheons and big *goutés*, to which half fashionable Trouville was invited. Ices and champagne, pastry and Madeira, sandwiches and Bordeaux, have taken the place of tea, and it is *gouté*—the old French word being used—not five-o'clock tea any longer.

At Trouville, the fashionable day begins at eight o'clock. Immediately after the matutinal coffee or cup of tea, with its crescent-shaped roll, has been discussed, we are all off to the Potinière. Earlier birds still are to be met returning from Deauville, where they have been to inspect the racers and the yearlings to be sold by and bye. To be up with the lark is quite "pshutt" here. The "Potinière" is the little jetty near the baths, and it owes its name to the fact that all the affairs of the place are discussed there of a morning.

An item of the morning's amusement is watching the bathers. If a fashionable is a good swimmer, she delights in performing for the benefit of the gallery; should she fail in this respect, she prefers to deprive herself of the benefit of a dip, as to hang on to the cord is ignoble and ridiculous. When Mlle. Gypsie—one of the class of *demi-mondaines* from the Roches Noires—stepped forth from her cabin, her well-molded form only thinly veiled by her trim serge costume, a hat tied down over her ears and blonde frizzings, there is a general raising of glasses, a crowding forward and craning of necks. Strange to say, it is not the men who are most eager to catch a glimpse of Mlle. Gypsie; the ladies are quite excited about her, and will remark upon her good points as if she were a filly about to run a race. She, meanwhile, passes unperturbed down the plank, gives one comprehensive glance around, and then, with a serpent-like movement, slips into the water, now breasting the waves, now diving beneath them, and exhibiting her skill as a swimmer in all its varied phases.

Three or four days ago two new comers appeared on the beach. One was fair and the other was dark, and both were somewhat stout. They were both well-dressed; their bathing costumes brand new, and the bloom on their faces was manifestly the result of an ample use of cosmetics. People exchanged glances, a subdued titter was heard from the Potinière, and every one looked forward with amusement to the moment when they should emerge from the sea, leaving their complexions behind them. But lo! when, their bath over, they stepped jauntily up, shaking themselves and giving a touch here and there to free their limbs from their soaking garments, what was the surprise of the by-standers to see that their pink and white was unimpaired! Since then, every woman is wild to know their secret. It has been whispered about that they are the wives—or mistresses—of a perfumery firm. If so, they are an admirable advertisement.

I have heard Americans and English denounce French bathing as scandalously indecent, but they get accustomed to it after awhile and stare with the others—nay, join in the sport, too, sometimes. I am always more or less amused with the incongruity of French mammas who permit their daughters to take their daily dip in the face of half Trouville, and yet would not leave them alone with a man for half a minute, and of husbands who listen with equanimity to the complimentary remarks made on their wives' charms. But even this is nothing to the latitude they allow them in another way. It is their conduct in respect to the men that seems most reprehensible. They form into groups just where the male bathers must pass on their way to the water, and the curious smirk on the face of young jackanapes as he saunters down shows that he is perfectly aware that his physique is being carefully scanned. Yesterday afternoon I found myself at the bathing-place with a crowd of other ladies, some of whom were watching with eager attention an Adonis, in pale blue tights. "Il a des jambes invraisemblables," said one modest young thing. "What a figure!" exclaimed another.

With this exception, Trouville does not strike me as fast this year. There has been no scandal worth mentioning. Even the bachelors fight shy of the hours who came down for the races, and they—the hours, I mean—are reduced to driving about in solitary grandeur, or to put up with the society of their own species. These things are often matters of mode, and the reader will, perhaps, smile when I say that connubial felicity is the vogue here just now. It is the fashionable thing for a wife to be seen hanging lovingly on her husband's arm, and for the husband to be gallant and attentive to his better half instead of running off after new game, and leaving her to be courted by other fellows. The unmarried men are quite out of it. They do not even get invited to the best parties, for the most delightful entertainments are those got up by the different *jeunes ménages*—foremost among whom are the Duc and Duchesse de Morny, who restrict their invitations to other young married people of their acquaintance. Most of these dinners take place at the restaurants or at the club—it is so infinitely more amusing than at home in the villa or cottage, ill-provided, perhaps, in the way of cook and kitchen; and a certain pastry-cook, who is renowned for his shrimp-patties, is sometimes patronized instead of the restaurants, where you are sure to have your talk interrupted by a noisy band of Tzigane musicians. I remember when we all went wild over the Tziganes, but that time is past.

Trouville has always been a very dressy place, and women who are not prepared to change their toilets three or four times a day do not generally come here. This year muslin, as well as honeymooning, is the order of the day.

A queer story was in circulation, a short time since, about a lady who happened to be rather hard up for cash, and who was always to be seen in the same white muslin. She was alone here without her husband, and she continually—so the story goes—kept writing to him to ask for a new dress, which he ordered immediately and sent down. Finally he put in an appearance unexpectedly (husbands have a clumsy way of so doing), and on learning madame was at the Casino followed her there. The first person he noticed was a lady in a sky-blue dress, the exact counterpart of one he had sent down a day or two previously. Next an amber gauze caught his attention, then a rose-pink crêpe—surely he had provided his wife with similar garments, how unfair of the *couteur* to repeat himself in that way. When he ended by finding his wife, she was clad in white muslin; she had sold all her other dresses to her friends! In the end the woman confessed, and, though forgiven, I doubt whether she and her husband did much hilling and cooing—except, perhaps, in public. Strange to say muslin was even more fashionable after this than before.

Formerly the Princesse de Sagan ruled over Trouville-Deauville society and the Marquise de Gallifet was her prime minister, but time has transformed the princess into a middle-aged woman and robbed the fair marchioness of her beauty. But the former is faithful to her Moorish villa, and her friend is faithful to her. They do not go into society as much as they used, and the train of their admirers is singularly shortened. It is still, however, reckoned an honor to be received as a guest at the Villa Persane, although the crown of social royalty is worn by another—President Guzman's daughter, the Duchesse de Morny. Foremost, also, among the leaders of fashion is Mrs. Porgès, who gives dinners in the Villa des Rosiers, and is as hospitable at Trouville as she is in Paris.

Of course the race week is the culminating point of the Trouville-Deauville season, and nothing could exceed the splendor and brilliance of the gathering last Sunday. It was a lovely day. The storm of the previous afternoon had freshened up the grass and laid the dust. Many thousands of persons thronged the *pelouse*, and the stands were crowded. Every available vehicle for miles around had been pressed into the service; the steamers from Havre made a dozen trips in the course of the forenoon; trains arrived heavily laden from Paris, and the great race was won by Mr. Count's Galette before a glorious field. In another week or two the sister towns will be forsaken.

TROUVILLE, August 24, 1893.

PARISINA.

The Coolgardie gold-field, which has caused so much excitement in all parts of Australia and the mining world, is reached from the little gold-mining settlement of Southern Cross, situated two hundred and fifty miles east of Perth, the capital of the colony, quite on the outermost fringe of Western Australian civilization. An interesting account of this new El Dorado is printed in the *Sketch*, from which we make the following extract:

"Our first visit was to Bayley's claim, said to be the richest mine, considering its small dimensions, ever discovered. From a hole fifty feet long and only eight feet deep and four feet wide, over nine thousand ounces of pure gold, value one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, have been taken without the help of any machinery, while it has been in charge of one of the present proprietors, Mr. Sylvester Browne. Bayley was the lucky finder of this reef, after three months' hard work prospecting in the neighborhood. As the discoverer of a new gold-field, the government presented him with a reward claim four hundred by six hundred feet upon the reef, and he, after taking out, it is said, two thousand ounces of pure gold and selling the claim, has retired to live in comfort at the capital of the colony. The mine was bought by Mr. Browne and some friends for fifty thousand dollars, and I was courteously received there by him and by Mr. Cockshot, barrister-at-law. Both of them were in their shirt-sleeves, hard at work 'dollyng'—that is, taking out the gold with pick and hammer, assisted by a son of Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, and two or three other youngsters, relatives, and friends. The pure gold was being taken out literally in handfuls, and it is obvious that there might have been risk of robery in employing chance labor. So rich is the gold exposed on the surface that it is the practice of one of the proprietors to make up his bed on the top of the working every night to protect the reef from being surreptitiously worked after dark. This actually happened once, when Bayley held the claim. I occasionally lent a hand at working the reef, and, with a small crowbar, I easily obtained lumps of pure gold the size of my fist, from which the quartz adhering was quickly detached. Although more than one-third of a ton of pure gold had been 'dollyd' out within the past six months, the yield showed no sign of giving out; but it is, of course, impossible to say how far the rich veins may extend."

A physician writes to a medical contemporary as follows about cycling: "A wheel that sells now must be very light, the brake and all superfluous appliances that weigh a drachm must be left off; it must be high-g geared, with high seat and low handle-bar. That is the model bicycle of to-day. Such a wheel is unsafe to coast upon, so much so that coasting is out of fashion. To ride one of these bicycles, one must get a big hump on his back and assume a very uncomfortable position. I have a machine with the handle bars high, so that I can sit perfectly erect, in the most natural position; and I am not exaggerating when I say that it tires me more to ride twenty miles in a carriage than it does to ride my wheel that distance. My advice is never to ride a wheel that you can not sit erect upon, and always avoid too violent or prolonged exercise. It promotes deep breathing better than climbing hills."

A Frenchman has just been punished for contempt of court, the contempt consisting of a very feeble joke upon the presiding justice. "Hum!" remarked the judge, when the prisoner was brought before him, "I have seen you before." "Oh, several times," promptly returned the jolly varlet; "but how stout you've grown. Wife all right?" For that the prisoner was sentenced to a fine of one hundred francs and three months in jail.

An Erie train, with passengers mainly from New York and Boston, divided into ten sections of twelve cars each, carried nine thousand six hundred passengers to Chicago one day last week. The Chicago and Northwestern ran twenty-two through trains in one day, carrying over sixteen thousand people. The attendance at the fair is increasing day by day.

A WISE PARROT.

How it Snatched its Master from the Jaws of Matrimony.

"The apartment suits me well enough," I said to the janitor; "you tell me it is quite dry, eh? There is nothing I dislike more than the odor of undried plaster."

"It is perfectly dry, sir. The workmen finished it a year and more ago. There are two other parties looking at it, but if you say so, sir, I'll take the sign down."

"Well, yes; take it down," and I handed the man a few louis, which he pocketed with superh disdain.

I was soon comfortably settled there. By the end of April, the decorator, upholsterer, and the rest had got through with it. But, in the meantime, I discovered that the house was a regular sounding-board, its acoustic properties were so remarkable. Just below me lived a young couple whose home was blessed with the presence of two very young children. The elder was cutting his teeth, and cried from night till morning. The younger, which was hardly more than horn, whimpered from morning to night.

"Have patience, old man," I would say to myself; "remember that the rate of infant mortality is very high in Paris."

On the floor above lived a lady who held classes: history in the morning, geography in the afternoon. I can tell you all about the early kings of France and the principal cities of Sumatra.

One morning, at the particular moment when the elder of the two pledges of affection down-stairs had ceased crying and the younger had not yet begun, I was awakened by a terrible huhhuh; but, this time, the sound came from the same floor, almost at my ear. I inferred that some new neighbors were moving in; and, in fact, a week later, the family were installed.

Without voluntarily being indiscreet, I soon made out that the family was composed of three persons: the father, who was deaf, and was occupied during the day as cashier of a great banking-house; the mother, who was deplorably commonplace; and a daughter, a regular chatter-box. Their maid-of-all-work was called Irma at first, but they changed so often that the list must be as long as the calendar of saints by now. I never learned the real names of these ladies. The parents always addressed their daughter as Babybel. Evariste was the husband's name, and in the intimacy of home life, he called his wife "Birdie."

The intimacy of their home life had no secrets for me, for it was the conjugal sanctuary that adjoined my own bedroom. In less than a month, I knew intimately the most minute details of their life. It was what is generally termed a united family, and Birdie, if I may believe certain details, had not yet renounced altogether the desire to attract her husband's attention.

At half-past seven, Irma—or some other—brought my neighbors their morning coffee. Regularly it was the wife who woke her husband. Then they discussed their affairs, which were not brilliant, I must confess. I regret to add that it was Babybel who was, to a great extent, the cause of their sorrows. That girl could do anything she wished with her parents. Coquettish and vain, it was she who had driven her father into taking an apartment that was really beyond their means. She wished her mother to have a reception day—Friday—and to have peace in the family they had to hire for the day a man in a black coat and white tie. To live up to him, they had to have, of course, tea, cakes, flowers, and smart gowns. A dressmaker came to the house once a week, and the ladies made their needles fly during her stay.

Babybel, it seems, had the fingers of a fairy, and could put a bonnet together like a forewoman at Virot's. But she must have her corsets from Mme. This and her slippers from Monsieur That.

"My feet and my waist are my best points," she would say, "and I ought to be allowed to make the most of them."

You should have heard that jade hold her own against her parents! She made them "stand round," as the unhappy Evariste often said during their matrimonial confidences. And so they had only one desire—to get Babybel married as soon as possible. But this was easier said than done. Twice she had just missed a chance. The first time the fault lay with her dowry, or, rather, lack of it. The second failure she owed, it seems, to her "imprudence."

It was always Evariste who would bring up this tender subject; but Birdie would always stop him with the incontrovertible statement that "what's done is done."

I could never learn anything more about it. But when a father admits that his daughter has been "imprudent," it is not difficult to make a guess at what he means.

It is time for me to tell you that I was a bachelor, and am so still, thank heaven! That is, thank heaven and my parrot. This bird, together with an ancient dame, composed my entire household, and he soon assimilated and reproduced the phrases which most often fell upon his ear. At the end of the month he would repeat the following dialogue at least two hundred times a day:

"Birdie, let me in, please."

"Is that you, Evariste?"

These two interrogatories would pierce the intervening walls every afternoon on Evariste's return from his desk at the bank. Evidently Birdie took a nap at that hour, and holted the door to keep Babybel out of her room. It was very funny—the first four or five times—to hear the bird cry out in Evariste's nasal haritone "Birdie, let me in, please," and the reply "Is that you, Evariste?" in the woman's falsetto.

You will please to note that I had nothing to do with the bird's education in this matter. It had learned the phrases of its own volition; but you could never persuade my neighbors that it was not the result of malice prepense on my part. They grew more and more irritated every day. At last Babybel could stand it no longer.

"The man in there is a malicious nuisance," she com-

plained to her father, "and you ought to complain of him to the landlord."

"I did," responded Evariste; "but the abominable bird is in the next house. Our landlord has nothing to do with it."

"Well, why in the world," objected Babybel, "are the walls so thin?"

I had asked the same question myself more than once. Two women yelling at the top of their voices to make a deaf cashier hear them are far worse than a parrot.

At last June came. The young family with the two children and the lady who held classes both went to the country, and the house became a veritable paradise, marred only by my neighbors of the next house.

The latter, however, made up for the defection, for, except throwing the furniture at each others' heads, these people did everything that could be done in an apartment over which the genius of Discord presides. Babybel had made up her mind to "go somewhere," a reasonable enough desire, but it was utterly impossible on account of lack of funds, if Evariste was to be relieved.

"I haven't got any money," he would say; "not a sou. Business is not going well at the bank, they threaten to cut down my salary ten per cent., and we have our debts to pay."

But, after a three days' siege, the unhappy man had to make a concession. He would let them go to Tréport. At mention of that name, Babybel laughed in his face.

"Tréport! Who ever went to Tréport? She was twenty-five years old now, and if her parents did not make any effort to find a husband for her, she would have to do so herself."

"You had better find a dowry first," her father growled, driven to desperation.

"She has sixty thousand francs," ventured Birdie.

Evariste laughed in a way that was not pleasant to hear.

"Sixty thousand francs," he sneered; "you know well enough that that money is my guaranty at the bank. If I draw it out, I lose my place; and, besides, heaven only knows how they would get it if I did try to draw it. Business is getting worse and worse there."

I do not think it best to repeat here Babybel's rejoinder. That girl was absolutely heartless.

Happily the time for my own departure for the country had come; and, leaving Jacquot to the care of my American servant, I set out, rejoiced that for four or five months, at least, I should not be compelled to hear the bickerings of my neighbors.

I traveled about Switzerland, spent three weeks in the Engadine, and presently reached Lucerne. In that city, or, rather, on the beautiful lake from which it takes its name, I saw her for the first time. She was traveling alone with her mother, a distinguished-looking old lady with a tinge of melancholy in her manner that led me to think at first that she was a widow. But three days later—I had been careful to put up at the same hotel—I contrived to make the ladies' acquaintance, and I soon knew their name and history.

Mme. de Monsentier was not a widow. Her husband, detained in Paris by important business, had not been able to accompany her in a month's excursion undertaken for the benefit of her daughter's health. As to the latter, I liked her very much—too much, in fact. She was a nice-looking girl: a brunette, with great dark eyes that were at once proud, innocent, and tender. I would have preferred that she be less timid, for I possess that defect myself. Timid or not, her mother watched over her as one would watch over a great treasure, or, rather, as one watches over an adored child, for they adored one another.

Moreover, Isabel had a most sensitive nature. A mere nothing brought tears to her eyes, and I saw her once burst into sobs at her mother's mere mention of an umbrella forgotten on the summit of the Rigi Kulm, which we had climbed together. It was this umbrella that broke the ice for us, if I may so express myself. The next day, I set out at dawn for Kulm. At five in the afternoon, thanks to my haste and the railway, Mme. de Monsentier had her umbrella again.

"How kind you are," she murmured, as she gave me her hand in thanks.

I pressed a kiss upon that little hand, and I am afraid that, just at first, both mother and daughter thought my action a trifle bold. But they felt that they were dealing with a man of delicacy. Perhaps, even, my budding love was suspected already. They say that women know these things by instinct.

We passed a fortnight at Lucerne, seldom being separated from morning till night. I flattered myself that I knew Isabel better than if I had paid court to her for two months in Paris.

She was an only child, and it was easily to be seen that the Monsentiers were possessed of fortune and lived in a certain degree of style. The ladies unconsciously fell during their conversation the names of their *modistes*, their milliners, of the people who frequented their house, and all this naturally taught me much. They did not keep a carriage, as the mother told me with charming simplicity. "In Paris," she said, "one has to be satisfied with hired carriages, when one has only sixty thousand francs a year."

To a future son-in-law such a phrase is more precious than rubies, and while I did not consider myself quite a future son-in-law, I was at least a possible son-in-law.

There must be an end to all things, however. Every morning Mme. de Monsentier wrote pages and pages asking his wife and daughter to return; he could neither eat nor sleep. Ah, what a beautiful thing a really united family is! I had obtained from the ladies the pleasure of traveling with them as far as Dijon. There I took leave of them, for I was engaged for the shooting in Burgundy. They were kind enough to ask me to call on them in Paris. Happily we lived in the same quarter of the city.

I did not get back to Paris until October. I arrived

there on a Friday, at ten in the morning, and as that happened to be Mme. de Monsentier's reception day, as she had told me, I went in the afternoon to the address she had given me. It was just such an apartment as I had imagined—simple, but with a certain quiet distinction about it. The manservant, in his black garb, looked extremely correct; in fact, there was not a discordant note in the quiet elegance of the whole.

The ladies received me with open arms. I give you my word I thought Isabel even more beautiful than she had been at Lucerne, and I saw at once that she did not find such change as there was in my appearance to my disadvantage. We chatted almost as if we were old friends, for I happened to be the only visitor.

"I deeply regret, madam," I said, as I rose to go, "that I have not had the pleasure of meeting M. de Monsentier."

"He is always at his bank at this hour," she replied; "but he will soon call upon you to make your acquaintance and invite you to dine with us. Meantime, I can only show you a portrait of him done in crayon by his daughter."

"Oh, mamma," pouted Isabel, "it's so bad—"

"You need have no fear, my dear; our friend knows you do not pose as an artist." So saying, she opened the door and led me into the adjoining room, which was evidently the conjugal chamber. On the wall hung the portrait of M. de Monsentier, but I can not tell you whether it was good or bad, for at that moment I heard from the other side of the wall a strident voice saying:

"Birdie, let me in, please. . . . Is that you, Evariste?"

I was in the house of my neighbors. I had almost been caught by that vixenish Babybel.

Happily I had the presence of mind not to betray myself, and pretended to have heard nothing.

It is unnecessary to say that I never again set foot in the Monsentiers' apartment. But, for reasons upon which I need not enlarge, this quasi-cohabitation had become insupportable. I moved as soon as my lease was up, and if in all Paris there is a parrot that is cared for with the most grateful solicitude, it is that of your obedient servant.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinseau by L. S. V.*

In Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's story, "A Cathedral Conspiracy," is noticeable the astonishment of the authoress at the openness with which love-making was carried on by 'Arry and 'Arriet in English parks and other public places. A countryman of hers writes that it had awakened his own surprise when in England, until he had received its explanation from 'Arry himself. "To the denizens of tenement and lodging-houses, the young men and women of our large cities, factory hands, and common laborers, there is no such thing as domestic privacy or even lack of interruption while enjoying social intercourse. They live, eat, sleep, perform all domestic duties in a crowd—in rooms where fathers and mothers, children and neighbors are all jumbled together. To them a public park in the evening seems an arbor of privacy and delight. The to-and-fro passing of strangers out of sound of the voice is as nothing. To sit at dusk on a bench in the park, with no chance of interruption, is to them as much isolation as Napoleon had at St. Helena or my lord finds in my lady's boudoir. And the mere fact that strangers may see them love-making, but can not hear them or molest them, is nothing at all." It is evidently impossible, under the above conditions, that 'Arriet's manners should have "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere," but there is no reason why she should not be quite as respectable as to morals.

Discussing the spreading of cholera by pilgrims, in an article on "Cholera" in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, Dr. Ernest Hart says:

"On the occasion in question, at least one hundred and fifty thousand people came into Calcutta in the first and second weeks in February. Great throngs came on foot, whose numbers were not noted, twenty-five thousand came by boat up the *nallah*, ninety thousand came by the Eastern Bengal State Railway, and thirty-two thousand by the East Indian Railway. Obviously the influence of railways in intensifying the danger of quick and wide diffusion of cholera after great festivals must not be neglected. To describe the crowding which occurred in the *nallah* on the festival day is difficult. Many of the pilgrims would not drink filtered water. They had come, they said, to bathe in and drink Ganges water, and they would have none from the stand-posts or the cars. Happily, the tube-well near the police-station was not considered unholly, and was in lively requisition. The crush was very great, and it is marvelous that no accidents happened. Among the large number assembled there it was not likely that cholera would be entirely absent, and if present it was certain to be spread by the crush of the festival, and thus it happened that in the second week in February nearly two hundred of the pilgrims died from cholera. The pilgrims soon had to be dispersed, and though their dispersal checked a larger outbreak at Calcutta, which would only have widened its circle afterward, it could not prevent those already infected from suffering on their way home. Consequently, at some of the railway stations sick people had to be taken out of the trains; passengers by boat died on their voyage, their bodies being thrown overboard; while travelers on foot were picked up dying or dead on the roads."

The number of Americans who were enumerated at the last census as residents in England and Wales is given in a Parliamentary Blue Book as 26,226. Of these nearly 20,000 were natives of the United States. The exact number having the United States for the country of their birth were 9,726 males and 10,014 females. There is nothing in the government record to show how many were tourists and how many were permanent residents in England, but the number excludes those who were naturalized.

The bicycle-rider and the horse are in close competition for the fastest record. Directum, the swift California stallion, trotted half a mile in 1:01 1/4, the fastest on record. The same day Tyler, at Hartford, rode his bicycle half a mile in 1:01 2/5, breaking the record for fast riding on the machine. In going long distances, the bicycle-rider easily defeats the horse.

Canon Cazenove met a melancholy end at tennis. He was in the act of striking a ball when the action of the heart failed, and he died instantly.

THE CUP-DEFENDERS.

Our New York Correspondent Discusses Them—The Cost of the Racing-Machines—What Becomes of Them—Yachting a Costly Pastime.

The *Valkyrie* arrived yesterday with Lord Dunraven and his titled guests on board. They are so large a party that they occupy fifteen rooms at the Waldorf, besides a big dining-room. Everything is reported in trim on board the English yacht, so the prospect is good that the race will take place as appointed, on October 5th. The Englishmen are in high hopes, but they are "dead-game sports," and if they are beaten, they will accept their defeat gracefully. They are, indeed, a distinguished party. Everybody knows Lord Dunraven, member of the House of Lords, statesman, author, sportsman, yachtsman, the most courteous of gentlemen, but yet so quick-tempered that when the Emperor William forgot himself the other day, Dunraven sharply informed him that, "though he was a Kaiser, he must behave like a gentleman while he was in England." One of his guests is Fred Glyn, the head of the famous banking house of Glyn, Mills & Co., of London, and now better known by his title of Lord Wolverton; another is the Marquis of Ormonde, who married the daughter of the Duke of Westminster; another is Arthur Paget, Minnie Stevens's husband and the son of the man whom Queen Victoria wanted to marry. These gentlemen have brought their wives with them, and they will give a send-off to the opening social revels.

The yacht which has been selected to defend the cup is the *Vigilant*. Four yachts competed for the honor—the *Colonia*, which was built by a syndicate, and is said to have cost up to date \$75,000; the *Pilgrim*, which is also owned by a syndicate, and cost \$50,000 up to date; the *Jubilee*, which is owned by the famous yachtsman, General Paine, of Boston, and is understood to have cost \$50,000 up to date; and the *Vigilant*, which is owned by a New York syndicate, with Belmont, Iselin, and Morgan among its members. Their expenditure some time ago amounted to \$71,500; it foots up a much larger sum now, and it will not be less than \$100,000 before the end of the season. On the competing race between these four yachts for the post of cup-defender, the *Vigilant* won, and Mr. Iselin, who now has charge of her, feels the responsibility of his position.

How these racing yachts come to cost so much may be easily discovered by an examination of their accounts. The hull and spars of the *Vigilant* are said to have cost \$35,000; the bronze bottom, \$10,000; and the sails, which are of a new, strong, and light material, \$14,000. Then she carries a crew of fifty men, so that the total outlay on the pay-roll, up to the date of the race, will not be less than \$10,000. For this money, the New York syndicate is supposed to have got the fastest yacht in the world—a craft which compares with the famous *Volunteer* as a race-horse compares with a cart-horse. She is a centre-board, with a good beam, of medium draft, and light in material. She will be sailed by Captain William Hansen, a Norwegian, who is said, like the elder Carnot, to know how to organize victory. What his fee will be, if he saves the cup, is a close secret.

The syndicate is composed of men of wealth who can afford to throw away a few thousands for glory. At the end of the season they will be out of pocket \$100,000, and will have nothing to show for it but a vessel which is useless for every purpose except racing, and would not sell for over \$15,000 or \$20,000. To turn her to account, she would have to be remodeled, converted into a schooner—in fact, rebuilt. Still, it would be something to have saved the cup. American yachting prestige can not be appraised in dollars.

And in comparison with some of the yachts which our millionaires are building, the *Vigilant* is an inexpensive craft. The yacht builders are keeping pace with the constructors of the ocean greyhounds. The *Valiant* which has just been constructed in England for William K. Vanderbilt, cost \$650,000. She is 320 feet long, 2,400 tons measurement, and her horse-power is 9,000. There are state-rooms on board for fifty guests. The saloon, 36 by 21, is in Louis the Sixteenth style, the furniture mahogany, the walls paneled with silk and white enameled wood-work, the ceiling hand-painted in panels, the chairs covered with Gobelin tapestry, on the floor a hand-made Axminster carpet. The decorations of this room cost \$21,000, and they are no finer than those of the library, which is in the Italian Renaissance style, walls and chimney-piece in carved French walnut, ceiling panels filled with hand-painted decorations, couches and chairs in Genoa velvet, floor covered with antique rugs. The pay-roll of the *Valiant* when in commission will be \$6,500 a month, and if Mr. Vanderbilt takes his friends on a cruise, his outlay will easily foot up \$10,000 more.

Mr. Rockefeller, the oil king, proposes to see Mr. Vanderbilt and to go him one better. He has given orders to the Cramps, of Philadelphia, for a yacht 340 feet in length which will steam 21 miles an hour. It is said that he has resolved that she shall outdo the *Valiant* in palatial fittings as well as in speed. No one knows what she will cost; but it will not matter to Mr. Rockefeller.

In the meantime, Mr. John Jacob Astor proposes to enter the lists with the other millionaires by building a large electric yacht. He has already an electric launch on the Hudson, which keeps up a good speed for a whole day from storage batteries stowed under the seats. The little craft—it is only 40 feet long—is one of the attractions of the river. The new yacht will be schooner-rigged and about 200 feet long. She is expected to cost about a quarter of a million; and, if Mr. Astor's experiments are verified, she will travel at a prodigious rate of speed. The charm of electric boats is that there is no vibration on board; they move so smoothly through the water that they seem to be at anchor, and there is no noise, gas, smoke, cinders, heat, or dirt.

A number of other gentlemen are building yachts which

are to cost fortunes. Mr. Coggeshall, a millionaire of Buffalo, has just launched one which is guaranteed to steam thirty miles an hour—a rate of travel never attained by any nautical machine. There is a story of another yacht being built in England by William Waldorf Astor. There are in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia a score of gentlemen who could afford to spend a million for the glory of owning the finest yacht in the world.

But, as old Captain Olsen says, "Look out for that Astor electric boat." It is on the cards that Astor's millions may solve a problem which has baffled impecunious inventors. He has in his employ an electrical engineer who has probably no peer in this country, Mr. C. Chamberlain. Rumor states that Mr. Astor has placed his bank account at Mr. Chamberlain's service, with no restriction as to outlay, provided results can be attained. The first principle has been established. Electricity can generate power sufficient to drive a vessel through the water. The River Thames above London is thick with electric launches. What remains to be discovered, therefore, is merely how to increase a power already developed.

Before the year 1894 ends, the age of steamships may have come to an end and the age of electric ships may have begun. NEW YORK, September 23, 1893. FLANEUR.

The United States Consul at Maracaibo has sent a report to the State Department on an experience of Venezuela with silver; in which he says:

"For some time past, large quantities of Venezuelan silver coins have been imported into this country, which have now been discovered to be of surreptitious coinage not authorized by the government. Since 1886, the importation of foreign silver of all nationalities has been prohibited, but all classes of gold coins and Venezuelan silver have until now been allowed free entry, and are constantly being introduced through the custom-house. It appears that parties abroad, taking advantage of the low price of silver bullion, have coined hundreds of thousands of dollars in Venezuelan silver, these coins being exact facsimiles of the emissions authorized by the government, and containing an equal, or, as it is said, even a greater amount of pure silver, which, if true, would give the surreptitious coins a greater intrinsic value than the legitimate ones. The government has acted promptly in the matter, and has issued a decree prohibiting the importation from abroad, except by the government, of Venezuelan silver coins, and declaring them contraband should efforts be made to introduce them. This will put a stop to the business through the custom houses, but large amounts will no doubt continue to be successfully smuggled. According to an informant, the speculators have conducted their operations on a large scale, hundreds of thousands of dollars having been introduced during one month only at Maracaibo alone. It is a striking commentary upon the situation that such a speculation is possible, producing, it is said, nearly forty per cent. profit, although it is freely admitted that the surreptitious coins are in all respects equal to those authorized by law. Had they been of less intrinsic value, the effect of such heavy importations would have been indeed deplorable, and even as it is we are advised from Curacao, which is, and always has been, a dumping-ground for money of all nationalities, that Venezuelan silver, since the late developments, is received at only one-half its face value, and it is, moreover, intimated that it will soon be rejected."

The confident expectation of a recrudescence of cholera last spring entertained by the physicians of Europe last year, has not been fulfilled. The drought of 1893 is one of the events that holds an assured place in history. In the North of Italy, for example, no living person recollects having seen the Italian lakes so low. In London the total amount of rain that fell during one hundred and ten days was seventy-seven hundredths of an inch. Mr. Symons, the best English authority on droughts, enumerates eight during the present century. Of these, the longest continued one hundred and five days. Thus, the drought of the present year is the greatest in the British Islands authenticated by meteorological records. Now, to the origins of some diseases dryness is the most efficient of all enemies. The present year the exertions of the world's health authorities have been seconded by the most searching drought known to modern times. But rain has begun falling and this ally is no longer to be counted upon.

A recent addition to the duties of the London police is the ambulance department. To see them catch up those who succumbed to the heat and carry them out of the thick of the crowd on the royal marriage day, was a triumph of sagacious dexterity. But even the police could not prevent the people from crushing each other to death on the illumination night. Nothing has been seen like it since when peace was proclaimed at the beginning of the century. Then no less than seven corpses were carried hither and thither upright, it being impossible to separate them from the living mass of humanity. On the present occasion, there were several cases of lockjaw taken to hospital, supposed to have been caused by the straining back of the neck in order to see the decorations above them.

The *Northwestern Lancet* offers a new explanation of the sudden drowning of good swimmers, hitherto attributed to cramp. There is nothing in a cramp in the leg to prevent an ordinary swimmer supporting himself in the water by his hands or on his back, nor to cause him to throw up his hands and sink once for all like a stone. Such cases are attributed to perforation of the ear-drum, through which the access of water pressure occasions vertigo and unconsciousness, and a practical caution results, to persons having such perforation, to protect their ears with a stopper of cotton when bathing.

Walter Besant has been talking to a London reporter about his American tour, and here is what he has to say of Chicago: "You have not seen America at all until you have been to Chicago. New York is not America, New York is a cosmopolitan city; Boston is not America, Boston is old; Philadelphia is not America, Philadelphia is asleep. But at Chicago you are in the very heart of the country—you are at the centre of everything. Chicago will be to America what Babylon formerly was to Asia."

During the last Paraguayan War it was noticed that the men who had been without salt for three months, and who had been wounded, however slight, died of their wounds because they would not heal.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, late United States Consul at Amoy, made himself famous by printing his name on a colored card bearing the United States flag.

Prince Frederick William Louis Alexander of Prussia is seventy-three years old, and his young wife, whom has recently married, is eighteen and a charming soubrette of the theatre in the Gartner Platz.

Mary Anderson Navarro got nothing by the will of her stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, who owed whatever he had to her. Mrs. Navarro is in Switzerland with her husband, whose devotion is still a matter for comment, and she is said to be more statuesquely beautiful than ever.

European diplomacy is greatly interested in the personal intimacy that has lately sprung up between Emperor William and the Prince of Naples, King Humbert's son. In the recent review at Metz, the two men were together all the time and acted like the most intimate companions.

King Humbert of Italy is a much worried man just now. His hair was gray long ago from worry, now it is white. He is, probably, the only monarch in Europe who is almost daily obliged to take large sums from his own allowance as sovereign and apply them to the needs of failing individuals and institutions.

With Hamilton Fish dead, only three members of the Grant Cabinet survive. They are George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, who was Secretary of the Navy; Benjamin H. Bristow, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; and J. N. Tyner, of Indiana, who filled out Marshall Jewell's unexpired term as Postmaster-General.

German papers comment at length upon the fact that Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was the only prince who attended the funeral of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in an ordinary dress-suit. All others appeared in uniforms, with insignia of various kinds upon their breasts. His modesty is supposed to have had political significance.

One of the deepest regrets of Ibsen is that he does not speak English, and, therefore, feels that it is useless for him to visit England or America. "What interests and fascinates me," he said, recently, "is the heart of the people. To get at that, one must understand the language of the country." He thinks Norway the pleasantest place in the world to live in.

The Marchioness of Waterford, looking through the window of her house in London, the other day, saw a cabman ill-using his horse. Raising the window, she commanded the man to desist, and upon his refusal, she gathered up her skirts, opened the front-door, and, letting go her aristocratic left, she blacked the fellow's eye, and then had a policeman take him into custody on a charge of cruelty to animals.

Munich papers say that Ernst Possart, the famous German actor who recently became director-general of the Bavarian court theatres, has been made a member of the hereditary nobility by the Bavarian ruler. This is said to be the first time that an actor in Germany has been ennobled. In Austria, a few years ago, Adolph Sonnenthal, the greatest Austrian actor, was ennobled, becoming Ritter von Sonnenthal.

Secretary Lamont, who, when he was private secretary to the President, was the easiest man in Washington to interview, has become the most exclusive of all the Cabinet officers. At the hotel where he lives, he is never seen in the public dining-room. He cares nothing for society and goes out only for the sake of his wife. He uses neither tobacco nor liquor, reads the newspapers omnivorously, and continues to be the confident and close personal adviser of the President.

Rudolphe Salis has withdrawn from "The Black Cat" and retired from Paris to his native province. A few years ago, Salis perceived that the picturesque café was the fad of the moment, and founded "The Black Cat." To have one's glass of beer served by a waiter dressed as an Academician and possessing the airs of a Sir Charles Grandison, proved very fascinating. Willette's strange pictures on the walls of "The Black Cat," and finally Caran d'Ache's singular "puppet-pantomimes," brought the fashionable world to Rudolphe Salis's door. It is said that he retires with a cool five millions of francs.

The famous Greek brigand, Margonis, who has just given himself up to the authorities, had for thirteen years been almost supreme in the district around Parnassus. He was a farmer and owner of houses as well as a robber. He made great profits, because he obtained all his labor for nothing. No peasant dared resist when ordered to do a day's work for Margonis. He prided himself on the fairness with which he distributed his tasks, exacting most from those who could best afford it. He was an invaluable election agent, for the political persuasion of his rifle could not be resisted. He is guilty of four murders, so far as is known.

The late Colonel Jerome Bonaparte was so thoroughly a Bonaparte in appearance as to startle many who suddenly confronted him for a first time at Washington entertainments. This grandson of Betsy Patterson was a West Point graduate, and was tried in frontier Indian-fighting before he entered the army of his cousin, Napoleon the Third, and served in the Crimean, Algerian, and Italo-Austrian Wars. With the fall of the Empire he returned to America, and made his home, first, at Baltimore, and then in Washington, where Colonel and Mme. Bonaparte were social leaders. They led the ultra-smart superofficial set, and the members of the diplomatic corps always paid to Colonel Bonaparte the honors due one of the imperial family. Overtures were often made to him to lead French uprisings and establish another Napoleonic era, with himself at the head. This American Bonaparte was immensely popular in France, but he never swerved in his loyalty to the Empress Eugénie.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The real name of the most distinguished Dutch novelist of his time, "Maarten Maartens," is Van de Poorten Schwartz.

The table of contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for October includes:

"Electricity at the World's Fair"—I, by Charles M. Lungen; "The Ural Cossacks and their Fisheries," by Dr. N. Bordin; "The Duty of the State to the Insane," by Dr. Andrew Macfarlane; "A Characteristic Southwestern Plant Group," by Henry L. Clarke; "The Lip and Ear Ornaments of the Botocodius"; "Criminal Festivals"; "The Progress of Psychology"; "Household Art at the World's Fair"; "The Problem of Colored Audition"; "Some Characteristics of Northwestern Indians"; and a sketch of Werner von Siemens.

The Boston novelist, Mr. T. R. Sullivan, is about to bring out a new story, with a young American of the period for hero. The scenes are laid partly in France, partly in this country, and Tom Sylvester, who gives his name to the book, is the centre of many dramatic situations.

A series of articles written by Dr. William H. Russell, the war correspondent, recounting some of his experiences in the Crimean campaign, will be issued in book-form this season.

Captain A. T. Mahan has extended his study of seapower in history so far that he has taken up the life of Nelson as a special study. He is said already to have completed a biography of England's hero. His work as an author, however, is much hampered by his duties on the United States cruiser *Chicago*.

"Lucas Malet," or Mrs. Harrison, the author of "The Wages of Sin," is very ill at Perugia. Her husband is the Rev. William Harrison.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the well-known art critic, has, it is reported, finished his autobiography. The manuscript has been delivered to the publisher to be kept under lock and key until after Mr. Hamerton's death. The book must be full of interesting matter, and there can scarcely, one feels, be any reason for its present suppression. Perhaps, however, the author will change his mind.

Lewis Carroll's—the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"—new book is called "Curiosa Mathematica," and consists of "pillow problems" for the use of persons suffering from sleeplessness, or want of occupation.

M. Zola has been cooing to a visitor the origin of his Rougon-Macquart series of novels, which he began in '68 when he was twenty-eight years old. He said:

"I had long entertained the desire to imitate Balzac in the execution of a gigantic series of books like his 'Human Comedy.' The only thing that was wanting was an assured income on which to live while working. This income was guaranteed to me by an agreement which I made with Lacroix, who offered me five hundred francs a month for two years. I was to supply him two novels a year, and the five hundred francs a month were to be deducted from the proceeds of the sale of the novel, a share of the profits to be handed to me. I spent several months in reading up the question of heredity or atavism, because I had determined that my books should be the exposition of the theory of atavistic influence. Doctor Lucas's work on 'The Law of Natural Heredity' was particularly useful to me. The subject tempted me because it was a scientific one, and because nobody could say that I was in the wrong in my conclusions, because nobody knows anything about it. I thought out the selection of the name of Rougon-Macquart very carefully, for I am a great believer in names and judge writers by the sonority and propriety of the names which they bestow on the characters in their books. I often spend a whole day selecting a name for one of my characters, going over the Paris City Directory for the purpose. I believe that a kind of sympathy exists between people and their names, and that certain characters must be called so, and not otherwise. Rougon is a common enough name in the south, and has a pompous ring about it. Maquart I chose because it is in contrast with Rougon, and has something base and popular about it."

A new book by Mr. Frank Stockton will be a collection of short stories called "The Watchmaker's Wife and Other Stories."

A new volume, by Julian Ralph, "Our Great West," profusely illustrated, embodies Mr. Ralph's recent studies in the progress and resources of the Western States.

Mark Twain has written for a young folk's magazine a serial entitled "Tom Sawyer Abroad."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's new book, "The Religion of a Literary Man," is an attempt to show where a modern man of a naturally religious temperament finds himself after having read all the works of modern doubters.

Edmund Gosse has in preparation the "Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes," author of "Death's Jest-Book." The Beddoes papers were handed to Robert Browning, who was a warm admirer of Beddoes's poetry. When the box was opened by Mr. Browning and Mr. Gosse, and found to contain the painful particulars about Beddoes's suicide, Mr. Browning seemed unwilling to go on with the work, and it was taken up by Mr. Gosse, who has issued the poems, and will now complete his task by the publication of the prose.

A companion to Sir Robert Ball's interesting "Story of the Heavens" will soon be published in the shape of Professor Bonney's carefully illustrated description of the earth's history.

The following interesting note and comment are from the New York Sun:

"The September number of an American magazine opens with an article upon the Englishman Isaac Walton; and after that it has articles upon the Englishman Thackeray, the Englishman Peppys, and the Englishman Richardson, followed by still other compositions about Englishmen or

by them. Great are the English, or some of them; but we are not aware that any one of their magazines has ever been filled with articles about eminent Americans, of whom there have been hundreds since the English lost control of this country."

Among the books which a Boston firm will publish this season is a "History of Mankind," by John S. Hittell, in four volumes.

Some essays which have never been printed heretofore will be found in "The Natural History of Intellect," and other papers, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, which is now in press. The available portion of a series of lectures at Harvard has been used in the essay which opens the volume.

Quiller Couch has nearly completed the revision for press of his next volume of short stories. It will be entitled "The Delectable Duchy," and will probably be published in November. Mr. Couch is still engaged on the novel which was mentioned a few months ago. The hero is a Wesleyan Methodist minister, and the book will contain pictures of the early history of Methodism in Cornwall. The title will probably be "Dozmaré," from the name of the heroine.

New Publications.

"Third Hand High," a novel by W. N. Mordock, has been published in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. L. B. Walford's novel, "The One Good Guest," has been re-issued in Longmans' Paper Library published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Two daintily bound little volumes which are somewhat similar in topic are "Glimpses Through Life's Windows," consisting of selections by Evalena I. Fryer from the writings of the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, and a new edition of Thomas & Kempis's "Of the Imitation of Christ." Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents each.

"Famous Voyagers and Explorers" is another of Sarah K. Bolton's excellent books of biography for young readers. The subjects of its eight sketches are: Christopher Columbus; Marco Polo; Ferdinand Magellan; Sir Walter Raleigh; Sir John Franklin; Dr. Kane, C. F. Hall, and others; David Livingstone; M. C. Perry; and General A. W. Greely and other Arctic explorers. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Hysterical Women: Their Trials, Tears, Tricks, and Tantrums," by Dr. A. W. Thornton, M. R. C. S., Eng., is an interesting little book in which are explained to the lay reader some of the curious phases of hysteria, knowledge of which is generally confined to physicians. It is frequently more outspoken than is usual among medical books for the lay reader; but it presents facts that it is well for intelligent men and women to know. Published by Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago.

"The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence upon Modern Life and Thought," by Charles Waldstein, is the latest issue of the American Essayist Series. After an introduction in which the author sets forth his views on the value of criticism and the purpose of the book, he discusses Ruskin as a writer on art, as the founder of the phenomenology of nature, as a writer and prose poet, and as a writer on social, political, and economic questions, and finally Ruskin and the sports and pastimes of England. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

G. A. Henty, who has a happy faculty of sugar-coating history with an envelope of fiction that has great charm for young readers, has added two new volumes to his series of historical romances. They are "A Jacobite's Exile: Being the Adventures of a Young Englishman in the Service of Charles XII. of Sweden" and "St. Bartholomew's Eve: A Tale of the Huguenot Wars." In each he tells an absorbing story of adventure by flood and field, and both tales give a clean-cut impression of the popular customs and way of thinking and the leading events of the countries and periods in which the action is laid. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

Two new volumes have been added to the Distaff Series, which is being issued under the auspices of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York for the Columbian Exposition. They are "The Kindergarten," edited by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "Household Art," by Mrs. Candace Wheeler. The first of the two contains the following papers: "The Relation of the Kindergarten to Social Reform," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who was one of the pioneers of kindergarten work in San Francisco; "The Child and the Race," by Mrs. Mary H. Peabody; "Seed, Flower, and Fruit of the Kindergarten," by Alice Wellington Rollins; "A Plea for the Pure Kindergarten," by Jenny B. Merrill; "The Philosophy of the Kindergarten," by Angeline Brooks; "An Explanation of the Kindergarten, Intended for Mothers," by Alice A. Chadwick; "The Kindergarten in the Mother's Work," by Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond; and "Outgrowths of Kindergarten Training," by Mrs. A. B. Longstreet. "Household Art" is much such another book, consisting of essays on "The Philosophy of Beauty Applied to House Interiors," by Mrs. Wheeler; "The Development of American Homes,"

by Mrs. M. G. Van Rennselaer; "Some Work of the Associated Artists," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Wall Papers, Ceilings, and Dados," by Susan N. Carter; "The Progress of American Decorative Art," by Mary Gay Humphreys; "The Limits of Decoration," by Lucia Gilbert Runkle; "About Furnishings," by Florence Morse; and "Decorative and Applied Art," by Mrs. Wheeler. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

The Chicago novel has been written in Henry B. Fuller's new story, "The Cliff-Dwellers." It takes its name from the fact that the personages of the story are connected in one way or another with the Clifton, one of Chicago's eighteen-story buildings. To attempt a résumé of the story would be impossible here, but some idea of its nature may be had from a brief mention of the leading characters. In the first place, everybody in the story seems to have come from somewhere else—only two are natives of Chicago. George Ogden is a young fellow from a quiet Eastern town, who enters Erastus Brainard's bank, vacillates between Brainard's older daughter and Jessie Bradley, marries the latter, is driven to embezzlement by her extravagant social ambition, and, after her death, begins life anew with Abbie Brainard. Erastus Brainard is an unscrupulous old scoundrel who has accumulated an enormous fortune, and he has one obstinate son who is much like himself and succeeds him in the bank; another who goes utterly to the bad and hangs himself; a pretty daughter who elopes with a vicious tenor and is subsequently married off to a mercenary cousin; and a plain daughter, Abbie, who is her father's right-hand man and eventually marries George Ogden. These are the principal personages in the development of the story, but many others figure in it; notably Cornelia McNabb, a typical Chicago girl, who has come from her Michigan home to make her fortune, progressing, while we yet see her, from a lunch-counter divinity to the mistress of a handsome home, with untold social successes looming up in the future; a fashionable architect; a scaly real-estate man; a jolly and good-natured drummer; a very youthful Chicago duddet; and a score or more of others. Each character is deftly and surely drawn, there is no bending of the probabilities to meet the requirements of the story, and the Chicago atmosphere pervades every page of the book. Though "The Cliff-Dwellers" is in a diametrically opposite style, it will give Mr. Fuller more reputation than his "Cavalier of Pensieri-Vani." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Publishers' Announcements.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s preliminary autumn announcements include the following books: "The Gilded Man (El Dorado)," and other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America, by A. F. Banelier; "General Johnston," by Robert M. Hughes, a new volume in the Great Commanders Series; "On the Old Frontier," or, The Last Raid of the Iroquois, a book for boys and girls, by William O. Stoddard; "The Credentials of Science the Warrant of Faith," by Professor Josiah Parsons Cooke; "Factors in American Civilization," a series of fourteen popular lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association; "The Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens: Duffels," a new book of fiction, by Dr. Edward Eggleston, which will be uniform with "The Faith Doctor"; "The Development of Mind in the Child," by Professor W. Preyer, of the University of Jena, a new volume in the International Education Series; "Paul Jones," a new volume in the Young Heroes of the Navy Series, by Molly Elliot Seawell; "Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley," compiled by Joseph P. Smith; "The Boys of Greenway Court," a tale of the earlier years of Washington, by Hezekiah Butterworth; "Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces," selected by F. T. Hill and S. P. Griffin; "The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, illustrated by Allegra Eggleston, a new volume in the Delights of History Series, edited by Edward Eggleston; "The Country School in New England," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson; "The Brontë Family in Ireland," by Dr. William Wright; and "John Boyd's Adventures," a thrilling juvenile story, by Colonel Thomas W. Knox.

"Maryland: Its Resources, Industries, and Agricultural Condition," issued as a souvenir of Maryland Day at the World's Columbian Exposition, has been prepared for general distribution by the Sun, Baltimore, Md.

D. APPLETON & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

General Johnston.

By ROBERT M. HUGHES. A new volume in the Great Commanders Series, edited by Gen. JAMES GRANT WILSON. With Portrait and Maps. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

The active and varied career of General Joseph E. Johnston, the conspicuous part which he took in the civil war, the differences of opinion between Jefferson Davis and himself, and their effect upon the fortunes of the Confederacy, render the story of his life one of engrossing interest and great historical importance. The author has had access to unpublished documents and other sources of fresh information which impart to his work a distinctive quality and a special and permanent value.

The Gilded Man

(El Dorado).

And other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America. By A. F. BANDELIER. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

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VANITY FAIR.

M. Paul Bourget, the French novelist, quotes a doctor, who, after studying the effects of various callings in life upon a man's chances of success with the fair sex, has come to the following conclusions:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Magistrates, lawyers, notaries, etc. | 5 chances in 100 |
| Physicians | 10 chances in 100 |
| School-teachers | 25 chances in 100 |
| Pedagogues | 5 chances in 100 |
| College professors | 10 chances in 100 |
| Officers | 90 chances in 100 |
| Under captain | 5 chances in 100 |
| Above captain | 10 chances in 100 |
| Painters | 80 chances in 100 |
| Sculptors | 50 chances in 100 |
| Musicians | 10 chances in 100 |
| Architects | 50 chances in 100 |
| Tragedians | 20 chances in 100 |
| Tenors | 60 chances in 100 |
| Comedians | 90 chances in 100 |
| Clerks | 80 chances in 100 |
| Floor-walkers | 20 chances in 100 |
| Business men | 5 chances in 100 |
| Proprietors | 10 chances in 100 |
| Journalists | 50 chances in 100 |
| Dramatists | 10 chances in 100 |
| Novelists | 15 chances in 100 |
| Poets | 30 chances in 100 |
| Brokers | 2 chances in 100 |
| Bankers | 2 chances in 100 |

Most people were under the impression that the tenor is cock of the walk, but it appears that it is the comedian.

There is trouble brewing in the Vaudeville Club again. The members of the club paid fifty dollars apiece last year for the privilege of seeing variety shows that ordinary mortals could attend for fifty cents. But in addition to this the members could also pay round prices for refreshments and laugh at the performers until long after midnight. When the club's season closed last spring it was given out that the performances would begin again this fall. On April 20th, the secretary of the club sent out notices that the dues for 1893 would be seventy-five dollars and would be payable September 1st. Very few members responded to this call, and now the directors threaten to expel from the club all those who fail to pay their dues. Even the enthusiastic O. Summer Teall, who has always been a prime mover of the enterprise, objects to this fifty per cent. arbitrary increase of the dues, and to show his resentment he has resigned as a director. He has, furthermore, addressed a letter to the board of directors in which he says: "I respectfully beg to remind your board that so far as the club facilities were concerned last year they practically amounted to nothing, and that the promised season of thirty weeks dwindled into an actual season of ten weeks. In its original conception the Vaudeville Club was never designed to be a social club, as was evidenced by the joint formation of a club and a business corporation working together under a contract, by the terms of which the club first deducted from the dues paid in an amount sufficient to pay the rent and improvements, and then turned over to the company the balance of the dues, the company agreeing to give and be responsible for the entertainment. As a matter of fact, it was designed to be, and really was, when most of the members joined it, a proprietary club, pure and simple; and, under the present arrangement with Mr. Abbey, it is practically a proprietary club still. Of the members who last year paid fifty dollars for admission to the Vaudeville Club, over half ever entered the club-rooms not even once, and it does seem a hardship to tax these men seventy-five dollars for this year's dues, without giving them a fair opportunity to release themselves if they desire. During July and August, and part of September, a large majority of these men were out of town and could not be expected to look after such things. Inasmuch as five of the twelve directors, whose names were attached to the original circular, have resigned from the board, and inasmuch as many of the members expected to receive further information in regard to the new plans, I most respectfully beg to suggest that, before any action be taken by your board in regard to those who have not or who may not pay the dues for the present year, a circular be sent to all last year's members asking them if they desire to continue their subscriptions for the present year; and notifying them in detail of the new plans, such as the withdrawal of the privilege of introducing residents of New York as guests of members by the payment of two dollars admission fee, and of the fact that the opera-box is for the benefit of the regular members of the club only, and its privileges are not to be extended to the wives and guests of members, and there is to be no entrance into the main body of the opera-house from the club-box or the sub-rooms." To these charges, made public in the *Recorder*, through which journal Teall published his letter to the directors, the latter replied *seriatim* with denials of his statements, refusal of his counsel, and information that by publishing club matters in the public prints he had put himself beyond the pale, and that thenceforward his communications would be disregarded. Teall has undoubtedly allowed himself for notoriety to lead him into a hole.

It is a curious comment on the insufficiency of the so-called "education of a gentleman" to command moderate results in the way of bread-winning, but is quite true that if our *jeunesse dorée* were suddenly deprived of all means of subsistence, and had to gain their daily living without time to look about them for an opening, the only commercial value of a man of the world would be either as a groom or indoor servant, each of which positions he could presumably fill as it ought to be filled. And it is for this reason that so many prodigals, when they awaken from their short dream of pleasure, feel that the only

immediate possibility open to them is to be a servant. Certainly milady would be a little surprised if she knew that every now and again on her staff of domestics she is probably employing, not angels, unaware, but men who are her equals, if not her superiors, in social position. It is a very uncomfortable fact, but nevertheless a true one (says the *Tribune*), that the black sheep of England are very apt to float over to this country, and not a few missing heirs and lost sons of good families have been discovered "in service." Most of these men are too clever to "give themselves away" in any manner, and it is but seldom that they show what they are. A few mouths saving of their wages and they are in a position to look up something better; and they have no wish that their employers should find out their superiority to their surroundings.

Walter Besant has been answering the old question: "Why can not men and women become friends?" His first answer is that they can; that they do; that they have become friends; then he cites Mme. du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Mlle. Lespinasse and D'Alembert, but adds Mme. du Deffand was past fifty, and blind, when she made a friend of Horace Walpole. The friendship of men was necessary to her; it was what survived of her love-making. "I am not so sure," he continues, "that friendship is possible between two young people of opposite sex. One knows perfectly well what will be said—can not two people become friends without the tie being broken or spoiled by the intervention of that other passion? Well, you see, it is always present as a possibility; as a disturbing element. There are so many obstacles interposed by society, by convention, even by nature, to this kind of friendship. The young man and the young woman who want to be friends can not; they must not be seen too much together; they must not travel together; they can not enjoy perfect freedom of conversation, because there are many subjects quite proper for either alone, but tacitly forbidden between the two."

A subject which interested Mme. Forain—the wife of the famous French caricaturist, who is now visiting this country—and of which she told a *Herald* reporter all Europe talked, was the singular beauty of American children, as they appeared in costumes which their food parents had designed by the best dressmakers without the slightest attention to cost or general utility. Boys arrayed in garments and with coiffures like Little Lord Fauntleroy, and girls who look like the prize dolls in a doll exhibition, are not common in France, though to be seen any day on Broadway or Fifth Avenue here. Mme. Forain remarked that she found the effect of the extravagant dressing of children most striking, and added that many of the most *chouette* dresses of the infants' mothers were doubtless made on the same lines.

Rio Janeiro has a summer temperature the year round, and when the fashionable world is within the city the place is one of much social interest. You may do at Rio a great many things that you would not do in New York, or scarcely even in Paris. If you happen to go with your wife to a fashionable restaurant in Rio, you may chance to see there some man, perhaps half a dozen men, whom you both know, in company with the gayest imaginable ladies, whom it were quite impossible that your wife should know. That would hardly happen in a restaurant of New York; and, should it happen in a Parisian restaurant, you would be discreetly blind to the presence of your acquaintances, and your wife would, perhaps, be conventionally shocked. In Rio, however, you would bow and smile at those wicked men, and even your wife would not altogether ignore them. Were you alone, perhaps you would be presented to the ladies, and chat with the whole party in the presence of all that is respectable in Rio. But if Rio is gay and unconventional as tried by North American notions, Petropolis is even gayer and less conventional. Petropolis is the charming summer capital to which, in yellow-fever season, everybody at Rio, save a few hundred thousand poor devils with livings to earn, retreats for fresh air and safety. When there was an empire in Brazil and an emperor resident at Petropolis, that mountain city was a most interesting place. Dom Pedro walked unattended through the cool, shady streets and talked to whom he would. Sometimes he was seen beneath a tree gossiping with a group of summer residents. Dom Pedro, being a tolerant and good-natured monarch, thought no ill of the gay doings at Petropolis. He never stopped to inquire whether this or that pretty villa was tenanted by man and wife or by folks bearing a less conventional relation. He admired the gay ladies who drove or walked about his summer capital, and made no awkward inquiries as to their conduct. Many of these things go on under the republic, and naval officers report that Petropolis, even without an emperor, is delightfully wicked.

Of what curious actions people in the "upper circles" are capable. At the state ball the other night, we learn from an advertisement in the *Times*, "a rear-admiral's cocked hat" was taken away and "a commander's cocked hat left in its place." It is clear from the wording of the paragraph, which is as long as an indictment, that the admiral's temper is short.

What he evidently suspects is that the commander (whose cocked hat is of no use to the admiral) is expecting his promotion, and has thus provided himself against contingencies. Nothing makes even a civilian more angry than to have his hat taken away from the club, and, of course, a cocked hat is more likely to "go off." I remember (writes James Payn in the *Independent*) seeing an unfortunate clergyman on a recent Saturday evening at the club, walking about with a white hat in his hand. "This is all that has been left in the way of hats," he complained; "and how am I to get down to my living in a white hat?" As all the shops were shut this was a question not easily answered, and the last I saw of him he was trying on the hall-porter's hat; it had a heavy gold band round it, which gave the unhappy divine the appearance of some priest of the Greek Church performing an ecclesiastical function.

Apropos of the bicycle fad that has laid a firm hold upon the *fine fleur* of Parisian society—the British ambassador and our own Colonel Stuart Taylor are among the daily bicyclists in the Bois—a writer in *Vogue* says: "I fear that the bicycle is as utterly out of the question with us, so far as fashion is concerned. I say 'fear' purposely, because I think that cycling is fascinating, and I have often wanted to try it myself. It is utterly impossible to do so here; but I think the temptation would prove almost too strong for me in France or in Germany, where the sport is patronized and favored by the smart set. In this statement, or confession, of my weakness, I no doubt lay myself open to severe criticism. The rather scathing remarks of a distinguished foreigner recently on this very point—American conservatism—come to my mind as I write. 'We can do anything abroad,' he said, 'because we are all assured of our social positions. In America, nobody is sure. If you are a bourgeois, or one of the lower middle class, in France or in England, your place in society is defined. You may advance and, perhaps, obtain a better position in time, but you and your family are labeled and catalogued. It will take at least a century of gilding to produce the change. You can, therefore, do as you please, and nothing that you may do can in any way affect your social standing.'"

Balls, both in private houses and theatres in Rome, were latterly an important item in every carnival. The earliest that we have any account of was held in 1635, in the house of a lady of the *demi-monde*, and was attended by a scandal, as, indeed, these *festini* usually were. A French cavalier took possession of the seat of a Sicilian while he was dawning, and refused to restore it to him afterward; a brawl ensued, in which the Frenchman was wounded and died next day. The French ambassador consequently demanded the punishment of the Sicilian, who was imprisoned, scourged, and then exiled from the states of the church; while the lady of the house was also beaten, no doubt in public, on the last day of the carnival, as such balls in such houses were forbidden by Papal edict. During the Papacy of Clemente the Thirteenth (Rezzonico), balls of all kinds were absolutely prohibited between 1759 and 1769, but began again immediately afterward. In 1771 there were public balls, to one of which Casanova says that he escorted a party, having bought tickets from a member of the orchestra; but he did not wish his friends to be recognized; so, perhaps, neither were these public balls too correct. The natural reaction had followed upon the sternness of the last Pope, and dancing was now *il furor delle ragazze Romane*. The first *veglione*, or masked ball, in a theatre was held probably in 1779, in the Teatro di Aliberti; and these increased in popularity and license until, in 1798, they even troubled the consciences of the Grand Ediles. The cardinals, of course, did not dance, and there were no balls in their palaces, so gambling took their place. Though they did not dance, cardinals have been known to masquerade; in 1508, several of them did so, headed by the Cardinals of Aragon and Sao Pietro in Vinculis, who were dressed as Mamelukes, and hunted bulls on Monte Testaccio.

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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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That don't matter so much, now-a-days. Dilute one part of Highland Evaporated Cream with two volumes of water—for delicious cream; with three volumes of water for rich milk—You've solved the milk question for all time. We use only milk obtained from farms under our own supervision. Prepared in hermetically sealed cans. Ask for the Highland brand—take no other.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO. HIGHLAND, ILL.

Those who have a Good Digestion

have little sympathy for the dyspeptic. They can eat everything that comes along. While they can eat rich food without fear of the dyspeptic's bad experiences, they nevertheless greatly appreciate a delicate flavor in their pastry.

Cottolene

when used as a shortening, always produces the finest flavored pastry, which is entirely free from the many objections which the use of lard always produces. Test its value by one trial.

Refuse all substitutes.

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Best, Lightest, Strongest. Either Dunlop, G. & J., Columbia, or M. & W. Pneumatic Tire. Price, \$93 Model, \$120. See our 28-in. Pneumatic Tire Wheel at \$75. Ask for catalogue.

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SOCIETY.

The Raphael-Auerbach Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Auerbach, 1514 Post Street, a pretty wedding took place last Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Pauline Auerbach, was united in marriage to Mr. Nat. M. Raphael. A large number of friends of the popular young couple were assembled in the handsomely decorated parlors at half-past eight o'clock, when the ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. M. S. Levy. The bride looked lovely in a robe of white satin, made with a long court-train and trimmed with point lace. Her veil was of white tulle and she wore orange-blossoms in her coiffure. Her maid of honor was her sister, Miss Belle Auerbach, whose gown was of blue brocaded satin, trimmed with Duchesse lace. Miss Viola Raphael was the bridesmaid, and appeared in a becoming gown of yellow brocade, trimmed with point lace. The bridal party was accompanied by a retinue of young children, comprising Miss Ruby Toon, Miss Mildred Tonn, Miss Faony Roth, Master Julius Auerbach, and Master Milton Auerbach. After the ceremony and congratulations, a sumptuous supper was served and then dancing was enjoyed until early morning. The wedding gifts were exceptionally elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Raphael left Thursday to make a southern trip, and, when they return, will reside at 1804 Laguna Street.

The Foster Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Frank Foster gave an elaborate lunch-party last Tuesday at her home, 1001 Pine Street, in honor of Mrs. Evelyn Towne Shaw. The affair was characterized by beautiful decorations and a delicious menu, and was highly enjoyed by the guests, who were:

Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. W. W. Worden, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Otto Favre, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. Drury Melone, Mrs. John F. Merrill, and Miss Emilie Kirketerp.

Notes and Gossip.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Lewia Wethered, and Mr. George Henry F. Martioez, a brother of Mr. Raoul Martinez, formerly of this city, which will take place at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, at the New Jerusalem Church, on O'Farrell Street, between Webster and Fillmore Streets. They will receive on Fridays in November at 2109 Pacific Avenue. A sister of the bride-elect was married several years ago to Lieutenant Selim E. Woodworth, U. S. N.

Mr. N. K. Masten has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Ireoe Geevevieve Mastee, and Mr. Philip K. Gordoo, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Thursday evening, at his residence, 2218 Clay Street. Miss Georgiana Mastee will act as maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Jennie Mastee, Miss Alice Masten, and Miss Isabel Kendall. The young couple will go East on their bridal tour and will be away a month. The wedding of Miss Georgiana Mastee and Mr. W. F. Perkins is announced to take place on Tuesday evening, October 31st, at the Masten residence.

The wedding of Miss Tillie Brandenstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brandenstein, and Mr. William Greenebaum, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Greenebaum, will take place next Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of California and Gough Streets.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Wangenheim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Wangenheim, and Mr. Benjamin Arnold, of the Alaska Commercial Company, will take place in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, October 18th.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave a matinee tea last Monday at her residence on Bush Street and agreeably entertained about a hundred of her friends. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers in profusion. Delicious refreshments were served under the direction of Ludwig, and concert selections were played by a string orchestra during the afternoon.

Miss Ethel Cohen gave a pleasant matinee tea recently at Fernside, in Alameda, as a compliment to Miss Julia Crocker. Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. W. A. Magee, Miss Cohen, Miss Emma Butler, and Miss Hilda Macdonald assisted her in receiving. Miss Hilda Macdonald also gave a pleasant tea recently in honor of Miss Crocker, and had the assistance of Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Fanny Grant, and Miss Cohen in entertaining her guests.

Mrs. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. Among the features of the evening were some recitations by Mrs. Frances Edgerton, some readings from Browning by Mr. Hotaling, who also sang the "Last Rose of Summer," and some songs by Mr. Frank Mitchell. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and the affair was made pleasurable in every way.

Miss Meyerstein gave a large lunch-party last Monday at her residence, 611 Van Ness Avenue. Covers were laid for twenty at a table that was handsomely decorated, and an elaborate menu was served.

Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, who, as Miss Elizabeth Curtis, was well known in local art circles before her marriage, painted a number of pictures and sketches while she was in Europe, and will exhibit them to

her friends from one until five o'clock this afternoon at her former studio, the Art Students' League, 8 Montgomery Avenue. Miss Voorman, Miss Rodda, Miss Heyneman, Miss Carrigan, and Miss Wall will assist her in receiving, and Mr. O'Sullivan will be heard in a number of songs.

Miss Hattie L. Hecht, of Boston, who is here visiting her relatives, gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Wednesday evening, followed by a supper in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel.

A charming lunch-party was given by Miss Jessie Coleman at her home in Oakland, prior to her departure for Chicago. Her guests were Miss Bagley, Miss Farrier, Miss Whittier, Miss Aldrich, Miss Walker, Miss Wainwright, and Miss De Noon.

An exhibition tournament will be given at the grounds of the California Lawn Tennis Association this afternoon, in which several of the principal players of the coast will participate. An admission fee of one dollar will be charged, the proceeds to be used in making needed improvements.

Possibly no man appreciates the value of advertising more than James A. Bradley, the founder of Asbury Park. His latest scheme was adopted a fortnight ago, when, on tables in the centre of his broad walk, he exhibited blocks of artificial ice in which were frozen opeo Bihles. The idea was to advertise a beach meeting to which he was to take part; but the frozen truths also served to draw attention to the artificial ice, which is manufactured by a company to which he holds considerable stock.

The life of the advertiser in Germany is certainly not overhauled with joys. By a recent edict the government reserves to itself the sole right to use the word "Bekantmachung," which in the German language has a similar meaning to notice, announcement, etc., words that form a prominent part in an advertiser's vocabulary. A private person using this word without authority as a heading for an advertisement is liable to a fine.

"Here's the combination, don't break the safe," were the words burglars found in the office of the Boston and Maine Railroad station at Byfield when they entered it after one o'clock one morning recently. They availed themselves of the combination, and, opening the safe, were rewarded by finding seventy-five cents.

IF YOU REQUIRE FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, and you certainly do, go to Sanborn, Vail & Co., and make inquiry as to what is proper to use. Their courteous clerks will show you the latest tints and sizes in paper and envelopes, and you may rely upon their judgment, as they are thoroughly posted on all of the requirements of the season. Incidentally, you may need some visiting-cards engraved, and you will find that Sanborn, Vail & Co. can fit you out in proper style at very low rates.

A few days ago, in London, occurred the sale of the right and license to make chronometers, clocks, and watches in the old and almost historic name of Frodsham. There is, perhaps, no name in connection with horography better known throughout the British dominions.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Maude—"I don't see how a girl can marry beneath her. I am sure I never could do such a thing." Ethel—"No, dear; the thing would be impossible."—Boston Transcript.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3 1/2 days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

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For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent "Concert and Dance Music." This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

WE DIRECT THE ATTENTION OF OUR READERS to the advertisement of the new book "A Tale of Two Oceans," in another column.

J. W. CARMAN, 25 KEARNY, THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

THE INNER MAN.

An Argonaut subscriber, writing from New Whatcom, Wash., puts to us this question:

"What can a hostess imply when a guest takes salt, pepper, or other condiments and covers each course as it is served without tasting it? Do you think that the excuse of an abnormal taste for salt or pepper should cover this? I, as the hostess, when asked (but not by an offender) if it annoyed me, replied: 'Yes, it does annoy me.' I am not very sensitive, but it implies expected bad cooking. I do not think that it is good form to season anything at a private table, and surely not before tasting the food. Am I right?"

This is one of those grave questions which can not be answered off-hand. Let us discuss it with due deliberation.

The salt which is applied by the cook before or in the act of cooking rarely makes more than a superficial impression. Take a fish, for example—a turbot or a sole—one of the few things that should be fried—the salt added by the cook lodges upon the skin of the fish. Despite the dictum of most Englishmen, that the skin of the turbot is the best part of him, many do not eat the skin. These wise persons—of whom the writer is one—delicately remove this outer covering, and within is found the firm, white, flakey flesh—steaming, toothsome, savory, but guiltless of salt. For the salt has gone with the skin.

So with a bird. Few epicures eat the skin. Those who do not digest it. But the salt all lodges upon the skin. Hence he who eats must salt.

Take the case of a joint. We will say a "roast," for the sake of argument, although roasting is almost unknown in these United States. Joints here are generally baked. With either process, whether roasting or baking, the theory is that, as with a broiling fire, the heat of the oven (or a hake) or of the fire (in a roast) at once sears the exterior of the joint. Thus an impermeable envelope is formed, within which are retained the juices and the delicate flavors of the meat. This is theoretical, however. In practice, the ordinary female criminal who is called a cook, places the joint in an oven which is not hot. The exterior is not quickly seared, but is slowly carbonized, parting in the process with its savory flavors and becoming converted on the outside into a kind of carboe, which may be called animal soot.

In either case, however, the salt is prevented from penetrating the external envelope and reaching the meat within. He who loves salt, then, must salt his meat.

Lastly, let us point out to "Hostess," as delicately as we may, that the bidding of guests to one's board is presumably to give them pleasure. It is not simply to "give a dinner-party"—it is to give pleasure to the guests who make up that dinner-party. The joys of hospitality, the pleasures of host and hostess, are reflex—they are experienced from enjoying the pleasure of one's guests. Therefore, if a guest like his meat underdone, give it to him so in heaven's name; if he like it over-salted, give him the salt-cellar and your blessing. For what shall it avail a man or woman to bid another break bread, and force him to eat that which does not please him?



Absolutely the Best.

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M. C. STILLMAN, 713 Sutter Street.

The great art of printing advertisements is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without, a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts.—Addison.

DR. J. D. ARNOLD

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Joseph D. Grant left for the East last Tuesday. He will join his mother in Chicago, and accompany her to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have returned from Europe and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean will leave in a few days to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. George M. Stoney and her brother, Mr. Harry Babcock, have returned from Chicago.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge will leave to-day to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels returned from Chicago last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finnigan and family are passing a couple of months in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels are at the Chamberlain House in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Walter McGavin will leave England to-day, en route home, after a three months' absence.

Mr. William H. Mills has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Albert Gerberding has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have returned from a visit to the World's Fair.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham and Mr. William Babcock will leave on Monday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Leland Stanford left last Tuesday to make a brief visit in New York city, after which she will go to Washington, D. C., where she will pass the winter.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall will leave Chicago to-day to visit the Niagara Falls and friends in Buffalo and New York city.

Her daughter, Mrs. James Appleton Maguire, who has also been visiting the Columbian Exposition, will start to-day on her homeward journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Sherwood are in Chicago, visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. William H. Avery has returned from a three months' visit to Colorado Springs and the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, who has been passing several months at San Rafael, has returned to her home in this city.

Misses Alice and Irma Adler have gone to New York city, where they will pass the winter with relatives.

John H. Dickinson will leave on Tuesday to visit the World's Fair for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Baker, of Oakland, will leave for the East on Sunday night.

Mr. Edward N. Deady arrived here from Portland, Or., last Thursday and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Charles Page was visiting friends in Boston last week.

Mr. Lester O. Peck is staying at the St. James Hotel in New York city.

General John H. Dickinson, Major Charles T. Stanley, and Dr. Callaway returned last Tuesday from a successful hunting trip in Sonoma Valley.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mrs. A. Chabot, Miss Nellie Chabot, and Miss Amy McKee, of Oakland, are viewing the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., of Oakland, who are now in Chicago, will visit relatives in Kentucky next week.

Dr. R. E. Williams has returned from a month's visit to Chicago and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg left last Wednesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Duncan Hayne will return to the city on Monday, after passing several weeks at San Mateo. He has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the accident he met with in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Estee and Miss Estee have leased the residence 1003 Leavenworth Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Argüello and Miss Ada E. Sullivan are in Chicago.

Mr. H. M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger, who arrived here a couple of weeks ago from New York, will leave to-day on the steamer *Australia* for India, via Honolulu and Japan.

They will be accompanied by Mr. Gillig's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig, and by Mr. Clay M. Greene, who arrived from the East last Monday.

Mrs. H. M. Gillig and her cousin, Miss Bender, will meet them in Egypt. During their visit here, Mr. Gillig, Mr. Unger, and Mr. Greene have been hospitably entertained by many of their friends at breakfasts and dinners at the Pacific Union, Bohemian, and University Clubs.

Mr. Sidney E. Mezes will leave to-day for Chicago, to take up his duties at the University of Chicago.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs are here on a visit from Los Angeles, and are staying at the Palace Hotel. The Misses Withrow are residing at 1829 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock returned last Sunday after a year's absence in Europe.

Mrs. E. B. Perrin and the Misses Adèle and Helen Perrin will leave soon to meet Dr. Perrin in New York city. They will remain there a short time, and then visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is visiting friends in San José.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Warner have returned to their residence, 222 Franklin Street, after passing the season in Ross Valley.

Miss Jennie McMillan and Miss Sara Dean are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. William B. Carr, Mrs. Eli Lewelling, Miss Martha P. Gibbs, and Mr. George G. Carr are at the Palmer House in Chicago.

Mrs. R. D. Bristol and Miss Hazel Bristol have returned from a visit to Chicago.

Mrs. R. H. Follis and family are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Elisha Cook, Miss Leonide Cook, Mr. Elisha Van Slyck Cook, and Mr. Gilbert Gurney, of this city, accompanied by the Misses Kalme, of St. Louis, left last Wednesday evening for the Yellowstone National Park, en route to Chicago. After seeing the exposition, they will make a general tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Murphy will return to the city during the coming week, after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have leased the Barroilhet villa at San Mateo for five years.

Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Stella Davidson left last Sunday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter and Miss Rose Walter have returned from a prolonged tour of Europe.

Miss Louise Moulder is expected to return home in a week after a long absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease are going to Portland, Or., for a few days, while en route to Chicago and New York.

Dr. Cecil C. Dennis and Miss Dennis are visiting the Yellowstone National Park.

Mr. Karl Howard is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier and Miss Currier are visiting Byron Springs.

Miss Anna Wainwright is visiting friends in Mill Valley.

Miss Bailey, of Oakland, is the guest of Miss Allen, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worth have gone to visit Chicago and other cities in the East.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and Mrs. Otto Favre will leave for Chicago on October 1st.

Mrs. W. S. Spinney and Miss Emma Spinney left last Friday to visit Chicago.

Mrs. George T. Folsom has returned from a trip to Salt Lake City and Portland, Or., and is residing at 1009 Pine Street.

Mr. Clinton Day will leave for Chicago on Monday.

Mrs. C. B. Stone, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Jennie Hobbs, and Miss Aldrich will leave on Sunday evening to visit Chicago and the Eastern States.

Mr. E. S. Halligan will leave next Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas will depart next Friday to visit the exposition at Chicago.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will leave next Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. E. M. Greenway will leave this evening on a month's visit to Chicago and Baltimore.

Mrs. D. E. Allison left for Chicago on Friday to visit the exposition.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Passed Surgeon General and Mrs. John M. Browne, U. S. N., have returned to Washington, D. C., after a pleasant visit here.

The United States steamer *Alert* has returned from the Atlantic Station and is at Mare Island. The officers of the *Alert* are: Captain G. M. Book; lieutenants, R. Wainwright, D. H. Mahan, W. H. Allen, and J. P. Parker; ensigns, S. M. Strite, C. B. Morgan and W. M. Crose; chief engineer, J. D. Ford; passed assistant surgeon, F. W. Olcott; and passed assistant paymaster, L. C. Karr.

Colonel George H. Mendell, Engineers Corps, U. S. A., who has charge of the government works on this coast, is making preparations to dredge the harbor.

Captain Frank H. Edmunds, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., has left Benicia Barracks for Davis Island, in New York Harbor, where he will act as recruiting officer.

Lieutenant Leon S. Rudiez, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Benicia Barracks after serving at the Presidio as a member of the court-martial.

Lieutenant Frederic A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Sidney A. Cloman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of fifteen days.

Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., has been detailed to act as equipment officer at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Chaplain and Mrs. Frank Thompson, U. S. N., who have been passing several months visiting relatives in Mississippi and viewing the Columbian Exposition, are stationed at Mare Island, the chaplain having been ordered to the *Independence*. Mrs. Thompson will be pleasantly remembered here as Miss Ida Carleton.

Captain Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., has become the father of a baby boy.

Lieutenant Augustus C. Alm, U. S. N., who has been on duty on the *Montevideo*, has been granted a month's leave of absence and has gone East.

Lieutenant Robert McMill, Dutton, U. S. M. C., is now on duty with his company at Mare Island.

Lieutenant William R. Smedburg, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty with Troop K at the Presidio.

Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Colonel and Mrs. Joseph R. Smith, U. S. A., and Miss Juliet Smith will leave for Washington, D. C., next Thursday.

Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, Medical Department, U. S. A., will leave to-day, en route on Monday to make a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States.

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, First Infantry, U. S. A., is acting as recruiting officer at Angel Island.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, is stationed in this city as recruiting officer.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in the recruiting service at Sacramento.

Lieutenant John McClellan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a practice march with his cavalry.

Lieutenant William C. Davis, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is a member of the court-martial at the Presidio.

A new industry has made its appearance in Europe, and makes its debut in an advertisement in the *Irish Cyclist* in this way: "Gent's trousers cut down to bicyclist's pants by Mrs. Delahunt."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his third ballad concert of the second season last Thursday evening at Golden Gate Hall. A special feature of the concert was the appearance of Miss Hilda Newman and Miss Grace Harrison, of the Abby Cheney Amateurs, who made such a brilliant success in Chicago. A fashionable audience was in attendance and enjoyed the following excellent programme:

"Liebeslieder," (a) "Wenn so lind dem Auge mir," (b) "Am Donau Strande," (c) "Sich, wie ist die Welle klar," (d) "Ein Herz hat sich Vogel Nahn," Johannes Brahms, Miss Susie Hirt, Mrs. Sedgley-Reynolds, Messrs. Carroll and Wilkie, accompaniment, four hands, Mrs. H. R. Brown and Mr. Henry Strauss; prelude ed. aria, "Salve d'Amore" ("Tannhäuser"), Wagner, Miss Gladie M. Worden; song, "Douglas Gordon," Laurence Kellie, Mr. Victor Carroll, piano solo, "Rigoletto," (concert paraphrase), Liszt, Miss Hilda Newman; song, "I love," Matti, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, Mrs. Sedgley-Reynolds; male quartet (with tenor solo), "The Image of the Rose," Reichardt, Messrs. George St. J. Bremner, Clarence A. Howland, William C. Stadfeld, Wilhelm Nelson, solo, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; ballad, "The Sleeping Tide," Laurence Kellie, Miss Susie Hirt; piano solo, (a) nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, Chopin, (b) mazurka, Op. 34, No. 2, Godard, Miss Grace Harrison; duet, "The Sailor Sings," Balfe, Mrs. Sedgley-Reynolds and Mr. Wilkie; "Liebeslieder," Johannes Brahms, (a) "O, wie sanft," (b) "Es heisst das Gesträuch," (c) "Nein es ist Nicht aus zu kommen, Miss Hirt, Mrs. Sedgley-Reynolds, Messrs. Carroll and Wilkie, Accompaniment, four hands, Mrs. H. R. Brown and Mr. Henry Strauss.

The next concert will take place on Tuesday afternoon, October 10th.

Bauer Symphony Concert.

Mr. Adolph Bauer's sixth symphony concert was given at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, September 22d. There was the usual large audience. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Struensee, Meyerbeer;" "Solvejg's Song," Grieg; Violin-concerto (No. 4), andante, eadenza, scherzo, adagio religioso, allegro energico, Yeuatemps, Mr. Giulio Minetti; (a) prologue, "Pacifica," Leoncavallo, solo Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan; (b) intermezzo, "Pagliacci" (the first time), Leoncavallo; Tragic Symphony, op. 32, grave, allegro non troppo e patetico, andante penitente, allegro marcato, adagio, allegro passionato (the first time), Hamerik.

The first concert of the winter series will be held next Friday afternoon. The programme will include the cortège from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Soederman's "Swedish Wedding March," Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony, its first presentation here, and Saint-Saëns's second concerto by Mr. Otto Bendix. The remaining concerts will be held on October 20th, November 3d and 17th, and December 1st and 15th. On November 3d, the wonderful child pianist, Augusta Cottlow, will appear.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will commence a new series of Saturday Popular Concerts this (Saturday) afternoon, at Golden Gate Hall. Mr. Victor Carroll will sing two songs by Massenet and Goring Thomas, Mr. Beel will play a hallebard by Moszkowski, and there will be a Raff trio in G minor and a Schumann string quartet.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald will deliver an essay on "Descriptive and Characteristic Music" before the Laurel Hall Club next Wednesday. The essay will be illustrated by appropriate violin music. Miss Etta Bayly will act as accompanist.

A chamber concert will be given by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel, assisted by Mr. Louis Heine, at Miss Heine's school in Berkeley this (Saturday) evening at eight o'clock. Tickets may be had at the door.

Owen Meredith's "Lucille" will be read by Miss Frances Fulton next Thursday evening, under the auspices of St. Stephen's Parish, in the parish building.

—THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT OF THE MAZE is crowded every day with ladies who are securing the novelties that were brought out from Paris by Mme. Audree specially for that establishment. The Continental style seems to be the favorite, its variety of shapes seeming to perfectly suit all purchasers. It is a well-known fact that The Maze is leading the fashion here in millinery, as no other firm has had the enterprise to secure an artist who knows the latest Parisian fancies and who can make them so becomingly as Mme. Audree.

To be photographed while you doze in a corner of your pew at church is one of the latest terrors. The kodak has made its way into the pulpit. An Irish clergyman the other Sunday during the service took a snap-shot of his congregation.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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A hard question to put: Photographer—"Now, madam, if it is not asking—er—too much of you, will you—er—kindly make an effort to—ah—to look pleasant? It will only be for a moment."—*Basar*.

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Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

THE END OF THINGS.

A Fin-de-Siècle Sketch.

MISS MILLIE RODEN, 31. MISS JESSICA DUTTON, 19. CAPTAIN EDWARDS, 39. RONALD MORLAND, ESQ., 25.

SCENE.—A veranda opening on a garden: MISS RODEN and CAPTAIN EDWARDS are sitting in the veranda. MISS DUTTON and MR. MORLAND walking to and fro on the path outside.

MISS RODEN [yawning].—Well, here's the end of another! We're off to Switzerland to-morrow!

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Glad it's over. So are you, I suppose?

MISS RODEN—I'm glad—with reservations. After all, one is not immortal.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—By George, that's true! I don't know, though. I've been knocking about town a thousand years.

MISS RODEN [sighing].—So have I—well, say five hundred.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—You wear well.

MISS RODEN—Please don't trouble to do that.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Misanthropical to-night?

MISS RODEN—I'm tired to death of the whole thing.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Ah! Now those young people out there are as keen as we—as I used to be. Is there anything on there?

MISS RODEN—Oh, I don't know. He's been hanging about all the season, but he doesn't come to the point.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—That's a shame. Isn't it?

MISS RODEN—Is Saul among the prophets?

[calling] Jessica!

MISS DUTTON [pausing in her walk].—Did you call, dear?

MISS RODEN—When are you going—and where?

MISS DUTTON—To Shropshire—oo Tuesday.

MR. MORLAND—To Scotland on Wednesday. I know you were going to ask me. [They walk on.]

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Not settled yet, then.

MISS RODEN—Good heavens! You're always dreaming about weddings! [A pause. CAPTAIN EDWARDS smiles sardonically.]

[Another part of the garden.]

MISS DUTTON—Aod I thought that oothig ever could be so delightful as a London season! I suppose I was very—what do you call it? Fresh!

MR. MORLAND—Well, it isn't half-bad fun, you know. We've had some good times this season, haven't we? Together, you know.

MISS DUTTON [changing the subject].—Nice moor, isn't it?

MR. MORLAND—A most becoming moor. It suits you exactly. Why do you walk on the other side of the path?

MISS DUTTON—Are you going to stay long in Scotland?

MR. MORLAND—Oh, yes; all the time, I think.

MISS DUTTON—We're going to Homburg for three weeks to September.

MR. MORLAND—By Jove, how jolly! I should like to come, too.

MISS DUTTON [nervously].—Well, Homburg's free.

MR. MORLAND—But there's my shoot.

MISS DUTTON—Oh, I beg pardon! I forgot your shoot. Of course you can't come.

MR. MORLAND [puzzled].—Don't see how I can work it. But, I say, Miss Dutton, if I— [He pauses.]

MISS DUTTON—Well? If you—

MR. MORLAND—Nothing. I can't leave the shoot, can I?

MISS DUTTON—Really! I don't know if you can or not.

[In the veranda.]

MISS RODEN—Are they going to promenade all night?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—I'm afraid I'm not very entertaining.

MISS RODEN—Then what's the use of you?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—None, unless you can find one.

MISS RODEN—You don't pretend ever to have been of any use, I suppose?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS [after consideration].—Well, no, I don't suppose I ever was.

MISS RODEN—No, more was I. What is the use of us?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—I call this rather an unpleasant subject.

MISS RODEN [waving her hand toward the path].—If he doesn't ask her to-night, he ought to be—

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Kicked?

MISS RODEN—Oh, dear, I'm very disagreeable and uncharitable to-night.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Never mind. I don't suppose he's broken her heart.

MISS RODEN—He's spoilt her season—that's worse.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—She's got lots more.

MISS RODEN—Thanks!

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—I was thinking of myself.

The grave begins to yawn.

MISS RODEN—I should think so—after so many London seasons! I begin to yawn myself.

[In the garden.]

MR. MORLAND [on the path].—Well, I will say this: any pleasure I've had this season has heeoo due entirely to you.

MISS DUTTON—You are too flattering.

MR. MORLAND—Aod it's all at ao eod oow.

MISS DUTTON—Yes, I suppose it is.

MR. MORLAND—We just say good-hye, and scatter to the ends of the earth.

MISS DUTTON—Till oext spring.

MR. MORLAND—An eteroity! I hate saying good-hye, don't you?

[In the veranda.]

MISS RODEN—Look! They're standing close together oow.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—It does look rather more like, doesn't it?

MISS RODEN—You recognize the attitude?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—I've seen it—in pictures, you know.

[In the garden.]

MISS DUTTON—Then don't say it. You can just go.

MR. MORLAND—As if that was so very easy!

MISS DUTTON—Oh, why do you talk noosense?

Men think any sillioess good enough for girls.

MR. MORLAND—You might be a little kinder—the last oight.

MISS DUTTON—Come aod sit down to the veranda. What will the others thiook!

MR. MORLAND—Why, that I like walking with you very much.

MISS DUTTON—That you're good enough to be amused by me?

MR. MORLAND—No, do stop. I say, Miss Dutton, if you ooly knew—

MISS DUTTON—I really can't—well?

MR. MORLAND—How sorry I am to go away.

MISS DUTTON—Oh, of course. Come along.

MR. MORLAND—A mioute more!

MISS DUTTON—What for?

MR. MORLAND—Oh, for—I—well, I don't know.

[In the veranda.]

MISS RODEN—Here they come. Now, what's happened?

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—I'll lay six to four against.

MISS RODEN—I hope you haven't caught cold, Jessica. You shouldn't have let her go without a wrap, Mr. Morland.

MR. MORLAND—I'm awfully sorry.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Well, I'm off home. See you to-day six months, or thereabouts, I suppose.

MISS DUTTON—Miss Rodeo?

MISS RODEN—Oh, I suppose so. We shall begio agao theoo.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Comiog, Morland!

MR. MORLAND—All right, half a mioute.

MISS RODEN—Oh, Captaio Edwards, just come ioto the drawiog-room. I waot to show you—

[He follows her in.] They didn't waot us, you know.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—It's oot come off. I know by their looks.

MISS RODEN [laying her hand on his arm].—Give them another minute. The—the poor girl—

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—All right, I know. What beasts we men are sometimes.

MISS RODEN—Yes, that you are. [MR. MORLAND enters.] Oh, must you go, Mr. Morland?

MR. MORLAND—Yes, I'm off. Say good-hye to Mrs. Roden for me, will you?

MISS RODEN—Good-hye.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Good-hye. Hope you'll have a good time.

MISS RODEN—Oh, I shall eat, aod drink, aod sleep.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—Not a bad programme. Good-hye. [CAPTAIN EDWARDS and MR. MORLAND leave the room as MISS DUTTON enters it.]

MISS RODEN—Why, how pale you look, Jessica. Is anything the matter?

MISS DUTTON—No; I'm rather tired. I think I'll go to bed. Good-oight.

MISS RODEN [kissing her].—Good-night. There, my dear—come, Jessica, darling!

MISS DUTTON—I—I shall be all right to-morrow. I'm—I'm quite fagged, Millie.

[Outside the house.]

MR. MORLAND [lighting a cigar].—I tell you what, Edwards, I precious nearly made a fool of myself to-oight.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—My dear fellow, there are worse things than being that sort of ass.

MR. MORLAND—I expect we're going the same way.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS—No, we ain't. Good-night. [He drives off.]

MR. MORLAND—Sulky brute, old Edwards. By Jove, I'm well out of that!—Black and White.

Lost—An Appetite!

If you have lost your appetite it will return to you if you apply to a druggist or general dealer who sells Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When you are in possession of this helpful tonic, you have a restorer of appetite which is unfailing and prompt. Moreover, it restores digestion as well as appetite, and regulates the digestive organs, liver and kidneys, and protects you from malaria and rheumatism.

OLD FAVORITES.

Titmarsh's Carmen Lillitosee.

LILLE, September 2, 1843.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

With twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel—
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—
To troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gayly passed the Belgic bounds
At Quétrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,
And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch—my purse was lost,
O heaven! Why came I oot by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile, a loan of guineas too
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma,
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel),
But where I went and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
Besides, I left my watch at home!
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"La note!" at times the guests will say,
I turo as white as cold boiled veal;
I turo and look anther way,
I dare not ask the hill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say:
"Good sir, I can not pay your bill!"
He thioks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet wheo he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspire from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise;
How can I, without cash, at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burniog hot
By cafés where in heer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille.

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille;
O gracious gods, it makes me sick,
It is the prison-house of Lille!

O cursed prison, strong and harred,
It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays—
I turn away at his appeal!
Ah, church-door beggar, go thy ways!
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
And at a Popish altar kneel?
Oh, do not leave me to the lurch,
I'll cry, ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins, dressed in satio hoops,
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
Look kindly down! Before you stoops
The miserablist man in Lille!

And lo! as I behold with awe
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma!—
It did I—and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
Although I could not pay my meal:
I hasten hack into the street
Where lies my ino, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand—
A letter, with a well-known seal?—
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand—
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Civil engineers say the wings of the butterfly display the greatest possible lightness combined with the greatest possible strength.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



National Prize of
16,600 fr.
SIX GOLD MEDALS
at
Vienna,
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Nice,
etc.

QUINA-LAROUCHE
AN INVIGORATING TONIC.
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan Wine.
For General Debility, Fever & Ague,
Poeness of the Blood, etc. & Ague,
E. Fougere & Co.,
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New York.

SOZODONT

A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT

which makes the teeth as white and as radiant as polished porcelain, and contains oco ingredient that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.

The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in their praises of

SOZODONT

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE NOW
YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
\$12 Sewing Machine, perfect working, reliable,
finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work,
with a complete set of fully latest improved attachments.
FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 3 years. They
direct from our factory, and save dealer and agent
profits. Send for CATALOGUE. Mention paper.
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SOUVENIR PLAYING CARDS
Views of all Buildings in Colors.
A Regular Playing Card
Price, by Mail, - - - \$0.50
With gilt edges, fancy case, 1.00
Agents Wanted. Address,
THE WINTERS ART LITHO. CO.,
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PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE FRENCH CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of
duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war.
Survivors of the Indian wars of 1853 to 1842, and
their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims
a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates.
Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee
until successful.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When a member of the Church Congress at Manchester argued that the introduction of the custom of cremation would endanger belief in the resurrection of the dead, the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked: "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"

James McNeil Whistler was being bored some time ago by a great admirer of Sir Frederick Leighton, recently made president of the Royal Academy. The enthusiast enumerated a long list of this Admirable Crichton's accomplishments. "Yes," interrupted Whistler, dreamily, "and I believe he paints a little, too."

Some years ago, when Irving was playing "Faust" at the Lyceum, in the part of Mephistopheles, he descends through a trap-door in a cloud of flame; while doing so the trap jammed for some reason, and a voice from the "gods" immediately called out: "Hurrah, boys! Hell's full! There's no room for us!" Mephisto was forced to smile.

Little Billy came in one afternoon from an assembly of the children of the neighborhood, with his clothes pierced, above and below, with a great many little holes. "For pity's sake!" exclaimed his mother, "what's happened to you?" "Oh," said Billy, "we've only been playing grocery-store, and everybody was something in it. I was the Swiss cheese!"

They had asked Dr. Sandblast, the eminent surgeon, to carve the festal fowl, and he stood over it with the carving-knife held delicately in the first position. "The incision, you will observe, gentlemen," he began, dreamily, "commences a little to the left of the median line, and—oh, excuse me, Mrs. Parmalee, I thought I was in the—may I help you to a little of the fennel?"

One of the sovereign people broke a chair over his wife's head. When taken to jail and conversed with by the chaplain, he displayed a good deal of repentance. He said he "was very sorry that he had permitted his anger to obtain the mastery of him and to suffer him to do such an act, for the chair was a good one, an heirloom in his family, and he knew he never could replace it."

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words, "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."

There is a certain member of the Chicago bar who is noted for his low, weak voice and unobtrusive way. On one occasion the gifted Emery A. Storrs came into the office and inquired for this man. A clerk said he was out. "Oh, no," said Mr. Storrs, "he is in the inner room." "How do you know that?" asked the clerk, alarmed by the guess. "How do I know it?" answered Storrs: "why, it is so damn still!"

In a Williamsburg, N. C., justice court, a prisoner was charged with the larceny of a bottle of beer from a bar-room. He objected to being tried before the justice, and asked that his case be heard by some other justice of the peace. The court demanded his grounds of objection, to which the prisoner replied that he did not propose to be tried for stealing beer from a bar-room before a magistrate who was in the habit of dead-beating for drinks around the bar-rooms of that township. To this the court, with great dignity and emphasis, replied: "You accuse me of doing that? Then you are a d—d liar, and I fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

A prominent Methodist clergyman, who now resides in San Francisco, tells this incident which occurred in a Pullman sleeper, while riding through Iowa. As the train passed over the State line into Iowa, a seal was put on the liquor side-board in the buffet, and the clergyman, wishing to test the enforcement of the prohibition law, called the porter and asked him if he could get a little whisky. "Oh, yes, sah," said the porter. "And how about a little

wine?" queried the minister. "I think I can fix you, sah," was the prompt and whispered reply. "But," continued the reverend gentleman, "how about prohibition in Iowa?" "Oh," said the porter, with a knowing wink, "we always pick our men, sah."

Upon one occasion, an actor, who rarely knew his part, deliberately posed through an entire act of "Julius Caesar" (says the *Amusement Globe*), and left the responsibility of the scene upon the shoulders of his colleagues. They managed to pull through without him by incorporating his lines into their own parts, and when the curtain dropped, they went in a body to the culprit's dressing-room. He was calmly reading a newspaper when the door was hurst open. "Well, sir," said the irate star, "what do you mean by placing us in such a predicament?" "What are you talking about?" said the actor. "What am I talking about? That scene, sir." "What was the matter with it?" "Why, you never once opened your mouth; didn't speak a single line, sir." "Didn't, eh! Well, by Jove! do you know, it struck me the scene hung fire."

In an Episcopal boarding-school, not long ago, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer-book, and appeared to be examining its contents. The rector then arose and began reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin; the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

The story is told at Homburg of a young man who is more popular than rich, and who was one day asked to dine with a royal party on the common understanding that each was to pay for himself—otherwise, that it was a "Dutch treat," as the Americans term it, or a "Homburg dinner," as the English call it. The hero treated himself lightly, with due respect to his pocket, while the others, to whom money was no object, regaled themselves handsomely. When the dinner was over, the young man was just preparing to pay his modest share of the entertainment, when a loud voice came from the end of the table, saying: "What is the good of making all these bills? Let us have it all upon one bill, and then divide it up equally!" Under the circumstances there was no saying "No," and the economist had to pay his share of the good fare from which he had carefully abstained.

Captain Barden, a Missouri man, was quite a sportsman, and, on one of his hunting excursions, his skiff was stolen or got adrift, leaving him about twenty miles above his home. He concluded to make a raft and float down. He lashed together four small logs, five or six feet long, in the form of a square, laid a piece of plank across, and then placed a discarded keg in the middle; then he got a newspaper, and, lighting his pipe, shoved off into the stream. Floating swiftly along, he passed in front of a negro cabin. The old negro stood on the bank and hailed him: "Whar yo' goin', cap'n, on dat 'ting?" "Goin' to St. Louis!" "Goin' on dat kag!" "Yes!" "Fo' Gord!" was all the astonished negro could say. The captain, rather wondering at the negro, looked at his feet and found that on account of his weight and the water-soaked condition of the logs, they had disappeared beneath the surface of the water, leaving nothing but the keg to show upon what he was riding. Not at all disconcerted, however, he continued his voyage and arrived home in safety.

The Nurse's Delight.

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or stiffness of the joints, and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally. Just such a remedy are ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfectly simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not weaken the bowels.

All live druggists sell Steedman's Soothing powders.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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The Wise Man Knows

That he must spend money in order to make money. He also knows that he must spend it judiciously.

During Hard Times

The merchant who makes money is the one who advertises. The advertisement is at work for him while he sleeps and brings him business from places where he would never go.

To Make Money,

He selects the best medium for his advertisement; the one that reaches well-to-do people who are likely to become his customers. He also selects a medium where his advertisement will be seen.

Experience Proves

That the newspaper is the best advertising medium, and that among papers the weekly is the best. If you would be prosperous, carefully consider these facts.

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SOLID TRAINS Equipped with Pullman Buffet Sleeping-Cars, Free Re-orienting-Chair Cars.

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United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....October 18th | Britannic.....November 8th
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Sept. 7, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9.45 P. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Eureka, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8.45 P. |
| 10.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Eureka, Knight's Clanding, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10.15 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San Jose. | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, for Yosemite, and Fresno. | 10.4 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose. | 7.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10.15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos. | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2.45 P. |
| 7.30 A. | San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations. | 8.33 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6.26 P. |
| 9.30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 2.27 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San Jose and Way Stations. | 5.06 P. |
| 12.05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San Jose and principal Way Stations. | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8.06 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San Jose and Way Stations. | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7.26 P. |

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon):

SS. San Juan.....October 3d
SS. Colombia.....October 13th
SS. San Jose.....October 23d
SS. Acapulco.....November 3d

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Peru.....Saturday, Sept. 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Thursday, October 19, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.....Thursday, October 26, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, November 9, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight and Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1893.

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu), Tuesday, October 10

Gaelic.....Thursday, November 2

Belge.....Thursday, November 30

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu), Tuesday, December 19

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICR, Traffic Manager.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska,

9 A. M., August 18, 28, September 12, 27, October 12, 27.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, August 18, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles (San Monica), Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport every fourth and fifth day, at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1, 2, 3. THREE POZZONI'S TINTS



The ideals of life and conduct in the days when Holcraft and Sheridan wrote their quaint and racy comedies must have been very different to the ideals of the day of De Mille and Belasco and Bronson Howard.

De Mille and Belasco would hold up to popular scorn and horror a man who would marry for her money the fairest and fondest of heiresses. Holcraft, as the last touch of heroism in an elegant and fascinating hero, makes him seek to retrieve the shattered fortunes of his house by marrying an old, vain, ugly, and selfish widow. When the ancient and honorable banking-house of the Dorntons is on the verge of failure, Harry Dornton, whose extravagances have precipitated his father's ruin, shows himself a hero and a martyr by dashing off to the Widow Warren, offering himself to her, and, while he presses several ecstatic kisses upon her highly rouged and aged cheek, begs of her to give him all the ready money she has on hand to save off the creditors of the firm. Thus does Harry Dornton show himself a man of heroism and honor, and make amends for the errors of his gay and frivolous career.

The comedy writers of the early part of this and the end of the last century had a horror of prigs. They abhorred this species even as Rudyard Kipling does. Their *jeune premiers* were all of a piece—gay, debonaire, witty, neither oversentimental, nor overdelicate, invariably spendthrifts, and with a sense of honor that fluctuated conveniently to the possessor's feelings at the moment. This type of hero was invented and made the fashion by Congreve, who could not imagine a man worthy to be the central figure of a comedy unless he was "witty as Horatius Flaccus" and unprincipled as Lovelace. Villains were not in his line, but the gay gentlemen who swagger with so much daring and devil-may-care brilliance through his pages were not of that type which Evadne Fraying thought alone worthy of a woman's regard.

The standard has certainly progressed, for even the hero of Holcraft's day is a pretty poor stick as compared to the magnificent, spirited, manly, high-souled hero of ours. A modern comedy which presented Harry Dornton as a hero would not meet with a warm reception. In fact, a more contemptible young man could not well be imagined. In his love-making with Sophia, he shows himself a gay gallant of an even commoner kind than those that Sheridan and Goldsmith drew, and when the author wanted to right him in the eyes of the audience, after having shown him as a low form of ordinary spendthrift, he makes him perform a prodigy of self-sacrifice in offering to marry a hideous old widow, whom he cajoles and compliments until she promises to give him most of her fortune.

"The Road to Ruin" is the only play of Holcraft's which has lived. Out of the enormous mass of translations, novels, melodramas, and comedies which this extraordinary man produced, this single comedy has alone survived. It was said of him that at about the time he began to write for the stage he so keenly felt his inability to write knowingly of ladies and gentlemen, their manners, customs, ways of speech, and life, that he tried to get a position as secretary or valet to some ambassador, and failing this took as the next best situation in which to learn the ways of the gay world the post of Paris correspondent to a London journal. Whether he ever did see the life of fashion, he certainly overcame his hesitation in writing about it, and the playwright who had been a horse-boy, whose earliest recollections were of his father's shoemaker's shop and of his mother selling greens and oysters in the streets of London; who had peddled pottery through the country districts, slept under hedges, hawked tapes, and pins, and needles through the London by-ways, broken in horses at Newmarket, been a strolling player, a poor actor, a poorer author, succeeded in creating in the Widow Warren an admirable picture of the vain, selfish, avaricious, withered old belle, who is an outcome of the fashionable life and is to be found in no other.

The Widow Warren is a plain, unvarnished picture of a dreadful old woman. Holcraft attempted no idealizing in his one successful comedy. She is a less conventional stage-figure than any of the others. Old Dornton, for example, is a real, heavy father of the old style, just as his son is the regulation, fascinating scapegrace of the plays of the day. The usurer and the horsey man, whom it is probable Holcraft had no difficulty in drawing, having his Newmarket experiences to draw on, are both to be found in the plays and the novels of the period. The Widow Warren is a picture, drawn to the life with a hand that for once drew truly and strongly,

To this sportive old person Mrs. John Drew lends all her extraordinary humor, spirit, and vivacity. Mrs. Drew is really the cleverest of her entire family. She is a wonderful old lady, for not only does she continue to be a shining light in her profession when most old actresses are content to sit at home and knit stockings and indulge in memories of their brilliant days, but her art seems to improve with the flight of time. Her Mrs. Malaprop had undoubtedly ripened, had gained in depths of humor and richness of color, since she became celebrated in the part some years ago. And now her Widow Warren has a spirit, a vivacity, a freshness about it that is not often seen in the portrayals of young actresses at the height of their fame. The suggestion of personal enjoyment of her work, of intense appreciation of the delightful humorfulness of the situation, is most unusual. And the extraordinary alertness, the life and vitality that show so richly through the fabric of her art, make her performance one of the most keenly enjoyable that the play-goer has seen. One realizes when one sees this old lady going through her part with the intense, deliberate enjoyment with which a child goes through its games at play, how really few actors and actresses have this depth of interest and artistic pleasure in their work. To many it is a business that they go to conscientiously, but without pleasure. To some, an irksome task that they discharge as well as may be when there is no intense interest taken in it. To how few is it a dearly loved and gladly followed art?

The Widow Warren, though she was a despicable old woman, was yet so intensely and so unconsciously humorous that you could not help laughing at her even in her most detestable moments. The ebullitions of her perfectly immovable and complacent self-satisfaction, accentuated by little, casual, low-voiced remarks of languid self-commendation, were irresistibly amusing. Her appearance was a triumph—the gracefully conscious peacock walk, the elaborately gorgeous dress, the curled and frizzed coiffure, with one large, red curl depending coquettishly from behind her ear and resting upon her neck, and a single pink rose nestling effectively among the crimps. Never was there a more perfect picture of the old, rouged, painted, and perfumed belle, who believes that her autumnal beauty is as potent in its power to charm as it was in its dazzling heyday when it achieved the conquest of "my dear, little, old, dead man."

One of the most delightful touches in the performance is that when the Widow Warren pictures herself at a ball as the bride of Goldfinch. Of course her programme will be immediately filled. "Then as she promenades she will see the three Miss Jones sitting against the wall, as they have done for the last ten years; and she, with a bewitching air, extending a small, languid hand, cries patronizingly, 'Won't you come and dance, dears, I would so like you for a *vis-à-vis*—knowing perfectly they couldn't get a partner to save their lives.' The malice, the biting meanness, with which this is said is masterly. If Holcraft was ignorant of the detail of fashionable life, he was certainly not so of the effect it produces in the minds of the women who are its sworn devotees. The picture of the Widow Warren's caustic joy in lodging a shaft in the dejected hearts of the partnerless Misses Jones, showed the ex-stable-boy to be enough of a student of the human comedy to know the mental attitude of the Widow Warrens of the world, whether they be strolling players, or small peddlers, or rich ladies of the fashionable life.

Most of Holcraft's other comedies were written for the players of his day, for Lewis, and Munden, and Quick. The actors who made them having passed away, the plays have passed with them. "The Road to Ruin" has alone lived as a representative comedy of the time that is bright enough in dialogue and has one or two parts good enough to warrant its occasional revival. It will probably not long outlive the century. Yet its fruity, old-world flavor, its strangely improbable story, its queer characters, so odd and quaint to our *fin-de-siècle* eyes, have a peculiar attractiveness. Harry Dornton's subservient and obedient attitude to his choleric old father, Sophia's simplicity, her desire for a valentine, her frank avowal of her love and anger, the servant-girl's intimacy with and interest in the fate of her employers, Goldfinch's treatment of the money-lender—all lend to the comedy the passing illusion of a picturesque and by-gone day.

Especially credit is due to Clarence Holt for his remarkable mastery of the character of young Dornton, for which he was cast only twenty-four hours before the performance. Mr. Holt has an admirable voice, deep and full, and hardly stumbled once in his lines. Mrs. Sidney Drew also did well with the part of Sophia, investing it with a subtle, indescribable picturesqueness, the very quality which was so strikingly lacking in her Lydia Langush. She looked very well, and took the part of an extremely ingenuous young girl of seventeen without overacting the ingenuousness or making the character seem idiotically juvenile.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 2d: Rosina Vokes in comedy at the Baldwin; the stock company in "Fatinitza" at the Tivoli; Katie Emmett in "Killarney"; and "The Countess."

—H. C. MASSIE, Dentist. Will return October 5th. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Rosina Vokes's bill for her first week at the Baldwin will be "My Friend Jarlet," which is new, "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and "The Circus Rider," the three plays to be given at each performance.

Clyde Fitch has adapted for Marie Wainwright Sardo's "Maison Neuve," which, as adapted by Sidney Grundy with the title "A House of Cards," has had a great success in London. Mr. Fitch's version localizes the story in New York, and is called "The Social Swim."

The Chicago papers—Jessie Bartlett Davis is a native of Chicago and the wife of Will J. Davis, a prominent manager there—say that the Bostonians have conceded to the pretty contralto the increase of salary she wanted, the costs of her traveling, and the expense of her costumes, and that now she is probably the best-paid contralto on the English-speaking stage.

The Vokes season at the Baldwin is to last four weeks, and, in addition to the plays announced for the first week, the repertoire to be presented includes "Dream Faces" (new), "That Lawyer's Fee" (new), "Maid Marian" (new), "Lesson in Love," "Fun in a Fog—Up to Date" (new), "A Cozy Couple" (new), "My Milliner's Bill," and others.

"Ship Ahoy," which has been proving itself something of a record-breaker at the Tivoli, is being presented in a condensed form, in New York. It is at the Union Square Theatre, which last week inaugurated a season of continuous vaudeville, commencing with "Ship Ahoy" at two o'clock in the afternoon and continuing until the usual hour for closing theatres in the evening.

"A Pantomime Rehearsal," as it will be presented on Monday night, has been largely re-written, and includes several new features since it was last seen here. Among these are a shadow-dance by Miss Vokes, in which she creates much fun by her efforts to keep in the calcium light, and a pretty trio and dance, entitled "The Diplomatic Fairies," written for Miss Vokes by Brandon Thomas.

On Monday night, when Miss Vokes is renewing her acquaintance with San Franciscans at the Baldwin, Felix Morris—whose place in her company has been taken by C. D. Marius—will make his debut as a star in Chicago in a production of a new play by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The play is called "Evergreen," the action takes place in the South in 1847, and Mr. Morris's part is described as "brisk, not brusque—of the whole-souled, jocular kind."

There seems to be no doubt that "Fatinitza" will be put on at the Tivoli next week. "Ship Ahoy" seems not to have lost its drawing power, but it has run for six weeks now, and the policy of the house is against a longer run. The characters have been distributed as follows:

Count Kanchukoff, Ferris Hartman; Vladimir, Fanny Liddard; Julian Hardy, Phil. Branson; Isset Pasha, George Olmi; Mustapha, Thomas C. Leary; Steppan, M. Cornell; Captain Vasil Staravieff, Frank Ridsdale; Lieutenant Ossip Selanoff, Carrie Roma; Vinka, George Harris; Hassan Bey, G. Napoleon; Princess Lydia, Gracie Plasted; Marsalshi, Julia Simmons; Hanna, Gretchen Hirsch.

Planquette's romantic opera, "Rip Van Winkle," is announced to follow "Fatinitza," and "Pepita" is in preparation.

At every performance during the first week of Rosina Vokes's engagement at the Baldwin, three one-act plays are to be given: "My Friend Jarlet," which is new here, "The Circus Rider," and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," with the following casts of characters:

Jarlet, M. C. D. Marius; Paul, E. Vernon; Prussian Officer, Walter Granville; Marie, Miss Marie Hillier; Lord Weldon, Ernest A. Elton; Latmer, Ferdinand Gotschalk; Lord Merton, Walter Granville; Lady Lucile Grafton, Miss Rosina Vokes. Jack Deedes, Ferdinand Gotschalk; Tomkins, Joseph Rolfe; Captain Tom Robinson, Walter Granville; Sir Charles Grandison, Ernest A. Elton; Sir Frederick Verisopht, E. Vernon; Baron de Rataplan, M. C. D. Marius; Lady Mariel Beauchere, Miss Follott Paget; Miss Violet, Miss Blanche Burton; Miss May, Miss Evangeline Irving; Miss Rose, Miss Marie Hillier; Miss Lily, Miss Rosina Vokes.

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Ada—"Are you going to sue him for breach of promise?" Elsie—"No; my lawyer says I haven't any case. You see, Dick always signed his letters 'Without recourse.'"—Life.

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At 9—THE CIRCUS RIDER.

At 10—A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

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Saturday Pop Concert

Takes place To-Day (Saturday), at 3 P. M.

MR. VICTOR CARROLL, Vocalist.

MR. SIGMUND BEEL, Soloist.

Admission.....50 Cents

"WEEKLY BULLETIN,"

September 9th, 1893.

"A Tale of Two Oceans"

E. I. Barra, a pioneer San Franciscan, here narrates with a minuteness that will delight all lovers of pioneer reminiscences, the details of his voyage from Philadelphia to San Francisco in the ship *Samson*. He calls his tale "a new story by an old Californian," and dedicates it to Dr. W. J. Younger.

The *Samson* left Philadelphia in October, 1849, and arrived at this port May 4, 1850. It was a long voyage, but good-fellowship generally prevailed, and life-long friendships were formed among the passengers. The author kept a diary during the voyage, and it is from these notes that the present narrative is elaborated.

The voyage included stops at Rio and Crusoe's Island of Juan Fernandez. While the tale makes no pretense to great literary merit, it is well told, and must interest all fellow-Argonauts of those stirring early days of California.

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THE DEXTER FOLDER.

A Few Words to Publishers and Printers.

In no branch of the printing business has a greater advance been made than in folding machinery. Whether attached to a press or operated separately, it is a source of wonder to the person who sees it in operation for the first time. By ingenious arrangements of tapes and knives, the sheet of paper is caught, carried through the various parts of the machine, and finally delivered folded, pasted, and trimmed.

Some time ago the *Argonaut* found that its rapidly growing circulation made an increase in the facilities of the press-room necessary. The machinery then in use, with a capacity of two thousand copies an hour, was inadequate to the needs of the paper, and the purchase of new machinery became necessary. After thorough investigation of the merits of the various folding-machines, it was decided to place an order with the Dexter Folder Company of Fulton, N. Y., for one of their improved machines. It was built to be attached and made part of a new press, but can be run either attached or independently. The simplicity of its construction may be gathered from the fact that it was set up and put in perfect running order by the foreman of the *Argonaut* press-room, and has ever since given perfect satisfaction.

This machine may be fed by hand or may be attached to the press, thus rendering a separate operator unnecessary. By an ingenious device, not found in folders of any other make, each sheet is automatically straightened both on the end and the side at the guides of the first fold, thus assuring accuracy even when the sheet is not fed straight on the machine by the operator. A further adjustment at the guides of each fold corrects any inaccuracy there may be in the travel of the sheet on the tapes. The same device corrects any mistakes there may be in the delivery of the sheets to the folder when it is attached to the press.

Another convenient and important feature of this folder is the fact that all the adjustments can be conveniently reached, and thus it is an easy matter for the operator to adjust to the desired size of sheet or to the number of folds. The sheet may be folded into four, eight, or sixteen pages, and then, by means of an insert or a cover, two, four, or eight pages may be added. As there are pasting and trimming attachments at each fold, the machine turns out complete papers of from four to twenty-four pages as desired. With such a machine every page of the paper is of equal value to advertisers, and the old complaint against the use of supplements is done away with.

This Dexter machine has now been in operation for nine months and has given abundant satisfaction in every way. The Dexter Folder Company also makes other styles of machines for other classes of work. In their exhibit at the World's Fair there are seven different kinds of folding-machines in operation, and they attract marked attention from visitors. They make to-day the only machine that will fold and paste a two or four-page insert into an eight-page paper, pasting and trimming the whole complete.

Ten years ago, Mr. Dexter, who is a practical pressman and mechanic, produced the first folding-machine that could be attached to a press. Folding-machines had then been on the market for twenty-five years, but they were so slow in operation and so expensive as to be practically useless. The average speed was eleven hundred an hour, and the sheets had to be fed to points. The improved Dexter folder may be fed by hand, as already stated, and its speed is practically unlimited. Mr. Dexter gives his personal attention to the business constantly, and thus he has been able to overcome defects that are serious drawbacks to other machines.

One of the most perfect of the folders of this company is that intended for fine book-work, to which there is attached an electrical automatic adjustment insuring perfect register. One of these improved double-sixteen-point-feed book-folders has lately been put into the establishment of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is well known that this firm, when supplying their needs in the way of folding machinery, invariably place their order for the very best, and this fact should do much to establish the claim made by the Dexter Company as to the superiority of their folding machines. This order was the result of the favorable impression made by a personal investigation of the Dexter folding machines while on exhibition at the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association held at Boston recently. The Dexter folder was awarded a silver medal, that being the highest award for folding machinery.

This company report that in spite of the dull times they have been able to keep the shop running at almost full capacity. In fact, in the way of special book-folding machinery, there has never been a time when they could keep up with their orders, and on September 1st, they had over twelve thousand dollars' worth of machines under way that were ordered. The Dexter Company will be glad to send their new catalogue to any one wishing it. This catalogue is generally admitted to be the finest piece of work, from an artistic standpoint, ever issued by any manufacturer of printing machinery.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Cholly—"I weally love you more than any ooe in the world!" Penelope—"You forget yourself!"—*Vogue*.

He—"How long should a man know a girl before proposing?" She—"That depends on his income."—*Raymond's Monthly*.

Bagley—"Did you ever try squaring the circle?" Brace—"I did not; but I tried to get square with a wheel of fortune, once."—*Puck*.

He—"Why do you wear the ring if it is too small and hurts your finger?" She—"Oh, it's my wedding-ring, and helps me to remember."—*Life*.

Mr. Watts—"I wonder if a woman ever does get too old to marry?" Mrs. Watts—"That's pretty hard to answer. Age does not always bring wisdom."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I've been riding on the Elevated for five years, and I've never offered a lady a seat." "Then you've never had any manners." "That isn't it. I've never yet had a seat."—*Life*.

He (facetiously)—"So you are going abroad? Do you expect to marry a count or a baron?" She (seriously)—"It depends on their relative values. Papa has limited me to a certain sum, you know."—*Judge*.

"Didn't you tell me, when I helped you years ago," said Downattheheel to Upintheair, "that you'd always remember it, and that you'd share your last crust with me?" "I certainly did; and I will when I get to it."—*Life*.

The broad brim: "Is there no hope for me, Miss Edythe? Can I never hope to be closer, oearer than I am now?" said he. "No," replied she, softly—"no, Mr. Smith, not unless you take off your hat." And he did.—*Truth*.

Maud—"Jack tells me that he has never loved any one before." Ethel—"Well, excuse me for telling you, but he and I were once engaged." Maud—"Oh, I didn't ask him about engagements. I only asked him about love."—*Judge*.

Editor Woman's Home Queen—"These jokes are old; I read them when I was a young girl." Humorist (anxiously and persuasively)—"But, surely, that can't be so very long ago?" Editor (with dignity)—"However, I think we can find a place for them. I'll take them."—*Puck*.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you," said Mrs. Chugwater. "He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mr. de Broker—"The bills my wife sends me from the summer resorts are ruinous." Mr. de Sharp—"My wife didn't remain away two weeks." Mr. de Broker—"Eh? How did you manage it?" Mr. de Sharp—"Hired a fellow to type-write my letters to her, and scented the paper with violet."—*New York Weekly*.

The enraptured young man drew the shapely head, with its golden curls, close to his heart. "Do you hear it thro, darling?" he asked. "Yes, Harold." "What does it seem to say?" he whispered. The dear girl listened a moment, and answered softly: "It says 'tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, Harold.'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Mulcahey—"Shure, docther, and is it thure that little Jimmy O'Toole bit yore termomty in two and swallowed the mercury?" Doctor—"Yes, my dear madam, it is; and the hoy is dead." Mrs. Mulcahey—"Shure, docther, an' it were a cold day for Jimmy, poor hye, whin the mercury went down." Doctor—"Yes, madam, he died by degrees."—*Hot Springs Medical Journal*.

"Were you ever shot in the war, colonel?" asked the young woman of the warrior, after listening to some of his exceedingly blood-curdling reminiscences of the late unpleasantness. "Once only. A bullet struck me right here," putting his hand directly over his heart. "Dear me!" she cried; "why didn't it kill you? That is where your heart is." "True," returned the colonel, "it is where my heart is now, but at the time I was shot, fortunately enough, my heart was in my mouth."—*Harper's Magazine*.

G. A. R. Notice

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

DCCXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 1, 1893.

Mullagatwny Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Anchovies.
Broiled Quail. Fried Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes. Oyster Plant.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
String Bean Salad.
Palac Sint. Fruits. Coffee.

PALAC SINT.—Make a rich biscuit-dough and roll it out on the molding-board about as thick as pie-crust. Spread with hot butter, then use strawberries or any other fruit for filling, and sweeten well. Then roll it up the same way as you do a jelly-cake, and cut in strips or pieces about five inches long; pinch the ends together to keep the fruit from cooking out, then put the pieces in a well-buttered pan and bake them well, so they will brown delicately on both sides. They may be eaten with whipped cream.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Your grocer has it if he keeps the best. The new package has Rose Gelatine in top.

Her maiden speech: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Crystal Baths.

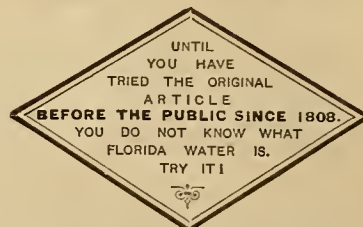
Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Elderly female—"A gentleman has lately confessed his love to me." Gentleman—"Is that so? And whom does he love?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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Skookum Root Hair Grower

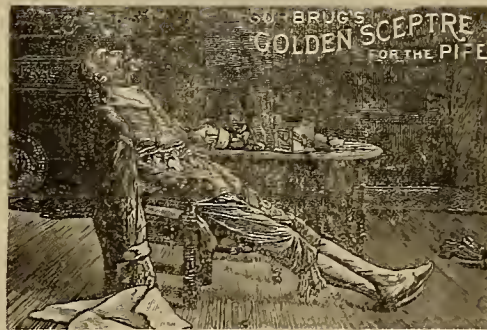
Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Skin Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c. per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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the bill which has been introduced in the Senate to make train-robbery a Federal offense ought to become a law. In consideration of the urgent necessity which exists for its passage, even the ancient State's-Rights Democrats of the st. test sect of the decentralizers should be willing to stretch Congress's constitutional privilege of regulating commerce between the States sufficiently to cover this crime, which has been in its prevalence a disgrace to the nation. California had a recent experience of the inability of county and State authorities to deal with train-robbers promptly, energetically, and deterrently. The crimes of Evans and Sontag and their long immunity from arrest, have placed this State in a most humiliating light before the country. The

adventures of these scoundrels have deepened everywhere the obstinate belief that California is socially still what she was in the pistol-wearing, lawless, and picturesque days of the placer-mines. How useful the persistence, the augmentation, of such a reputation is to a community which invites capital from abroad to invest in its resources should be obvious, one would think, even to the understanding of the agriculturist of Fresno and Visalia. But it is not apparent that the agricultural intelligence comprehends the damage which such an incident works the State. After Evans and Sontag had robbed the train, they added several murders to their crime against property, intrenched themselves in the mountains, even taking the aggressive against their pursuers and issuing defiant proclamations through the press. They had the cordial sympathy and protection of the people among whom they were encamped, and were taken only when one had been shot to death and the other deprived of a hand and an eye in a pitched battle. The authorities of the county which these sanguinary thieves roamed were either unable or unwilling to capture them. The sheriff was a candidate for reelection, and the malefactors had many friends who were also voters. The State could not intervene with force until invited by the sheriff, and the State was not invited. The criminals were hunted and shot down by men who had no other motive for their perilous work than the money reward, most of which was offered by the corporations that had suffered in purse by the depredations of the villains. Justice, law, the commonwealth, were served only because such service was inseparable from the capture of the pair and the reward.

Sontag is dead, and Evans is in jail at Fresno awaiting trial. Is there one man in twenty of California's population who believes a jury can be found in Fresno to send this man to the gallows? How many think it possible to convict him even of the train-robbery. It is undeniable that this vulgar thief and murderer is a popular character with a large proportion of the people of the San Joaquin Valley. And why? Primarily because he stopped and robbed a train of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. In consideration of his choice of a victim, the criminality of his act is forgiven—even exulted in by not a few. This blindness to the moral aspect of a criminal deed, because the hated Southern Pacific suffered, is not confined, either, to the populace of the San Joaquin. For some weeks the wife and daughter of this bloody ruffian have been performing at one of San Francisco's minor theatres in a play which exhibits the murders done by himself and his late partner. Great crowds have packed the play-house, and every speech against the law and its officers, every jeer leveled at the Southern Pacific, has been delightedly applauded by the audiences.

Serious men can not but be concerned at such phenomena. They throw an alarming light upon the intellectual and moral condition of the masses. A community in which a criminal is sure of popular pardon if he robs an unpopular corporation or murders an unpopular man, has not the right to be considered civilized. The sympathetic rustics of the San Joaquin and the applauding San Francisco mob are stupid as well as vicious. They are too dull to perceive that by making a hero of their train-robber and assassin they elevate the detested Southern Pacific into a representative of law and order, and render its cause identical with that of every man who holds that government should secure the citizen in his life and the peaceful possession of his property.

The strong hand of the central government is required for the suppression of the train-robber, not only in California, but throughout the Union. In most communities there are elements whose admiration for the daring of criminals of this class is mixed with envious hatred of wealthy corporations. These elements are too apt to find representation on juries, and the influence of local sentiment frequently saves the robbers from punishment. Criminals have a salutary dread of the United States Government. The highwayman who stops a stage will usually respect the United States mailbags and content himself with the express company's treasure-box and the valuables of the passengers. He knows that

should he meddle with the mail, he will, if arrested, be tried by a court whose judge is appointed for life, and, therefore, has not one eye on the polls and the other on the statutes. He knows that he will confront a jury that has been drawn in a locality to which he is a stranger, and before whom his crime will stand out nakedly, unsoftened by any influence of neighborhood prejudices on the jurymen's mind. He knows that conviction will be inexorably followed by the sentence of life imprisonment. So the "road-agent" respects the United States mail. If the mail not only, but all property and life in mail-trains were under Federal protection, the race of miscreants of which Evaos is a fair type would vanish from existence, or such individuals as survived would swiftly find themselves behind penitentiary bars instead of reclining at ease in county jails waiting for trial and acquittal at the hands of their admiring peers.

The Argonaut trusts that the general expectation of Evans's escape from justice will not be warranted by the event. His fellow-anti-monopolists of Fresno and the contiguous San Joaquin region ought to have their eyes open to their own material interests, even if they are closed to more abstract considerations embraced by the moral code of men who have emerged from barbarism. Lawlessness in the Southern States has kept from them capital and the influx of industrious, peace-loving, and home-building immigrants. A locality in which a creature like this red-handed ruffian can be viewed as an object of romantic interest and an exponent of the prevailing sentiment regarding the rights of corporations can hardly be deemed other than a good locality to keep away from by every man who has objections to defending his property with a shotgun.

The debate in the Senate on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Bill has now lasted for over five weeks without a vote being reached. But it has at least convinced the people of the Eastern States and their representatives in Congress that there are two sides to every question. The opponents of silver clamored for "repeal without debate." But the debate went on all the same, and we think that there is a change perceptible in public sentiment.

The people of the East have been accustomed to the use of paper money. They think there is no money but paper. Gold and silver they know not. They have become blind to the necessity of a metallic basis for the currency of the country, and to the inadequate supply of gold alone for this purpose. As a result of the protracted struggle in the Senate, however, a change in their attitude toward the coinage question is apparent. They no longer look upon unconditional repeal as essential to the continued prosperity of the country. They realize the necessity for some compromise. Some such change in the bill now pending before the Senate will undoubtedly be made before it becomes a law. Significant of this changed attitude is the action of the manufacturers of Philadelphia. Recently they met and pledged their support to the silver senators in opposing unconditional repeal in return for the support of the latter in opposing the Democratic free-trade revolution. Such a coalition is calculated to further two worthy objects.

While it has taken these Eastern people a long time to see that silver must be retained in the coinage, their realization of it is a long step in advance. The Sherman law was a make-shift—an ill-digested and ineffective compromise. It provided for the purchase of silver, but it provided no outlet for it, with the result that silver, in bullion and dollars, accumulated in the Treasury vaults and did not circulate among the people. That it is the true policy of this country to provide for an enlarged use of silver in the coinage is undoubted. Gold alone can not satisfy the commercial requirements of the country.

Senator Perkins has proposed a plan of relief closely resembling that which has been urged by the Argonaut from the first. His plan is to let the half-eagle be retired from circulation and to let no paper money of less denomination than five dollars be issued. Thus silver would be used throughout the whole country instead of in a limited section, as at present, for all money payments of less than five dol-

lars, and it would further divide the field with paper in all transactions involving less than ten dollars. This plan of Senator Perkins differs from that of the *Argonaut* in substituting paper for gold in the five-dollar issue. This change is, in our opinion, not an improvement, for the more closely the coinage of the country approximates an exclusively metal basis, the more stable it will be and the more fully it will meet the requirements of a circulating medium. However, it does away in part with the objection to the bulkiness of silver upon which the people of the Eastern States lay so much stress. On the Pacific Coast, where coin is used to the exclusion of all kinds of paper money, the trivial nature of this objection is apparent, but it will evidently require time to educate those accustomed to the use of paper money. The adoption of this plan will furnish an outlet for practically all the silver produced in this country, and the coinage should be limited to silver of domestic production.

The great warm heart of the Irish people has been saddened by "Ireland's Day" at the World's Fair. Melancholy has come upon the proud and sensitive race, not because of what happened at Chicago on that occasion, so rich in promise, but because of what did not happen. It was expected that there would be many rows. On the programme of probabilities were (1) the insulting and silencing of Lord Mayor Shanks, of Dublin, should he in his address make any respectful references to Great Britain, and (2) a grand battle with fists, stones, bottles, and shillalahs between the McCarthyites and the Parnellites. Happily, however, a foul insult to the green flag of Erin by a rank outsider drew off the steam which an Irishman always keeps in reserve for the scalding of a fellow-countryman. The harp and sunburst which had been flung to the breeze from the staff of the Electricity Building was ordered down by Frank D. Millet, artist and superintendent of decoration at the fair. He took the ground that Ireland being a British dependency, and its flag, therefore, not recognized by the Government of the United States, it had no right to wave from an exposition building. The same position had been taken with reference to the flags of Poland and Hungary without demur on the part of the Poles and Hungarians. Mr. Millet, being only an artist and not an American politician and demagogue, had not the motive for discriminating in favor of the Irish that prompted Chief Barrett, of the Electrical Department, to countermand Millet's order, and the Council of Administration to sustain the countermand. But for the restoration of the flag to the staff, the dispatches say, "blood would have flowed," for "many Irish patriots were in an ugly mood." The council, however, was thoughtful enough to throw an anchor to windward to avert international complications:

"The council learned that Sir Henry Truman Wood, the British Commissioner, did not object to the Irish flag. They sent for the letter which had been written by Sir Henry, saying England would take no offense. Mr. Millet was instructed to suspend hostilities and cease interference with the raising of the green flag. A letter was sent to Chief Barrett authorizing him to raise the flag if he wished."

So, by the contemptuous permission of the tyrannous and brutal Saxon, the iron heel of oppression was removed from Erin's bleeding form.

But if an opportunity to disgrace themselves was missed by the Irish on Ireland's day at the fair, the executive committee of the Irish League of America has made one for itself which proves again how easily won is the Irish heart by kindness and how swiftly it responds to the impulse of gratitude. Mr. Gladstone, after years of hard fighting, at the sacrifice of principles which he professed during the greater part of his life, in contempt of his own record as a coercionist and in defiance of the opinion of the intelligent and property-owning classes of his own country, succeeded in forcing through the House of Commons his Irish Home-Rule Bill. Now he is engaged in a desperate struggle to compel the Lords to reconsider their rejection of the measure on pain of facing a movement for the abolition of their privileges as hereditary legislators. One would think that every patriot Irishman should be willing to die for Mr. Gladstone under the circumstances. But the executive committee of the Irish National League of America has put forth an appeal which ought to teach Mr. Gladstone and everybody else that it is impossible for a foreigner to render any service to the Irish that will satisfy them. Says the league, in the opening paragraph of its eminently characteristic manifest:

"The imposition on our country of the mutilated skeleton just rejected by the House of Lords would have been an outrage, and the serfs who would accept it with thanks would merit the scorn of the nations. It was a sorry spectacle—Ireland, after her struggle of centuries, on her knees for a crumb. We have no hesitation in declaring that no more pernicious influence has been at work among our people than the influence of Mr. Gladstone in recent years."

A people capable of such a return for such labors, such humiliations as Mr. Gladstone's, are not fit to be intrusted with the responsibilities which civilization places upon men. The league's prime reason for its hostility to Gladstone's home-rule scheme is not that it was not good in itself for

Ireland, but because "the people were daily becoming more and more West Britainized, and erstwhile patriots more English than the English." That is to say, there are some elements of the population of Ireland who want peace and will be content with something short of the immediate dismemberment of the British Empire. It will take a century yet to fit the Irish for self-government. At present the only rule that meets the requirements of their stage of development is the one that England imposes—a rule identical with that which we exercise over our Indians. Doubtless the red man, like the Irishman, will, some generations hence, be sufficiently civilized to be intrusted with his own fate; but until then the reservation and a strong military and police guard is the only practicable government for Jim and Pat.

In its issue of October 4th, the *Examiner*, the Democratic organ of the coast, has an enthusiastic editorial headed "The Revival of Industry." Then follow twelve dispatches announcing the re-opening of various mills and factories. These dispatches are taken from the New York *Sun* of September 25th and 26th. But in the issue of the *Sun* for the twenty-sixth there is one dispatch which the Democratic organ does not print, although the *Examiner* writer could not possibly have overlooked it, as it is under the same heading as the dispatches which are copied. The suppressed dispatch runs as follows:

PITTSBURG, September 25th.—The Carnegie Thirty-Third Street Mill shut down to-day in all departments. On Saturday the laborers were all paid off in full. They were notified that their places would be open for them under different arrangements. The new rules are that *twelve hours, instead of ten, shall constitute a day's work, and the rate of pay ten cents per hour instead of \$1.25 per day.*

It is not surprising that the *Examiner* discreetly omitted this dispatch. That is the way the "revival of industry" is reviving for the workingman. It means for him longer hours and smaller pay. For this he may thank his Democratic friends and their free-trade panic.

The *Examiner* further remarks:

"Those partisan organs which a few weeks ago were attributing the stoppages of factories to the possession of the government by the Democrats were a little premature. We warned them at the time that if they attempted to saddle the Democracy with the blame for every mill that closed, they would have to give it the credit for every one that opened."

Very well. Here are some more that have opened:

ELIZABETH, N. J., September 22d.—The Phoenix Rubber Works have reopened after their shut-down. *Half their former force have been given employment.*

ELIZABETH, N. J., September 23d.—The New Jersey Copper Extraction Works has resumed operations. *Half of the old hands have been reemployed.*

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., September 22d.—The Norfolk Hosiery Mills resume work Monday. They will give employment to more than half their operatives, on three-quarter time.

AMESBURY, MASS., September 22d.—The Hamilton Woollen Mills, which has been shut down, notified its eight hundred hands that it will open up October 2d at a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.

PATERSON, N. J., September 24th.—The Rogers Locomotive Works, employing eleven hundred hands, have made a reduction in wages of from five to thirty-five per cent.

COHOES, N. Y., September 24th.—The Tube Works Company have made a reduction of ten per cent. in wages on re-opening the works.

PORTLAND, CONN., September 22d.—The Eastern Tinware Company's factory is again in operation, *working forty hours per week.*

LANCASTER, PA., September 26th.—The Penn Iron Company, which recently resumed work, has posted notice of a ten per cent. reduction in wages.

SCRANTON, PA., September 24th.—The Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company, of Scranton, Pa., announces a reduction of ten per cent. in wages on opening up again.

BELLAIRE, O., September 24th.—The Bellaire, Riverside, and Wheeling Iron and Steel Company's works have started, after ten weeks' stoppage, at a reduction of wages of from twenty to thirty per cent.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., October 1st.—Smith & Wesson have ordered a general cut down of ten per cent. in wages, to take effect to-day. The firm give as a reason the uncertainty on the tariff question.

As the *Examiner* very justly remarks, we Republican "partisan organs" have blamed the Democracy for every mill that closed. We certainly did. We do so still. Now, it seems, we must give the Democracy credit for every mill that has re-opened. We gladly do so. From the foregoing list it will be seen what a striking appendix it makes to the Democratic "Calamity Calendar" of 1893. The "revival of industry" has caused the mills to re-open—some of them to re-open on half-time—some to re-open on three-quarter time—some to re-open with wages cut down—some to re-open with half their hands—some to re-open with wages cut down, on half-time, and with half their hands—and some to re-open not at all until the Democratic party, its fool financial ideas, its fool free-trade scheme, and the wild financial panic it has caused, be sent up Salt River by a justly incensed people.

Yes, under the beneficent influence of the Democratic party the mills are re-opening—some of the mills. And the workingmen are again getting employment—some of the workingmen. But never, while the Democratic party, with its free-trade ideas, remains in power, will all of the mills re-open, or employ all of the men.

Among the settlers of the new Cherokee Strip, the most interesting, without question, are the party of ladies who have taken up a whole section and christened it the "Lady's Home." One of the fair land-grabbers had already had some experience in grabbing in Oklahoma; fortified with the knowledge thus acquired, she marked out four quarter sections in the Cherokee Strip, took into partnership thirty-three

members of her own sex, spinsters or widows, and, at the hour when the strip was opened, entered it on horseback at full gallop, at the head of an Amazonian brigade, and defied all the men in creation to jump her claim. Now the Amazons are in full possession. The square mile appears to be held by its fair owners as tenants in common; the only condition of the tenancy is that on no condition whatsoever is a man to be allowed to set foot on any part of the "Lady's Home."

This will be a sight to see, and though no invading foot of man may tread the woman's farm, there will probably be no objection to males looking over the fence and watching the harvest to their sickle yield (unless they use modern reaping machines), and their furrow break the stubborn glebe. Among the thirty-four there is the usual proportion of fair faces, it may be well for the female syndicate to run up a barbed-wire fence on the side where the beauties work. The ladies of Missouri and Kansas are more distinguished for mental vigor than bodily charm; the young men of Cherokee may be fired to unwonted ambition by the sight of a few pretty girls from Illinois or Wisconsin.

It is recorded by the Father of History that the Amazons were once neighbors of the Scythians; that it is to say, they inhabited the region now known as Servia which to this day is famed for the beauty of its women. By what means the exclusion act which these feminine mad hatters had passed was at first suspended and finally repealed, it would be imprudent to disclose. There is, however, no indiscretion in stating that the Amazons were led astray by the young and frivolous among them. The middle-aged women adhered firmly to their faith; it was the young girls who strayed into the enemy's camp, and, returning, reported that men were not such odious creatures after all. It may be hoped that the lady farmers of Cherokee will turn the lesson to account. When they trousered sex are hanging over the fence, they should put none but tough old spinsters or desiccated widows on guard.

Pleasantries apart, there is no reason why women should not farm land as well as men, if they are strong enough. In every agricultural country women do their share of work on the farm. In Germany, they often drive the plow and handle the scythe. In many of our North-Western States women have taken up quarter sections, and handle the without male assistance. As a general rule, the female of our species is inferior in muscle to the male. But the rule is not invariable. Many women are quite as strong as men and by exercise the muscles of many who were not originally gifted with strength increase in size and hardness. Every year, too, the proportion of farm labor which depends on physical strength diminishes, and the proportion which can be done with machinery increases. We have seen it somewhere stated that single women or widows in Minnesota have, as a rule, done quite as well with their farms as the male neighbors.

The trouble with industrial nunneries is that the nuns are never content to remain nuns. There comes a time when they all pine to exchange a life of celibate comfort for the precarious chance of conjugal joys.

The Brahmin fable avers that the human race was originally like the plants—bi-sexual. A time came when the Creator, for a whim, cut them apart, in order to see how each would thrive as a separate creature. But the division was a rebellion against the original purpose of creation, and the divided moieties have never been reconciled to it. They have ever since spent their lives in seeking their lost halves, or, at any rate, some halves which nearly resembled the halves. Man, being the most energetic animal, has generally led the chase; but woman is a good second.

Concerning the "business revival" which our Democratic contemporaries represent as sweeping over the country, must confess it does not seem to us to be very marketable. Matters, of course, can not remain in a continual state of panic. The scare which the Democratic party caused mitigated. But the fear remains. The number of mercantile failures for the third week of September, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), were one hundred and seventy-four. The number of mercantile failures for the third week of September, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), were three hundred and forty. Therefore, the failures under this Democratic "revival of business" are twice as numerous as those a year ago under Republican rule. To take a local illustration, the bank clearances at San Francisco for the third week of September, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), were fourteen million five hundred thousand dollars; for the third week of September, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), the San Francisco bank clearances were eleven million seven hundred thousand dollars—a decrease of nearly three millions of dollars in the business of a week. The Democratic "revival of business" has evidently not yet struck San Francisco. But let us take a broader field. The bank clearances in the United States for the third week of September, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), were one billion and sixty-four millions of

lars; for the third week of September, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), the bank clearances were seven hundred and ninety-eight millions of dollars. Here is a slight falling off—a trifle of two hundred and sixty-six millions in the business of the country for a single week. If this is a Democratic "business revival," even good Democrats must yearn for a Republican depression.

Numbers of workmen are pouring into this State. For years Californians have claimed that they needed an influx of white labor; now, when it comes, there are people who are, or affect to be, distressed at its advent and call the new-comers tramps. The majority of the men who are arriving in the southern and in a few of the northern counties are not tramps. There are tramps among them, as there are hummers and foragers in the wake of an army. But the great hulk of the new-comers are decent laborers, more or less skilled, looking for work. Down at Fresno, which is a place the wave of immigration has struck, the planters and ranchers report that most of the newly arrived men are eager for employment, accept it promptly when offered, without haggling over wages, and labor with industry and intelligence. There is a hand of tramps there—fellows who are not looking for work and will not take it when offered, but who propose to live on the labor of other people under threats of robbery and arson if they are denied food and shelter. This class constitutes quite a small proportion of the present Eastern immigration.

The laborers' migration will be welcome to every one but the labor agitators and the labor unions. Labor of all kinds has been higher here than anywhere in the civilized world. It has been maintained on an artificial plane by the manœuvres of labor unions; by creating an opinion among the laboring class that it was disgraceful to be a free or "non-union" laborer; by driving free labor out of the State and the city by intimidation and violence; by coercing employers to submit to the arbitrary demands of the unions; and by scaring away workmen from other States. The effect of the policy pursued by the unions has been to make it dearer in this State than in any other State to produce any article into the cost of which labor enters. The labor unions have been smart in their narrow way; but they have killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. They have crippled every infant industry in California, so that few of them now exist, and those which do exist languish.

If they had done nothing but excise their own noses, that would have been their own business. But they have stood in the way of the natural progress of California. They have rendered all kinds of industry unprofitable and driven capital to seek employment on the other side of the mountains. To mention only a few instances: they have come pretty nearly crushing out the manufacture of hoots and shoes, they have almost extinguished the manufacture of furniture, they have caused our only woolen mills to close, and they have induced consumers of builders' hardware to send their orders to places where the foundries are not under the control of irresponsible unions.

An influx of Eastern mechanics will be the first step toward recovery. Their advent will bring about a reduction in wages, which will enable industries now crippled to rear their heads again, and they can not fail to break down the unions, which have been the main obstacle to a fair understanding between labor and capital. When we have an adequate supply of intelligent labor at a reasonable price—not vagabonds led by labor agitators, who figure at meetings of the unemployed and listen to speeches by Kearney, and O'Donnell, and Willey—the vocation of the unions will be gone, the era of free labor will begin, and California will once more have industries that will furnish bread to the working-class.

The recent assassinations of non-union sailors are intensifying the feeling that the present war between the unions and employers of labor must be fought out to the bitter end. Organizations which stand ready to take life to carry out their purposes can not be reasoned with. They must be crushed, or they will crush society. The dynamite bomb is the natural weapon of the walking delegate. It was with dynamite bombs that the Sutter Street strikers tried to win their battle with the company; it is with dynamite bombs that the Seamen's Union endeavors to plant a monopoly of labor on the seas which wash this coast. There can be no half-measures with combatants who resort to such weapons. It is war, and war to the knife.

The influx of Eastern workmen into this State will be likely to furnish a surplus of labor in all branches, so that employers can choose whom they will employ and whom they will reject. Every union man in any branch of industry who is let out and replaced by a free workman weakens the unions by so much and lessens the danger of trouble to the employer. The iron-molders' strike never could have lasted as long as it did but for the help the strikers got from other unions. If employers in other branches of labor had then been in a position to lock out their men and to keep

their doors closed until the molders came to their senses, the strike would not have lasted as many days as it did weeks, and the enormous loss which San Francisco suffered by the transfer of iron business to the East would have been saved.

Their recent achievements upon the floor of the Senate do not reflect any great credit upon Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and Senator White, of California. Senator Stewart has been bitterly assailing President Cleveland. The *Argonaut* is not enamored of Mr. Cleveland, does not admire his policy, and dislikes his party. But it is only fair to say that all of his fellow-citizens believe him to be honest, and a majority of them believe him to be able. Under the circumstances, therefore, Senator Stewart's manner of assault was not in good taste, and recoiled upon himself. When he was thrice asked by Senator Palmer to make a specific accusation, he dodged, shuffled, and was obliged to retire behind such an expression as "Oh, pshaw!" Senator Stewart covered himself instead of the President with ridicule. As for Senator White, the California senator, in a long speech upon the silver question, read some extracts purporting to be from the *Bankers' Magazine* for August, 1873, which, by implication, reflected upon the senior senator from Ohio. Senator Sherman, in reply, stated that there was no such passage to be found in the *Bankers' Magazine* of that or any other date, and that the whole statement was "a manufactured lie from beginning to end. It was worse than forgery, and the absolute fabrication was branded with the brand of infamy." Senator White, who was naturally much chagrined at this exposé of his methods of original historical research, stated that he had taken the extract from a work written by "a prominent Republican," without verifying it. He promised to omit the forged quotation from the later edition of his speech. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, whose managing editor is said to be the "prominent Republican" referred to by Senator White, remarks that "Senator Sherman was unnecessarily severe in his denunciation of the alleged forgery. When the statement was first made, Mr. Sherman evidently paid no attention to it, for we have no record of his having denied its accuracy." This is a most extraordinary theory. According to it, the fact that a senator does not deny the accuracy of a newspaper story about him gives it standing. According to this theory, if the senator left the story uncontradicted for thirty years instead of twenty, it would become true. Senator Sherman did what he ought to do—when an anonymous, forged, and fatherless assertion was fathered by a senator of the United States, and repeated upon the floor of the Senate, he denounced it as a falsehood. That is the end of one roorhack. But if United States Senators were to occupy themselves in denying newspaper stories about them, they would have time for little else. Even lesser men nowadays pay scant attention to newspaper attacks. The newspapers carry their own antidote for these attacks in the very general disbelief of their readers, caused by repeated exposures such as that made by Senator Sherman.

The directors of the Midwinter Fair recently signed the contracts for several of the fair buildings. The trades-unions attempted to force the directors to have the buildings erected by "days' work" instead of by contract. As this, with the leisurely methods of workmen paid by the day, would have insured their completion some time after the great Paris Exposition of 1900, the directors declined. They gave the work to contractors, and as the time is limited, there are money penalties for delay. Naturally the contractors are pushing the work, and their men are receiving overtime for working from daylight to dark. Now the trades-unions are again making trouble; they demand that the men shall be allowed to work only eight hours per day. The exposition directors protest that they have nothing to do with the matter; that it is in the contractors' hands, and beyond their control. But the trades-unions stolidly stick to their demand. They threaten, if it is not complied with, to appeal to the public to withdraw their subscriptions and ruin the Midwinter Fair. What chuckle-headed knaves! If the work be not done in their way, they will have no work at all, either for themselves or anybody else. It will be interesting to see what the Midwinter Fair directors will do. The same troubles arose in Chicago. The World's Fair directors made short work of them. No trades-union dictation was allowed, and no man was deprived of an opportunity to work because he was not a union man. What will our directors do?

In another column is an article discussing the possibilities of the influx of labor to California. One phase of it, barely touched upon there, is the treatment of the tramp element. The interior journals are already speculating as to what shall be done with the large numbers of "unemployed workmen" who are diligently occupied in avoiding labor. Some of the counties are talking of issuing bonds for public improvements, thus giving work to the unemployed. We would suggest a compromise. It is easy to segregate the

worthy from the unworthy—the genuine worker from the idle and vicious tramp. Let the latter element be arrested for vagrancy. Then, instead of letting them spend their time in luxurious laziness in county jails, put them to work breaking stone and making roads. Thus they will earn their food, and the counties will have some excellent roads to the good. The people of the counties will have to feed them anyway, and they might as well get something for it.

OLLA PODRIDA.

We hear a great deal of talk now about the unemployed. The entire State is perturbed and perplexed. Every one is speculating as to how it is feasible to give employment to the army of laborers now roaming about the State.

The best suggestion we have heard comes from a miner, John Crew. He says that the old placer-diggings will furnish employment to several thousand men. There are four or five hundred miles of placers from Yreka to Mariposa where men with picks, pans, and rockers can make from fifty cents to four dollars a day. The placers are not so rich as they were in forty-nine, but many of the men who worked them then are not rich either. The rainy season is coming on, and there will be plenty of water for the placers. For a quarter of a century the Chinese have been making a good living out of the abandoned placer-diggings. Are the Chinese smarter than white men?

It was in 1849 that the writer was one of the innumerable caravan that dared the dangers of the transcontinental trip. Pushing out from the frontier of Missouri, at Independence we lost sight of land, entered upon the limitless ocean of grass, and navigated our way on mule-back across the boundless prairie from which the sun arose in the morning and into which it went down at night. We arrived in the early morning of the golden era. We were of the eager, ambitious, anxious throng that, with blankets, rocker, frying-pan, and grub, prospected mountain gulches for gold, worked placer ravines, sought for the sources of gold at the sources of rivers. We camped from January till July upon the north fork of the Yuba, waiting for the waters to decline that we might dig gold-dust from the river's bed; we lived in tents of houghs all through the winter; we did our own washing, cooked our own beans and slap-jacks, and toiled from morning till night.

After a year of mining we came to San Francisco, and when the great awkward arms of the semaphore on Telegraph Hill flung themselves upward from the skeleton frame, we joined the whole population of the town in a race to the beach, to give a welcome to ships and steamers bringing us news, friends, and letters from home. We have lived to see the little town become a great city, the outlying semi-Spanish territory a great State. Our city is a splendid commercial emporium. Our State has grandly prospered. We produce more wheat than any other State. Our coast produces more gold, more silver, more wines, more wool than any other section. We grow fruits in great abundance. We export raisins, oranges, nuts, figs, and dried fruits. Is it then possible that under these changed conditions men can not make a living now when they could do so forty years ago?

Perhaps it is the men who have changed, as well as the conditions. Perhaps the three or four thousand men who claim they can not find work do not want to find it. If any man wants work, he can make it. That is what we did in forty-nine. Land is still plenty and free; game is free in field and forest; fish abound in stream and ocean; the mines, the forests, the quarries, the broad range of still unoccupied government lands are free to all. Do as we did who crossed the continent on foot and on mule-back, toiled in the mines, and haked our own beans. Do as our fathers did, who pioneered the Western wilderness, subduing savage beasts and nature, to make the homes where we were born. Fish for clams and crabs upon the seashore; dig roots, gather acorns and pine-nuts, hire a pig and raise pork. The Digger Indian could live in California. Are white men less enterprising? As we write, a paragraph falls under our eye from a Seattle paper. It says that hundreds of the unemployed are catching salmon in the well-stocked streams of western Washington. That is the kind of "unemployed" which will build up a State. The other kind is the kind that grumbles, hangs about corner-groceries, plays "pitch and seven-up" for beer or whisky, and goes to listen to demagogues prating on the government sand-lot.

Let the unmarried men who are out of work and fond of travel listen to the suggestion of John Crew, the ex-miner. The hills of California are still rock-ribbed with gold. There is always a living to be made in the placer-diggings—a better living than that to be had hanging around charity soup-houses in San Francisco. There is not only a living to be made there, but there is a chance for a fortune. For the miner who is a prospector as well, and seeks among the quartz lodes of the mountains, may at any day find a mine as good as those in California which to-day are producing from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars a month.

THE CHETAH.

A Strange Tale of India.

I had joined a party in the hope of a few days' sport among the hills near Amulpore; but on the second day out, the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a careless young Irish lieutenant made an end to my "bush-heating," and nearly made an end of me. My native servant, by some inexplicable means, discovered a huogalaw in the midst of the wilds—the home of an English gentleman, a retired army surgeon, who, for reasons best known to himself, quit the society of men and lodged like a biter in "solitary and waste places." Tibtheri I was carried. For a week my life hung on a thread; but thanks to a strong constitution and careful nursing, I pulled through, and soon found myself convalescent.

My host proved a most agreeable companion. We had many tastes in common, and found pleasant topic for conversation as we sat smoking our cheroots on the broad veranda. One evening, while arguing on the respective merits of a twelve-bore or a five-hundred-express rifle as the best means of bringing down big game, the doctor was called away.

Left to myself, I sought amusement in watching the movements of a white heron that stalked awkwardly about in the shallow pools that lay on the lawn. The rain fell in gentle patterings. A slight breeze stirred the vines about the pillars and rustled the fringed palm-leaves overhead. How peaceful and quiet it was! The splash of the rain and the faint sounds of the rustling foliage were all that broke the surrounding stillness.

Where he came from, I can not tell; but all at once, through the faint blue smoke of my cheroot, appeared a little withered fakir peering at me from under the loose folds of his dirty turban. His skinny brown body was naked, save the presence of a piece of tiger-skin wrapped about his loins and a belt that ran across his body from shoulder to waist. He was muttering to himself, but the only words that I could catch were "Brahma, Brahma, Radhe-fusee."

Surprise made me speechless. I simply stared at the wizened face and glittering black eyes, wondering what he was going to do. The sound of the swinging *purdah* told of Walworth's return.

"Did you think that I had forsaken you?" he said, lightly; "Tbura's interviews are interminable. He is as long-winded as a tipsy Irishman."

I half-turned toward him while he was speaking. As he came around and resumed his chair, I said, in an undertone: "What do you think of this fossil?"

"What fossil?" he asked.

"The one before us," I replied, turning and looking at the place where the fakir had stood. No fakir was there. On the gravel walk lay a half-coiled cobra. Walworth started to his feet and called for Marja to bring him a gun. The cobra lay quiet for a moment, as if in contemplation of the situation, then, at the sound of approaching feet, with slow and graceful movement and erect head, slid across the sodden grass and disappeared through an opening under the veranda.

"Rather a dangerous fossil," said Walworth, eyeing me curiously; "the men must keep a watch for him. You are a cool one, I must confess, my lad."

"I was not alluding to the snake," replied I; "I had reference to the fakir. I wonder what became of the poor wretch. The cobra frightened him away, I suppose. What are you about?" I continued, seeing Marja coming from the hungalaw, with a slender reed pipe in one hand and a chafing-dish, on which burned an odorless, smoking fire, in the other. "A charm for his snakeship," said my host, laughing; "a cloud of aromatic incense and a serenade on the *toumril*."

But neither the incense nor the seductive strains of the *toumril* were sufficiently potent to call the cobra from his covert.

"That no time cobra," said Marja; "sahih saw fakir, but all at once no fakir, only snake. Marja knows."

His tones were mysterious. I smiled and looked at his master. "A metamorphosis, eh?" Walworth nodded. "A clear case of Theosophy. Pythagoras at a slight discount," I continued. Walworth looked grave. He dismissed the servant with a wave of his hand, threw away his cigar, which had gone out, shifted his position slightly and leaned more comfortably in his chair.

"You are skeptical," he said. "Listen to what I have to tell you; perhaps then you will believe."

I was a much younger man than you when I came to India. I was surgeon of the Fusiliers. Shortly after we were stationed at the fort, I was invited to an entertainment given by a native nobleman at his palace in the city. The scene reminded me of the "Arabian Nights." Oriental magnificence was mingled with European elegance. We were received in an open court-yard, spread with cream-colored Yac rugs, in the centre of which a fountain played in a white marble basin, cooling the air with its perfumed spray. I halted at the upper step of the stairway and stood leaning, with one hand on the broad railing, watching the kaleidoscopic scene before me. Our colonel and his wife stopped for a moment to speak to me. As they turned to go, Mrs. Belden's name was called, and a little lower down, with a screen of palms and flowers for a background, was a young girl. I thought I had never seen one so beautiful.

She was dark, but her skin was a pale, transparent brown, flushed with the crimson of a rose leaf. Her lips were carmine, opening, as she smiled, over teeth as white as pearls. Her soft, lustreless black hair was drawn up from her temples and caught back by a comb of gold filigree. Her eyes were dark, soft, and velvety.

"So you were going to pass me unnoticed!" she said, in the sweetest voice possible.

"Why, Naida! what are you doing here alone? When did you return?"

"To-day. I am not alone. Papa is there at the first pillar speaking to General Monckton. Isn't this the loveliest fête imaginable?"

I was duly presented to Miss Howe.

To make a long story short, I called on her, fell in love with her, proposed to, and married her.

Her father was an Englishman, a judge of one of the middle districts; her mother, some said, was a Spaniard, others said she was an Italian, and some whispered that she was an Indian Begum. Little cared I what the mother was, I loved her as my very soul.

The first month of my married life was passed in unalloyed happiness. All the hours were golden hours. The Paradise lost to old father Adam seemed restored to me. But by and bye a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared on the horizon. I was cognizant of a change in Naida. She was alternately very quiet and very restless. She was nervous and out of trim. She would start and shiver when the clock chimed, or murmur blankly and shudder if a door slammed.

"What is it, Naida?" I asked one day. "You are not yourself. What is the matter with you?"

She glanced wearily at me. "I hardly know. I am afraid I am a little homesick. I think I want Gurgah."

"Who is Gurgah?"

"My ayah."

"You shall have Gurgah. Why didn't you speak of her before?"

The next day I found a small, dark woman in a snowy garment, with a grave countenance enlivened by a nose-ring and ear plates, squatting on the floor beside Naida's hammock. It was the *ayah*. Days of sunshine followed. My wife chattered and laughed like a paroquet. Poor child! she was homesick.

I was waiting in my *gharry*, one evening, for a friend who was to drive with me to an outpost a few miles from the station. As I entered his compound, I noticed a bevy of ladies at *Chotah-hazree* on the veranda. Not in a mood to join them, I drew up under a tree and sent my boy to the house. I was sufficiently near to hear their voices, and the conversation was distinctly audible above the clatter of silver and china. As a matter of fact, uninterested Benedict I paid no attention to their chatter until I heard a voice, rendered shrill by surprise, exclaim:

"Naida Howe married! Great heavens! Who is the unfortunate man? He must have been either a stranger or a lunatic. What did you all mean by permitting him to marry her? Was no one kind enough to warn the poor fellow?"

What the devil did the woman mean? I strained my ears to catch the reply.

"A warning would have done him no good. He was the most infatuated man I ever saw. Love wrapped him as with a garment. And, besides, it never does to burn one's fingers with other people's fires. I dare say they will get along; Naida is very peculiar, but she is a very sweet girl."

"Peculiar!" I should say so. Heaven deliver— At that moment Kirk came out, and we drove away. All the evening the echo of those dreadful words rang in my ears. Great God! what did it all mean?

I reached home with a strange foreboding of evil. I felt heavy and oppressed. The lustres sparkled in faint gleams that filled the anteroom with languorous light. It was so still you might have fancied that death filled the place. By the shining panels on the wall hard by the bay-window, I caught sight of a jeweled hand toying with the folds of the curtain. The red glint of the gems sparkled on the dusky skin. I called her name softly, "Naida!"

"Ah!"

She arose and pushed the curtain aside and came languidly toward me. There was a peculiar expression in her eyes. She stared at me for a second of time, and then, before I could say a word, glided from the room. Her handkerchief had fallen. I raised it from the floor; a faint, subtle odor emanated from its folds. I cast it from me—I can't tell why—and crossed over to the window. A pale moonlight lay on the lawn, and the shadows of the shrubbery lay in deep contrast to the silvery sheen. The *punka* hoy was asleep on the grass, with my Irish setter beside him. I was about to call and arouse him, when out into the moonlight, from the black shade of a clump of caladiums, sprang the slight, graceful form of an animal. It streaked across the ground in sinuous track; the moon showed its tawny, yellow hide spotted with brown. It was a chetah.

Alarmed for the boy, I jumped through the window, and, catching him by the shoulder, dragged him to his feet. His teeth chattered and his dark face grew livid.

"The chetah, sahib! That chetah has been running about the bungalow nearly all week. Gurgah say chetah hurt nobody; but I no trust him."

I sent immediately for the men-servants of the establishment, and set them as guard over the bungalow. Then I went to seek Naida.

I called her name softly, not wishing to alarm her, but no answer came to my tender call. I opened the door. A pale blue light burned in a silver sconce that hung on the wall. The moonbeams fell in through the open window and mingled with the light of the lamp. A faint white smoke hung over the further corner of the room. I looked at the couch; it was empty. I glanced about the room; no one was there. Where were they—Naida and her nurse? Could they be out on the lawn? Already I fancied the murderous teeth and talons of the chetah tearing the delicate flesh of my darling; perhaps at that moment he was sucking her life-blood. I rushed out of the hungalaw, shouting her name, "Naida, Naida, Naida!"

Followed by a half-dozen natives, I hurried over the compound, but we saw neither wife nor ayah. Nearly frantic, I was returning to the house. In front of the hungalaw I saw a white object; it was the nurse.

"Where is your missy?" I cried, grasping her arm.

She rested her glistening eyes on my face while she deliberately answered:

"Missy in the hungalaw, in her own room."

"The chetah, the chetah!" cried the men behind me.

"Where?" I called, excitedly.

"There, on lawn, close by hungalaw."

A wild yell and the scream, "He jumped in missy window; he jump in missy window."

In an instant I was at Naida's door. I flung it open. No chetah was to be seen; but on the foot of the couch sat my wife, gasping breathlessly and staring wildly about her.

"Darling," I cried, "where have you been? Are you hurt? Where is the chetah?"

She answered me by bursting into tears on my shoulder. I let her weep unreservedly while I caressed her beautiful hair. Presently I raised her head, and, holding her face between my hands, looked into her eyes. Their expression baffled me. I gently kissed her lips. She put out her hands and pushed me from her.

"Where is Gurgah?" she said, in a husky whisper.

Some one was already bending over her. The *ayah*'s thin arms lifted her up and carried her to her bed-chamber. I heard her scream aloud and beat her hands upon the wall.

Was she mad? The fearful thought darted like lightning through my brain. I went to the door and looked in. Her eyes were roaming here and there about the room. Gurgah was leaning over her, chafing her hands and crooning a low, soothing song. My presence seemed to irritate her; she turned away when she met my gaze, hurried her head in the pillow, and lay there with her face downward. I did not want to torture her. I went to my own room.

In the morning, to my great surprise, I found her on the veranda. No sign of last night's excitements was visible. She was endeavoring to make Taio, her pug, sit erect and hold a bit of hyscut on his nose.

"I am putting the stupid fellow through a course of training," she cried, gayly, as I came upon the scene. Her voice was sweet and clear, and told of no pain or distress. She arose from her stooping posture, thrust her arm in through mine, and said:

"Let us take a walk through the compound, dearest. I want to hear the birds sing before breakfast. I wonder," she went on, as we walked along under the palm shade, "if you are my soul's affinity?"

"Of course," I replied. "We would not have fallen in love so soon and married if an affinity had not existed between us."

"You do not quite understand me, Jontie. I mean celestial affinity—a bond that will last beyond time."

Her look wandered off into space. Presently she turned her eyes up to mine.

"John," she said, "do you believe in the progress of souls?"

"I have never given the subject a thought, so I can not say. I believe in the progress of bodies," I replied, lightly.

"You have more faith in materialism than in spirituality," she continued, gravely. "Jiva is more potent than Rupa. Burn the body, and the soul flies back to the great soul from which it was originally borrowed. Linga Sharira is an ethereal duplicate of the physical body, it guides Jiva in its work on physical particles and builds up the shape which these assume. You should study, John."

I smiled. "Wisdom, thy name is Naida! Wifelet, whence came all of this learning—is Gurgah the deep well from which you draw?"

She resumed, speaking slowly, "Adonai dissolveth and resumeth: in His hands are the dual powers of all things. Every monad has the potency of twain, as God is Twain in One."

"What is all this rigmarole?" I cried, bursting into a merry laugh.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"You should not ridicule me, John," she said.

I did not want to hurt her feelings, so I quickly replied:

"You are too much for me, little woman. I am a sad ignoramus, and you cover me with confusion. I am not up to any transcendentalisms—please keep down to my level."

I plucked a rose from the bush that we were passing and playfully tipped her on the chin with it. "See, there is Shinasawing; they want us in the breakfast-room. Come, let us go and see what the cook has provided."

The following week was one of tumult and commotion. The entire station was aroused. A chetah was making the rounds of the compounds, and more than one person was terrified by the sight of the tawny beast creeping stealthily about their premises. Major Dent surprised it asleep in the forks of a toddy-tree back of the hospital, but before he could secure a weapon, the animal managed to escape. Naughty children required no fictitious hugbear to terrify them into good behavior now: the very name of this notorious visitor subdued the little culprits to prompt obedience and abject penitence. At night all bungalows were closed.

Recollecting Naida's terror, the night of the chetah's visit to us, I forbade the subject mentioned in her presence. I provided weapons for the men-servants and kept a constant guard on the bungalow.

Late one night, as I was returning from a visit to a sick man at the hospital, I descried lights flitting around in my compound. Excited shouts issued from the shrubbery and the loud yelping of hounds filled the air.

Gurgah sprang to meet me as I leaped from the *gharry*. "Oh, sahib," she cried, grasping my arm in mad eagerness, "the chetah is out! Call off the men! They will kill it!"

"That's what I want them to do," I returned, hastily, breaking from her grasp. I ran hurriedly in the direction of the melée, closely followed by Gurgah.

"Where is it, Shinasawing?" I called.

"In the pepul copse, sahib."

There was the simultaneous crack of a dozen rifles and a loud, wild wail from the *ayah*.

All rushed forward to the thicket. With a cry of consternation the men fell back. There upon the earth, riddled with bullets, bleeding and dying, lay—Naida!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1893.

M. M. HALM.

THE FOREIGN YACHTSMEN.

Lord Dunraven—His Wife and Daughters—The Other Members of the Party—Chances of "Valkyrie" and "Vigilant"—Society Excited.

Society is excited over the assortment of British nobility which arrived per *Campania*, consigned to Mrs. Paron Stevens. It contains some of the best known members of the aristocracy. At the head of the party is the Earl of Dunraven, who, like most Irishmen, is descended from an Irish king; he was, in his youth, an officer in the Guards and a newspaper correspondent, and has knocked about the world enough to get rid of his sharp angles. He is a jolly, good-natured, red-faced individual, who is quite prepared to like this country and the people. His wife, the countess, and his two daughters accompany him. The former is a little slender lady, with sharp features and bright eyes, modest and unobtrusive in appearance; when she landed she wore a blue flannel dress, without trimming, a plain Newmarket coat, and a little soft felt hat. The only jewelry she sported consisted of a small gold pin, a plain ring, and a tortoise-shell comb in her dark-brown hair. The two young ladies, who are eighteen and twenty, are not remarkable for beauty. They are nice, well-bred, healthy-looking girls, with large noses like their father. When they landed they wore plain blue Eton serge suits, with cambric waists and round straw sailor-hats, with ribbons of blue and orange, which are the *Valkyrie's* colors. Neither of them wore any jewelry.

The Dunraven family, with Lord Wolverton, the banker, who is a bachelor and a tremendous catch, and Mr. Kerr, Lady Dunraven's brother and the earl's private secretary, went to the Waldorf, where they were assigned the suite of rooms lately occupied by the Duke of Veragua and the Infanta Eulalia. Lord Alfred Paget, who married Minnie Stevens, and the Marquis of Ormonde were taken in by Mrs. Stevens, and are to be her guests during their stay. The marquis is not remarkable in himself; but he married Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Like the Earl of Dunraven, he has two daughters, but he left them at home. He is a fine-looking man, some six feet three inches in height. The party is completed by Captain Hercules Langrishe, a young Guardsman of twenty-six, who will presently, if he lives, succeed to the title and estates of his father, Sir James Langrishe. He also belongs to the Irish aristocracy. Indeed, the whole party is rather Irish than English.

Before this letter is read, the race will have been sailed and the result will be known to your readers. Predictions and guesses would, therefore, be perilous. It may be worth noting, however, that in sporting circles, at the present time, the *Vigilant* is so universally the favorite that it is hard to get money on the *Valkyrie*; if the latter should chance to win, the surprise and disappointment will be universal. It must be admitted that the *Valkyrie* (pronounce Val-ki-rie, not Valkeerie) does not look like a winner, while the *Vigilant* looks like that, and nothing else. Her owners have spent one hundred thousand dollars to defend the cup; if they beat the Englishman, they might almost as well scuttle their craft, for she is fit for nothing but racing, and would be useless for cruising unless entirely remodeled.

In the meantime, the fashionable world is preparing to extend to the visitors a right royal hospitality. Days had been set for several social events before the yacht-race was postponed to October 5th; these have now been altered. On the day after the race, Mrs. Paron Stevens will give a grand dinner to the yachtsmen—English and American—in her white marble house on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street. Dinners and other entertainments will then be given in daily succession by Commodore Gerry, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. J. J. Astor, and others. Some little feeling has been roused in the breasts of those who desired to entertain the Englishmen, but could not get a vacant day; the time of the visitors is limited, as they must be off to Chicago as soon as possible after the race, and, when the exhibition has been done, they are expected in England. Still, a confident hope prevails that at some gathering of the Four Hundred en masse the distinguished strangers can be trotted out; and admirers of beauty regret that they did not bring along with them at least one English girl who could maintain the reputation of her countrywomen for good looks.

Among English visitors who have come across to see the race is Lieutenant Henn, the owner of the *Galatea*, which was defeated by the *Mayflower* in 1886. Royal Pelphs Carroll, Woodbury Kane, and Ralph N. Ellis, who have been yachting on the other side, have also returned. They sailed in the *Navahoe*, and while they admit that the *Britannia* is a better boat than the *Navahoe* in going to windward and running free, they think the *Navahoe* is at least fifteen minutes slower than the *Vigilant* in a thirty-mile course. Thus they have committed themselves to the belief that in the coming race the *Vigilant* will probably win. Mr. Carroll acknowledges that he has never seen a smarter and better-trained crew than the Englishman's; they number forty all told, as against sixty-two on board the *Vigilant*.

The cup has now been forty-two years in this country. During this period, eight British yachts, to wit, the *Cambrina*, the *Livonia*, the *Atalanta*, the *Countess of Dufferin*, the *Genesta*, the *Galatea*, and the *Thistle*, have all in turn tried to capture it, and have failed in the attempt. If the *Valkyrie* is equally unfortunate, it may be expected that some years may elapse before Englishmen renew the attempt to recover it, and our crack yachts will have to race with each other. If, on the other hand, Lord Dunraven should take the cup back with him, our yacht-builders will strain every nerve to construct a vessel which will be swifter than the *Vigilant*, and they will doubtless succeed in doing so. Thus the interest of marine architecture would be promoted by the victory of the English, and would be set back by the success of the cup defender.

NEW YORK, September 30, 1893.

FLANEUR.

RUSSIAN LEGENDS.

The Emperor's Ring.

The stillness of death broods o'er valley and mountain,
The snow lies below like a funeral shroud;
The clutch of the ice chokes the song of the fountain;
Starry eyes from the skies dimly gleam through each cloud;
When, hark! on the hard, frozen earth strikes the thunder
Of fast-falling hoof-beats with sonorous sound;
Scared villagers waken in somnolent wonder,
The sentinel checks his monotonous round.
Hol! Governor, let not thy dreamings enumber
With pause the swift flight of yon messenger's wing,
For fatal the stay thou wouldst cause by thy slumber
The horseman who rides with the Emperor's ring.

Fresh horse and new pistols—some phrases of warning,
Few and brief, to the chief, and the fort is behind;
And away in the gray of the slow-dawning morning
Flies his steed with the speed of the fierce northern wind.
Out, out, through the forests—on, on, o'er the meadows,
While castle and cabin, and hamlet and town,
Rise and fall, come and go, past his vision like shadows,
With white, snowy robes over bosoms of brown.
The wood-cutter leaps from his path with a shiver;
To thy babes, in mute terror, the pale mothers cling;
And the gray-coated hero salutes with a quiver
The ominous flash of the Emperor's ring.

Some guess, but none question, the message he carries;
All divine, by the sign, 'tis of life or of death;
But woe to the wretch through whose folly he tarries—
Better Fate, with grim hate, strangled out his first breath;
For earth has no cavern to shield and defend him,
Nor ocean a sheltering island so far.
As to hide from the wrath that will torture and rend him
Whose blunder, or crime has provoked the White Czar.
So swift and proud baron, so moujik and banker,
Keen as the arrow, unless aided by his mission you bring;
Speed him on, and rejoice when you earn not the rancor
Of one who bears with him the Emperor's ring.

We Russians are brave, but we only are human;
We cower at a power it is death to offend;
Even Ivan the bear-killer shrinks like a woman
From frown of a clown with Alexis as friend.
The wolves on our steppes are a thousand times bolder;
Peer and peasant alike for their banquets they claim—
The blood in yon courtier's veins may be colder
Than the serf's, but 'twill serve for their feast just the same.
Out there in the solitude, silent and lonely,
These prowlers of night know but Hunger as king,
And the Cossacks may find of that messenger only
A few whitened bones and the Emperor's ring.

A Lay of the Conscription.

Ivan Petrokofsky of the Twenty-First Division
Of the Army of the Danube is a private—nothing more;
And nobody expects of him to form a wise decision
On the diplomatic reasons that have mobilized his corps.
He is rather dull and stupid, and not given much to reading,
And even when he has a thought his words are few and rude.
So when summoned to his squire, about that same proceeding
Rough Ivan's stray ideas were quite naturally crude.
But he heard his colonel reading out the regimental order,
Which explains in glowing language why the Russians go to war;
And he holds some dim idea that he's on the Turkish border
"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokofsky is a little tender-hearted—
His feelings (for a private) are entirely out of place—
And when from wife and infant with slow, lingering steps he parted,
No heroic agitation was depicted on his face.
It was well for foolish Ivan that his Colonel had not found him,
When the marching order reached him at his home that bitter day,
When the younger Ivan's chubby little arms were folded round him,
And tearful Mistress Ivan gave her tongue unbounded sway.
There were murmurs of rebellion in that quiet blood village
(So devoid of patriotic aspirations women are).
When Ivan and his comrades left for scenes of blood and pillage,
"For the glory of the Empire and the honor of the Czar!"

Ivan Petrokofsky of the Twenty-First Division
Of the Army of the Danube is not easy in his mind,
For within the deep recesses of his heart is a suspicion
He has said farewell forever to the loved ones left behind.
In cruel dreams he sees himself, a shapeless mass and gory,
By the rolling Danube lying, with his purple life-stream spent,
And he has not such a keen appreciation of the glory
Of dying for his country to be happy or content.
He has seen his comrades falling round, all mangled, torn and bleeding,
And their cries were not of triumph, but of homes and kindred far,
While little reeked the vultures, on the gray-robed bodies feeding,
Of "the glory of the Empire or the honor of the Czar!"
—Translated by a native Russian and put in verse by Arthur M. Forrester.

The effect of a newspaper paragraph may be far-reaching in its legal consequences sometimes—especially in France. M. Cornet, overseer at the West of France Engine Works, was severely attacked in the columns of a railway newspaper, *L'Echo des Chemins de Fer (Anglais)*, "The Railway Echo." He took these criticisms so much to heart that he committed suicide, leaving a widow and child. The said widow brought suit for damages against *L'Echo*, holding that her husband's death was the direct result of the criticisms in that paper, and the court, concurring in that view, awarded the full amount claimed, ten thousand dollars, and condemned the newspaper in the entire costs of the action.

War is a very expensive business. Statistics of some of the great wars of the past are as follows: The Crimean War cost \$2,000,000,000 and 750,000 lives; the Italian War of 1859, \$300,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the War of the Rebellion cost the North \$5,100,000,000 and the South \$2,300,000,000, and together about 830,000 lives; the Prusso-Austrian War of 1866, cost \$333,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the Russo-Turkish War, \$125,000,000 and 250,000 lives; and the Franco-Prussian War, \$4,100,000,000 and 196,000 lives.

The hospitality of Chicagoans must have been taxed this summer beyond endurance. Thus we find in the *Chicago Tribune*, of September 3d, the following advertisement: "PERSONAL: NOTICE. Having entertained all known relatives for World's Fair, relatives in future must be identified. Foreign papers please copy. MR. AND MRS. S. W. MCC—"

A scientist, who has been listening to the voice of the house-fly through the microphone, says it sounds very much like the neighing of a horse.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Succi, the faster, is insane, and is now in an asylum near Paris. His delusion has taken the form of a belief that he is Cæsar and Napoleon in one.

Young Mr. Goschen, a son of the Right Hon. J. G. Goschen, M. P., has recently made his debut as an actor. He has assumed the stage name of Mr. Chancellor, possibly out of compliment to his distinguished pa, who was chancellor of the exchequer under the Salisbury administration.

Mark Twain has returned from a long trip abroad, looking far from well. His usually rosy complexion is colorless and his face looks thin and sickly. To an interviewer who tried to get him to talk, he said: "You can't interview me. I lost my voice while abroad." He has a cough and speaks with difficulty.

The father of ex-Secretary Stephen B. Elkins is a hale and hearty old man, well up in the eighties. Unlike his son he is a Democrat of the old school and boasts that he is an unreconstructed rebel. He refused to visit Washington under a Republican administration, and during the two years that his son resided in that city, Elkins senior never saw his grandchildren, of whom he is very fond.

Admiral Custodio de Mello, the chief engineer of the Brazilian revolution, is a professional revolutionist and a consistent traitor to every cause he has espoused. He played false to Dom Pedro, and is said to have made money by it. He betrayed Fonseca, the first dictator, and now he is after Peixoto's scalp. He had better get it, too, unless he wants to make Mrs. de Mello an interesting widow.

M. Drumont, the editor of the *Paris Libre Parole*, recently remarked in his newspaper that "in the great Jewish families all the women are immoral." M. Dreyfus, of the *Nation*, replied to this offensive statement, and a duel followed as a matter of course. Early in the encounter, M. Dreyfus was wounded. But in spite of four commands to stop, Drumont pursued his attack and wounded his opponent thrice.

The momentous question whether the new Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha should be called "Highness" or "Royal Highness" has been settled in favor of the latter, because a prince can not lose the rank to which he was born. Duke Alfred, as the Duke of Edinburgh, was entitled to be called "His Royal Highness." Thus, to the great disgust of the other reigning Dukes of Germany, he takes precedence of them all.

The youthful appearance of Mr. Eckels, Controller of the Currency, has frequently caused him annoyance on his travels. At a Milwaukee hotel, recently, he was mistaken for a messenger-boy; and on other occasions people have expressed disappointment when he appeared, because they thought there must be some mistake. He declares that he is glad to get back to Washington, where they are accustomed to his youthful appearance.

W. R. Hornblower, the new supreme-court justice, is a little man physically; that is, he comes only about up to the shoulder of an ordinary man. To make up for it, however, he has a most extraordinary nose. It is very long and very thick, and comes down almost to the end of his upper lip. Mr. Hornblower looks more like a clergyman than like a lawyer. His father is a preacher, and he himself studied for the ministry before he turned his attention to the law.

Editor Labouchère, of *Truth*, was recently at Leeds, where he was defendant in a libel suit. While waiting for the case to be called, Mr. Labouchère, who was hanging around in the lobby, was accosted by a Yorkshireman with: "Say, mister, can ye tell me 't coort where Labby's to be tried?" Recovering from the shock of the discovery that the populace regarded him as a noted criminal, Mr. Labouchère led his friend into the court, pointed to a red-haired ruffian on trial for burglary, whispered "That's Labby!" and vanished.

It is thought in Paris that M. Francisque Sarcey, who ranks first in French dramatic criticism, will succeed the late M. Taine in the French Academy. An authority makes the dreadful charge against M. Sarcey that "he affects Socratic homeliness. To hear him talk, one might fancy him a philosophic rustic, who sups on coarse bread and onion soup." In point of fact, M. Sarcey is a notorious *bon vivant*, who rides to D'Armenonville every morning to breakfast at the café that boasts the most elaborate and expensive menu in the world, who lunches at Vefour's, and who dines at Bignon's.

The congressional directory is valuable largely for the very interesting biographical or autobiographical sketches which it contains, the data being furnished by the statesmen themselves. Mr. Davis, of the fifth Kansas district, informs us that he is "widely known as an able and fearless writer on economic subjects." Mr. Barthold, of Missouri, asserts that, besides being a newspaper man, "he received a classical education." Postmaster-General Bissell goes him one better, and announces that he "graduated with honors from Yale University," and Secretary Hoke Smith makes the somewhat singular statement that, "after being admitted to the bar, he devoted himself to the study of law."

The fact that M. Paul Cassagnac is left without a seat in the French Chamber ought to contribute a good deal to the sobriety of public business. For years this eccentric Bonapartist, journalist, and duelist was the most disturbing element in the Chamber. As the typical fire-eater he has never been surpassed; as a politician he has never carried the smallest weight. He was a noted duelist in the days when the duello had not become ridiculous. He has carried on the Bonapartist journal, *Le Pays*, since 1872, and he sat in the Chamber from 1878 till the recent dissolution. The total collapse of the Bonapartist faction has made M. de Cassagnac a minus quantity in French politics, but his personality is still rich in surprises.

GOUNOD AT HOME.

Our Paris Correspondent describes the Great French Composer—His Kindliness and Simple Habits—An Interesting Picture of a Famous Maestro.

A tout seigneur, tout honneur! If Gounod is not precisely the senior of French composers, he is incontestably the most popular, the most fecund, and, at the same time, the most beloved and the most courted. He is also the most accessible. He goes into society but little, having neither time nor strength to satisfy all the demands that are made on him in this wise; but he opens his door graciously to any one who desires to see him, either to make him a request, to ask his advice on some artistic matter, or simply for the pleasure of seeing him. He receives on Thursday morning from ten to twelve o'clock, and he, moreover, frequently gives rendezvous for other mornings in the week. Scrupulously punctual—with the politeness of kings and of great men—if something happens to prevent his being at home, he will write to you himself, in order to prevent your disturbing yourself in vain.

Although he receives daily an enormous number of letters and prides himself on answering them all, unless they outstep the limits of discretion, he has no secretary; he reads them all himself, as he writes their replies. "Too many people speak to me of their private affairs," he says, "for me to allow a third person to take note of them." As to his answers, he is too sincere a Frenchman and too *ancien régime* to admit that it would be polite not to write them himself, and much less to have recourse to type-writing. You will always find him at this wearying task of correspondence when you go to him in the morning. Heaven only knows how much time he loses at it, hawking his fate the while: "They ask me for everything," he said to me once, half-furious, half-laughing, for his anger is never but skin-deep; "one of these days it will be for a nursery-maid or for a pot of blacking, and yet a musician was created to make music as a pear-tree is to bring forth fruit, and not to act as a general commissioo merchant."

Gounod has lived for some years past on the second story of a handsome house, built in the French Renaissance style, on the corner of the Place Malesherbes and the Rue Monchanin, by the late architect, M. Piquy, his brother-in-law, whose widow lives on the first story. On the third floor his son, Jean Gounod, dwells, an artist of distinction, married to the daughter of Galland, the decorative painter, and he has a little boy the striking portrait of his illustrious grandfather. Gounod's daughter, the Baronne Pierre de Lassus, lives on the ground floor, for the great master is not happy unless he has all his family around him.

Gounod is a late riser; for, in spite of his seventy-five years, he has not yet reached that condition of old men who need but little sleep. In this, and in many other things, he has remained very young, almost a youth. His room is very simply furnished, and you see a small iron bed on which he sleeps. He dresses with infinite care, for he is very coquettish about his person, and generally is clad in black trousers, a short velvet jacket of the same color, a white flannel shirt, and a red silk cravat. He wears a black velvet cap and very finely made patent-leather shoes. He has a thick and carefully brushed white beard and a very fresh complexion.

When his toilet is over, he goes into his study, drinks a glass of milk, and sits down to his table to work, in an immense room, resembling a studio, with a vaulted ceiling like a church, and principally furnished with an organ, two pianos, and a large musical library. He writes while he is smoking his pipe, receives visitors, listens to singing, and breakfasts at twelve o'clock with Mme. Gounod, daughter of the late pianist and composer, Zimmerman, who was greatly in vogue during the reign of Louis Philippe.

His afternoons are devoted to work. He rarely dines out, but is fond of passing his evenings at the opera and at various theatres, as well at the Palais-Royal as at the Théâtre-Français, or the Grand Opéra, and retires late, reading to put himself to sleep.

Very simple in his habits and his tastes, he is frugal in his eating, even more so in drinking, smokes moderately, and is very fond of walking.

He goes out a great deal to rehearsals at the operas or at concerts, or to see any sick friends, for he has a very affectionate and devoted character. Every Saturday he takes part in the meeting at the Academy of Fine Arts, and he fulfills with great conscientiousness and assiduity his functions of president and member of an incalculable number of musical commissions and juries.

Very sociable, an untiring talker and full of wit, he never avoids the society of other persons and mixes with them with extreme simplicity, which makes him beloved by all who approach him, the humble as well as the great.

Here is an example of his *bon enfant* ways compared with those of certain pretentious artists: They were giving his oratorio, "Mors et Vita," at the Trocadero. At the artist's entrance were grouped the chorus and the musicians of the orchestra waiting for the door to be opened when the great master arrived. Getting out of a cab—for he had left his carriage for his family to use—with the voluminous score of his oratorio under his arm, a cigar in his mouth, he stood there talking and laughing familiarly with his performers, and any one not knowing him would have taken him for a simple trombone-player. A few moments later a handsome coupé drove up with two superb horses. A very solemn-looking gentleman got out, wrapped up in a fur-lined cloak, and, with princely airs, passed the group without deigning to look at them, and, escorted by a much-liveried groom carrying a small music-book, was about to enter when Gounod called the grand personage by his name, who was simply the haritone Faure.

Gounod lives this unostentatious life in Paris from the first of November until the middle of June, interspersing his winter sojourn in the capital by short trips to the large provincial cities, whither he is solicited to go to direct the execution

of his works. About the middle of "the leafy month," his family flits to St. Cloud, where Mme. Gounod owns a handsome villa left to her by her mother. As to Gounod, he goes and comes, making visits to his friends, to Nieuport in Belgium, to Normandy, where his old friends, the Marquis de Beaumont and the Prince de Ségur await him, to Biarritz, Archachon, Trouville, and other seaside places.

Since his return from England in 1873—where he passed three years, of which the turbulent Mrs. Georgina Weldon does not leave him a very pleasant souvenir—he has spent one winter in Rome with his old friend the painter, Hébert, former director of the French School of Art at the Villa Medici. With the exception of this one long absence, his life rolls on regularly in the cycle I have described.

Charles Jean Gounod was born at Paris on the seventeenth of June, 1818. He is the son of a painter of great talent, grandson and great-grandson of famous silver engravers, who were "engravers to the king." He is allied to the Dubufes, who count among them several generations of painters. He received the great prize of musical composition of the Institute, called "Le Prix de Rome," in 1839—which represents half a century of artistic career. After having passed two years in the ecclesiastical Seminary of Foreign Missions with the idea of becoming a priest, he renounced a religious vocation in order to devote himself entirely to his art.

His first dramatic work, "Sapho," was given at the Opéra in 1851; his last, "Le Tribut de Zamora," in 1882. The list of his works comprises seven grand operas, which are, in order of date: "Sapho," "La Nonne Sanglante," "La Reine de Saba," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Polyeucte," and "Le Tribut de Zamora"; two *mi-seria* operas, "Mireille," and "Cinq Mars"; three operas comiques, "La Colombe," "Le Medecin Malgré Lui," and "Philemon et Baucis." He has, moreover, written for the theatre the choruses of the tragedy of "Ulysses," by Ponsard; the music and choruses of two historical dramas, "Jeanne d'Arc," by Jules Barbier, and the "Deux Reines," by Legouvé. His religious compositions comprise three oratorios—"Tohio," "Redemption," and "Mors et Vita"—five grand solemn masses, and a great number of canticles and *motets*; a grand lyrical composition, "Gallia," several symphonies—works of his youth—many compositions for the piano, and more than one hundred and fifty melodies, duos, and choruses.

He has had the greatest known success on the lyrical stage. "Faust" was represented three hundred and twenty-one consecutive nights at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859. Transported to the Grand Opéra in 1869, the same work was given up to the seventh of November, 1887—five hundred times! When "Roméo et Juliette" appeared in 1867, the piece was played one hundred consecutive nights. As may be supposed, such immense success has brought the master a large fortune. He sold to Novello, of London, his two works "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" for twenty thousand dollars each. As to the money he has received and still receives for his author's rights from the Society of Musical Composers, on the execution of his works in Paris, the provinces, and in foreign countries, he alone could count the sum. He has made more money than all past and present French musical composers.

Gounod stands exonerated from the reproach of vanity, which, like affectation, belongs to the weak and the young. Age and talent restore equilibrium, and vanity is superseded by legitimate pride. He one day compared the progress of modesty in his soul with the simultaneous whitening of his hair. "When I was very young, I used to say, 'I'; later on, I said, 'I and Mozart'; then, 'Mozart and I.' Now I say, 'Mozart.'" The master has reversed the haughty words of Mirabeau: "Humble, when I consider myself; proud, when I compare myself with others."

Gounod's features have long been made popular by photography and engraving. But, like all those possessed of exuberant vitality, his countenance is too mobile, too expressive, to be faithfully reproduced even by the cleverest artist. The best existing portrait of him—an excellent one—is by Elie Delaunay, his colleague at the Institute of France. He is taken in profile, the head and chest only; the splendid line of the broad and powerful brow standing out from a background of laurels; the bold, blue eye, calm and strangely clear, is fixed upon space; the lines of the mouth are firm, with somewhat thick lips, sensuous, but also serious and half-dreamy; the fair hair, already frosted with silver, is spread fan-like on his chest; he clasps on his heart the score of "Don Giovanni," his musical gospel, revered by him almost as much as he reveres the Scriptures. PARIS, September 16, 1893. DORSEY.

The following facts about Lord Dunraven are taken from an article by Stinson Jarvis in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*:

"After leaving Christ Church, Oxford, he entered the First Life Guards, where he acquired the reputation of being the best and straightest steeple-chaser in this regiment of crack riders. Under the name of Viscount Adare he represented the London *Daily Telegraph* as special correspondent in the Abyssinian War, marching through four hundred miles of mountainous country under tropical heat. Subsequently attaching himself to the German army in the interest of the same journal, he penned a series of brilliant articles from Versailles regarding the siege of Paris. These literary achievements established his reputation, and the leading magazines—notably the *Nineteenth Century*—opened their pages to him. He has traveled so much in this country that he knows it even better than the average American. No doubt his best work is 'The Great Divide,' first published in 1876. In it he relates his life in the Far West, where, in company with the celebrated hunter, Texas Jack, he triumphed over grizzly, catamount, mountain-lion, buffalo, and elk. We owe to his pen one of the finest descriptions ever published of a storm in the Rockies, while his account of a camp in the same wilderness of mountains, where the travelers were literally surrounded by the terrible grizzly, is a fine piece of descriptive work. He has smoked the pipe of peace with the red man, and proved himself a match for the cowboy at his own sports. The *Valkyrie*, with which the earl will contest for the cup, is his second yacht of the same name. *Valkyrie* the first has been the most continuously raced boat in existence. After seeking honors in every race in England, Scotland, and Ireland, she has been sent to the Mediterranean to race through the winters. With our present visitor sport never ceases. He is the greatest sportsman in the world."

GOLD AND SILVER.

The Functions of the Two Precious Metals Used as Coin.

Hon. Rowland Hazard delivered an extremely interesting address at Providence, R. I., September 14th, which contains a very succinct statement of the money functions of gold and silver. From the address we make the following extracts:

"What is meant by the gold standard? Simply this, that gold, which is recognized everywhere as a part of wealth, has come into use as a measure with which to compare and estimate other portions of wealth. In order to apply this measure, the gold is divided into pieces of certain weight; thus a five-dollar gold-piece contains 129 grains of gold nine-tenths fine. It contains, therefore, 116 1-10 grains pure gold. Gold was used for money before mints were invented. The ancient money-changers weighed it at every transaction. Governments have established mints to save this trouble. They simply assert that each piece contains the weight of pure gold which it purports to contain. A piece so certified is fitted for a measure of value because it contains a known quantity of valuable substance. An immense stock has been accumulated to the world. The yearly product for a long period has added less than two per cent. per annum to this stock. To make this statement, I take the gold coin in the civilized world at not over \$3,700,000,000, and estimate that this coin is not over one-half of all the gold. The largest increase was in the years 1836 to 1860, when the yearly addition reached about \$140,000,000. At present the average is between \$120,000,000 and \$130,000,000. So that if the total stock is taken as low as \$7,500,000,000, the statement that the increase is not over two per cent. per annum is well within bounds.

"I dwell on these figures to show why gold is stable in value. There is this large stock of metal which is everywhere desirable, and to this stock small yearly additions of one per cent. to two per cent. are made. Further, the effect of the yearly additions is lessened by the loss which the total mass suffers from losses of all kinds, which it must bear. There is a constant loss from the wear of coin as it passes from hand to hand. This has been carefully observed, and has been estimated by Jacob to be for gold coin ten per cent. in forty-two years. There are losses in the arts—gold is frittered away beyond recovery in chemicals and gilding. There are losses by accidents, losses in the wrecks of ships which strew the bottom of the sea. All these losses are a check on depreciation which might be caused by large additions from the mines.

"Silver possesses many of the above enumerated qualifications for a measure of value, but in recent times the immense increase in the quantity produced has entirely changed its former ratio to gold. There has always been a difficulty in fixing this ratio. They always would exchange for each other at some specified rate or ratio. Previous to the discovery of America this ratio was about one ounce of gold for ten ounces of silver. Following that discovery and the import of large quantities of silver from Mexico and Peru, the ratio gradually changed till one to sixteen or one to fifteen and a half was reached about 1790. There for more than eighty years, up to 1870, the ratio between silver and gold continued very uniform. During the last twenty years of this period the supply of gold was increasing, but it produced little effect, because the capacity for absorption in the arts was great and the percentage of increase was still small. Moreover, the supply of silver, which began to assume large proportions in 1860, increased very rapidly after that date. This great increase stopped the tendency of gold to advance in value when compared with silver, and forced silver to begin again to depreciate.

"There are two principal objections brought forward by those who oppose the gold standard which it is necessary to notice.

"First, they say that gold has appreciated, or increased in value; that it will now buy more of all commodities than formerly; that it is constantly increasing in value; and, consequently, that it is a real hardship to the debtor to be obliged to pay his debt in gold, which has greater purchasing power than it had when the debt was contracted.

"There is a certain speciousness about this argument, but it rests on a very insecure foundation. The fall in prices of commodities which has taken place can be better explained by the diminished cost of production. The products of those industries in which improvements in methods of production are most marked have fallen most in price. Other articles have not fallen so much. Some have not fallen at all. Some have risen in gold value. This inequality of rise and fall could not exist if the appreciation of gold caused the change. The most careful statistics have been gathered, and it is found that the wages of labor, reckoned in gold, are higher to-day than ever before.

"The second objection of those who oppose the gold standard is that there is not enough gold in the world to do the business of the world. An answer may be made by referring to the fact that gold is to-day performing its function of furnishing a standard of value in all civilized countries. If allowed to flow freely from country to country as demand dictates, it furnishes a level to which all values are referred. That this level is delicate and perfect is seen by comparing the production of gold with its coinage. The regular course by which gold gets into the world's stock is through some mint. As collected at the mines it contains more or less impurities. It is sent to a mill, refined, colored, or made into stamped bars. These bars make large payments on the same basis as coin. Thus the whole product of the mines is, to the first instance, available as coin. The same of this coin is taken and melted for use in the arts. Further, the mint reports for the world frequently show more gold coined than produced. Evidently the surplus above the production was supplied from the stock of old gold on hand.

"We must, therefore, conceive of the gold coin of the world as a greater reservoir into which the whole product of the mines is continually pouring, and which also receive supplies from the coining of old gold. From the reservoir thus kept full to overflowing, streams run out to all the arts. The quantity which will pass through these overflows is regulated to a nicety by the profit to be made by allowing it to pass out. If the gold at any special outlet is worth more as coin than it is for that use, it will cease to go out. It will begin to go out again the moment there is a profit. The result is that there are ebbs and flows in the great reservoir of coin, and the quantity of coin required for the world's business is accurately determined by the world's needs.

"What, then, shall we do with silver? Is it of no value as a money metal? By no means. It has value to itself as gold has.

"But further than this, there is no doubt that silver coin is the best and most convenient for all small transactions. Let, therefore, the government issue subsidiary silver coin as it does now, also as many silver dollars as will circulate. Let this silver coin be legal tender up to five dollars. Let the government redeem it in gold when presented in sums of five dollars. At the present time retire all paper money below ten dollars. This would leave a free field for a large amount of silver and some gold five-dollar pieces. After a time, issue no paper money below twenty dollars. The result would be that a considerable amount of gold and silver coin would remain in the hands of the people. They would know what real money is by handling it. This possession of real money is a phase of monetary education which we have neglected.

"The conclusion of the whole matter is that our paper money should be curtailed and should rest on a larger metallic basis. The paper notes of small denominations should be suppressed to make room for a larger circulation of silver. More actual money should be in the hands of the people, but on no account should we give up the gold standard which we now possess. We possess this standard, not by any compact, treaty, or agreement, but because the universal experience of the civilized world has found it to be the best, fairest, most perfect measure of value which exists. We must see to it that we preserve the honest integrity of this standard of value, and so keep our own commercial honor untarnished."

Mr. Hazard advances the same proposition which the *Argonaut* has frequently maintained—the retiring of paper currency in small denominations. This would give an opportunity for a largely increased circulation of silver. The people of the East ought to be made to give up their filthy dollar hills. Then, too, the young people there should be taught what coin is, what hard money looks like, and what is the appearance of that handsome and elusive thing, the twenty-dollar piece of gold.

MR. ASTOR'S PAPER.

The Lever with which he would Open the Doors of London Society.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor's *Pall Mall Gazette* is picking up. The extraordinary political somersault that followed its acquisition of the property—a change from enlightened liberalism to the deepest Tory convictions—and the reconstruction of the editorial staff from new men with new ideas, made it, practically, a new publication. Its old following dropped away, and it had to find a new circle of readers. Just then, too, it had much to contend against in the fact that the *Westminster Gazette* had just been founded by the editing staff of the *St. James's Gazette*, and both those journals were making every effort to win popular favor.

There is nothing the true Briton admires so much as independence, and Mr. Astor's peculiar attitude toward the British aristocracy certainly did much to weaken his paper. Though it is, undoubtedly, pleasant to be told, by actions that speak louder than words, that your compatriots are the most civilized people in the world, still you can not admire personally or trust the sincerity of the man who not only ex-atriates himself and brings all his wealth away from the land where his fathers made it, but turns upon the democratic ideas that he should have imbibed with his mother's milk, and attempts to curry favor by becoming more royalist than the king. The many hazards and similar entertainments for the benefit of London charities to which Mrs. Astor surrendered her Carlton House Terrace mansion and Mr. Astor's purchase of Cliveden, the Duke of Westminster's famous country-seat, carried him far—indeed, he is now a member of the swell Marlborough Club, the favorite club of the Prince of Wales, who himself proposed the American for membership. And, undoubtedly, the capture and conversion of such a Liberal battery as the *Pall Mall Gazette* made Mr. Astor an ally that the Tories could not ignore. But the social sycophant is not the man with whom the British voter cares to take political counsel, and the power of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is weakened in consequence.

Not that it does not give much space to politics. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is a three-column paper of twelve pages, with about thirty-one columns of reading-matter in each issue, and of that number more than six are given up to a dry exposition of the political affairs of the three kingdoms.

Its editor, Mr. Harry Cust, is a clever young fellow, an I. P., and, of course, a man of good social standing—he is kinsman and possible heir to the Earl of Browlow—and he has brought ideas into his work. As his ideas are good and he has Mr. Astor's practically unlimited wealth behind him, he is making the *Gazette* a very readable journal, and you see it everywhere—in clubs, restaurants, and all variety of public places. As an instance of its "journalistic enterprise," as Americans say, I may mention the currently accepted rumor that the *Gazette* has paid Mr. Rudyard Kipling the sum of one hundred pounds each for the rights of newspaper publication of three new "Barrack-Room Ballads."

Another example of its enterprise is the series of articles on "The Case against Home Rule," which have been appearing at intervals for several weeks. These are really a notable series, the list of contributors being headed by the laquais of Salisbury; other noted names are those of General Sir Edward B. Hamley, Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the Earl of Russell, Lord Ashbourne, Rt. Hon. "Joe" Chamberlain, Arthéme St. Hilaire, ex-Foreign Minister of France, the laquais of Lorne, and Sir John Lubbock.

Some idea of its general tone may be derived from a brief summary of a recent issue. Its telegraphic dispatches fill about four columns, and of these the matter from the United States includes a third of a column on the financial situation there, an eighth of a column on the prospects of repeal of the Sherman Act, and two lines as follows:

"MURDER RECORD OF THE MEACHAM GANG.

"GROVE HILL, ALA., Monday.—It is said that the 'Meacham' gang of Moonshiners have killed twenty-seven persons during the last three years."

Whether or not the Sherman Act shall be repealed and a financial condition in New York touch the *Pall Mall Gazette* reader in his one vulnerable point, his pocket; but during twenty-four hours no event happened in the States which the *Gazette* deems worth recording except the fixing of the murder record of the Meacham gang during the past three years at twenty-seven.

Other foreign news treats of the French elections, the German Emperor's policy, and a few assorted crimes. A column devoted to the Welsh Coal War, and the news of the day in London is told in a column or so of paragraphs. Sport and financial news always occupy a page of each, and nearly a page is given up to some free-for-all discussion.

This, by the way, illustrates a peculiarity of the true Briton. If he has an opinion on any topic—and sometimes even when he has none—he straightway takes pen and paper and eases his mind in a long-winded letter to his favorite journal. Here are some of the topics, other than political, which are handled in this way in recent issues of the *Gazette*: titing a distinctive brand on foreign meat, the propriety of advisability of publishing a great man's private correspondence, "the plaint of Woman," an appeal to help poor children, the position of France among the nations of Europe, a proposed testimonial to Sir Augustus Harris, the quality of Paris journalists, foxes and crops, the recent plague of wasps, an honor due to "an excellent, though not extreme, high churchman," a bookseller's protest against the present rage for limited editions, and so on. In addition to these, the *Gazette* prints letters from its special correspondents in Rome, Paris, Berlin, and various places; it gives the news of court and society; it reviews the books of the day and the theatres; it summarizes each night the leaders in the great morning papers; and it has a well-handled special column in which the news of the world of science, education,

art, the law, country life, or of some other interests is intelligently set forth.

But it will be many a long month, and perhaps year, before the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be respected and followed politically as it was a year ago. Englishmen generally resent the interference of a foreigner in their political affairs, and even the Conservatives are but half-hearted in finding excuses for Mr. Astor's intense but recent loyalty to the old order of things in "merrie Engleland."

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, September 18, 1893.

The costly undertaking of turning Manchester into a seaport is rapidly approaching completion. Five miles of quay are already laid; the ship-canal, thirty-five miles long, connecting the city with the tideway of the Mersey, is expected to be open for traffic early next year. One-third of the distance is already open to shipping. This gigantic undertaking was begun in 1887. The cost has amounted to forty-five millions of dollars—some one million five hundred thousand dollars was sunk in Parliamentary expenses. The canal is capable of passing through vessels of as large tonnage as the Suez Canal. To carry the four important lines of railway which intersected its course over it, has necessitated the construction of viaducts seventy feet high. Six swing-bridges and a high-level cantilever bear main roads over its waters. Elaborate arrangements have had to be made for its intersection by the Bridgewater Canal. The original plan, was to level it through on the high-water line of the Mersey; but that was abandoned, and a series of locks now bring the canal at Manchester up to the level of the city, sixty feet over Liverpool. The locks and bridges are opened and shut by hydraulic power. Vessels, by the aid of electric light, will be passed through by night as easily as by day. Mr. F. Leader Williams is the engineer of this new wonder of the world.

Apropos of Count Muenster's resignation as German Ambassador to France, which has just been definitely accepted, the *Tribune's* Paris correspondent writes:

"The position of German envoy here is no sinecure. Hardly a day passes without his being called upon to interfere in behalf of one or the other of the two or three hundred thousand Germans settled in this country. Conflicts are forever occurring upon the frontier, and the newspapers here never cease for an instant assailing both Emperor William and Germany, or from discussing the imminence of that war of revenge which constitutes the favorite theme of almost every public speaker and popular orator. Of social intercourse between our *grand monde* and the German embassy, such as exists between the former and the other foreign missions established here, there is absolutely none, and Emperor William's representative, with his family and staff, are restricted exclusively to the society of their diplomatic colleagues and to a few cold and ceremonious official entertainments given from time to time by the cabinet ministers. The members of the German Embassy belong to no club that is of any account, and when they enter any shop or restaurant where their identity is known, they run the risk of exposing themselves to a refusal to serve them in consequence of their nationality. Had it not been for the remarkable tact and good humor displayed by Count Muenster, we might before now have found ourselves, if not in actual war, at any rate cut off from diplomatic relations with Germany. It will be difficult to replace Count Muenster, for if ever there was a German likely to find favor with the French people, it was this genial old nobleman, so keenly appreciative of French wit and of French cookery. Indeed, he is credited with the authorship of a successful cookery book, in which the highest tribute is paid to France's preëminence in all culinary matters."

When the late Herbert L. Cortis rode over twenty miles within an hour on a bicycle, sportsmen suspected that the limit of human endurance and skill had been attained in this branch of athletics. But with further modifications and improvements in every type of bicycle, the old records made on lofty machines have one by one vanished, and the greatest achievements by champion wheelmen of ten years ago come within the reach of quite average modern performers. The pneumatic tire and the wooden track between them have altered the whole aspect of the record-book. The latest record ride has especial significance, for a "tandem" now holds all the world's records for the hour; and the extraordinary distance of twenty-six miles and one hundred and fifty-six yards in that time is the joint performance of two English riders—Messrs. G. E. Osmond and J. W. Stocks.

Notwithstanding the recent culinary efforts of a patriotic American to educate the German up to an appreciation of the savory and nutritious properties of Indian meal, Dr. Eugene Sell, of the imperial health department, has reported to the Prussian Government that this substance is not a wholesome article of diet, and is unsuited for general consumption. The *Medical Record* thinks if Dr. Sell could but examine some of our stalwart mountaineers in West Virginia and Kentucky, and see how they thrive on hog and hominy, he might be led to distrust the accuracy of his laboratory experiments.

The costliest mile of railroad is a mile measured on the steel portion of the Forth Bridge. The length of this portion is a mile and twenty yards, and the cost of it was considerably over ten millions of dollars. The most expensive railway system in the world is the "Inner Circle" line of London, which cost, including the purchase of land, from three to five millions of dollars per mile. The last constructed mile, between the Mansion House and Aldgate, cost altogether, including "compensations," nearly ten millions of dollars.

It is proposed to run a fleet of electric launches through the most picturesque portions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The current will be supplied by dynamos driven by turbines, and will be conveyed to the launches by the overhead trolley system.

Steel caskets for the bodies of those who die suddenly on shipboard are being carried on many of the transatlantic liners. The remains are placed in them and hermetically sealed.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The famous Ferris Wheel is 260 feet in height, built of steel. It really consists of two wheels, one within the other, between which the cars are suspended upon trunnion pins. The whole revolves upon an axle thirty-three inches in diameter, forty-five feet long, and weighing fifty-six tons. The cost of this axle alone was \$35,000. The axle rests upon two towers 137 feet high, five feet square at the top, and forty by fifty feet at the bottom. The total weight of the structure is 4,300 tons. It is run by two engines of 2,000 horse-power each, and it takes ten minutes to make a revolution. The machinery is all in plain sight, surrounded by a railing, and forms one of the most interesting features of the show. There are thirty-eight cars, which accommodate about 2,000 persons, and there are three platforms at different heights, so that three cars can be loaded and unloaded at a time. The entire cost was \$270,000, and this amount has been covered by the receipts long ago. It takes in about \$8,000 daily.

The Count Rumford Kitchen is a little unpretentious cottage very near the south door of the Anthropological Building. Benjamin Thompson was born in Massachusetts in 1753, studied medicine, and devoted his life to scientific and economical cookery and the invention of stoves and ranges. For his service in bringing all known science to bear upon the problem of feeding the poor of Munich at the least cost, he received the title of count, and chose the name of his New Hampshire home, Rumford (now Concord), for his title. The Rumford Kitchen, therefore, is an application of the principles of chemistry to the science of cooking. Ten standard luncheons are served. An astonishing showing is the actual cost of the raw materials of these ten standard luncheons, at a fair market price, the same averaging about one-half of a cent for each.

The electric fountains are an endless source of wonder. The changing colors are produced in a way as mysterious as beautiful. A torrent of flashing silver changes to mellow amber, resolves to the pale green of an ideal fairy's moonlight, takes on a cerulean hue, passes to an opaline, iridescent and exquisitely beautiful, merges into a Vesuvian cataract of fiery lava, and returns to a cascade of molten silver. The polychromatic effects are made with the simple aid of colored glass.

Entering the Transportation Palace by the "Golden Door," the first object that attracts attention is a large model of the *Santa Maria*, the arrival of which on our shores in 1492 is being celebrated by this great fair. The larger reproduction of Columbus's vessel that sailed across the ocean to take part in the celebration is moored in the South Inlet, near the Convent of La Rabida, where crowds of people visit her daily.

Just beyond this model is Grace Darling's boat, in which she rescued so many shipwrecked people.

The model of the ill-starred *Victoria* is perfect in every detail, even to the screen for protecting the hull from torpedoes, and a little placard marks the spot where the vessel was struck by the *Camperdown*.

The Cunard Line shows models of many of its vessels, beginning with its pioneer side-wheeler, *Britannia*, which was built in 1840, and was considered a marvel at that time, for it was 207 feet long, its gross tonnage is 2,050, and its engines developed 403 horse-power. The beautiful new twin screw-propellers, the *Campania* and the *Lucania*, have been completed this year. The length of these vessels is 620 feet, their displacement 18,000 tons, and their horse-power 30,000.

Among models illustrative of modes of travel used at different periods, the oldest are models of funeral-boats, each containing several figures, that were found in tombs in Egypt. Some of these are said to be four thousand years old.

At the fair is a model of the yacht *Livadia*, built for the Czar of Russia, which, when afloat, must be a very odd-looking craft, for it is so broad as to give the impression of being round. Its bottom is flat and is provided with three ridges, that seem to be equivalent to three keels, one in the middle and one on each side. It has three screws and three smoke-stacks, the latter being arranged side by side instead of one in front of the other.

The Columbus caravels have been officially turned over to the United States Government by representatives of Spain, and have been formally accepted. The Spanish sailors who have been in charge have returned to Spain, and sailors from the United States navy are now on board.

In the German exhibit are immense sheets of paper, from the finest letter-paper to the heaviest wrapping-paper, arranged with a strong light behind them to show their quality. One large sheet suspended from a frame has iron weights to the amount of 440 kilos, attached, to show its "breaking strength." Wrapping-paper hung in the same way shows a "breaking strength" of 810 kilos.

When visiting the Electricity Building, the novice in electrical science can do little else but stand gaping with bulging eyes and wonder if the lightning will strike him. What with telephones, graphophones, and auriphones, telegraphs, phonographs, and telautographs; a glamour of flashing lights restless as caged hyenas; machines great and small, of almost every design and purpose, all filling important niches in the electrical world, the visitor unfamiliar with the mysteries of this newest science must content himself with looking at the chickens about the electric incubator.

A significant announcement appears at most of the food advertising pavilions, namely: "No samples distributed between the hours of twelve and two." This was found necessary, because until the rule was enforced vast crowds of rustics, with an eye to economy, fought for sample free-lunches at midday.

Street-car conductors in Haonihai, Mo., are forbidden to aid women in getting on or off cars except when requested.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In Wednesday's telegraphed accounts of the great storm on the Gulf occurs the following paragraph: "Grand Isle, a summer resort on the Gulf, is said to have met the fate of Last Island, and gone down with its long row of hotels and many of its visitors."

It is a curious coincidence that this terrible calamity should have so soon followed the republication in the *Argonaut* of those passages of "Chita: A Memory of Last Island," in which Lafcadio Hearn described with marvelous power the destruction of Last Island. In the *Argonaut* of September 11th the extracts were printed under the title of "The Wrath of the Storm God: A Story of Ruin," and within the month follows a precisely similar catastrophe in just the same locality.

In the October number of the *Century*, Napoleon is described by the secretary of the British admiral on board the ship which took the ex-emperor to St. Helena as eating heartily at dinner, "using his fingers instead of a fork."

Andrew Lang complains that Robert Louis Stevenson has failed to equip his new tale, "David Balfour," with the critical and antiquarian apparatus necessary to a perfect comprehension of it. He says:

"Obviously, we need a map of old Edinburgh as it was in 1750, and we need topographical notes and illustrative anecdotes. We want a note on James More, the son of Rob Roy, David Balfour's father-in-law. Was it really he who tried to sell Alan Breck to the English? I fear it was; but, if my memory be correct, Scott tells all about James More in an excursus on 'Rob Roy.' As for Alan and the Appin murder, we should at least have a proper bibliographical reference to the printed account of the trial. I have the book, or had it, but it is now inaccessible. A gilly on Loch Awe told me, but with reluctance, that a Cameron, and not Alan Breck, really shot Campbell of Glencore. This Cameron was afterward unpopular, as James Stewart, an innocent man, was banged for the crime. Then why, I asked, like a foolish Lowlander, did not the people give Cameron up, and save the innocent James? My gilly did not see it in that light; the Gael has ideas perfectly unintelligible to us. To denounce a murderer, though it be to save the life of the guilless—perish the thought! So honest James was really banged, and a black business it was, as may be read in Mr. Omond's book on the Lord Advocate. But why does not Mr. Stevenson, in a note, of course, tell us all about the Lord Advocate's three bonny daughters, who figure in his tale? Mr. Omond says nothing about them, I fear. Perhaps bonny daughters are beneath the dignity of history. Then there is Allan Ramsay's improper epigram on these beauties; it is referred to, it is not quoted, and it should be quoted—of course, only in a note. A brief abstract of the Master of Lovat's history we also demand, and we want to know if he was purposely too late for Culloden. Finally, what was 'Cluny's Treasure'?"

Mr. Woodberry's book on James Russell Lowell is on the verge of publication. The author has had the advantage of access to the ample material in charge of Professor Norton, Lowell's executor, and has been permitted to examine all the poet's unpublished letters.

The affectionate and human side of Walt Whitman's character is shown in a series of letters to his mother, printed in the October *Century*.

Emile Zola is collecting funds for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Guy de Maupassant.

The *Nation* thinks Rudyard Kipling should be grateful for the large meed of popularity that has been given him; but it says:

"Mr. Kipling, seen through his works, is not grateful, and is preeminently discourteous. He goes out of his way to say nasty things which are true about women, the most appreciative part of his public, about members of his own craft who have mostly given him unstinted praise, and in fact about all the world, except the British subaltern, in whose person he discovers the one man among ten thousand. His unpleasant remarks are usually quite as much from the matter of his tale, and unless he calmly regards them as gems of wise or beautiful thought, they must be taken as irrepressible outbursts of a disposition neither amiable nor gracious."

The October number of the *Century* contains a portrait of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of the original plan of the landscape of the World's Fair, with a sketch of his life, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

The Hon. L. E. Chittenden, whose two volumes of reminiscences will be remembered vividly by all who read them, has in press a new volume entitled "An Unknown Heroine," relating to an episode of the Civil War, the facts of which are authentic.

Mr. Norman Gale, the author of the fresh and fragrant strawberry-and-cream verse of "A Country Muse," is a teacher. He has a school of his own at the now famous English town of Rugby.

The table of contents of the October *Century* is as follows:

"Life among German Tramps," by Josiah Flynt; "Plague on a Pleasure-boat," by J. Stuart Stevenson; "Taking Napoleon to St. Helena. From a Manuscript Diary of the Trip, written by the Admiral's Secretary," Part I., by John R. Clower; "Walt Whitman in War-Time. Familiar Letters from the Capital," by Walt Whit-

man; "The Cats of Henriette Ronner," by Thomas A. Janvier; "Frederick Law Olmsted," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "The Pratt Institute," by James R. Campbell; "Balcony Stories—1. A Delicate Affair. II. Puppets," by Grace King; "Street-Paving in America," by William Fortune; "Béranger," by C. Coquelin, translated by Walter Learned; "The Heir of the McHushies," Part II., by Bret Harte; "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini," by Tommaso Salvini; "Benefit Forgotten"—XI, by Wolcott Balestier; and verses by W. R. Huntington, Florence Earle Coates, R. W. Gilder, A. Lampman, and F. D. Sherman.

A little book by W. W. Story, entitled "A Poet's Portfolio: Later Readings," is coming from the press. Like his previous book, called "He and She," it is a collection of lyrics interspersed with prose.

Not many of the successful novelists of to-day started in life as story-writers. Most of them—including Kipling, Black, Farjeon, Barrie, and David Christie Murray—were newspaper men. Conan Doyle was a doctor. Robert Louis Stevenson was an engineer. Walter Besant was a college professor. Thomas Hardy and Hall Caine were architects. Jerome K. Jerome was a plain, every-day clerk.

"Pudd'n Head Wilson" is the title of the novel by Mark Twain which the *Century* is to publish during the coming year. It is understood to be a story of a Mississippi steamboat town.

Thomas Wright, of Olney, the biographer of Cowper, having completed a life of Defoe, is arranging to write a life of Dickens. He has already collected a considerable mass of material.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu's story of Norway, "Ivar the Viking," will be published at an early date. The scenes of the story are laid in the fourth century, and are full of the life, color, and spirit of that interesting age.

New Publications.

"Pleasure and Progress," by Albert M. Lorentz, LL. B., has been issued in the Truth Seeker Library published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Sabina Zembra" and "White Heather" are the latest issues of the new and revised edition of William Black's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents each.

"Brandon Coyle's Wife," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, a sequel to "A Skeleton in the Closet," has been published in paper covers by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Wreck of the Golden Fleece," by Robert Leighton, a lively story of an English fisher-boy's adventures in the North Sea a century ago, has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"On the Old Frontier," by William O. Stoddard, is a story for boys in which "the last raid of the Iroquois" is made the occasion for an exciting historical romance of the wars between Indians and white settlers in Western New York in the last century. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Two Salomés," by Maria Louise Pool, who has written several more than fairly good novels of New England life, is a story in which the heroine is a girl of Puritan descent, with a passionate and artistic strain in her nature which makes her acts and motives very interesting. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A new edition has been issued of Helen Campbell's "The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking." It is divided into two parts, in the first of which are discussed the house and its situation, ventilation, drainage, etc.; the day's work, washing, fires, lights, etc.; and the chemistry and physiology of food. The second part contains recipes for a great variety of dishes and the other useful features of a cook-book. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"English History for American Readers," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Channing, is precisely what its title declares—a history of England so told that the events of special importance in the formation and development of American institutions are given greater prominence than those which had little or no influence on us. For the rest, it is a clear, concise narrative; and the book possesses the usual bibliographies, chronological tables, maps, illustrations, and index. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.20.

There are half a dozen commendable short stories in "Nowadays and Other Stories," by George A.

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THE CENTURY

FOR OCTOBER

CONTAINS

"Taking Napoleon to St. Helena."

The unpublished diary of the Secretary of the Admiral in command of the British vessel which conveyed Napoleon Bonaparte into exile. The every-day life of the ex-emperor on board ship,—his conversations with the Admiral regarding Waterloo, the siege of Moscow, the proposed invasion of England, etc., etc. The impressions made upon an Englishman by daily contact with Napoleon. A remarkable document.

"Frederick Law Olmsted," "Walt Whitman in War-Time," "Street-Paving in America," "The Cats of Henriette Ronner," "Béranger" by the actor Coquelin, "Life Among German Tramps," "Balcony Stories," "The Pratt Institute," "Salvini's Autobiography," etc.

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Hibbard. The last of them, "A Flirt," is the longest, and is extremely clever in its skillful intrigue and bright dialogue; another tells of a young Irishman and his bride who spend their wedding night in a police station; another has for its heroine a modern young woman who is yet enough of a woman to go to the man she loves in his hour of need. They are all essentially modern tales, brightly told and strongly conceived. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Factors in American Civilization" is the title of the latest volume of popular lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. It contains fourteen suggestive papers, among which may be mentioned: "The Nation: Its Place in Civilization," by Charles de Garmo, Ph. D.; "Natural Factors in American Civilization," by Rev. J. C. Kimball; "War and Progress," by Dr. Lewis G. Jones; "The Economic Position of Woman," by Caroline B. Le Roy; two essays on the evolution of penal methods and institutions and charities; and others on the drink and labor problems. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Our Great West" is the title of a handsome book in which are collected Julian Ralph's recent magazine papers on the present conditions and future possibilities of the new States and cities that lie between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast. The topics of its thirteen chapters are: Chicago, "Chicago's Gentler Side," Lake Superior, "The Capitals of the North-West," the Dakotas, Montana, "Glimpses of the Past, Present, and Future," the State of Washington, "Colorado and Its Capital," "Wyoming—Another Pennsylvania," "A Week with the Mormons," San Francisco, and "Ways of City Government Under West." Mr. Ralph is a professional traveler as well as a clever newspaper man, and in these papers he has given us the result of trained observations, wide information, sound judgment, and a happy faculty of graphic description. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

"General Johnston," by Robert M. Hughes, has appeared in the Appletons' Great Commander series. The work was projected shortly before General Johnston's death, and it was he who selected as his biographer Mr. Hughes, who was already at work upon a more extended life of the Confederate general. But this new work has superseded the one first projected. In its preparation the main source of information has been the "Official War Records," now being published by the government, together with Johnston's private papers, McClellan's, Grant's, and Sherman's memoirs, and one or two historical works on the Civil War. The first chapter tells of General Johnston's parentage and youth, the next of his early military life, the third of his career from the Mexican to the Civil War; then follow fourteen chapters on the war; and a final chapter shows the general as a private citizen again. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The United States: An Outline of Political History," by Goldwin Smith, is an important book in many ways. In the first place, we always like to see ourselves as others see us, and when the particular other is an intelligent foreigner like Goldwin Smith, a keen student of public affairs, and a writer who would make the driest topic entertaining, the picture is unusually interesting. To be sure, he smashes many of our idols—calls Columbus an adventurer and says Washington was not a great general—but, on the other hand, he does not stint his praise. In his preface, after saying that the book is written to give English readers a better comprehension of American political history, he describes himself as "an Englishman who regards the American Commonwealth as the greatest achievement of his race." The work covered is from 1492 to 1871, and a second volume, bringing the work up to date, is vaguely hinted at. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

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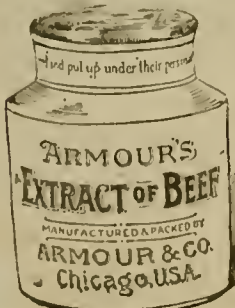
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VANITY FAIR.

"They who go to Newport oow, stopping at hotels and expecting to enter society, will not do it," declares a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. "Neither will they who go there taking cottages. One is admitted to society in Newport, indeed, only after the continued effort of many summers, after patient yearly comings, always with a paraphernalia that would pass as *en rigle* were admission granted. Frequently, however, much more has to be done before the existence of the devotee is even recognized. All aspirants, indeed, are ignored until a certain time of probation has been passed. Theo they may ever be admitted into society. For many an aspirant ooe summer, with its disappointments, suffices. Hope ever rises in the hearts of others. They come again and yet again, and then—sometimes suddenly they find themselves in. Do you ask what ooe and what can not admit one? The answer is, 'No one can tell.' 'Twas money once everywhere, but it is not all money any longer anywhere. We are used now to our millions and even to our billions. It would show great ignorance to think that cleverness could admit one—that cleverness which disturbs you while it makes you admire, applaud, and appreciate. Such cleverness calls for too much exertion and exacts too much attentioo. It is not cleverness, therefore; oor is it beauty for the women, nor a good tailor for the men, for beauty and good-dressing are to be found without stiot both io and out of society—they have become professions. Then if it is not mooney aloe, nor cleverness, nor beauty, oor good-dressing, what is it?"

"It seems to be io ooe word—conventionalty. Society does oot like to be startled or surprised. It can only let itself be agitated along well-established, loog-approved-of lines. Conventioality may be described as a monotooy of conduct, a conformity to outward appearances. This conformity io ooe set of society and in one place may not suit another set oor another place, although, broadly speaking, it is everywhere about the same. The conventionalty which belongs to Newport is entirely its own. It has some points which have grown out of circumstaoes. To preserve them is to secure its own peace and comfort. For instance, society in Newport has certain things to do and certain places to frequent. It sees no object io any change of custom. It does not boat, it seldom fishes (ooly the meo ever fish), and it bathes in the sea *sub rosa*. One of the curious and interesting conventionalties of Newport is how and when to bow. When you meet an acquaintance for the first time that day, you bow pleasantly and satisfactorily. After that you must not show eveo by the flutter of an eyelash that you see them again. Should the encounter be with a friend, a slight gleam of recogitioo may be admitted, but with this protest io your expression: 'This is all very well for ooe, but you know it can't go on, for we have done it before.' It is admissible to bow io the afternoon, even though you have bowed in the morning, because you are now performing a separate functioo. In the morning you were shopping or calling, now you are engaged in drivog.

"The Casino is a place of public amusement. It is not the cottagers' very own, for they share it with the outside world, and this makes them somewhat lukewarm about it. Twice a week the Casino ball-room is opened, and tickets are sold geoorally. A crowd sits in the gallery to see the élite of swelldom arrive, and twice a week the élite fail to arrive. The room fills up, dancing goes on, and many think they have seen society, and go away pleased, having enjoyed the sight. Ooe evening of the week, for no known reason, has more of a chance than the others. Society comes then, and this is the way it is done: After the evening is far spent, a flutter is seen about the large entrance-door, and as many as twenty or more people will suddenly confront the public. They move in a solid phalanx across the floor and take seats, then they float out together in loog waltzes. They skirmish up and down io hopping polkas; they even dance quadrilles of their own forming. The floor now being greatly relieved of a promiscuous crowd, they give themselves up to enjoyment, and the eye is delighted with the beauty of form and dress. This sudden and solid arrival of so many at once is the outcome of dinner-parties—society has come with one accord to have a good last dance before the music stops. As for the off night, it is entirely snubbed, and if any of the grand ladies is going to give a dance, she is almost certain to choose ooe of these nights, thereby drawing away all possible chance of a success from the Casino. Yet these women have a sort of consciooe toward the Casino, for their husbands are stockholders and managers, and have money at stake in its success, so they rally at times, and turn out for subscription balls, dazzling the public with beautiful toilets, superb jewels, and their own graciousness. Great pucillio is observed, however, io stated plans, as to how each shall go in to supper, so that no iotruders shall find their way among them. Certain tables are set apart to receive them. After that, *saue qui peut*, and the crowd enters.

"Cottage life is the centre and core of Newport society. It aims at the exclusion of publicity, at the seclusion of home life, with every inch of its grounds open to view. It is no effort, however, to maintain

this ostrich view of things, for everything is arranged to preserve it. They all think they live secluded lives, for there is nothing to bring them io contact with any one but themselves. They all do about the same things. They go to the same places. Their belongings are bought from the same shops. Their clothes come from the same tailors and well-known modistes. They buy the same flowers to decorate their tables. They have the same dishes. They drink the same wines. They have the same plans for their childreo. Their childreo drive the same little pony-carts. They have the same sort of servants, the same grooms, the same harness, and the same sameness about everything. Yet, with it all, it is so refined, so well-appointed, so luxurious, so beautiful, that any ooe might envy the possessioo and enjoyment of it all. Take their luncheons and dinoers, for instance. Look around at the beautiful and refined appointments, at the well-bred faces, the well-dressed women. Look at the glass, and silver, and gold. The flunkies bearing aloft the salvers of fruits, as if at Belshazzar's feast. Every conceivable dish is there, either io or out of season. As a wit has said: 'Everything, eveo from the apples of Sodom to English grapes at six dollars a pound.' Then hear the talk, for it ooe hardly be called conversation. It scarcely comes up to the standard of the grapes, though it is often equal to the apples of Sodom. When the women are intimate, their talk is a little *risqué*. They oteo speak as if oo the edge of a precipice; but, fortunately, the waiters now are either French or Italian, and do not understand. 'There is nothing that the virtuous worldly woman knows so well as the vices of others.' Nothing is more eoterstaoing than to discuss them. As for the household appointments, think of satio sheets—of blue, and pink, and black, and white satin! Think of two thousand dollars for four pairs of sheets! Think of embroidered sheets, trimmed with lace, at five hundred dollars a pair, with night-dresses to match! Think of turquoise and diamond necklaces to wear with them, of bracelets to match! One has eveo heard of solitaire rings for those poor little things that are one day to be turned up to the daisies. What do you think of one hundred and fifty rods in a room, with ooe hundred and fifty gowos hanging thereon? What think you of costly lace toilet-covers, of tortoise-shell jewel-boxes, of enameled brushes, of moonstones in coffee-spoons, of diamonds in *honi-spits*, and of dozens and dozens of other astooishing thiogs?

"Theo the society girl. Perhaps there have been moments io her life when she has wished that things were different with her. But she will have a hard time of it until she has been pruned and trimmed to suit her surroundings. Mrs. Grundy stands sponsor for her. She is absolutely under the control of conformity, and Mrs. Grundy has done it. There is no ooe to match her with, if she becomes original. Yet there is a good deal in her, and she might enlarge her life. The society mao is oot her equal. Then why should she not marry a foreigner? Eoglismen can hardly be called that who are of our own race and language. These men seem much more impressed with her loveliness than our own young men are, nor are they one whit more married for their money than our society men stand ready to be. Alas! the truth is this about our young men of swelldom: they have all so recently sworn to lead chivalric lives that they are entirely occupied with the effort to joio all the clubs. So it happens that the large fortunes which they really covet escape them and go out of the country; then they grumble that our girls of the world have chosen their fate away from their own country and from them. An idle American does not always make the better husband of the two; perhaps he is too new to the occupation of idleoess. He can not escape from himself yet into paths of ambition or of public usefulness."

According to the Vienna *Tageblatt* a great amount of feeling has been aroused over the establishment of the Vienna gymnasium for girls and the proposal to establish a similar institutioo in Berlin. Many of the old German ladies are opposed to these departures, and one of their number, representing a solid body of opinioo on the subject, asks: 'What can possibly be the use of Latin, Greek, philosophy, and algebra to a *hausfrau*? She can carve a goose equally well without such knowledge. If her husband refuses to buy her a new dress or hat, ooe she not sooo be equal with him without going in for a course of philology?' The ladies scoff at the idea of womeo lawyers, declaring that as a woman would never admit that her case was lost, lawsuits would drag oo forever. At present the education of a middle-class German girl includes a thorough and systematic instruction in general history, the special history and literature of her own country, and ooe accomplishment—as a rule, music. She can also write a good hand, knows sufficient arithmetic for practical purposes, and in the arts of cutting garments, embroidering, darniog, and cooking she is a highly competent housewife. Add to this fact that one of the most striking features of German domestic life is the quiet happioess of the womeo, and it is little wonder that the elderly *hausfraus* of the old school object to her innovations.

A cotemporary has just published a number of letters from ladies, presumptively young, which breathe condemnation upon the modern man and his

clothes. One fair writer declares that a more unbecoming costume than that of the *fin-de-siècle* swell ooe not be imagined, while another says that the only garb in which the young man of the day ooe be tolerated is his bathing-dress. However, dress-reform amoo men is literally an iridescent dream. There are two reasons for this, first that men fellow custom rather than fashion, and, second, that man's dress, ugly and unaesthetic as it may be, is by no means irrational. It is, after all, the fact that womeo who are dissatisfied with their own clothes geoorally imitate those of the worse half of creatioo. Yet why the custom of coats, trousers, and high hats has proved so potent a charm and has come to be an emblem of civilization is not very easily explained. Perhaps the chief reason is that "rational" costumes require ao absense of self-consciousness, and this is the quality particularly engendered by modern civilization. Agaio, we have all heard that ooly a geotleman ooe look well io a dress-coat—it may be a spirit of emulation, therefore, which keeps that hideous garment alive. But aoybody who hopes to get rid of it is buildiog his hopes oo sand. No, the trouser will never give place to the returning knickerbocker, nor will man acquire any drapery which will hang around his form io looes which the paioter or the sculptor ooe welcome as a relief from present rigidities.

The physical beauty of womeo should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty. Helen of Troy comes upon the stage at the age of forty. Aspasia was thirty-six wheo married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty wheo she met Antony. Diane de Poitiers was thirty-six when she woo the heart of Henry the Second. The kiog was half her age, but his devotion oever chaoed. Aone of Austria was thirty-eight wheo described as the most beautiful woman io Europe. Mme. de Maiteoee was forty-three wheo united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia thirty-three wheo she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years. Mlle. Mars was most beautiful at forty-five, and Mme. Récamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. The most lastiog and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauties. The old saw about sweet sixteen is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell io immaturity. For beauty does not mean aloe the fashion of form and coloring, as found io the waxen doll. The dew of youth and a complexioo of roses sometimes combine io a face that is uomoving and unresponsive. A woman's best and richest years are from twenty-six to forty. Cootentment and good humor will out-rival all medical inventions as a preservative of youth. A woman, beautiful in' all else, but wanting mirth, will grow old, sour, thin, and sallow, while the merry, fun-loving woman will be fresh and sweet, despite life's happenings and sorrows.

The Boston *Globe* recently fired this interesting query at its readers: "For whom do women dress?" The shot provoked a broadside of opinioos from a multitude of people. The question is one that always interests the public. A large proportion of American citizens hold that women dress to please the men. Another class, equally numerous, insist that they project and execute elegant toilets io order to provoke the admiration and covoy of other womeo. The obvious truth is that women clothe themselves in tasteful and beautiful fabrics because they are women. It is a fact to be thankful for (says the New York *Press*) that all the fads of all the reformers in creatio can oot reform the inherent delight of the civilized woman in beautiful and graceful thiogs. If she lived in a country without a man in it, she would still regard the fit and hue of her garments as matters of essential importance. Of course womeo are not un-mindful of the opinioo of the opposite sex. They like admiration wheo it is respectful, and they are a great deal happier wheo their dress is cordially praised by the ooe particular mao whose approbation they value above most things terrestrial. But they select their garb primarily, not to gain masculine flattery, but in obedience to the domioant instioct which makes the modern woman a cotstantly refining and uplifting force.

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SOCIETY.

The Gordon-Masten Wedding.

The residence of Mr. N. K. Masten, 2218 Clay Street, was the scene of a pretty wedding last Thursday evening, the contracting parties being his daughter, Miss Irene Genevieve Masten, and Mr. Phil K. Gordon, a prominent railroad official of this city. The young couple are very popular among a large circle of friends. The guests were welcomed by Mrs. H. Seymour Manning and Miss Manie Masten. Mrs. Manning wore a handsome gown of pearl-colored silk, with pinnars of pearl velvet. The bodice was covered with pearl-colored net. Miss Masten wore a skirt of white satin, draped with accordion plaited chiffon and a bodice of white satin, delicately brocaded in flowers of varied colors.

The rooms were decorated in quiet taste with an array of bright-hued flowers, long fern sprays, and trailing vines of smilax that combined in completing an attractive picture.

The guests were all assembled in the suite of parlors at half-past eight o'clock, when the notes of the wedding march were heard and the bridal party entered. Miss Georgiana Masten was the maid of honor, and the Misses Jennie and Alice Masten were the bridesmaids. The groom was unattended, and the bride was escorted by her father, who gave her into the keeping of the groom. Rev. Floyd J. Mynard, rector of St. Paul's Church, performed the marriage ceremony. The dresses of the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride's robe was of snowy white silk and fitted her graceful figure perfectly. The high corsage was daintily trimmed with broderie Romienne and white chiffon and the sleeves were full at the shoulders and extended to the wrists. A long veil of white silk tulle was confined to her coiffure and fell in fleecy clouds to the end of the long court train. Her gloves were of white undressed kid and her hand-bouquet was of Bride roses and orange blossoms.

Miss Georgiana Masten, the maid of honor, wore a pretty gown of pearl-gray silk, trimmed with chiffon and made en demi-train. The corsage was décolleté, and her gloves were of gray undressed kid. She carried Niphetos roses.

Misses Jennie and Alice Masten appeared, respectively, in becoming gowns of lavender and yellow India silk, made walking length. They were cut décolleté and adorned at the corsage with ruffles of chiffon, while handsome girdles encircled their waists. They carried bouquets of chrysanthemums to match the color of their dresses.

As the last words of the marriage service were uttered the friends of the newly wedded couple pressed forward to extend their congratulations. Afterward the hours were passed in dancing to excellent music, and an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction. The wedding gifts were of great variety and were elegant and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon left for British Columbia, en route to the Yellowstone Park, Chicago, and other Eastern points, last Friday, and will be away about four weeks.

The Greenebaum-Brandenstein Wedding.

A notable wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brandenstein, corner of California and Gough Streets, last Tuesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Tillie Brandenstein, was united in marriage to Mr. William Greenebaum, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Greenebaum. The young couple are well known in society circles and have a large circle of friends, over three hundred of whom were present to witness the wedding. The residence was decorated artistically by Miss Mary Bates. The hallway was adorned with great clusters of ferns, sprays, hung with bright red Chile peppers and tied with ribbons of scarlet-hued silk. Tropical palms gave a pretty finish to the scene. The reception-room was a picture of beauty, and displayed some novelties in decorative art. The large mantel-mirror was garlanded with pink Cecil Bruner roses that were sustained by broad silk ribbons of pink and black, while the pier-mirror was also graced with garlands of these same delicate roses that upheld a large wreath of them.

Particularly attractive, however, was the spacious salon, where the ceremony was performed. Overhead was a large canopy of shaded pink netting that was hung profusely with clusters of pink and white sweet peas. The ends of the canopy, hanging round the walls, were caught up at intervals by wreaths of eucalyptus and sweet peas, and these same blossoms were woven among the meshes of the netting with pretty effect. The parlors, dining-room, and other apartments also revealed in flowers daintily arranged.

The ceremony was performed promptly at half-past eight o'clock by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of the Temple Emanu-El. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom, and Mrs. Keesling removed the veil. Miss Agnes Brandenstein, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor and the Misses Frances, Edith, and Rena Jacobi, nieces of the bride, were the bridesmaids. Mr. Edward Brandenstein and Mr. Charles Brandenstein were the groomsmen. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal-party are described as follows:

The bride, a petite brunette, appeared in an elegant robe of heavy white satin, made with a long court train. The corsage was cut low and covered with point d'Alençon lace, and the bouffant sleeves extended to the elbow, meeting the gloves of white undressed kid. The flowing veil of white silk moulure was confined to the coiffure by a pearl and diamond brooch, a gift of the groom. She carried Niphetos roses.

Miss Agnes Brandenstein wore a becoming gown of white silk, en demi-train, trimmed with point lace. She carried a bouquet of Jacquemont roses.

Misses Frances, Edith, and Rena Jacobi were attired in white silk gowns, trimmed with white chiffon.

The ceremony was followed by the congratulations of the guests, after which dancing was enjoyed until early morning. Previous to midnight, an elaborate repast was served under the direction of Ludwig.

The affair was an enjoyable one in every particular. The wedding gifts were extremely beautiful and completely filled a large room. There were cases of silverware, service of gold, crystal, and china, fine bronzes and paintings, and bibelots without number. The young couple remained here until Thursday, when they left to visit the Columbian Exposition and other points in the Eastern States. They will return late in November, and will reside at the home of the bride's parents.

The Gerstle Circus-Party.

Mr. William Gerstle gave a dinner-party in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday evening in honor of Misses Hattie and Sarah Hecht, of Boston, and Miss Saidee Hecht, of this city, who will go East on Sunday. After dinner the party went to the circus and then returned to the Palace Hotel where they had supper in the Maple Room. The floral decorations were beautiful and the souvenirs unique. Those in the party comprised:

Miss Hattie Hecht, Miss Sarah Hecht, Miss Saidee Hecht, Miss Alice Gerstle, Miss Belle Gerstle, Mr. William Gerstle, Mr. Bert Hecht, Mr. Max Sloss, Mr. Joseph Sloss, Mr. Henry Brandenstein, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Mack, who chaperoned the party.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mrs. Evelyn Towne Shaw and Mr. Clinton E. Worden will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday, November 8th, at noon.

The wedding of Miss Lewina Wethered, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered, and Mr. George Henry F. Martinez, will take place at four o'clock next Tuesday afternoon at the New Jerusalem Church.

The wedding of Miss Maud Morrow and Lieutenant A. F. Fichteler, U. S. N., will take place at noon on Monday, October 16th, at the home of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, in San Rafael. The groom's brother will act as best man, Miss Ruger will be the maid of honor, and Miss Belle McKenna and Miss May Hoffman will be the bridesmaids.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ada Barron Trezevant, daughter of Mrs. Henrietta V. Trezevant, to Mr. Joseph Jules Gensoul, son of Mrs. Marie Gensoul. The wedding will take place next winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily G. Britton, daughter of Mrs. G. W. Britton, to Lieutenant John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., son of Major General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

A dinner-party was given at the Bohemian Club last Wednesday evening by many of the members in honor of Mr. Albert Gerberding, president of the club, who recently returned from the East. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections during the service of the repast, which was quite elaborate.

Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan gave a reception at the rooms of the Art Students' League last Saturday afternoon to display to her friends the paintings and sketches she made while in Europe. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Heynemann, Miss Rodda, Miss Wall, Miss O'Sullivan, and Miss Curtis. Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan gave several vocal selections during the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan will leave on October 21st, for Genoa, Italy, where they will live during the winter.

The hegira of San Franciscan society people to the Columbian Exposition is now apparently at its height, judging from the many departures of late. Among those who have gone during the past two weeks and are visiting the exposition and other points in the Eastern States are Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Miss Hager, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. Otto Favre, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garniss, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Bertha Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, Mr. Albert L. Stetson, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle, Mr. Louis Greenebaum, Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Miss Stella Davidson, Mrs. D. E. Allison, Mrs. W. S. Spinney, Miss Emma Spinney, Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh, Mrs. C. B. Stone, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Aldrich, Mr. Clinton Day, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foote, Miss Foote, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. Harry Durbin, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Belden, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Josephine Cone, Miss Jennie McMillan, Miss Sara Dean, Mrs. William B. Carr, Mrs. Eli Lewelling, Miss Martha Gibbs, Mr. George G. Carr, Mrs. Elisha Cook, Miss Leonide Cook, Mr. Elisha Van Slyke Cook, Mr. Gilbert Gurney, and Mr. Alfred Tubbs.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell still lives in the house where her husband died. She has no amusements, no diversions, enters into none of the social incidents of the neighbors, seems to be, and authentic report says is, heart-broken and inconsolable over the loss of the man she really loved.

The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo may hide his head—for a lady has achieved a like feat, and Vienna newspapers announce some particulars as follows:

"Miss Leal, for a considerable time a regular attendant at the roulette-table, has all along enjoyed a large share of good luck; but her fortune culminated suddenly some nights ago, when, within the brief space of one hour, she won five hundred thousand dollars and broke the bank. She is an Englishwoman, and she wisely escaped the next morning with her suddenly acquired wealth sewed up in her under-clothing."

Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is not known in the society of the national capital. She lives almost entirely at her home in West Virginia, and goes to Washington only once or twice a year for a short visit. She is a daughter of Professor Huntington, of the Columbian University in Washington, and is herself a scholar of no small merit.

A notable figure has been removed from the British peerage in the person of the Countess of Rothes, of whom an exchange says:

"Countess of Rothes, who died Tuesday in her eighty-third year, was famous as one of the few women possessors of an earldom in their own right, and as a rich person burdened with a monster debt for an ancestor who died in the seventeenth century. When John, the seventh Earl of Rothes, died in 1681, Charles the Second, who loved him, ordered a magnificent funeral to be paid for by the state; but King Charles forgot to pay the bill, and it became a charge upon the Rothes estate. So huge was it that it has not yet been entirely discharged, although the countess who has just died was the nineteenth holder of the earldom."

Miss Kate Kane, of Chicago, who proposes to run as an independent candidate for the superior court in that city, has already secured more than three thousand names for her petition, which the law requires. She studied law at Ann Arbor, Mich, and was one of the first women admitted to the bar in the West. In figure she is robust, in repartee caustic, and she asks no odds of her fellow-practitioners in the strife of the courts.

Among the persons who have had great influence in the revolution in Brazil is a woman of whom the *Tribune* says:

"Mme. Gabriela de Matos is thirty-one years old, with large blue eyes and blonde hair. At the beginning of the revolt she sold her cattle and attached herself to the troops of Yuc Tigue, whose adjutant she became. She accompanied the half-wild leader on all his expeditions, clad in a uniform which was a strange combination of women's and men's attire. Across her shoulders she carried a hand on which were the words: 'Long live Liberty! Long live Rio Grande do Sul!' Many deeds of courage, as well as kindness, are told of this unusual woman, who believes that she is a second Joan of Arc, called to lead her country to independence."

"Miss Columbia," the daughter of the Duke de Veragua, was engaged to a young Spanish marquis when she accompanied her father to this country. When the duke discovered that his fortune was greatly impaired, he cabled to the marquis releasing him from the engagement. The loyal Spaniard returned answer that what he wanted of the duke was his daughter, not her dot. The end of this pretty romance is found in recent news from Spain to the effect that the lovers have been married.

Lady Florence Dixie, who is credited with the intention of starting a new woman's paper in England, is thus described:

She is a sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, and one of the most versatile women of the day. While yet a girl she had excited the enthusiastic admiration of "the shires" by her straight and intrepid riding, and, in the saddle, she has journeyed over the best part of Europe, has explored the wilds of Patagonia, and went through the Boer campaign, early in the eighties, as "special" for the *Illustrated Paper*. She has written a novel, is a "poetess," and has appeared on the platform to plead for "the rights" of her sex. Furthermore, she has a devoted husband and two handsome boys. Yet one thing more, she has a strange power over animals of all sorts, has broken in the most fiery of steeds, and has made domestic pets of a jaguar and even a tiger.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent "Concert and Dance Music." This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-ninth Saturday Popular Concert was given last Saturday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall. The executives were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Hother Wismer, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Louis Heine. Mr. Victor Carroll was the vocalist. A fashionable assemblage enjoyed the following excellent programme:

String quartet, op. 44, No. 3, (1) andante espressivo, (2) allegro molto moderato, (3) assai agitato, (4) adagio molto, (5) finale allegro molto vivace, Schumann, Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, and Heine; song, "Vision Fair" (from "Herodide"), Vasseot, Mr. Victor Carroll; ballade, for violin, Moszkowski, Mr. Sigmund Beel; song, "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas, Mr. Victor Carroll; trio for piano, violin, and cello, op. 112, (1) allegro assai, (2) vivace, (3) andante, (4) allegro con brio, Raff, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

The Symphony Concert.

The first Symphony Concert of the winter season was given at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Cortège from "The Queen of Sheba," Goldmark; second piano concerto, Saint-Saëns, by Mr. Otto Bendix; "Swedish Wedding March," Söderman; fifth symphony, Tschakowsky (first time here).

The next concert will be given on Friday afternoon, October 20th.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

To the World's Fair.

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Jenny Lind is to have her niche in Westminster Abbey, the dean having given permission for the medallion portrait of the great songstress to be placed beneath the statue of Handel in the Poet's Corner.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Chast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Dean, Miss Emilie Hager, and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean left on October 1st to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. George Crocker left for Chicago on Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sprickels and Miss Lurline Sprickels will leave on October 8th, to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will leave next Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, who have been passing the summer in Switzerland, are now in Paris.

Baron J. H. von Schröder has returned to the city for a short stay, after passing a couple of years in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mrs. Anthony Chabot, Miss Nellie Chabot, and Miss Amy McKee, of Oakland, are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. James D. Phelan is paying a visit to New York city.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett are in New York city.

Mrs. J. Leo Lillenthal and family have gone to New York, and will sail for Europe October 21st on the steamer *Le Touraine*.

Mr. Fred Gerstley has gone East, and will sail from New York for France on October 21st.

Mr. Oscar Sewall left last Tuesday to make an Eastern trip.

Miss Madge Carroll, Miss Fannie Carroll, Miss Lizzie Bolton, and Mr. C. Bolton departed last Tuesday to visit Chicago and other Eastern points.

Dr. William J. Younger has arrived in Vienna, where his wife and daughters have been studying music for the past year. They will all return home early in the winter.

Mr. Leon S. Greenbaum will leave next Saturday on a two months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland has returned from Del Monte, and is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. James Brett Stokes has gone to Chicago, en route to New York city, where he will pass the winter with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. W. Cryan left last Wednesday for New York, en route to Nice, France, where they will remain several weeks and then pass the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss returned from San Rafael last Wednesday after passing the season there.

Miss Enrico Augusta Munger, daughter of Commander Munger, U. S. N., of the *Corwin*, has returned from a prolonged visit to Unalak. She will make her debut in society circles here next winter.

Mr. William H. Keith, Jr., sailed from England last Saturday on the steamer *City of New York* for New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Kate May Dillon are at the Holland House in New York city.

Miss Susie and Ella Morgan left last Wednesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark are occupying the residence 1732 Broadway.

Mr. Albert B. Castle has returned from a month's visit to New York and Chicago.

Mr. E. S. Heller left for Chicago on Friday to visit the exposition.

Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Miss Saldee Hecht, Miss Sarah Hecht, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Wiel, and Master Harry Wiel will leave for Chicago and the Eastern States on October 8th, and will be away about two months.

Miss Mamie Nicholson, daughter of Dr. I. E. Nicholson, of Oakland, left last Wednesday for Vicksburg, Miss., where she will pass the winter with her cousin, Miss Margie Gwin.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd was brightened last Tuesday by the advent of a baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and family will return to the city next week after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs have returned to Los Angeles after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle, nee Hecht, are visiting relatives in Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Paul R. Jarhoe paid a brief visit to Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mr. Martin R. Roberts, Jr., has returned from a visit to Chicago and other Eastern cities.

Mrs. F. B. Adams, Miss Minnie Cluness, Miss Clara Taylor, and Miss L. Lindley, of Sacramento, are inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zimmerman and Miss Mamie Dooley have gone East, en route to Europe, and will be away about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and the Misses Hopkins are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten are residing at 2613 Buchanan Street. Mrs. Masten will receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from "Meadowlands," their villa near San Rafael, and are occupying their residence, 1010 California Street.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson left last Thursday to visit the Columbian Exposition for a few weeks.

Mr. John F. Hanlon will leave late in October for Los Angeles, where he will reside permanently.

Miss Mamie Harrington will leave to-day to visit Chicago and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon, Miss Sheldon, and Mr. Joseph A. Sheldon will leave next Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas left for Chicago last Friday.

Mrs. James Appleton Maguire has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition. Her mother, Mrs. George J. Bucknall, is visiting relatives in New York city.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann and Mr. James Wilson will re-

turn from Unalak early in November on the United States steamer *Zeus*.

Miss Alice Ames left last Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Robert Wood, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Danforth left last Thursday to visit the Columbian Exposition. In Chicago they will meet Miss Fannie Danforth and the Misses Irene and Mattie Tey, who have been there for several weeks. Mrs. Danforth will remain with them while Mr. Danforth goes to New York and Washington, D. C. They will be away a month.

Mr. Luis Loiza has returned to the city after a long absence in Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, of San José, are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenreid are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dunbar are at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, who have been visiting the Columbian Exposition, are now staying at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will depart next Wednesday for Chicago.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall has returned from Chicago.

Captain William A. Koller will leave for Philadelphia to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Foster are in Chicago.

Mr. Horace L. Hill left on Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Passed Assistant Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of surgeon. Dr. Crawford is on special duty here in connection with the medical department of the navy.

Captain Wheeler U. S. A., who has been depot quartermaster here for several years, has been promoted to the rank of major, vice Major James H. Lord, U. S. A., retired.

Lieutenant Nat P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island, after two years of service at the Presidio.

Dr. William N. Sullivan, U. S. N., who has been north as surgeon of the *Corwin*, has returned home.

Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, Medical Department, U. S. A., left last Monday to visit the Eastern States on a six weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mills, U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Assiniboine, Mont., to the Medical Department of California, vice Colonel Burton, who was recently ordered to Washington, D. C.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Frank A. Wilson, U. S. A., of Company C, First Infantry, and Captain Frank H. Edmunds, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William M. Crofton, U. S. A., of Company F, have been transferred from Benicia Barracks to Angel Island.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been away with his battery on a march of instruction.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Captain Frank H. Edmunds, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William M. Crofton, U. S. A., of Company F, have been transferred from Benicia Barracks to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from his Eastern trip.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to his company after a prolonged absence at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, where he was on general recruiting service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar R. Kellogg, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, U. S. A., Lieutenant Harry A. Smith, U. S. A., of Company A, First Infantry, and Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., of Company G, First Infantry, have been transferred from Angel Island to Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from his Eastern trip.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to his company after a prolonged absence at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, where he was on general recruiting service.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richmond M. Schofield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., visited the Columbian Exposition while en route from Portland, Or., to Washington, D. C.

Colonel Charles E. Compton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence S. Bahitt, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, have been visiting the Columbian Exposition and friends at various Eastern army posts.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on ordnance duty at the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds.

Major William N. Maynadier, Paymaster, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maynadier are in Chicago, en route to Washington, D. C.

Colonel and Mrs. Joseph R. Smith, U. S. A., and Miss Juliet Smith left last Thursday for Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Frank A. Wilson, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Benicia Barracks after a two weeks' outing in Monterey County.

Major Edward Hunter, U. S. A., and family are residing at 1413 Van Ness Avenue.

The United States steamer *Ranger* arrived here last Saturday from Unalak and is now at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The officers of the *Ranger* are as follows:

Captain, E. Longnecker; executive officer, W. C. Story; navigator, F. E. Greene; lieutenants, E. D. Bostwick and T. Snowden; ensigns, A. H. Roberts, H. A. Wiley, and W. C. Cole; passed assistant engineer, G. D. Strickland; passed assistant surgeon, J. F. Leacey; and assistant paymaster, F. Thornton Army. The crew number one hundred and twenty-eight men.

The Bohemian Club proposes to issue a volume containing the proceedings at its recent Midsummer Jinks, together with "all of the original speeches" by various members, whose names are given in the circular announcing the proposed publication. Inasmuch as the Bohemian Club has always claimed to deprecate publication of its proceedings, and has several times attempted to discipline members for publishing newspaper accounts of jinks, the present proceeding seems rather curious. It might be well for the board of directors to explain to the members exactly what they mean.

For what is the greatest amount of lumber used? Nine people out of ten will say for houses and buildings. It is doubtful if thirty-five per cent. of the lumber output goes into buildings. The railroads, farmers, and miscellaneous purposes take about forty per cent. and the other twenty per cent. goes into boxes. The estimate is made, says the *Southern Lumberman*, on the judgment of some of the oldest and best-informed lumbermen in the country.

The Duke of Veragua, lately the guest of this Yankee nation, is telling in Spain that "until he set the example American Catholics did not go daily to mass"; also, that "the United States Government is going to pension him." The duke's abilities as a romancer are exceeded only by his capacity to enjoy a hospitable people's Columbian courtesies.

Bagley—"Uncle Zeke, can you come over and do some work on my hen-house?" Uncle Zeke—"No, sah; I've got 'ligion."

THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

The Midwinter Fair seems now to be assured. The sum of \$150,000 in cash has been paid in, and subscriptions are being received at the rate of \$5,000 a day. The Produce Exchange gave a subscription of \$5,000 a few days ago, the various street railway companies subsequently gave sums ranging from \$5,000 to \$500, aggregating \$13,500 (the Market Street system figuring as part of the Southern Pacific's subscription of \$50,000), and various other corporate bodies have signified intentions of making similar large contributions. The Spring Valley Water Company, through its president, Charles Webb Howard, has made the following generous offer:

The Spring Valley Water Works will, without charge or cost to the management of the Midwinter Fair, lay 1,400 feet, more or less, of twelve-inch pipe from its main at the corner of H Street and Seventh Avenue to the easterly corner of your distributing pipe system, and will loan you 400 feet additional of twelve-inch pipe, to be laid by you in your plant, and will also supply you, free of charge, with 100,000 gallons of water per day (not cumulative). We will also furnish an additional amount, if required by you, up to (but not beyond) 100,000 gallons per day, at the rate of ten cents per 1,000 gallons.

Mr. Herman Schussler, Chief Engineer of the Spring Valley Company, has offered his services, without compensation, in the executive committee, to lay out the distributing pipe system. Mr. Schussler is an engineer of marked ability, and his assistance would be of great value to the committee.

The sentiment is universal that San Francisco, and, indeed, all California, are vitally interested in the success of the Midwinter Exposition, and that it shall be something that will not diminish California's reputation for doing whatever she sets her hand to on a lavish scale. But these large contributions are necessarily few, and should not deter citizens of smaller means from contributing according to their ability. The fair will be successful in proportion as the amount subscribed is great or small. If three hundred thousand dollars is subscribed, there will be a three-hundred-thousand-dollar fair; if half a million, there will be a half-million fair.

That the money subscribed is being used to the utmost advantage is evident from the work already accomplished. The construction of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Mechanical Arts, and the Fine Arts Buildings is progressing rapidly, and other important contracts are under consideration or have been let. The number of foreign concessionaires that will erect their own buildings seems almost enough to crowd the space allotted for the exposition, and the special features projected are thick as the leaves at Vallambrosa. Work on the spur track of the Southern Pacific Company is progressing rapidly; by the middle of the month it is expected that exhibits brought by rail, via the Coast Division, can be hauled on the spur track, which taps the main line near Lake Merced, direct to the main buildings.

So much energy has recently been developed among all classes of workers for the fair, that it seems probable that it will open on time and be an exposition of which we may well be proud.

A WELL-FITTING CORSET IS AN ABSOLUTE necessity with all of the fair sex, yet how often do we see ladies whose corsets set any way but perfectly. It is a pleasure to know that The Maze has secured the exclusive agency for "Her Majesty's Corset," which is made by the Princess of Wales Company, and have one of their expert fitters, Miss Mahon, to explain to ladies the advantages of this renowned corset. She will remain here during the coming week only. Ladies will be fitted whether they desire to purchase or not. The improvement in the figure that is gained by the use of "Her Majesty's Corset" is one special point that no lady should overlook, so an inspection of them at The Maze should not be neglected.

Princess Marie of Roumania has a fancy for collecting scent-bottles, and has a collection worth twenty thousand dollars. King Charles also collects bottles. His are marked "XXX Hennessey," and they are always empty when he gets through with them.

WANTED—IN A PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE, A Protestant young woman, between 17 and 20, possessing a good English education, good health, and a decidedly pleasing appearance. Positively no other need make application. Permanent position. Salary, \$780 per annum. Address, Medicus, *Argonaut* Office.

Visitor—"Sorry to find you here, old chap; badly hurt?" Patient—"Yes, I am afraid I am; I heard the doctor say I was a 'beautiful case.'"

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

Select Tourist Excursions every Tuesday and Thursday to Chicago without change, in charge of experienced managers.

Stop-over privileges allowed at Salt Lake and Denver.

For full information apply to D. W. Hitchcock, General Agent, 1 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; F. R. Ellsworth, Agent, 918 Broadway, Oakland; G. F. Herr, Agent, 229 South Spring Street, Los Angeles; or any Ticket Agent of the Southern Pacific Company.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. 427 "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weakness. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

Is the Original Hungarian Orchestra and includes the original soloists brought out from Hungary six years ago by E. M. Rosner. It has played with great success at the Friday Night Entertainers Club, the California Hotel, and the Hotel Rafael. It furnishes only first-class music at the lowest rates, as Messrs. Rosner and Jaulin give to persons recommending them NO COMMISSION.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town. Strictly first-class. For terms address

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

GOODYEAR'S Mackintosh Coats



Latest styles. Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE.....VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGER
577 and 579 Market Street, San Francisco.
73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

The right sort of advertising has much to do with the success of a clothing store; but unless it is backed up by the right sort of clothing at the right prices, it goes for nothing.—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

GUMP'S

—: GRAND —:

LIQUIDATION SALE

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

S. & C. GUMP

113 GEARY STREET.

The use of
ROYAL
Baking Powder
is a
guarantee of
wholesome food.
It is unwise,
if not
dangerous,
to take chances
with
other powders.

HE COULDN'T MAKE HER STAY.

WITHERBY [meeting DASHAWAY]—Hello, old man! You're just the fellow I'm looking for. Come around to my house to-night, will you? Wife away. Stag party. You understand.

DASHAWAY—Game?

WITHERBY—Of course. Will you be there?

DASHAWAY—Will I be there? Will the sun set? You bet I will, old man.

WITHERBY—All right. I'll count on you. Ta-ta!

DASHAWAY—So long.

WITHERBY [meeting KINGLEY]—Just the man I'm looking for. Come around to my house to-night, will you?

KINGLEY—What's going on?

WITHERBY—Oh, a little jollification. Picture cards on a green table, and all that sort of thing.

KINGLEY—Why, when did your wife go?

WITHERBY—She goes on the noon train to-day. I know your wife has gone, old chap, and I thought you would like to join us. Is it a go?

KINGLEY—Why, certainly. Just the thing. You can rely on me, old man. I'll be there.

WITHERBY—All right. So long.

KINGLEY—Au revoir.

WITHERBY [meeting BINGO]—Wife away?

BINGO—Yes. Left yesterday.

WITHERBY [delightedly]—Elegant! Mine leaves to-day on the noon train. Come around and join the boys at my house to-night, old man.

BINGO [smiling]—What do you want to do—rob me of all I have?

WITHERBY—Oh, no. We'll give you a chance for your life. How is it? Will you come?

BINGO—You know I'm too much of a patriot to go back on the red, white, and blue. I'll be there, old fellow. You can count on me. By-bye.

[WITHERBY, after stopping at several places on his way to order various concoctions and implements, arrives home at four p. m., tired and dusty, but radiant with anticipation. The first person he meets on entering his house is his wife.]

WITHERBY [aghast]—Wh—why—great Caesar, Sarah, where did you come from?

MRS. WITHERBY—I c.c.-couldn't go, dear.

WITHERBY—Couldn't go! Why not? What's the matter? Miss the train? Didn't you have money enough? Why, you could have sent for it.

MRS. WITHERBY—No, no, dear; that's not it. But when the time came I just couldn't make up my mind. I thought of you being here all alone, and how hard it would be, and [sob] of all your devotion to me, and [sob] how much I loved you, and I just couldn't [sob] make up my mind to go.

WITHERBY [kissing her lovingly]—Of course, my dear, it is hard, and no one knows it better than I do [patting her on the back, and thinking to himself all the while]—"Great Scott! what am I to do? She's got to go. If she stays, she'll never forgive me, and yet, if I oppose her, she will stay anyway. Quick, old man, brace up. No time to lose. No opposition, and let her have her own way for a starter."—"Of course, darling, I wouldn't have you go for anything, if you didn't want to.

MRS. WITHERBY—I just knew you would feel that way. Oh, it is just a comfort to have you love me so, and you don't want me to go, do you, dear?

WITHERBY—Why, of course not, darling [reflectively]. But I knew you wouldn't go, anyway.

MRS. WITHERBY—Did you? [smiling]. How did you guess it?

WITHERBY—I knew how hard it would be. You know, you didn't want me to go to the train with you, and I suspected that when the time came you wouldn't have the courage. I told Bingo so to-day, and he laughed at me. "Why," says he, "my wife is mighty glad to get away for a few weeks' rest." "You don't know my wife," says I; "she isn't happy unless she is by my side." "Well," says he, "I should think you would get tired of that sort of thing." "Tired!" says I; "of course not. Why, the woman can't help loving me so."

MRS. WITHERBY—Did you tell him that?

WITHERBY—Of course. Why, you are not ashamed of your love for me, are you, dearest?

MRS. WITHERBY [ignoring the question]—I think you are just horrid to say such things! You know I am not your slave.

WITHERBY—Certainly not, my dear. But you are perhaps a trifle—er—more dependent on me than other women are on their husbands.

MRS. WITHERBY—I'm not!

WITHERBY [attempting to kiss her]—Why shouldn't you be? I don't mind.

MRS. WITHERBY—Indeed! You are not conceited one bit, are you? Oh, no! Depend! Umph! The idea! Where is that time-table?

WITHERBY—Time-table? Why, surely, you—

MRS. WITHERBY—Yes, I am. Here it is. [Turning it over.] The next train leaves at five. I can catch it. Run out and get me a carriage.

WITHERBY—But be reasonable, dear.

MRS. WITHERBY—Reasonable indeed! Depend! Well, I'm not going to be laughed at by any woman. Come, hurry up!

WITHERBY—Won't you please stay?

MRS. WITHERBY—No, I won't!

WITHERBY—Well, if you take that view of it, my dear, I have nothing to say. I'll have that carriage around here in three minutes.

MRS. WITHERBY—Gracious! I never saw him so sorry before. Depend! The idea! WITHERBY [rushing out wildly, to himself]—Come on, boys!—Tom Mason in the Bazar.

The Englishman's Idea of America.

Don't quite comprehend America. Americans vastly different from English. Don't do the same things. Don't think the same thoughts. Don't speak the same language. Happened to know about them in this wise: met an American traveling on the Continent. Got in the same railway carriage. I got in first. I got out first. Jolly fellow that. Gave me cigars. Gave me tobacco. Gave me journals. Gave me luncheon. All in exchange for a match. Awfully sorry to part with him. Gave me his card. Address in America. Hard up a month later. Thought of the American. Looked at the card. Went up to London. Ordered new clothes. Started for Liverpool. Sailed for America. Landed at New York. Beastly hot. Might have been India. Found the American. Received me like a brother. Put me on the boat for Newport. Letters to his family. Living by the sea. Beautiful place. Handsome house. Fine view. Horses. Carriages. Invitations. Intimate with a jolly set. Yachts. Narragansett. Jolly place. Bathed in the sea. Sat in the sand. Rocked on the rocks. Met pretty girls. Met clever girls. Met rich girls. Engaged to one of them. She broke it off. Spoke to her of my wife one day. Living in England. Didn't want to cross the sea. American girl silent just then. American girl's eyes very large just then. American girl's manner very stiff just then. Left me on the rocks. Walked home alone. Queer girl. Must have been English somewhere. One day met me in New York. Cut me dead. Awkward, by Jove! Queer place, America. Queer people, Americans.—*Vogue*.

A Transaction in Trousers.

A very absent-minded member of the French Institute was reading a newspaper in the Casino at Dieppe the other day. He was absorbed by his reading, and with his left hand he unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he sent them farther from him. Beyond the papers was an inkstand, which at last the moving papers pushed over the side of the table. It fell on the trousers of a Paris banker, who was furious at the accident.

The absent-minded man offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his new trousers were ruined.

"But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them. Be good enough to give me your card, and I will send the money to your hotel."

"To my hotel, sir. I don't know you. I must instantly have the thirty francs these trousers cost." The member of the institute drew forth the thirty francs and handed them to the banker. Then he said:

"Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much of the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my trousers. You know they are mine, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You have no confidence in me; I have none in you. My trousers!"

In vain the banker protested against such baste. The crowd that had gathered about the disputants said the member of the institute was right, and the banker, after sending for another pair of nether garments, surrendered the ink-stained ones, amid the laughter of the by-standers.—*Ex*.

Don't Leave Port.

Don't go on a long land journey, don't start as emigrant for the Far West, if unprovided with that defender of health and conqueror of sickness, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will defend you from seasickness, nullify fatigue and ill-health caused by travel and change of diet, and counteract malaria. Peerless is it for dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver complaint, nervousness, and debility.

One of the most curious spectacles in the British Isles is the annual fishing competition on the Avon. The start at the last competition was by pistol-fire, and at the discharge, the anglers of the Avon, numbering 650, having all drawn for places, cast 650 leaded lines, bearing an equal number of gendles or brangling worms, into the classic waters of the river. The sun was bright, the waters low, the weeds many, the fish indifferent, but the 650 fished bravely on for three hours, and, at the end of the day, the basket of Mr. Horne, of Deritend, was weighed out, as winner, with 7 lbs. 6½ oz. of fish. Mr. Paget, of Brookfield, ran him a close second, more by luck than judgment: he had caught only two fish, but one of them was a bream that kicked the beam at 6 lbs. ½ oz.

Too Many

To print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

RECENT VERSE.

Her Shadow.

When winsome fair Cordelia
Down to her garden goes,
The West Wind waits a courtesy
From every climbing rose;
He doffs the hollyhocks' gay hats,
And bows the pinks' stiff heads,
Or, with glowing poppy petals,
A dainty pathway spreads—
Oh, West Wind, and oh, West Wind! Who art so bold
and free,
Who wooes my love Cordelia (she takes no heed of me);
I would I were the North Wind, that I might buffet
thee!

She plays upon the spinet, when
The candles are alight;
And rising, gayly crosses there
The oaken hallway bright;
Against the brodered tapestry
Dances her silhouette,
As, with an unseemly cavalier,
She treads the minuet.
Cordelia, sweet Cordelia, I pry thee, cease thy jest;
I love thy very shadow, dear, and surely, it were best,
To flout me not, but wed me now, and give my spirit rest.

The gleaming silver candlesticks
Reflect her mocking smile,
And silken downcast lashes, too;
Then ponder she, awhile,
"But 'tis thou who art my shadow,
Who always followest me;
Narcissus-like, thou lovest thyself!"
(She laughs right merrily!)
"Alas," I cry, "Cordelia, and dost thou hid me go?"
Makes answer sweet Cordelia, "Thy wit is somewhat
slow."
But ne'ertheless, thou mayest yet, of hope, a shadow
know."—*Nancy Mann Waddle in the Independent*.

Finis.

Writ on a ruined palace in Kashmir:
"The end is nothing, and the end is near."

Where are the voices kings were glad to hear?
Where now the feast, the song, the bayadere?
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

And yonder lovely rose; alas! my dear!
See the November garden, rank and drear;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

See! how the rain-drop mingles with the mere.
Mark! how the age devours each passing year;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Forms rise and grow and wane and disappear,
The life allotted thee is now and here;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

The death shroud waits thee, and the dark-palled bier,
Alas! sweet eyes and bosom tender, dear;
The tolling bell, the dropping earth I hear;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Then vex thyself no more with thought austere;
Take what thou canst while thou abidest here.
Seek finer pleasures each returning year;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Bind not thyself too much to earthly gear,
But eat the bread of life and take good cheer,
And drink the wine of life and have no fear;
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Joy is the Lord, and Love His charioteer;
Be tranquil and rejoicing; oh, my dear!
Shun the wild seas, far from the breakers steer;
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Ah! banish hope and doubt, regret and fear,
Check the gay laugh, but dry the idle tear,
Search! is the light within thee burning clear?
The end is vision, and the end is near.

List to the wisdom learned of saint and seer!
The living Lord is joy, and peace His sphere;
Rebel no more! throw down thy shield and spear,
Surrender all thyself; true life is here;
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Forget not this, forget not that, my dear!
'Tis all and nothing, and the end is near."
—*Pall Mall Budget*.

The Schooner.

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea:
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hove to at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed, and swore,
And ever and anon, with capricious glee,
Grinned homage to viragos on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled:
Then on the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;
Forth like a moly bat; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end, and called
And cursed the Harbor Master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
Rat-riddled, bilge-bastank,
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel
And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold! a shadow of repose
Upon the leeward gray
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose,
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft-blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
"Neath the broad benediction of the West;

Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure;
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure;

And at the entrance of Heaven's dock-yard waits
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.
—*T. E. Brown in the Athenaeum*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IN ALKALI WATER.

Superior to lime-juice or lemons, as it not only neutralizes the alkali, but renders the beverage a refreshing one, assisting digestion and giving tone to all the organs of the body.

Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, says that some years ago a Peruvian heiress paid his firm thirty thousand dollars for a single gown, twenty thousand dollars being the cost of the laces alone. A few weeks ago he sold a cloak for twelve thousand dollars, of which ten thousand dollars went for the fur.

Two Italian immigrants attempted to change clothes on a Texas depot platform, the other day, in broad daylight, and were run in by the deputy-marshal.

Ripans Tabules purify the blood and restore the complexion. Ask the druggist for them.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek
and brow
is evidence
that the
body is
getting proper
nourishment.



When this glow of health is
absent assimilation is wrong,
and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests
waste, regardless of the
cause. Consumption must
yield to treatment that stops
waste and builds flesh anew.
Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16600 FR

QUINA

LA ROCHE'S

INVIGORATING TONIC

CONTAINING

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,

AND A

RICH CATALAN WINE,

used with entire success by the Hospitals of
Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED
CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA,
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the
most powerful weapons known in the art of
curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and
forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark
affords life to the organs, and activity to
their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

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FIVE

FACTS.
Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks.
Made only by us. Only thing of the kind. Give service
of solid silver. Half the cost. Guaranteed 25 years.



The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Will \$500 Help You Out?

If so, you can have it!
We offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is
Wanted in Every Home and Indispensable in
Every Office, something that SELLS AT SIGHT.
Other articles sell rapidly at Double the Price,
though not answering the purpose half so
well. You can make from \$500 to \$700 in three
months, introducing it, after which it will bring A Steady,
Liberal Income, if properly attended to. Ladies do
as well as men, in town or country. Don't miss this
Chance. Write at once to J. W. JONES, Man-
ager, Springfield, Ohio.

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PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, CHILDREN, WIDOWS,
PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of
duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war.
Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and
their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims
a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates.
Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee
until successful.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A very stupid foreman asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Write 'Ignoramus for self and fellows' on the back of it," said Curran. "No man," said a wealthy but weak-headed harrister, "should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a wise-acre?"

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance, in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en down the stair?" was the next question. "Aye! I fell down; but I was comin' doon, whether or no."

In her recent hook on the poet Whittier, Mrs. Claflin relates the following anecdote: An old Quaker friend visited Mr. Whittier. He was a bachelor, and when the hour for retiring came he was shown to his room. Soon after he was heard calling, from the top of the stairs, in an excited tone: "I think thee has made a mistake, friend Whittier; I find female garments in my room!" At which friend Whittier replied: "Thee'd better go to bed; the female garments won't hurt thee."

In driving with Whittier one day Emerson pointed out a small unpainted house by the roadside and said: "There lives an old Calvinist in that house and she says she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself." "Does thee?" said Whittier; "what does thee pray for, friend Emerson?" "Well," replied Emerson, "when I first open my eyes upon the morning meadows and look out upon the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive and that I live so near Boston."

A well-known New England clergyman once exchanged with a brother clergyman and was entertained at the house of a parishioner who was even too hospitable. She insisted upon his eating a large piece of mince-pie for dinner, and the minister yielded, against his better judgment. The consequence was that he became violently ill, and was unable to preach that afternoon. The doctor was summoned, and while he was ministering to his agonized patient, the latter looked up and said, feebly, but with an inimitable twinkle of the eye: "Doctor, I'm not afraid to die, but I'm ashamed to!"

A prominent lawyer of Buffalo tells of a compromise he once made on behalf of a certain railway company with an Erie County farmer whose wife had been killed at a railroad crossing. A few months after the terrible hereabout, the husband, who had sued the company for five thousand dollars' damages, came into the office and accepted a compromise of five hundred dollars. As he stuffed the wad of bills into his pocket, he turned to the lawyer and cheerily remarked: "Vell, dot's not so had after all. I've got five hundred dollar and good teel better wife as I had before."

This story is told of the late Dr. Holland, better known as "Timothy Titcomb." During the service of one of the large churches in Springfield, Mass., a heavy electric storm came up, and one of the gentlemen of the choir set out to secure an omnibus to take the ladies home. Among the fair singers was a certain Miss Etta S—, and, as Dr. Holland was gallantly helping her into the vehicle, a terrific clap of thunder startled them, upon which he remarked: "'Et' in terror packs home in a bus' (*Et in terra pax hominibus*). To close this strange tale, it may be well to add that the doctor was not immediately struck by lightning, but died years afterward peacefully in his bed.

A young girl in Miskolcz, Hungary, pretended to see the Holy Virgin daily, and to converse with her. Her mother encouraged the pious, who brought presents, and when the priests interfered the excited crowd threatened to ill-treat them. Some days ago, the would-be saint lay in a coffin. Her mother told everybody that the Virgin had told her to die and she would resuscitate her on the third day. There was terrible excitement in the place,

and thousands prepared to wait the prescribed three days in prayer and fasting. The local authorities came with a doctor to put a stop to the scandalous affair. In the presence of the crowd the doctor said: "It is very serious that she died so suddenly. We must have a *post-mortem* examination." Immediately the young saint sat up in her coffin, crying: "Oh, don't cut me up! I can be resuscitated immediately!"

A certain gay merchant in the forties went to Carlsbad to take the waters. In the morning, he swallowed his quantum of Sprudel water, but the evening found him a regular visitor to the theatre, where a charming actress found particular favor in his eyes. Every day he was to be seen sitting at the Felsenquelle, in sweet converse with his enchantress, or sauntering arm in arm with her along the promenades. But he did not forget his lawful lady. He went into a shop and chose at random a number of instantaneous photographs of Carlsbad life and activity. These he sent to his wife at Dresden. But, alas! the astonished public met our friend the following day, with downcast mien and accompanied by another lady, neither so young nor so amiable as his former companion. Among the photographs he sent his loving wife was an instantaneous view on the promenade, in which she recognized the figure of her husband and the surrogate with which he had consoled himself in her absence. Needless to say, the next train brought the raging spouse. What she said on her arrival would fill volumes.

In his remarks in the Senate debate on silver, Mr. Hoar, nettled at something said by young Mr. Dubois, of Idaho, endeavored to get back at him by referring to his extreme youthfulness, and quoting a well-known passage from Scott. Mr. Dubois then procured a copy of the *Congressional Record*, and showed this passage in Mr. Hoar's remarks to his colleagues: "I was opposed to the things which the present administration represents, when that senator (Dubois) was in the loins of his grandmother Lois." (Dubois) could throw any light on this allusion. Mr. Duhois was inclined to think that it pointed in some sort of obscure way to his French descent, but a Boston newspaper correspondent heard of his trouble and said to him: "Why, senator, it was one of Mr. Hoar's characteristic Biblical allusions. Lois was the mother of Timothy, and in indicating that he was so very much older than you, the Massachusetts senator was paying you a very delicate compliment." "Ah, I am glad the senator intended it as a compliment," said Mr. Duhois, much relieved; "I have been laboring ever since yesterday under the impression that it was a brutal assault."

A French traveler's tale of British phlegm is told in the following terms: A Frenchman was seated in a smoking-carriage, and had for his companion a "milor Anglais." Enter a British miss—of course with a plaid, and protruding teeth, and a Skye-terrier. She sat opposite the milord. He politely informed her that she had by mistake got into a smoking-carriage. She made not the slightest answer, but sat grimly on. The milord threw away his cigar, much to the astonishment of the Frenchman, who, according to the story, sat watching what would happen. When they reached the next station, the milord said, with the cold dignity of his race and cast: "Madam can now change into a non-smoking carriage. If she does not, I shall assume that she does not mind smoke, and shall light another cigar." Madam said never a word, but stared in front of her. The train went on again, and the milord lighted up. When his cigar was well alight and the train in motion, the lady bent forward, took the cigar out of the milord's mouth, and threw it out of the window. The milord not only did not make any remark, but he did not even seem disturbed. All he did was to wait a minute, and then to bend over the lady, seize the Skye-terrier, which was lying in her lap, and fling it out of the window. Of this act the lady, to the complete astonishment of the French spectator, took no notice whatever. At the next station, both the lady and the milord got out, but without exchanging a word in regard to the cigar-and-dog incident, while the Frenchman turned over in his head an *étude* on the subject of "Les Anglais taciturnes."

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| LEAVE | From Oct. 1, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|------------|--|-----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Yacerville, Klamath, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Yacerville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San Jose..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite) and Fresno..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San Jose..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| * 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | * 2:45 P. |
| * 7:30 A. | San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| * 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San Jose and Way Stations..... | 5:00 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San Jose and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San Jose and Way Stations..... | 3:43 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| * 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7:26 P. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
*7:00 8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6:00 *7:00 8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30 2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. S Sandays excepted.
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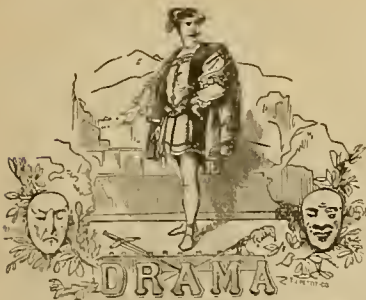
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It is always a treat to see Rosina Vokes. She is one of the originals of the stage. Admitting that she is one of the plainest of actresses—and what is more, does not seem to try to make herself pretty—she is yet one of the most attractive. Her peculiar charm lies in a cheery, sympathetic, responsive nature and an irresistibly buoyant sense of humor.

This humor is so spontaneous, so delicate, so true, that, like everything genuine in the line of art, it is bound to receive recognition. It has given Rosina Vokes an almost unique position in the dramatic world. She is the most successful modern comedienne on the stage in this country. There is, in fact, nobody like her—nobody who gives a performance at once so light and so fine, so deeply humorous and so delicately artistic. We have our comedians like Francis Wilson and Henry Dixey, and, mounting the ladder, young Sothern, and even Joseph Jefferson, but there are no comedienness of the present day so artistic, so true, and so naturally modern as Miss Vokes.

To understand this one must see the "Pantomime Rehearsal." This satiric skit, founded on the example of "The Critic," could without an effort be transformed into a performance full of buffoonery and riotous fun. As it is, it never for once drops from the level of an entirely natural drawing-room scene. There is not a thing said or done that is not marked with a deliciously funny naturalness. Any one who has ever participated in an amateur dramatic performance can recognize the old familiar faces and the old familiar quarrels and queries that are to be seen and expected on the amateur stage.

As Miss Lily, one of the amiable young ladies who are to represent babes in the wood, Miss Vokes has a small part, which, with true artistic sense, she never tries to make a central figure. Miss Lily is a trifle deader and more agreeable than most leading ladies in amateur pantomimes. She takes the criticisms of Mr. Deeds with more good humor than Lady Muriel does, and sweetly acknowledges her ignorance and lack of stage experience in the gentle admission: "You know, Mr. Deeds, I have not had much experience as an actress—I have only played Juliet."

The absolute naturalness of the scene and of every actor renders this little performance a real artistic picture. Every figure is clear-cut, and perfectly possible, and marked with its own unconscious comedy. Mr. Deeds, the distracted author, at times standing on the piano-stool that he may view the company while he plays the accompaniments; the French baron, enthusiastic, rapt in his "conception of ze part"—the principal part of the conception being a large, false nose—and showing the entire absence of all fear of ridicule which marks his mercurial race; the big, heavy dragon, who can not rid himself of the idea that it is all a capital joke, and delivers his pretentious lines with perfectly phlegmatic good humor and such occasional misreadings as "now for a lark" instead of "up with the lark"; and lastly the ladies, sweetly chattering their lines with invariably smiling density and unperturbed self-satisfaction. The fitting climax is the march to supper—all jolly, good-humored, and immensely pleased with themselves. In the dining-room beyond one can feel quite sure of the sort of supper they will have, and how, over lobster-salad and champagne, they will tell each other of just how they intend to act on the evening of the performance.

Rosina Vokes has, to a certain extent, invented her own style of plays. Some time after her marriage to Mr. Cecil Clay, which was followed by her retirement from the stage, she was forced, by financial reverses, to return to the boards and once more take up her position among the ranks of female bread-winners. It was then—no longer having the support of her clever brothers and sisters to rely upon—that she evolved the idea of presenting the short, one-act, lightly humorous comedies that have generally been considered the prey of the amateur. In this country, at any rate, the stars of the drama left the one-act pieces, some of which are extremely clever, to collect dust on the shelves, and devoted their energies to the drama. In its four-act, expanded form.

To these trifles Miss Vokes brought all her experience, her cleverness, and her artistic insight. When her success began to be known, writers sprang up and added to her repertoire such pieces as "The Circus-Rider." This, with its flash of real depths and feeling, its picture from modern fashionable life, showed Miss Vokes as an actress who had pathos as well as humor at her command. She depicts the stifled rage, and mortification, and bitterness of a woman who discovers herself scorned, and the pride

and reserve of a young lady of fashion who must keep her own humiliation secret at any cost. Her manner of disdaining to accept the arm of her recreant lover was very typical of Miss Vokes's style—so genuine, so frank, and, under all its contemptuous anger, so intensely humorous.

Looking at Miss Vokes as she enters the stage—a quaint, attractive figure, in extremely trying and strangely made clothes of an English ugliness—one can not imagine that this lady, who looks quite young enough to act the part of Lord Weldon's unadorned fiancée, could have been one of the original Vokes family who delighted audiences in "Belles of the Kitchieo" at a period, which, theatrically speaking, is becoming remote. The story is told that the original Vokes had a great love for private theatricals, that his children inherited it, and that the bome of this brilliant family was enlivened during their childhood by perpetual amateur performances which were marked by unexampled cleverness and success. When, in the course of time, sad days of poverty fell on this gifted household, they all determined to turn their talents to account, and certainly five of them, three daughters and two sons, went on the stage and became celebrated in the dear, dead days beyond recall as the Vokes Family, who appear to have been high-class song-and-dance artists. As for the truth of the first part of this history, that, as Rudyard Kipling says, is quite another story. A variant of the legend is that the parents were on the stage, and that the children began as infants.

However, if a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks, Rosina Vokes is still in the brilliant heyday, if not exactly of her beauty, at least of her youth. She is enchantingly graceful, and her funny, ugly face with its huge, extraordinarily expressive blue eyes, its round cheeks, and its mop of yellow curls banging down to the eyebrows, has the potent charm of intelligent responsiveness and humorous bonhomie. She shows, too, that an actress can dare to wear extremely ugly clothes, thus bravely refuting the theory that a fine wardrobe is one of the most important factors in the success of a female star. No one but an English actress would wear that strange little brown plush cape, tied down with a brown silk scarf, in which the wealthy and aristocratic Lady Lucille Grafton enters the home of Lord Weldon. But Lady Lucille, being an English heiress of aristocratic connections and boundless wealth, may be expected to indulge in the eccentricities of attire which her countrywomen so largely affect. In "The Pantomime Rehearsal," Miss Ffolliott Paget wears the traditional black-velvet gown with the sweeping train and the diamond pins round the neck—which, judging by the English novels, has been the masterpiece of every Englishwoman's wardrobe since the ages subsequent to the time "when wild in wood the early Briton ran."

It is rather unfortunate that Miss Vokes, who has always shown such discrimination in her selection of plays, should have produced anything so poor as "My Friend Jarlet." It is noticeable that the author has not put his or her name down on the programme, which would seem to show that he or she had some misgivings as to the merits of the play. Let all doubts cease. "My Friend Jarlet" is an absurdity. It teems with the falsest French sentiment, and is full of that sort of forced pathos which is always on the ragged edge of the ridiculous. Jarlet has married a wife who is the proud possessor "of those two flowers—beauty and virtue." Yet even these dual, horticulturally symbolized advantages, as possessed by Mme. Jarlet, do not succeed in keeping the untamed spirit of Jarlet safely anchored to the domestic hearth. He deserts the doubly blessed Mme. Jarlet and his child, and leaves them to their fate. Twenty years after the child is discovered in the niece of Jarlet's lodging-house-keeper. There is a scene of discovery, in which one momentarily expects Jarlet to ask her if she has a strawberry-mark on her left arm. He contents himself, however, with seizing upon a miniature of his dead wife, grasping his heart, and then going out to be shot in place of his daughter's lover. This lover, by the way, proposes to the daughter about ten minutes after he has first met her. Then, in the course of the next ten minutes, he goes into the cold world, appears to engage in a battle, is condemned to death, and is let off for long enough to go back to Jarlet and tell of all the trouble he has been getting into. All this takes place during the Franco-Prussian War, which may be responsible for many things, but certainly not so many ridiculous things as take place in "My Friend Jarlet."

M. Marius, one of the new people whom Miss Vokes has added to her company, is a clever comedian, and, it is said, was once a Parisian *café-chantant* singer. He struggled bravely with the character of Jarlet, but it conquered him in the end. In "The Pantomime Rehearsal," he redeemed himself in the eyes of the audience, and quite won their hearts by his singing of a charming little French *chansonnette*, with a plaintive burden of "Bon jour, bon jour." The French write these things adorably.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 9th: Rosina Vokes in light comedy at the Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "Nancy" at the Alcazar; the stock company in "Rip Van Winkle" at the Tivoli; "The Span of Life"; and "Damon and Pythias."

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Queen's Checkmate" is announced for early production at the Tivoli Opera House.

George W. Cable, the novelist of the Louisiana Creoles, will deliver a series of readings here during the latter part of the month.

"Sara," a society melodrama, and Olive Logan's sensational comedy, "Long Branch," are in preparation for early production at the Alcazar.

Fanny Davenport is announced as a coming attraction at the Baldwin. She will be seen in an elaborate production of Sardou's "Cleopatra."

Miss Helen Kelleher will give a dramatic recital on Monday evening. She will give several readings, and the programme will be varied by vocal and instrumental music.

A performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" will be given for the benefit of the Midwinter Fair fund at the Standard Theatre this (Saturday) evening, by the Golden Gate Operatic Society, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Conyers.

It may be as well to note that the Jennie Lee whose death was recently recorded was a London soubrette, and not the Jennie Lee whose impersonation of "Jo" in the dramatization of Dickens's "Bleak House" is known in three continents.

Belle Archer, an exceedingly pretty actress, was a newspaper woman before she went on the stage, and the papers are circulating a rumor that she is to become advance agent for Carrie Turner. It looks like an enterprising press-agent's statement.

Louis James was married to a Miss Hendricks, a member of his company, in Philadelphia last December, and Marie Wainwright has brought suit for divorce against him in New York. It is said that his defense will be that he was never married to Marie Wainwright.

Mrs. Kendal and her husband will introduce to the American public Arthur Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" on Monday night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. This play has been, perhaps, even a greater success in London than Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance."

Miss Marguerite Merington, the Brooklyn school-teacher who wrote "Captain Lettarblair" for young Sothern, has been awarded a three-hundred-dollar prize by the National Conservatory of Music of America for a two-act libretto entitled "Daphne," which was submitted in the annual concours of 1892-3.

"Mascagni," according to an exchange, "has been offered one hundred and sixty thousand dollars by a London music publisher for a new opera, and six hundred dollars by the same man for a little romance." The man who conceived that statement probably expects quite a sum for his own little romance.

The wife of Felix Morris—who is conspicuous by his absence from the Vokes company—is his right-hand man in many ways. She is his business agent, signing all contracts and making all purchases for him, and she not only is mistress of his wardrobe, but she travels with him always and acts as his dresser at every performance.

A number of the features of the Midway Plaisance are to be here during the Midwinter Fair, but they will not be out in the Park. The Chicago Amusement Company has engaged a number of them and secured the Orpheum during our fair season. Mr. Gustav Walter has been elected president of the company and amusement director of the shows, and he intends to offer such a class of attractions as shall restore the Orpheum to the popularity it enjoyed during the Hess opera season.

Planquette's four-act opera comique, "Rip Van Winkle," will be sung at the Tivoli during the coming week, with the following cast of characters:

Rip Van Winkle, Ferris Hartman; Derrick Van Beckman, George Olmi; Hans Van Beckman, Miss Morrow Tucker; Nick Vedder, Thomas C. Leary; Jan Vedder, Miss Stella Wilmot; Peter Stein, M. Cornell; Captain Ponsoby, Frank Riddale; Gretchen, Tillie Salinger; Nannie, Little Irene; Katrina, Fannie Liddard; Spirit of Hendrick Hudson, George Olmi; Spirit of his First Lieutenant, Phil Branson; Spirit of his Second Lieutenant, Frank Riddale; The Goblin Dwarf, Fred Kavanaugh; Hans Van Beckman, Lieutenant United States Navy, Phil Branson; Jan Vedder, Thomas C. Leary; Nannie Van Winkle, Tillie Salinger.

McKee Rankin will resume his familiar post as a manager in this city on Monday, when the Alcazar will be re-opened with a stock company headed by Mr. and Mrs. Rankin. He will inaugurate his management with the production of a new dramatization of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," in which Mrs. Kitty Blanchard-Rankin will have the title-role, Nancy Sikes. The stock company has been carefully selected, a series of good plays has been secured, and everything points to a successful season. The prices of admission, by the way, will be "popular"—75, 50, and 25 cents.

August Hinrichs, who preceded his brother as conductor of the Baldwin orchestra, has prospered since he left us some years ago. He has made his home chiefly in Philadelphia, and it was under his direction that Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and several other notable compositions were given their first hearing in America. Mr. Hinrichs is now

the head of the Hioriebs Opera Company, which sang a good season in New York last spring, and he has contracted with Mr. Hayman to bring the company to the Grand Opera House for four weeks or more, commencing January 8th.

Coquelin and Hading, who are now in Chicago, will appear at the Grand Opera House early in November under Mr. Hayman's management. There are nearly thirty members in the company, including Coquelin *cadet*, and their engagement here is for two and one-half weeks. To their repertoire are "L'Aventurière"; Sardou's "Thermidor," which was prohibited in Paris for political reasons; Paul Delair's French version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Hading as Katherine and Coquelin *and* as Petruchio; and possibly "Falstaff," with Coquelin in the title-role and Hading as Prince Hal.

Rosina Vokes's bill for next week consists of "That Lawyer's Fee," a farcical sketch adapted by the well-known English actor, Beerbohm Tree, from a little French piece, "Chez l'Avocat," which Bernhardt and Coquelin produced some years ago, and to which Miss Vokes and Marius will now have the chief parts, with Ferdinand Gottschalk in a minor but effective rôle; and "Maid Marian," Molly Elliott Seawall's dramatization of her charming story of the same name, in which the portrait of a maid of honor of Queen Elizabeth's court comes to life in New York and shocks the Four Hundred with her Old-World frankness. Both pieces are new to San Francisco.

Later reports of E. E. Rice's new spectacular opera, "Venus," which was produced at Boston a fortnight ago, are more flattering even than at first, when they were decidedly favorable. The music, by Gustave Kerker, is bright and catchy, though, perhaps, too abundantly supplied with waltzes, and the libretto, by C. A. Byrne and Louis Harrissoo, which before was sparkling but long drawn out, has been condensed and improved by the elimination of the third act. As in all the shows Mr. Rice manages, feminine beauty is a potent factor; and there is much of that element in Camille d'Arville, the Prince Kam, and Belle Thorne, the Venus of the opera. Both made decided hits in their songs, and the piquance and jollity of Miss d'Arville found a good foil in the rich, sensuous beauty of Miss Thorne. Annie Sutherland, Cora Tinnie, and W. H. Hamilton, the basso, are other members of the cast who are well known here.

— H. C. MASSIE,
Dentist. Will return October 9th.
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THE GREAT YACHTING CONTEST.

Some Facts About the Vessels and the Trophy.

Fully a half-million dollars has been spent in this year's contest over the America's Cup. This includes the cost of the four American cup-defenders and of the *Valkyrie*. The *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, and *Julilee* cost about \$80,000 apiece to build and equip. The *Vigilant* cost about \$700,000. This is more than has ever before been spent upon a yacht of her size. The added cost of the *Vigilant* was because of her bronze hull below the water-line. This bronze is said to have cost \$700 for each plate, and it was built on the frame like the plates of steel put on a man-of-war. The bronze hull, which added a fraction of a second to the yacht's speed in a mile, cost \$20,000.

The cost of the *Valkyrie* was somewhat less than that of any of the other four boats because of the cheapness of labor and material in England. The *Volunteer* cost about \$30,000, although built of steel, and the schooners which raced before the days of the big sloops cost about the same amount.

Lord Dunraven, it has been figured, can not send the *Valkyrie* over here in the way he has done at a less cost than \$500 per week. This includes the wages of the crew, provisions, wear and tear on the yacht, with docking charges and transportation. She will be absent from England altogether about ten weeks, and to make the race at the lowest possible estimate has cost Lord Dunraven \$5,000, and probably more, leaving out the boat's cost.

The contest will have cost a good deal more than \$500,000 before it is decided, and the intrinsic value of the America's Cup at the present price of silver is about \$200.

The America's Cup is not a cup at all. It is an ugly jug of no possible use or beauty, and it is shaped like an old-fashioned vinegar bottle. Nevertheless, it is the most precious yachting trophy in existence, as it represents the yachting supremacy of the world, and has a long and interesting history. It has never been in Europe since captured by the *America* in 1851. The America Cup is kept in a vault at Tiffany's. On its sides are engraved records of all the races which have been sailed for its possession. There are only one or two more flat surfaces upon which records of races can be engraved, and when those are occupied, it is a question where future records can be put.

The old *America*, it may be remarked, is still a yacht in commission. She is a fast boat even in these days of modern improvements. For a long time she heloged to Ben Butler, and is now the property of Paul Butler. When Ben Butler was in the South during the war, he heard of the *America* being sunk in a river. After the war was over, he returned South and bought the *America* for a song, had her raised and equipped, and used her as a yacht. He afterward discovered that while she was suok, the pores of her wood became impregnated with a kind of fine sand, and that this rendered her impervious to any kind of marine insect. In Southern waters she needed no copper sheathing, and the gimlet-pointed worms that attacked her found the edge quickly taken off their boring apparatus.

The history of the America's Cup is almost, but not entirely, the history of international yachting. There have been eight races for this trophy, and in all of them the Americans have been successful. There has not been one of these races that did not involve as a preliminary long correspondence, generally of a somewhat acrimonious nature. Sometimes, as in the case of Lord Dunraven's first challenge, it has been found impossible to arrange a race, and sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Ashbury and the *Livonia*, the race has come near to being sailed in court instead of on the sea.

It is hardly to be supposed the New York Yacht Club intended to be anything but fair and sportsman-like in framing the latest deed of gift by which the America's Cup is held as a challenge cup for the world, and which is the organic law under which races for it must be sailed; yet an almost universal howl of disapproval went up from yachtsmen on both sides of the water when its provisions became known. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club, believing that the deed of gift would prevent further challenge for the America's Cup, offered a cup of its own for an international trophy, and carefully formulated a series of regulations to govern the races for it. The storm of disapproval which greeted the conditions laid down by the Royal Victoria Club was second only to that which hailed the latest deed of gift.

So far in the history of yachting there are two things which, though universally desired, yachtsmen have been unable to arrive at—satisfactory measurement for time allowance and a satisfactory code of international racing rules. Lord Dunraven, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, proposed that three representative yachtsmen be chosen from England, and a like number from America, to meet in Paris and discuss the question of international racing thoroughly, and to formulate a set of rules to govern it. But the rules formulated in Paris could never be applied to the America's Cup, owing to the fixed conditions under which it must be raced for. The cup is a trust property held by the New York Yacht Club for certain specific purposes, and must be governed by the deed of gift, even if the cup is won by a foreign yacht club, in

which case the trust passes to that club, with all its limitations. It is true that the "mutual-agreement clause" of the deed of gift has been found to be of such elasticity that almost any arrangement satisfactory to both parties can be made for a race for the cup, and that under that mutual-agreement clause a race might be sailed according to the rules of the Paris conference; yet no nation would have a right to demand to be allowed to sail by such rules for the trophy, the deed of gift remaining forever the organic law regarding it.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jagley—"I wonder what star I was born under?" *Wagley*—"Probably the load star."—*Truth*.

"At least I can go down with colors flying," said the calciminer when his foot slipped.—*Washington Star*.

"Did you walk through Switzerland, Noorich?" "Oh, no; Mrs. N. and me traveled à la carte all the time."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Short—"I've spent five dollars to-day, and I've nothing to show for it." *Mr. Short*—"You never do have." *Mrs. Short*—"Yes; but this time I bought hosiery."—*Judge*.

He—"If you'll give me just one kiss, I'll never ask for another." *She*—"George, it is had enough to tell a falsehood, without insulting me at the same time."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Let's see—is it the huzz-saw bat or the mill-wheel hat? What are those broad-brimmed hats called nowadays?" asked Naylor. "They are called in," returned Dudely.—*Bazar*.

"I never give money to heggars on the street," said the pedestrian. "But my dear sir," returned the hegger, "I can't afford an office these hard times. You expect too much."—*Bazar*.

Something wrong somewhere: *Husband*—"These biscuits are somewhat heavy, my dear; don't you think so?" *Wife*—"That's funny. The cook-book says that they should be light."—*Truth*.

"I am afraid of waking baby, for poor Robert has walked the floor every night with him for the last three weeks." "How dreadful! And has the baby learned to talk yet?" "No. But he has learned to swear."—*Life*.

Dusty Rhodes—"I think it is an infernal shame that I don't get a pension." *Mrs. Dogood*—"I didn't know you were entitled to one." *Dusty Rhodes*—"Well, I be; I've done nothin' all my life but soldier."—*Puck*.

"See here, you," said the wayfarer to the hegger, "I gave you a quarter yesterday because you said you were blind, and here I find you reading a newspaper." "That's all right," said the hegger; "I'm color-blind."—*Bazar*.

He (rejoiced at having got her to himself for a few minutes)—"Heavenly day for a walk." *She*—"Yes, indeed. There's Jack Wilkins over on the piazza. Go over and ask him if he won't take me for one—will you, Mr. Borely?"—*Bazar*.

Uncle Si—"Marthy, them cows is gone wanderin' off ag'in, an' I can't find 'em nowhar. I do 'oo' what to do." *Marthy*—"Why don't ye go daown to th' railroad people an' ask 'em to sell ye a secon'-hand cow-ketcher?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

In the art-rooms: *She*—"Oh, what a glorious sky! Did you ever see a more perfect sunset?" *He*—"That's not a sunset. It's sunrise on Broadway." *She*—"How can you tell?" *He*—"By the three men in evening-dress in the foreground."—*Life*.

Father (to the seven-year-old miss beside him, cutting the whip sharply through the air)—"See, Mary, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all." *Mary* (in an eager tone of happy discovery)—"Papa, why don't you spank us children in that way?"—*Life*.

Mr. Fastley (making a Sunday evening call)—"I understand, Miss Kostick, that you are an expert mind-reader. Won't you please experiment upon me?" *Miss Kostick*—"Excuse me, Mr. Fastley, but I don't regard your mind as a proper subject for Sunday reading."—*Life*.

"I'm all turned round here," said the bewildered stranger; "I don't know south from north." "My friend," said the man on the park bench, lazily, "you have the principal qualifications of a patriot in your composition, but you would make a mighty poor surveyor."—*Chicago Tribune*.

It failed to work; *Burglar* (rousing the sleeping head of the family)—"Don't move or I'll shoot! What's your money hid?" *Head of the family* (struck by a bright thought)—"It's in the pocket of my wife's dress." *Burglar*—"That's all right. I'll just take the dress. Thanks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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POTATO SOUP.—Boil twelve large potatoes, two onions, and one carrot with six pieces of celery for two hours. Strain through a colander and return to the fire. Melt a cup of butter in a frying-pao, and stir into it while still over the fire a cup of flour, dry. Add this to the soup while hot. Commence with about two quarts of water.

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G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Democratic House has passed the Tucker Bill, repealing the Federal Election Laws.

We hope that those weak-kneed Republicans of the East who allied themselves with the Democrats to defeat measures advocated by their fellow-Republicans of the West, are satisfied with themselves. But we do not think they are. It will be a lesson to them. Oil and water will not mix. There can be no alliance between Republicans and Democrats on national issues.

The Democrats claimed that Congress was convened by the Democratic President for the consideration of a financial

question alone. The anti-silver Republicans who took them at their word now see what reliance can be placed upon Democratic pledges. The party in power suddenly sprung upon the House a purely partisan measure, and one which every Republican voter believes to be conceived in iniquity. The bill repealing the Federal Election Laws is one for which no Republican congressman can vote.

These laws have been on the statute-books for more than twenty years. They are designed to protect voters in the exercise of the elective franchise. The Federal Government extends such protection to voters at elections where Federal officials are to be balloted for. With State elections it has nothing to do. But with Federal elections it has very much to do.

The Southern States may run their domestic affairs in their own way. If they wish to disfranchise the blacks in their State elections, they can do so, without any danger of interference from other States. But when these same States claim congressional representation for millions of blacks, and then, depriving these blacks of the franchise, send fraudulently elected representatives to the Federal Congress, it strikes at the root of republican government. It directly concerns all the other States. Therefore, when the Democratic party espouses such a bill as the Tucker Bill, repealing a law throwing safeguards around the ballot-box, it frankly announces itself as the friend of fraudulent elections.

This repeal of the Federal Election Laws was passed in the Democratic House by three hundred to one hundred and one—a strict party vote.

The Republicans strove to save something from the wreck. There was an amendment before the House, providing for the punishment of crimes against the ballot in the election of Territorial delegates. Congressman Lacey maintained that the defeat of this amendment would allow bribery and ballot-box-stuffing to go unchecked in the Territories.

It was defeated by the Democratic House, by a strict party vote.

Other amendments were before the House—among them, it was sought to except from repeal the law providing for free registry; the law punishing those interfering with registration or voting; the law giving Federal judges jurisdiction of crimes against Federal laws.

These amendments were all defeated by the Democratic House, by a strict party vote.

The vote was then taken on the final passage of the bill repealing the Federal Election Laws.

It was passed by the Democratic House, by a strict party vote.

As we said, the unholy alliance between the anti-silver Republicans and Democrats will at once fly asunder. This will very probably dispose of the repeal of the silver-purchasing act in the Senate. The extra session will come to an end without result. Even the iniquitous Tucker Bill which the Democratic House has just passed will, in our opinion, be blocked in the Senate. There is a Democratic majority of five in the Senate, but the Republicans and those Populist senators who believe in a free ballot can hold the Democratic majority in check until the bill is amended. Then the House will have to accept the amendment, or make overtures for a compromise.

But whatever may be the result, these facts are plain. The Democratic House, working through its overwhelming majority, has shown itself to be utterly without shame.

It has voted for the repeal of Federal laws insuring the purity of Federal elections.

It has voted for the repeal of Federal laws protecting the elections of congressional delegates, thus placing a premium on bribery and ballot-box stuffing in the Territories.

It has voted for the repeal of Federal laws providing for the free and unhampered registration of voters.

It has voted for the repeal of Federal laws providing that United States judges shall have jurisdiction in crimes against the election laws of the United States.

It has voted for the repeal of Federal laws providing

that all citizens, irrespective of color or previous condition, shall cast their ballots without fear.

Thus the Democratic party, through its overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives, has voted in favor of these things:

The terrorism and disfranchisement of the black voters in the South.

The reign of ruffianism around polling-places.

The stuffing of ballot-boxes.

The bribery of election officials.

False, forged, and fraudulent returns.

These are the things to which the Democratic party reiterates its allegiance by its repeal of the Federal Election Laws of the United States.

Professor St. George Mivart, the English man of science, is one of the most fortunate of beings. Although his writings have been condemned by the Congregation of the Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index at Rome, and this double condemnation has received the formal approbation of the Infallible One, Professor Mivart is still alive and in no danger whatever of death at the stake or even of imprisonment in a damp dungeon. Those who venture to read the professor's inhibited writings, however, are in considerable spiritual peril, for the dread decree of the Congregation of the Index runs as follows:

"If any one shall read or have in his possession the books of heretics, or the writings of any author whatsoever that have been condemned and prohibited on account of heresy or suspicion of false doctrine, let him at once incur the sentence of excommunication. But if any one read or have in his possession books for any reason forbidden, then, in addition to the guilt of mortal sin that he incurs, let him be severely punished at the discretion of the bishop."

Professor Mivart has, no doubt, already cast out of his library and committed to the flames the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1892, February, 1893, and April, 1893. He has submitted, and will not, therefore, be required to make a pilgrimage with peas in his shoes, or to do such other penance as his bishop would have imposed. It was in the *Nineteenth Century* of the three dates mentioned that Professor Mivart expounded his doctrine of "Happiness in Hell." He held that unbaptized infants, virtuous pagans born before the Christian era, and heathen who had never heard the gospel, might be given tolerably cool quarters in the pit. He also argued against the belief that the fire of the infernal regions is of the material variety with which we are familiar in this life. In general, Mivart endeavored to mitigate hell to meet the wants of a softened and cultured age.

It may cause surprise that a man of Professor Mivart's position in the scientific world—for he holds an honorable place, though not a leading one, among contemporary biologists—should concern himself with such theological speculations. But the professor happens to be that strangest of all land animals, a Roman Catholic scientist. Evolution has not done its perfect work with him. Intellectually he is a bird, so to speak; but spiritually he is still in the reptilian stage. That a man versed in the knowledge of his time, a student of nature, a skillful writer, and in friendly communion with the chiefs of scientific thought, yet remains a subject of Rome, surrendering at its command the liberty of his intellect and pursuing his investigations always with reference to the effect of his conclusions upon its dogmas, is surely one of the queerest spectacles afforded by this period of transition in human thought.

The professor's first article in the *Nineteenth Century* called out a ferocious reply from the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Nottingham, and also a regulation theological scorching from Father R. F. Clarke, of the Society of Jesus. In the light of subsequent events it is interesting to turn to the April number of the magazine. Therein the professor retorts upon the rancorous bishop and the sternly orthodox priest, and retorts like a gentleman. One can picture the glee of the two cowed and frocked ecclesiastics when they recall his words now that he has been made to dine off them by the Pope. In his last article, Dr. Mivart taunted the bishop with having had himself to sit down to such a feast when he was compelled to withdraw his condemnation

of the Primrose League as a secret society, whose members he had excommunicated.

"I care not one straw," wrote Professor Mivart in his last article, "what any one says or thinks, so long as I am convinced that I am serving the cause of truth and honest thought in whatever branch of science it may be—biological, theological, or metaphysical." There spoke the scientist. Then was added: "By saying this I do not, of course, refer to supreme ecclesiastical authority." There spoke the Roman Catholic.

"In astronomical science," he said, "in spite of all the opposition of the Father Clarks of former days, the truth has triumphed, as it has also in geological science and the science of living organisms—biology. In critical science its triumph is no less certain, and will be as little prejudicial to the Catholic Church as is heliocentric astronomy." He likewise wrote:

"How great is the real freedom of Catholics, and how increasingly wide the prospect opened to the eyes of faith by the intervention of her faithful hand-maid, physical science!"

Yet it is reserved for the despised Father Clarke to announce, in the same issue of the magazine, the condemnation, the silencing, the humiliation of Professor Mivart by the Congregations of the Inquisition and Index and the Holy Father. And Professor Mivart has submitted! He has howed his head and promised not to entertain even an "interior doubt" that his thought was all wrong and that Rome, as the master of his mind, has the right to bid him how he shall use it and what he shall think. It serves him right. A man who sneers at the "Father Clarks of former days" and can remain a Roman Catholic, who, acquainted with history yet is able to speak of physical science as the "faithful handmaid" of the Roman Catholic Church, deserves to be put to shame before the intellectual world. The same "supreme ecclesiastical authority" which this Roman Catholic scientist reveres, condemned the works of Copernicus as it has condemned his own. He knows this, yet to him the voice of the Vatican is the voice of God. Professor Mivart's church ruled the world for fifteen hundred years without producing one astronomer. And when, in the sixteenth century, Copernicus arose and wrote his book, the Holy Inquisition—"the Father Clarks of former days"—stamped "heresy" across its true pages. Its author died before the church could further deal with him. Professor Mivart worships at the shrine of a church which compelled Galileo to go upon his venerable knees and, with his hand on the Bible, ahjure and curse the doctrine of the rotation of the earth. He did it under the threat of death; and this friend of the "faithful handmaid" of the faith got a taste of the "real freedom of Catholics" during the ten years he spent in the prison, where he was treated with cruel severity. When death released him, his dust was refused burial in consecrated ground by Pope Leo's ancestors in God. Bruno spent six years in a Roman Catholic jail, without books or paper, and was denied the visits of friends, and perished at the stake for his contributions to physical science, the "handmaid" of the church. It is not the church's fault that its teeth are drawn in these godless times. The spirit which condemned Copernicus, and Bruno, and Galileo survives, and has condemned Mivart. It has lost its power over the secular arm, that is all.

Ungallant old Dr. Johnson, speaking of something extraordinarily good that had been written by a clever woman, observed that it reminded him of a dog walking on his hind legs: "The wonder is not that he does it so well, but that he does it at all." Similarly, the surprise is not that Professor Mivart should have reached distinction in science, but that, being a Roman Catholic, he can tolerate science. The prominence of Mivart, of which his church in England and America has been wont to boast, gives a high value to what Rome has left of him. The condemnation of a man of his eminence for the uttering of his sincere thought is an advertisement to all men of intellect how much "real freedom" the Roman Catholic is permitted to enjoy. The youth of brains is taught in striking fashion by the incident that should he choose a scientific, a literary, or any other career requiring the use of those brains, he must, if a Roman Catholic, be hampered in the race with his non-Catholic competitors by the full weight of the Roman shackles. No matter what nature may reveal to him, or study disclose, or thought suggest, ever the raised finger of the church will warn him that he must not believe without her consent. And there is no appeal for Roman Catholic Brunos and Galileos from her judgment in matters of science, of reason, when she delivers her dictum. As Father Clarke blandly tells the wretched Mivart: "*Roma locuta est: causa finita est.*"

No evidence has yet been secured which sheds any light upon the identity of the cold-blooded assassins who, at Curtin's sailor boarding-house, hlew four men into bloody fragments by means of dynamite. The police have a man under arrest, but there is no conclusive evidence against him; he is being detained on account of his suspicious

actions on the night of the murder. The police are hard at work trying to trace the murderers, but as the newspapers each day carefully give an account of what the detectives are going to do the next, their efforts have not been crowned with success.

One of the daily papers prints what purports to be an interview with Ernest Schutte, superintendent of police at Wiesbaden, Germany, in the course of which he said that the police of Continental Europe deal with dynamiters and anarchists through spies. "Such a thing as this Curtin outrage could not happen in Germany," said he; "we have police spies in every meeting-place and café frequented by them. In such an organization as the Sailors' Union, we would have had our spies at every meeting, and they would have mingled with the members on the outside. Then, too, we have greater powers with prisoners than your officials have. We have prisons for convicted dynamiters where every morning they pray for death."

To the American mind, this mediæval way of looking at prisoners should be horrible. But it is not. Europe has sent us the dregs of her population. She has sent us, too, these strange and horrible criminals, the dynamiters. With them, the free institutions of a republic fail. The lenity of Anglo-Saxon procedure is wasted upon them. The writ of *habeas corpus* and the hired zeal of super-serviceable attorneys will some day save too many dynamiters' necks. Then there will be a change in American criminal procedure. For secret crimes, secret trials; for midnight murder, midnight punishment.

When Pallas, the anarchist, was executed at Barcelona, last week, for throwing dynamite bombs at General Martinez Campos, he was shot to death by a firing squad. Strange that the Spaniards should have dignified this cowardly assassin with a soldier's death. Even strangulation with hemp was too good a death for him and such as he. These dynamiters are outlaws—worse than wild beasts—beyond the pale of humanity. Why not make them useful to science, and study the lesions of their brains while they are still alive? Why not vivisection them?

A constitutional convention will be held in the State of New York not many months from now, and one of the questions which will come up will be the question of admitting women to the suffrage. New York has not thus far figured among the States in which an agitation for woman suffrage has been active; the Woman's Rights party in that State has included able members and ladies of high standing; but they have not commanded general attention. It seems that a section of the Republican party now proposes to see whether the public are ripe for the reform.

So far as can be gathered from the organs of public opinion, the people everywhere are divided on the question into two halves, which have thus far been unequal and continue to remain unequal, in spite of argument. There are no recent indications of any gains by the woman suffrage party. In Ohio, Indiana, Oregon, Missouri—as in Great Britain—the woman suffragists have made a certain progress toward their goal, but have stopped there. Wyoming is the only modern community in which complete success has crowned their efforts. But it is noticeable that the apostles of sexual equality are not discouraged by the non-arrival of their victory. They speak and write as if the day of triumph was only postponed, and was certain to come sooner or later. They display so much confidence that a prudent writer like Goldwin Smith is discussing the practical results of woman suffrage, and thinks it worth while to point out that, when it is established, women being in the majority will dominate men, will establish a feminine policy, and will fill all the offices with members of their own sex.

The argument is worth considering. Whenever majorities have been freed from constitutional restraints, they have exercised supreme power without regard to the views of minorities. They have ruled the roast in their own way. Now, in this country, the women outnumber the men in the States which are largest and which cast the heaviest electoral and congressional votes. If they held the suffrage, and chose to divide on the line of sex, they would probably be able to elect the President and the great bulk of the congressional delegations from New England, the Middle States, and several of the Southern States. Men would have to content themselves with the control of the Western States—that is to say, States west of the river valleys. A female majority in both Houses of Congress would probably enact a body of feminine legislation; that is to say, laws of a drastic nature against male vices and of a protective nature for feminine weaknesses. Such a body would probably make drinking, smoking, and gambling penal offenses. It would be likely to grant a bounty on marriages, and to impose disabilities, amounting perhaps to disfranchisement, on bachelors. It might establish a new department of the government to be called the "Bureau of Millinery," and might confer a seat in the Cabinet on the brave woman who

told other women that they need not wear hoop-skirts unless they had to.

If, under woman suffrage, the ladies undertook to run the government, they would, of course, carry out their purposes through members of their own sex. The President would be a woman, and the members of her Cabinet would likewise wear petticoats, which would be no novelty, as history contains the record of many petticoat governments. Without counting Queen Victoria, Austria seldom had a more imperious sovereign than Maria Theresa, Russia was never more vigorously ruled than by Catherine, and England reached high eminence under Elizabeth and Anne.

Suppose the reform carried into effect in this country. Suppose our President were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whom would she invite to constitute her Cabinet—it being understood that partisanship was not to figure in the case? Let us assume that she was a woman of parts and made her selections judiciously. Would her cabinet be anything like this?

| | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Secretary of State | Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, of Massachusetts. |
| Secretary of the Treasury | Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Illinois. |
| Secretary of War | Mrs. Paran Stevens, of Rhode Island. |
| Secretary of the Navy | Miss Kate Field, of Washington, D. C. |
| Secretary of Agriculture | Mrs. Jenness-Miller, of Pennsylvania. |
| Postmaster-General | Mrs. Belva Lockwood, of Ohio. |
| Attorney-General | Mrs. Clara Foltz, of California. |

Suppose these ladies gathered round the council board and presided over by a severe-looking matron in iron-gray curls and spectacles—query, would they not be likely to transact the public business as well as the average male Cabinet which now meets in the White House?

Under such a régime men would not be absolutely powerless. They could hold the balance of power. For every desirable office there would be at least two feminine candidates; male voters could elect which they pleased of these by throwing their votes for her. And the advantage of this would be that it would give young girls a chance. As between a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of twenty-one or twenty-two and a tough old spinster of fifty, no judicious man could hesitate for a moment; and thus there might be an infusion of youth and beauty in the Cabinet that would add a charm to the pleasure of doing business with the departments. But fancy a Secretary of War who was fond of flirting! And if the Secretary of the Treasury were to fall in love with some unscrupulous young foreign *attaché*, she might elope with him, carrying off untold millions in currency and stopping the machinery of our government. New York had better move slowly in this matter.

The bombardment of Rio Janeiro is bringing about some very curious international questions. In their settlement, we do not think that United States Minister Thomas L. Thompson, of California, is acting according to the traditional policy of this country. However, the probable fall of President Peixotto's government may end the matter with out the representative of the United States making any further damaging concessions.

General Floriano Peixotto was commander of the imperial forces under Dom Pedro. When General Deodoro da Fonseca set up the standard of revolt against the empire, General Peixotto at once went over to him. For this he was rewarded with the vice-presidency. Two years afterward he deposed President Fonseca with the aid of the navy, and made himself president. Now, with the aid of the same navy, Admiral Mello is attempting to depose Peixotto, and will very probably succeed if the foreign war-ships let him alone.

This is the question to which we refer: Have foreign governments any right to interfere in a civil war? Even they have, the United States has always protested against European interference in American affairs. But we think may be laid down as a broad principle that the foreign ship of-war in Rio Bay have no right of interference at all. As to the question of "protecting the life and property of neutrals," that doctrine can not be upheld. If the joint navies of the world protect foreigners in war-bound cities, foreigners would have more rights than the sons of the soil. The neutrals in Rio have gone there of their own free will in time of war they have no business there. Suppose Brazil had objected to the Germans bombarding Paris, owing the danger to the lives and diamonds of those of her saddled subjects who flash along the boulevards and delight the mercenary souls of Parisian Phrynes. Would it be any more absurd than for Germany now to cry halt to Peixotto and Mello, owing to the danger to the German shopkeepers in Rio? But Germany is apparently the only one of the great powers which refuses to take part in the extraordinary diplomatic gatherings now taking place at Rio. The ministers of England, the United States, France, Italy, and Portugal—according to the dispatches—have notified Mello that he must cease firing on the city. The Argentine Minister heading all the South American diplomats, has formally protested against any foreign interference.

Minister Thompson, the representative of the United States, has made a grave error in this business. He should

have been on the side of non-interference, and he should have been on the side of the other American ministers. The United States for three-quarters of a century has steadily upheld the doctrine of non-interference by European powers with the affairs of this continent. It is too late for Mr. Cleveland, his foreign secretary, Mr. Gresham, and his foreign minister, Mr. Thompson, to change it now.

According to Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency, the number of business failures in this country during the last nine months of this Democratic year was 11,174, against 7,378 during the same time last year. The amount of liabilities was \$324,087,768, against \$76,971,777, an increase of about 321 per cent. But the assets of the ruined firms of 1893 are about forty per cent. above the average ratio of assets to liabilities for a number of years. What does this prove? It proves that many business houses were forced to the wall, although their assets ordinarily would have been ample; it proves that the Democratic tariff panic swept down many solvent firms. It is probably disagreeable to be forced into insolvency at any time, but those men—and they are many—who, although solvent, were driven into bankruptcy during the past eventful summer, will long remember, and remember bitterly, the Democratic free-trade crisis of 1893.

The almost universal cry of objection that has gone up from the American press against the appointment as Minister to Italy of J. J. Van Alen, of London, New York, and Newport, reveals a condition of the popular mind that is to the last degree discouraging. The hostility to Mr. Van Alen has little in it that is personal. Indeed, prior to his nomination by President Cleveland, his name was wholly unknown to the country. The opposition to him is ostensibly grounded primarily on the fact that he contributed fifty thousand dollars to the Democratic campaign fund, with the clear understanding that this appointment was to be his reward. But the real cause of the popular disapproval of the preferment of Mr. J. J. Van Alen is very different from this. It is because Mr. Van Alen is the extreme type of our aristocracy, the flower of all that is most conspicuously characteristic of New York's Four Hundred, that the press, ever groveling at the feet of the proletariat, is girding at him. Mr. Ward McAllister, who by prescriptive right speaks for the wealth and fashion of the metropolis, unreservedly approves the appointment. He predicts that "the entertainments of Minister Alen at Rome will be dreams of royal magnificence." It is, therefore, not matter for wonder that the New York Four Hundred should feel incensed at the common people. The Four Hundred was kind to Grover Cleveland. It overlooked his humble origin; it overlooked his career as a political boss in Buffalo; and when he left the White House a defeated man, it received him, if not on a footing of equality, at least with as much cordiality as the less recent creations of the English nobility receive a new peer. As Mr. Cleveland is human, why should he not be expected to show his gratitude to the metropolitan aristocracy now that he has again become President? Surely he could not have done so more appropriately and gracefully than in selecting Mr. J. J. Van Alen to uphold the dignity of the nation in the realm of diplomacy. Mr. Van Alen is a dancing man. He is very rich, and did not commit the vulgarity of making his own money. He was educated in England, which is now the home of that representative New Yorker, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who is Mr. Van Alen's friend and exemplar. Though the latter spends most of his time abroad, he does not neglect his duties as an American. He has made notable sacrifices for his country. Holding, as is natural, the opinion that this republic is "not a fit place for a gentleman to live in," he yet has unselfishly built a million-dollar mansion at Newport, comes over once a year for a brief period, rides to hounds, offers for the instruction of the less fortunate aristocracy there the latest additions to his English accent, and gives and attends parties.

The plutocracy of New York has the headship of the plutocracy of the United States, and the plutocracy is not to be ignored. President Cleveland is profoundly convinced of this, though the carping critics of the press may not be. He has steadfastly refused to withdraw the mark of esteem which he has bestowed upon Mr. Van Alen, and upon his caste in his fascinating person (which is said to bear an extraordinary resemblance to that of the Prince of Wales). That the nomination will be confirmed there need be no doubt. Mr. Cleveland will not permit his Democratic Senate to disobey him in this or any other matter of importance. In fact, so confident of confirmation are the Four Hundred that rumors have already reached as far as San Francisco that Mr. McAllister is giving all the faculties of his luminous mind to the arrangement of a series of fêtes in celebration of the linking of American fashion and statesmanship—a connection that is quite the thing in England—the list to conclude with a triumphal procession on the occasion of Ambassador Van Alen's departure for Rome. The affair will, of

course, take place at Newport, and the line of march will be down Bellevue Avenue.

The features are to be about as follows:

Brass Band.
("God Save the Queen.")
Platoon of Polo-Players.
Knickerbockers Driving Four-in-Hands.
Brass Band.
("Rule Britannia.")
Knickerbockers Driving Tandems.
Mr. Ward McAllister.
Maidens in Dog-Carts.
Brass Band.
("Long Live the Prince of Wales.")
Knickerbockers in Riding-Breeches, on Foot.
Float—Showing a Peripatetic British Peer, captured at Newport, wearing his corset, and surrounded by kneeling American maidens extending check-books.
Chaperons and Dowagers in Barouches.
The \$30,000 Sack.
With Guard of Honor from Tammany Hall.
VAN ALLEN
In the Midst of a Hollow Square of English Footmen.
President of the United States, on Foot.
Marines and Blue-Jackets from British Men-of-War in the Harbor.
Citizens in Carriages.

In this era of Democratic supremacy and Jeffersonian simplicity, it is well that the nations of the earth which are yet cursed with kings and hereditary nobles should be taught that the great republic of the West, while it adheres to the stern anti-monarchical principles of the Fathers, is not dead to the finer things of existence and is inferior to none in its recognition of pageantry as an element of public life.

When the churches are duller than usual, some clergyman gets up and tries to attract attention by creating a sensation. Thus one pulpit-holder in Oakland tried to thrust himself into notice by suggesting that Professor Le Conte was a heretic, who, in former times, would have been burned at the stake, and the Rev. John Hemphill, of Calvary Church, runs amuck at society, which he calls "a grave-yard, in which the soul withers and dies, and no joy in heaven or on earth can move the worn-out soul to response." He declares that a young girl who goes into it is "a poor weather-beaten wreck on that wild whirlpool of a thing called society"; that society will "vener her character, sour and spoil her spirit, debase and falsify her heart, degrade and enfeeble her intellect." If all this were so, society would deserve the attention not of the pulpit, but of the police.

But it is well to look into the facts. Society, according to the dictionary, is "the union of a number of rational beings for purposes of pleasure or profit." It needs no demonstration to prove that the mere union of such persons for such purposes can not destroy the soul, or veneer the character, or spoil the spirit, or falsify the heart, or enfeeble the intellect. To say that it does is to insult the intelligence of the hearer. The Rev. Mr. Hemphill must have some particular society in view. Now there are in every city a great many societies. We have in San Francisco a society whose chief end is music, dancing, and conversation at gatherings called assemblies; we have other societies, its members probably less wealthy, which meet at stated intervals in public halls or private houses, for similar purposes; we have musical societies, literary societies, calisthenic societies, and others. It may be said of the societies which are chiefly devoted to dancing that their energies might be concentrated on higher pursuits, but it could not fairly be said that dancing tends to enfeeble the intellect, to falsify the heart, to spoil the spirit, or to destroy the soul. Much less could it be honestly alleged that the study of music or letters or the development of the muscles is likely to be followed by these deleterious effects. If there be any society whose existence does conduce to these ends, it must be some kind of society whose nature and purposes are not generally known and whose membership is not derived from the ranks of the decent classes.

Two classes of people habitually rail at "society"; first, those who have vainly attempted to get into a certain set, and have not contented themselves with the set into which they could get; and, second, ascetics, who regard all pleasure as sinful, and who would like every one to be as dull, dreary, and stupid as they are themselves. From this latter class the Calvinistic sect has usually derived a considerable proportion of its preachers. John Knox himself was a sour, morose, narrow-minded sectarian, to whom all pleasure, even the most innocent, was offensive, because it jarred with his gloomy soul. The Puritan progeny has been large. There are still churches filled with bitter fanatics, who hate pleasure and enjoyment, and honestly believe that life should be spent in gloom and penitence. It looks as if the Rev. John Hemphill must belong to this class. His sermon implies that he considers it improper for young men and women to associate together, for the association of men and women is "society," whatever their station in life. He not

only seems to be in the wrong place in San Francisco, but he seems to have lived at the wrong time. He ought to have come to light in Massachusetts in the time of the Mathers.

There is a possibility, of course, that the Rev. John Hemphill fancied that he was going to extend his reputation as a strict disciplinarian by preaching that San Francisco society is no better than it should be, and that San Francisco mothers sacrifice their daughters when they launch them into social life. If so, he has made a monstrous mistake.

Those individuals who go round the world denouncing social gatherings as grave-yards of virtue are as ignorant of the society they abuse as they are of the world in which they live. If they were not utterly without knowledge in the premises, they would know that there never was a time when there was so much gentleness and kindness and generosity among the best people—socially—as there is now. There is hardly a young lady who goes to halls and assemblies who is not a member of some association for helping the poor, the sick, or the aged. If the truth were known, the prettiest, brightest, and gayest girls in this city allot a portion of their time every week to good works. The Fruit and Flower Mission, a most admirable charity, is almost entirely made up of "society girls," so called.

The Rev. Mr. Hemphill's ignorance may be comprehensive. He may know as little of the half-world as he does of the world. If his ministrations as a clergyman ever carried him among the lowly, and while there among the lowest class of all—the "fallen women"—he would find that it is the unanimous verdict of matrons of institutions wherein they are harbored, physicians who treat them, and all who have to do with them, that "fallen" women do not fall. As an almost invariable rule, they come from the lower strata. For a girl who has been in what is called "good society" to be found among these unfortunate women is so rare as to be almost unknown.

But the Rev. Mr. Hemphill has generally been the fashionable preacher of a fashionable congregation. It is not to be expected that he should know much about such unpleasant things as ministering to such unspeakable persons—that can be left to other and lesser men of God. But he certainly ought to know the ways and manners of the people in his own environment, and that he should know so little of them is indeed a marvel, even in a minister.

Judging from the dispatches, the unemployed men now making the tour of the country on freight-trains always seem to come from somewhere else. Those pouring into California by the Northern route claim to hail from Montana and Idaho; those coming here by the Central and Atchison routes profess to be from the shut-down Colorado silver-mines. But the dispatches from Texas show that numbers of those there purport to be miners and laborers from California. The Texas tourists, by the way, are not being handled very gently. Over a hundred and fifty of them have been arrested by sheriff's posses, fined ten dollars, and jailed for interfering with trains. In a day or two they will be working for the county. The "unemployed laboring man" down South is not looked upon with a very favorable eye. Those who have traveled in the Southern States will doubtless recall scenes like this: A long train of flat cars, loaded with white and negro convicts, in striped suits; picks and shovels in their hands; a violent rain-storm beating down upon their shelterless bodies; at the end of the train a covered car, from which guards with loaded Winchesters watch the convicts, and pick off those who attempt to jump from the moving train. As our Southern brethren are accustomed to sights like these, and look upon them as an every-day matter, the spectacle of a freight-train loaded with well-fed tramps ostensibly seeking work excites no very violent sympathy in their bosoms. Perhaps they are too hard-hearted; perhaps we are too tender-hearted. Wherever the truth lies, this fact is plain—the unemployed gentlemen now making the tour of the country had better avoid the Sunny Southland.

The mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co. have not completed their figures of failures for the quarter ending September 30th, but they state that the number is over 4,000, with an aggregate of liabilities of over \$150,000,000. For the last week of September, the failures were 329 in the United States, as against 177 last year; in Canada, 34, as against 31 last year. As will be seen by these figures, the number of failures in this country in one week of 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland) are about double what they were in one week of 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), while in Canada the number is about the same. This is explained by the fact that in Canada they have not had a "Democratic tidal wave." We have. It swept everything before it. It has swept merchants into insolvency, banks into bankruptcy, and workmen into idleness. It has swept up to date about 4,000,000 men out of work. It is still sweeping.

THE UNFAITHFUL CLOCK.

By W. C. Morrow.

Mr. Austin Wheeler was startled out of his ten-o'clock nap by a peculiar cry of distress from Theophilus, his cat. Wise in the ways of cats, and experienced in all the vocal expressions of Theophilus, Mr. Wheeler had cause to feel alarm when, upon opening his eyes, he saw the cat staring straight past him, every nerve in the large brindled animal's body on a strain, the hair along his spine upright, his tail slowly swinging to and fro, his ears rigidly fixed in listening, his eyes glowing with an unwonted light, and that low note of alarm, caution, or distress—perhaps all three in one—filling the chamber with its uncanny effect. It was such a sound as you may have heard cats give when worried by dogs.

Mr. Wheeler was wide awake in a moment. At first he supposed that the cat was looking at him; but when, in straightening himself from a reclining position, he had brought his face some two feet out of the cat's line of vision, and observed that Theophilus kept his gaze steadily as before, and, moreover, gave no heed to a call, Mr. Wheeler sent his glance in the direction of his cat's, and, as nearly as he could judge, found it to rest upon the clock. Instantly he made the startling discovery that instead of sleeping ten minutes, as had been his unbroken custom for years, he had really slept two hours, for the hands of the clock indicated midnight. More than that, he noticed that the little artificial figure of a man which hung by the neck just below the clock was still quivering, as though it had but that moment dropped to the end of its string, whereas it should have been perfectly still.

That the nature of the shock which these discoveries gave Mr. Wheeler may be understood, it is necessary to explain some things.

To begin, Mr. Wheeler was an elderly widower, rather small and thin, highly nervous, somewhat feeble, and possessed of means sufficient for him to live in modest comfort without work. He was conspicuously—indeed painfully—methodical, as Jenny, the girl who took care of his two rooms, had reason to know. Everything had to be in the place he had set apart for it; he went to bed, arose, had his meals, took his strolls and naps, and ordered everything else precisely to the minute, one day's routine being just like that of all other days. He had explained all this on the score of his health.

Jenny declared to her friends that he was the worst kind of "crank"; but she would add that so long as she did exactly as he directed, he was very kind to her, paid her well, and made her numerous presents. Unfortunately, she had never mentioned to her acquaintances the only serious misunderstanding that had ever arisen between her and her employer; but there will be no better place than this to insert it in the narrative. It was thus:

The small figure of a man, to which reference already has been made, was a perfect representation of a criminal being hanged. The clock, a large, old-fashioned affair, had been let into the wall above the mantel, bricks having been removed in number sufficient to make the face of the clock flush with the wall. The ragged edges of the mural incision had been smoothed with plaster, which made a neat juncture with the wooden frame of the clock. The excavation had been extended below the clock, forming a narrow niche for the reception of the figure. In this niche, attached to the bottom of the clock, was a miniature gallows with beam, trap-door, cord, trigger, and the other essential mechanical devices employed in executions, everything being concealed by doors. At half-past eleven o'clock every night, the mechanism of the clock would open the doors and spring the trigger, whereupon the trap-door would fly open and the little figure would fall through and hang suspended by the neck. The figure was neatly dressed in black, with a white shirt; its arms were strapped to its sides, its hands to its thighs, and its knees and also its feet together. To complete the picture, a hangman's black cap was drawn over the head, concealing the face.

Having accidentally opened the doors and seen the figure one day, Jenny cherished an uncontrollable curiosity to see the face. It so happened that she had never seen the figure hanging, for that was always at half-past eleven at night. For that matter, she did not know that the trap ever opened. All that she had ever seen was the figure standing rigidly on the gallows waiting to be hanged. But the grewsome picture of the little man standing there had always fascinated her, even after her original sentiment of horror and repulsion had passed. Accordingly, one day, when she knew that Mr. Wheeler had left for a stroll and to give her opportunity to put his rooms in order, and when experience with his ways made her sure that he would not return for two hours, she cautiously began an investigation.

Finding that the figure stood squarely upon its feet, without lateral support, she gently lifted it from the trap-door and drew it out as far as the cord would permit. She carefully loosened the noose, which was outside the cap and which pressed it closely against the neck, and then slipped off the cap. That which she then saw gave her so terrible a fright that she dropped the figure, screamed with all her might, and fell in a senseless heap to the floor. There she lay unconscious for two hours, and there her master found her. Upon seeing at a glance what had happened, he became pale, and a look of singular ferocity and malignity distorted his features. With his foot he contemptuously turned the girl over, in order to get her out of his way, readjusted the cap and noose, and restored the figure to its original position, and then picked up Jenny, laid her on a lounge, loosened her clothing, sprinkled water in her face, and brought her back to consciousness.

After she had remembered what had happened, and had seen the hard, reproachful glance with which Mr. Wheeler was regarding her, she began to cry and to plead for forgiveness.

"Had you forgotten," he asked, "that I had particularly cautioned you never to touch that figure?"

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "I am so sorry! It was very wrong of me, sir. You have been so good to me! Won't you forgive me, sir?"

The end of it was that he did forgive her, and that she promised faithfully never to tell any one what she had seen. But it was many a day before she could again enter that room without fear and shudders. The slow, measured ticking of the clock was terrible, and the little figure standing behind its closed doors was a silent and formidable mystery. A thousand times did she wonder what it all meant—what dreadful history it illustrated. For months all her dreams were haunted by that terribly realistic little face, every detail of its strangely handsome features, distorted and discolored though they were by death from strangulation, being impressed ineffaceably on her memory. In a vague fashion, there had come to her certain stories of a strange tragedy far back in the life of her master—something about a beautiful young wife many years ago, and her death, and her husband's terrible revenge; but what all that had to do with the ghastly little figure in the clock, if anything at all, Jenny could not imagine.

When Mr. Wheeler, after having been awakened by Theophilus, saw that he had slept two hours instead of ten minutes, and that the body of the little figure was still quivering, as though it had but just fallen through the trap, he was thrown into alarm and consternation. He had never overslept a moment before. Exactly at ten o'clock every night he had taken a nap of ten minutes in his chair, had read till eleven, and then had turned to face the clock and steadily watch the hands as they slowly went around to thirty minutes past eleven, when the little doors would swing open and the figure would drop to the end of its cord, and there sway awhile, turn slowly about as a man would in its place, and finally come to rest; then Mr. Wheeler would replace the figure, close the doors, and go to bed. If one had been present from eleven o'clock till the doors swung open, one might have made a study of Mr. Wheeler's face; for it gradually darkened and hardened, became firmer, more haggard, more deeply lined, more and more filled with hate and implacable vindictiveness; one might have observed him becoming rigid and breathless on the eve of the mock execution, the glowing look of triumph which illuminated his face when the trap was sprung, a writhing of the body and a rubbing of the hands as the figure slowly swung about, and complete relaxation and peace when it had finally come to rest.

On this night of his great surprise, Mr. Wheeler, at first unable to trust the evidence of his senses, felt his pulse, and, finding it bounding with alarming violence, concluded that he was ill, and that his illness had caused him to oversleep. But what explanation could be found for the singular conduct of the cat and the swaying of the figure? Mr. Wheeler examined the doors of his rooms and found them locked—no one could have entered. No draught which might have made the body sway after it should have been still nearly half an hour was discoverable. Nothing that might have caused the cat's uneasiness was visible. Could it be possible that some supernatural agency was at work? Mr. Wheeler was too hard-headed a man to entertain that idea for a moment. So he finally tried to satisfy himself with the explanation that he had been taken ill in the first minutes of his slumber; that Theophilus had become uneasy at his long sleep and this violent breach of his habits, and, associating the clock with his master's movements, had regarded it as the cause of the irregularity; and that as for the swaying of the figure, it might have been caused by a fly or some other insect, and that this untimely swaying alone might have accounted for the cat's uneasiness. Mr. Wheeler, forced to take that explanation to bed with him, had an uneasy night in his company.

He was so full of the affair the next morning that he made a close examination of the clock, and found it in perfect order. Although he had no watch, he observed that his clock was exactly in time with the tower-clock which he could see from his window; and that was as it should have been. After puzzling over the whole problem some time, he decided that he could only go on as formerly, depending upon the future to solve the puzzle.

That day he went about matters as usual. Loss of sleep and the shock to his nerves had been injurious, but he might retrieve all that. Everything proceeded in the old orderly way until the time came for him to take his ten-o'clock nap in the evening. At first he had thought of dispensing with it for a night or two, that he might watch for a repetition of the strange occurrences; but after reflecting that it would be unwise to break into the regularity of his habits he decided to take his nap. Accordingly, he composed himself in his chair, saw that Theophilus was sound asleep on the rug, and in a moment (being very tired) he was slumbering.

It seemed to him that he had not been asleep a minute when the same distressful cry from Theophilus roused him into alarmed wakefulness. Again was Theophilus gazing strangely at the clock. Quickly turning his glance in that quarter, Mr. Wheeler saw that the hands again pointed to midnight, and that the little figure was swaying as though it had but just fallen through the trap! This was more than the wretched man's nerves could bear quietly. He trembled, and a perspiration dampened his forehead. These things, happening once, made a situation strange enough; a repetition of exactly the same kind—three extraordinary elements entering into it—made a coincidence which was terrible. Mr. Wheeler found his pulse bounding as before; he examined the clock and saw that it was in perfect order. He felt that he had not slept two hours, but on a matter of that kind he knew that no man's judgment is reliable. He replaced the figure and sat for a long time in deep thought and anxiety; at the end of everything he went to bed. His sleep again was uncertain; but if he had slept two hours how could he expect sound slumber? Still, it seemed to him that if he had slept two hours in a cramped position in a chair, he would have felt the strain on his muscles, and yet there was none whatever.

Mr. Wheeler's two rooms were in a large apartment-house of the better, though not the more expensive, kind. It was an uncommonly well-built house, the partitions separating the suites being of brick, those between the rooms of a suite, lath and plaster affixed to studding. The floors were deadened with plaster. Hence when the doors were closed, no sounds could penetrate the walls separating the suites or the floors below and above. Mr. Wheeler's suite being in a corner of the house, he had neighbors only on one side and at the rear of his rooms. He had never seen them, and knew nothing about them. Being something of a solitary, he had made the acquaintance of but one family in the house—a widow with two children. The woman was French, and as she was poor and he had once relieved her distress when informed by Jenny that she was ill, and besides was a dainty cook, he had arranged with her to take his meals at her table, paying her so generously that she regarded him as a benefactor.

Should he confide in her? She was bright and shrewd, and she might help him—he could not bear to think of bringing a detective into the case. While he refused to believe it possible that any of his neighbors could have a hand in the occurrences which disturbed him, he thought it might at least be well to know who they were. Should he employ the Frenchwoman to learn all that she could about them? It looked silly and undignified. Should he himself spy upon them, and thus keep his troubles to himself? That was inconceivable. He would wait awhile. As for Jenny, he could not bring himself to consult her, and by that means establish confidential relations with her. He determined to fight it out alone.

On the third night he threw aside his custom of taking a nap, and decided to watch the cat and the clock. At ten o'clock, anxious though he was, the habit of falling asleep came upon him so strongly that he had to resort to various artifices to keep awake. Ten minutes later he had lost his drowsiness. The cat slumbered quietly on the rug, and the clock and the figure gave no sign of irregular behavior. Eleven o'clock arrived. He took up his familiar position facing the clock. Slowly he came under the influence of the old spell; his face paled and hardened; he became rigid. In two seconds more the doors would fly open and the execution would occur. A second passed. Then the clock stopped. At the same moment the cat, which had been asleep on the rug, sprang to his feet; the hair rose along his spine, his tail swung to and fro; his eyes, glowing with a strange light, were fixed on the clock, and he gave a cry of distress and alarm.

That any clock should stop is not an extraordinary thing; but that this clock should have stopped at that particular moment, and that simultaneously the cat should have manifested so great uneasiness, constituted, with the strange occurrences of the two last preceding nights, a coincidence which could not be ignored and which brought terror with it. Mr. Wheeler sat white and agitated. He spoke softly to the cat, hoping thus to find some clue; but Theophilus paid no attention for a full minute or two; and though even after that he noticed his master, he would suddenly turn every few seconds and fix his anxious gaze on the clock. Very soon, however, he was quiet again.

It was some time before Mr. Wheeler could get his courage in hand. When he had done so he went to the clock, opened it, found it properly wound up and otherwise apparently in order, and then started it again. The pendulum swung easily, the little doors opened, the execution went forward with the accustomed precision, and the clock attended to its business without any further ado. Mr. Wheeler pushed forward the bands seven minutes, after consulting the illuminated dial of the tower-clock, and then sat down, weak and ill, and watched the clock from his chair all during the night. Nothing further went amiss.

In the morning his hands trembled, his knees were unsteady, his eyes were bloodshot, and his face was baggard and white. Theophilus behaved strangely. This wisest, most complacent, most decorous of cats exhibited an unusual conduct in divers ways, all ascribable undoubtedly to apprehension. Although he no longer paid attention to the clock, he strode about the room stealthily, his tail swinging, his ears erect, and his whole bearing indicating the presence of strange sounds. Mr. Wheeler himself, attentively as he listened, could hear nothing peculiar. Yet the conduct of the cat alarmed him. He strained every sense to catch the least uncommon happening. He examined the walls inch by inch, putting an ear to them now and then, watching Theophilus and the clock meanwhile.

Presently the time arrived for him to take his breakfast; but, as he was ill and had no hunger, he fell into a chair and groaned. In a little while the Frenchwoman came in, and started in fright when she saw his face.

"Oh, monsieur!" she exclaimed; "you eel! Ah, what a peety! I bring you some coffee quick, monsieur."

"If you please, madame," weakly responded the wretched man.

Afterward he felt a little better; but a violent headache came on, and it seemed as though his temples would burst. He forgot all about his morning walk, and, lying back in his chair, could only watch Theophilus. He had not let any light into the room, and that which was strained through the oil shades, though to him seemingly so brilliant that it burned him, was insufficient for Jenny, who, a few minutes before her accustomed time, burst into the room, in extraordinary excitement.

"I'm sure it was the same," she gasped breathlessly, speaking to herself, and supposing that her master was away; "but I'll see."

Not observing him crouching in his chair, she hastily threw up the shades, went straight to the clock, and pulled open the little doors. Then she drew the figure from the trap, with fierce eagerness loosened the noose and removed the black cap, and then, letting the figure fall to the end of its cord, she staggered back to the mantel, clutched her throat, and panted, her wide-staring eyes fixed on the distorted features of the figure.

"Jenny!" called her master.

She screamed and sprang away. Her excitement must have been great, for she exhibited neither shame nor contrition for being caught in the act of violating her master's orders. On the contrary, as soon as she could realize that it was he who was present, and not some dreadful thing that evidently she feared, she ran to him and threw herself on her knees at his feet, seizing his hands and clinging to them for protection. Every one of her features and movements expressed terror. Her throat was filled with sobs and gasps. She swayed and writhed in an effort to speak.

"Oh, Mr. Wheeler," she finally found voice to say, "I've seen him—the same as *that!*" pointing to the figure.

Mr. Wheeler's face became livid, and his eyes seemed to sink back into his skull.

"Where?" he whispered.

"Out there. He was slipping away from your door. His face frightened me so that I ran, and he caught me, and twisted my wrist, and asked me what I was afraid of. He is a young man. I don't know what I said—it was something about a rope around his neck. He cursed me, and said that if I said a word about having seen him he would kill me. And there was murder in his face!"

Mr. Wheeler shrank deeper into his chair; and there he sat in complete collapse, his jaw banging, his eyes rolled up and half-closed, and his breathing hardly perceptible. His appearance alarmed the girl, who feared that he had died. She shook him and called him by name, but his response was only a faint and petulant groan. She ran and brought the Frenchwoman, and together they chafed his hands, placed him on a lounge, and covered him heavily, for he was very cold. Sooner than might have been expected, and before the arrival of a physician who had been summoned, Mr. Wheeler's cheeks began to flush, his eyes to brighten, and his pulse and breathing to become strong. He sat up and curtly dismissed the physician when he arrived. He refused to eat anything, and directed the women to leave him alone, taking occasion to whisper to Jenny a request that she say nothing to any one about what she had seen.

He got to his feet and looked around anxiously for the cat; Theophilus was sleeping peacefully on his rug. Then he staggered to the clock and carefully re-adjusted the figure on the trap, taking a great deal of time, for his hands were extremely weak and uncertain. Then he sat down, trembling. The Frenchwoman presently brought him a tempting little meal.

"Thank you," he said; "that is just what I need—I am very hungry."

But as soon as she was gone he gave Theophilus the food, to pretend that he himself had eaten. Meanwhile, the color in his cheeks deepened and the light in his eyes became brighter; worse than that, he began to talk; and as Theophilus, to whom he had often talked before, was his sole audience, Theophilus had to hear what he said.

"Theophilus," he said, "it is a lie—the girl is mad! Do you understand that? How could he come back, when I myself hounded him to the gallows; when I myself had the last glimpse of his living face when the black cap was drawn over it; when I myself, after it all was over, saw that same devilishly handsome face all swollen and purple—just as I afterward reproduced it *there*, Theophilus?" pointing toward the clock with a meagre, trembling hand. "And yet, Theophilus, she saw something, and that something has come back to life and has taken up its abode in my clock."

Theophilus, each time that his name was called, blinking opened his eyes and then drowsily closed them again.

"Thirty years ago, Theophilus. Let me say twenty-nine years, four months, and eleven days. Three hundred and sixty-five times twenty-nine—but where do the leap-years come in? Nine times five, forty-five, eight, thirty-two, seven thirty—ten thousand five hundred and something; hundred and twenty, eleven; ten thousand and—ten thousand and—ten thousand and—more than ten thousand times, Theophilus! He's been hanged by the neck till he was dead, ten thousand and something times, Theophilus! Think of that! Isn't that sufficient to kill a man? . . . What a fool that Jenny is!"

The feeble man rose in his excitement and reeled around the room, his face crimson and his eyes aflame.

"When, thirty years ago, she listened to his smooth voice and lying tongue, and he stole her away from me—oh, Theophilus, had I been born a cat! And in less than a year, when she was in that condition in which a woman appeals to every sense of tenderness and consideration in a man, he was beating her like a dog, Theophilus—beating her like a dog."

By this time the poor man was reeling wildly about the chamber, stumbling over chairs and tripping on rugs.

"Beat her like a dog, and I knew nothing of it! Like a dog, Theophilus. Do you understand that? And that wasn't all."

His husky voice fell to a whisper. Half-stooping, half-crouching, he halted in front of the cat, and, with outstretched arm and a finger pointed at the cat, he hissed:

"He murdered her one day . . . murdered her! . . . And for *that*, Theophilus!"—he straightened, threw back his head and shoulders, raised both arms triumphantly above his head, and passionately exclaimed in a loud voice—"for that I drove him to the gallows; and I saw him fall through the trap, and I saw his purple face when the cap had been lifted."

He slowly drooped after that outburst, gradually settled into himself, and then sank groaning into his easy chair, where he sat staring vaguely at the clock.

The two women looked in once or twice during the day, but he told them firmly at last that he desired to be left alone. Jenny went to her own home, which was in another street, and thenceforward the suffering man had only Theophilus for company. He talked now and then to the cat, whose peaceful attitude remained undisturbed.

At eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Wheeler, so weak that he could barely move, composed himself as usual to watch the execution. Had not his senses become so dull, and had it not happened that Theophilus was without the range of

his vision, he certainly would have noticed that strange occurrences were on the march. It is true that about twenty minutes past eleven he heard Theophilus give voice to alarm and distress; but he only laughed foolishly at that, and in a thick, maudlin fashion tried to reassure the animal, knowing nothing of the stealthy entrance of a man through the door.

"That's right, Theoph—Theoph—Theoph—what's your name, Theophilus? What's your name, hey? He's all around here, old fellow—all around here. Can feel him—smell him. You afraid, Theophilus? Don't be afraid. I'm not afraid. Ha! Don't do that, Theoph—Theoph—Theoph—what's your name, Theophilus? What's your name? Six minutes more. Keep an eye on the doors up there. Theoph—Th—Th—ophilus. Gracious me! what a name for a cat! Ha, ha! What a name for a cat! Theos—Theos—ophy! Oh, what a name for a cat! Four minutes more. Keep an eye on the doors up there—doors up there."

And thus he rambled on until the little doors flew open. One more swing of the pendulum, and then the execution; Mr. Wheeler had nerved himself to witness it—to drink in the sweetness of it. His dull eyes and deathly pallid cheeks had taken on new life, and with suppressed respiration he had leaned lurchingly forward, his mouth drooling and his head nodding as with a heavy palsy. But before the pendulum could swing once more and release the trigger, the dark form of a young man uprose between him and the clock and shut off his view.

For a little while Mr. Wheeler could not understand what had happened. The stranger had brought his face directly before Mr. Wheeler's, and the wretched man stared helpless and speechless at the apparition.

"Well," said the stranger, his hard voice comporting well with the sinister cruelty of his face—"well, I have brought you to this much sooner than I expected. You are more nervous than I thought. And now, after torturing you thus far, I dare carry it no further, for fear that I shall not leave sufficient life in your miserable body to treat you as my father treated your wife and as you treated him. It is all a delicious revenge. You had forgotten all about me, eh? Perhaps you did not know that she gave birth to me before my father put an end to her. Well, I am his son and your wife's son, and I inherit my father's spirit. Do you understand all that?"

It was not clear that Mr. Wheeler did. He still stared in that hopeless way, not knowing that the execution had regularly occurred, or, perhaps, believing that the figure had stepped forth from the clock to punish him. For in his eyes was a new and deeper horror, coming seemingly from an immeasurable distance; but there it was, and his head continued to nod as with a palsy. He tried to mumble something. The stranger roughly seized him by the shoulder, and that roused the sinking man. With a tremendous effort, Mr. Wheeler staggered to his feet, pitifully weak. Then in a burst of life, he threw his arms aloft and cried:

"He was a coward and a murderer, and I banged him nine times five, forty-five, eight, ten thousand—"

* * * * *

The stranger, once again in his own room (which adjoined that of Mr. Wheeler), looked up at the wall.

"I don't think that they will ever find that opening behind his clock," he ruminated, as he made final preparations at midnight to leave, "for I have closed it as carefully as possible." He regarded his hands, which appeared to have been badly scratched. "Damn the brute!" he exclaimed. "Who ever heard of a cat fighting for its master's life?" He drew on a pair of gloves and quietly slipped away.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1893.

A sample of the manner in which they do things in France was shown recently in the courts of Paris. M. de Sesmaisons, a former Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Hayti, at present residing in Paris, was annoyed at some comments upon his conduct while in America that appeared in the New York *Tribune*. The article spoke vaguely of his having acquired a certain notoriety, and of his being irresponsible for his actions in the eye of the law. As the New York *Tribune* has no property in France, M. de Sesmaisons judged it was useless to proceed against that paper; but he decided to indict M. Brentano, the proprietor of the Anglo-American Library in the Avenue de l'Opera, where copies of the offending number were sold. The plaintiff asked for fifty thousand francs damages. Without admitting so extravagant a claim, the court condemned the unfortunate news-agent to pay five thousand francs to the plaintiff, as well as a fine of one hundred francs, and to insert the terms of the judgment in any ten newspapers M. de Sesmaisons may select.

Among the curiosities of taste, the Parisian passion for self-exhibition at the Morgue must hold a conspicuous place. The principal keeper at the Morgue is said to have had many applications from persons eager to figure as corpses on the slabs of the dead-house. They were deterred by the official announcement that the temperature of the bodies was kept some degrees below zero. If this discomfort could have been endured for twelve hours, and if the authorities could have been persuaded to lend themselves to such a fraud, what materials for a *coup* in journalism would have been afforded to some enterprising genius!

At the North Pole there is only one direction—south. One could go south in as many ways as there are points on the compass-card; but every one of these ways is south; east and west have vanished. The hour of the day at the pole is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting-place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is any hour one cares to mention. Unpunctuality is hence impossible.

There is a premium offered on the Columbian postage-stamps in Europe.

A SWELL COUNTRY FAIR.

Westchester County, New York, and its Millionaire Farmers—The British Baronial Idea Revived—The Baby Show—Simple Rustics and City Dudes.

The Eighth Annual Fair of the Society of Agriculture and Horticulture of Westchester County has just been held, and has attracted more attention than such events generally do. Westchester contains more wealth and fashion than any county in New York except the city. It extends up the river nearly to the hills opposite West Point and along the Sound to the Connecticut line. Thus it embraces nearly all the towns which have grown up from gentlemen's places on the Hudson and the East River; its voters represent hundreds of millions, and rank among the very elite. Some of the very best of New Yorkers have their homes in Westchester.

Among other English fads which have become fashionable of late years is a love of rural life. The British aristocracy are nothing if not agricultural. They raise pigs and mangel-wurzel, talk about their turnips, and go to the clubs with new varieties of barley-seed in their waistcoat-pockets. To be interested in farming in England raises a presumption that you belong to the noble class which resisted the repeal of the corn laws, and that alone raises a man to a lofty plane. To our fashionables it occurred that a love of the country must be swaggar, or it would not be so popular in England, and the taste blossomed into an encouragement of agricultural fairs. Westchester is now leading the way.

The first day of the fair was surrendered to old Farmer Hayseed and his wife and children. They went round in their usual fashion, testing the fruit and vegetables, examining the cattle, poking the fat pigs in the ribs, weighing the pumpkins, and passing sentence on the pies and crazy quilts contributed by young and old ladies of their acquaintance. But on the second and third days, Mr. Ollie Teall, who has taken Westchester under his especial patronage, mustered his social army in great force, the men in baggy knee-breeches and long, tan-colored overcoats, the women in mannish-looking box-coats, and both in carriages, dog-carts, traps, breaks, drags, and coaches. Among them figured such distinguished members of the *haut-monde* as Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Teall, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, Mr. Reginald H. Jaffray and the Jaffrays, Mrs. James McVicker, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tiffany, the Emmets, Mrs. Beales and the Misses Beales, Theodore and Henry Sedgwick, Mrs. Drexel and Miss Drexel, the Thebauds, Colonel and Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Armour and the Misses Armour, with a host of other equally famous flowers of society.

To entertain these people there were horse-shows and horse-races, in which the simple natives of Westchester took part. The races were taken very seriously—by the racers. The prizes seldom exceeded fifty dollars, but they aroused lively emulation and caused much bitterness of spirit among the losers. The whole thing had a decidedly baronial air, and reminded one of the descriptions in fashionable novels of the entertainment given by the old earl to his tenants on his son's coming of age, when the British yeomen, with their sons and daughters, gambled on the green for the entertainment of the fine company, and afterward partook of an ox roasted whole and a barrel of small beer.

The most entertaining part of the performance was the baby show. In this there were sixty-five entries, and two boards of judges, one for the boys and one for the girls. When the awards were made, a more exasperated body of females than the mothers of the rejected infants has never been witnessed on this sphere. It was thought best to smuggle the judges secretly off the grounds. You may criticise a woman's beauty and still escape alive; you may quiz her dress, and be forgiven; but when you say that another woman has a finer baby than hers, you utter that which she will never pardon in this world or in the next.

If agricultural fairs are going to be the fashion in this country, like the opera, their promoters might take a lesson from agricultural societies in France. In that happy country, fairs combine all the attractions which American fairs present. They embrace exhibitions of vegetables, fruit, flowers, horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, fancy needlework, embroidery, and all manner of miracles of rural textile art. But to these they add a number of shows which the serious American people do not encourage at their fairs. There are, for instance, a *polichinelle*, a Punch-and-Judy show, some tight-rope dancing, exhibitions of acrobatic feats, an attempt at a comedy by a young woman in short skirts and spangles, necromancy and jugglery, displays of ventriloquism, a show of freaks—containing a giant, a dwarf, and a person with more than the usual allowance of legs, arms, or fingers—a lightning-calculator, and one or two extraordinary varieties of the telephone. These exhibitions are astonishingly popular with the people of the rural districts and with children, and even grown people, when they have inspected the horses, and the fat cattle, and the monstrous vegetables, do not disdain to visit this Middle Pleasance of the fair and laugh at its oddities.

Very learned men have confessed that they never passed a Punch and Judy or the young lady in short skirts and spangles without stopping. She is not often a young lady; more commonly the wife of the red-nosed fellow who blows the bugle to attract spectators to her entertainment, and who beats her when he has imbibed his usual night-cap after the lights are out. Her smile is ghastly, and her figure, in spite of the succor of art, is bad. But for all that, I think that an agricultural fair would be more attractive if the managers gave her a booth.

But to return. There is no doubt that the Westchester County Fair was a great success. The combination of the simple rustic and the subtle citizen, the farmer and the millionaire, Blowsabella and Miss Van Stuyvesant Rensselaer, is a new and striking one. The Westchester Fair will be followed by other and similar ones.

NEW YORK, October 7, 1893.

THE VANISHED PICTURE.

How an Old Master was Brought to the Light, only to Disappear.

Wormwood Gall is a universal favorite. All we artists like him, which is a very extraordinary thing; for Gall is an art critic by profession. I say by profession advisedly, for art criticism is very often a trade.

Now Gall and I are friends. We see a good deal of each other, and we often smoke a pipe together, since we both live in the same neighborhood. The other night we were sitting in his dining-room, over a glass of whisky.

"I hope you won't think it a liberty, Gall," I said, "but why on earth don't you get rid of that awful tea-tray?" and I pointed to a big canvas that hung in the place of honor, and which I knew represented the Lake of Como.

It was an execrable dabb. How any man pretending to culture could unblushingly exhibit it upon his walls was more than I could understand. But there it was in the place of honor, and there it had been as long as I could remember. It hadn't one redeeming feature; it wasn't good enough for a sign-board.

Wormwood Gall chuckled, he smiled, and then he shook his head. "It's no use, Pastels, my boy," he said, "I shall not gratify your not unnatural curiosity. There it is, as you see; the why and wherefore of its being there, Pastels, is my business."

I was piqued. There was, then, a mystery, a history, or a something about the abomination. I smoked in silence for a few minutes, and I addressed Gall once more. "I have penetrated the mystery, my boy," I said, at length; "I see it all. The man who fails in art invariably takes to criticism. You probably perpetrated it yourself; it was your *magnum opus*; hence your extraordinary affection for it. Gall," I said, soothingly, "don't you think it would be less offensive, old man, if you hung it upside down?"

"Upon my word, I think you're right," said Gall, very suavely.

He couldn't have painted it himself, or he wouldn't have taken my suggestion so coolly.

"Have a good look at it," he said. "You should see it by daylight; it's a wonderful picture."

"And who in the name of goodness painted it?" I said, tartly.

"A very smart young fellow, indeed," replied Gall. "I wish he hadn't been quite so smart, though, all the same," and then he laughed. "I keep that picture in this room," he said, "to teach me humility. I keep it as a memento of my own folly. I get awfully chaffed about it, as you know; it is, as you say, an abomination, a monstrosity, a tea-tray. But you're not always right, after all, Pastels. I didn't begin as an unsuccessful artist; I never got so far as that; I never got beyond the study—the respectful study—of art. I've always had a small independence of my own. I've visited all the great galleries of Europe, and I know something, though a very little, about the old masters. They're out of fashion altogether just now; but when I was quite a young man it was very much the other way. Old masters were in fashion then, and they were continually being discovered, or manufactured, to meet the extraordinary demand for them. I was very fond of the old masters, and mine was a genuine fondness. I became a connoisseur. I could tell the real article from the imitation at a glance. Many an insolent imposture did I unmask in my early days. The dealers hated me, and the collectors themselves were afraid of me. I wasn't contented with getting my knowledge from books; I went to the fountain-head, and I studied the old masters of Italy in Italy itself. I lived at Rome, at Naples, Bologna, and Ferrara, Venice, Padua, Siena, and Florence. I saw every picture of note in Italy, and I inspected acres of shams. I learned one thing for certain, that nothing really good or genuine was to be had, save at an exorbitant price; and that even then it was very difficult to get it out of the country, as there was an excessively strict law in Italy against exportation of works of art."

"Well, I discovered a real Raphael. You needn't laugh—I say I discovered a real Raphael. It was a St. Sebastian, and I bought it for two hundred francs from a dealer in old iron in Rome. It was a very fine head, and, when I bought the picture, there was the head and nothing more. It was painted on a thick panel of poplar wood. It was so dirty that one could have scraped off the filth of ages with a trowel before one came to the picture at all. There was the face—the beautiful, refined, expressive face, looking ecstatically toward heaven; and that was all you saw—that, and absolutely nothing else. I worked on that picture for a month. I got the dirt off easily enough; and when I had removed that, there was my beautiful St. Sebastian, hound to his tree in a bosky dell, pierced by many arrows. But the whole picture was covered with several layers of dark varnishes, discolored by time. The work was an early one of Raphael's Umbrian period, and, strange to say, was dated 1502. The signature was unmistakable and characteristic; that and the face were visible enough; the rest of the picture could only be indistinctly seen on account of the coats of varnish over it. I had bought the thing simply for the head. When I first began to come upon the signature, I very nearly fainted. The more I stared at it, the more I became convinced of my tremendous responsibility. I didn't dare to call in a professional picture-restorer; for if once the fact were known that I was the possessor of such a priceless treasure, it was quite certain that I should never be able to get it away from Italy. I felt that the safest thing to do was to smuggle it out by hook or by crook, and when I got it home to place it in the hands of a competent restorer, who would remove the successive coats of time-darkened varnish without destroying the magical glazes which doubtless existed beneath their dull films."

"But I was young, I was impatient, I burned to look upon my treasure. I felt that I couldn't wait. I went to the Cavaliere Bratti, the most noted picture-cleaner and restorer in Rome. I took lessons of him for a month. I worked

like a Trojan, Pastels; and when I had learned all that Bratti could teach me, I determined to commence operations upon the Raphael.

"After a fortnight's work upon the picture, I was perfectly successful. There was the great panel; and the youthful saint, his flesh-tints fresh as a rose, stood out from the dark-green background of the wooded dell. I gave the panel one careful coat of copal, and, though the picture was three hundred and fifty years old, it looked as though it had just left the easel."

"And then my real troubles began. How was I to get a picture five feet high by four feet wide without detection out of the country? If it had only been a canvas, I could have rolled it up; but it was a great, uncompromising panel of poplar wood, as I have said, an inch thick. At last I hit upon a brilliant idea. I would purchase a modern picture of a similar size, I would frame it in a big frame, under the canvas I would place my treasure, beneath that I would put a plain canvas, thus sandwiching my Raphael and hiding it from the inquisitive eyes of the Italian custom-house officials."

"I went the rounds of the studios to find a cheap work of the requisite dimensions. I came across the atrocious dabb which you have criticised. I bought it. I had a big frame made for it—an unusually thick one. I carried out my plan, and, taking a last farewell glance at St. Sebastian, I carefully screwed him into the frame, behind the dreadful Como, and backed him up with the blank canvas I had ordered; and then I stood the 'Lake of Como' up against the wall and gazed at it in triumph. I went out to see to my passport and to order a packing-case. When I returned home, to my intense disgust, I found the Cavaliere Bratti gazing at the 'Lake of Como' in astonishment. 'I don't know which to admire most, excellency,' said that clever connoisseur, with true Italian politeness, 'the delightful landscape or the magnificent frame in which it is enshrined.' He then made some paltry excuse to explain his presence, and took his leave. Next day the case came home from the carpenter's. I fixed the frame into it by means of four big screws, and then I closed the case, and that very day I started for home."

"At Civitá Vecchia, my port of departure, the custom-house officers insisted on opening the case. When they saw the 'Lake of Como,' they were perfectly satisfied."

"Pastels," said Gall, very solemnly, "when I opened the case at home, I very nearly went mad. Between the two canvases there was no 'St. Sebastian'; there was nothing but an old modern drawing-board five feet by four."

"Who on earth stole the picture?" I cried.

Gall smiled. "I only found out last year," he said. "I went to the Italian Exhibition—I had a season ticket. I'm fond of airing my Italian, and I used to air it there; and there I made the acquaintance of Poggi, the *buffo*. He was an amusing fellow enough, was Poggi, and wonderfully fat; and though he looked like a jack-pudding, yet there was something about Poggi that attracted me. I was certain that I had seen the fellow before, and that I had talked with him. All of a sudden it came back to me—he was the man who had painted the 'Lake of Como.' I pumped Poggi; and then I got the story from him. Poggi had secretly gone to my lodgings to take a farewell glance at his dreadful masterpiece, the 'Lake of Como.' He found it magnificently framed; his pride was gratified, but it struck him that the picture was a little askew. He moved the frame from the wall to get the canvas level; to his astonishment, the back of the canvas that he saw was not the back of his *chef-d'œuvre*. He examined it. In an instant he had discovered the secret. He and the Cavaliere Bratti put their heads together; they stole my great Raphael and replaced it by an old drawing-board that very night."

"Signor," cried Poggi, 'the Cavaliere Bratti is a robber! He has sold the great Bratti Raphael to the Italian Government for a fabulous amount, and he won't give me a single scudo!'

"Signor Poggi," I replied, with a low bow, 'the story you've told me interests me deeply. I was the millionaire, as you called him, who bought your 'Lake of Como.' You and the other—robber, I think, was the expression you used—stole the 'St. Sebastian' from me. I was the original discoverer and owner of the great Bratti Raphael.'

"Signor," he said, 'I'm not feeling well,' and then he turned and fled, and I've never seen him since."

C. J. WILLS.

Among the most sensational episodes reported from the Cherokee Strip was the killing of John R. Hill, of Keansburg, N. J. Hill was a very wealthy man, an adventurous dealer in real estate, who went to the newly opened district with the hope and intention of possessing himself of several valuable sections of land. The horse which he was riding in the race for the good things dispensed by the government, became unruly, and crossed the line before the signal was given. A soldier, who thought that Hill was deliberately disregarding orders when he failed to turn back at the soldier's command, took deliberate aim at Hill and shot him dead. The name of the soldier is concealed by his superior officers.

The Temple of Belus—a principal Babylonian divinity—referred to in the poem printed in the adjoining column, is mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo, and has been identified with the Tower of Babel of the Scriptures. The temple was built in the environs of Babylon—Babel in the Hebrew—and its ruins have been located at the modern mound of Birs Nimrud.

There was recently given in Denmark a concert that may be regarded as absolutely unique as regards the instruments used. The instruments included two horns from the bronze age, which are believed to be at least two thousand five hundred years old.

The average weight of the Chinese brain is greater than that of the average brain of any other people.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Alhambra.

Palace of Beauty! where the Moorish lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sai like a genie in the diamond's blaze,
Oh, to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gables the coursers stood,
The "thousand" milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,

In pearl and ruby harnessed, for the king;
And through thy portals poured the gorgeous flood
Of jeweled sheik and emir, hastening,
Before the sky the purple dawning showed.

Their turban at the Caliph's feet to fling.

Lovely thy morn—thy evening lovelier still,

When at the waking of the first blue star

That trembled on the Atalaya hill

The splendors of the trumpet's voice arose,

Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;

But summoning thy beauty from repose,

The shaded slumber of the burning noon.

Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,

Shooting the sparkling column from the vase

Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze

Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,

And the rich bordering beds of every bloom

That breathes to African or Indian sky,

Carnation, tuberos, thick anemone;

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,

In the deep arbors, or the regal hall,

Hushing the tumult of the festival,

When the pale hard his kindling eye-hall reared,

And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts.

Queen of Earth's loveliness, there was a stain

Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore;

Thy course was bright, hold, treacherous—and 'tis o'er.

The spear and diadem are from thee gone;

Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne!

—George Croly.

The Tower of Belus.

I am the tower of Belus—the tower of Belus, I
Under the rifling lines of the gloaming's tremulous sky,
Under the shifting signs of the ages circling by,
I stand in the might of the mighty—the tower of Belus, I
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies scorched in the sun?
Who but the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal, up from the sand;
What does the time-bound traveler know of the dim by-gone?
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn
More than the son of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?
The night owl fast in his crevice? the bat with his ghostly wings?
Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;
Each to himself is greatest—equal alike to me.
I am the tower of Belus; ages unnumbered are mine;
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! Bring all your tithes unto me!"
How the ships with their treasured freight went down to their rocky
bed!

Are there ghoul, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed,
That you burst your strong embankments, ravaging meadow and fen,
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?
Ah, Babylon, where—ah, where is thy fruitful plain?
Spreading, sea-like, into the ocean its billowy fields of grain?
Where now is the mighty city, secure with its brazen gates,
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits,
His milk-white steeds in war gear, his blazoned flags unfurled,
Hurling, in grim defiance, his challenge out to the world?
Where are the toiling millions who wrought with their cunning skill
Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?
Oh, Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;
And dead is the city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus; I stand in the grasp of fate!
I and the Semitic princess; together we watch and wait—
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell—
Which with the greater longing, the heavens alone can tell.
Is there any joy in existence void of hopes or of fears,
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?
Or rest for the ghost of the maiden, who alike in life and in death,
While years into centuries ripen, and centuries wane, keeps faith?
She counts not night nor morn, but each new moon to greet
She cometh with shadowy garments, whose subtle perfume sweet
From balms forever forgotten floats over the secret bed
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.
For bad he not said: "Beloved, come at the mystical hour
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty
tower?"

Had he not sworn: "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the
dust!"?

And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting; three voices breathing
love's breath;

The voice of the third was ghostly; its hand was the hand of death;
And the white stone goddess had shivered, while the glow of the
sunset dyes

Had deepened in one broad blood-streak, and blazed in the west-
ern skies;

But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,
Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this—as be dieth
for death.

The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery
brings

Gods! he was a Tyrian soldier; she, the daughter of kings!
And what but death can be reckoned as price of unequal love?

And what but the vow recorded by direful fates above
Could save the life of the maiden?—the vow that never again,
While the tower of mighty Belus o'er-shadows the haunts of men,
With its ancient and storied grandeur—ay, more! that never the
while

One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's
smile.

Shall body or ghost of the soldier under its shadows wait.
But death is longer than lifetime, and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone,
Had the flames of an altar-fire e'er burned in its heart of stone;

Had the depths of its adamant bosom e'er thrilled with a love or a
hate

Stern destiny's grip must have slackened—slackened sooner or late.
I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be written "I was"?

Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the primal cause
Which sent it first into being, and records of ages sublime

In utter nothingness vanish, under the finger of Time?
Hiss! a jar in the ragged brick-work! It totters, and now is still;

I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold unearthly thrill;
Perchance but a stone is falling—perchance it is death's last throes—
Ave! under the young moon's glitter I catch the resolute glow

Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a mailed tread
Tells that the Past has canceled its debt which held the dead.

He cometh with step triumphant! He readeth the fateful sign!
The last grim arch is shattered which linked their fate with mine.

Ah, Fate! to the last relentless; thy vassal allegiance owns—
Go back to your cities, O stranger; write: "Belus, a heap of stones."

—Emma Huntington Nason.

The storm on the North Carolina coast carried salt spray
ten miles inland.

SOCIETY BLACK-MAILERS.

The Way they do their Work—The Infamous Practices of Certain Smooth Scoundrels—Strange Tales from the Fashionable Life of London and Paris.

"If they would only kill me, like men, they would at least let me live like a man," said poor Alexander the Second to Boris Meikoff, speaking about the plots of the Nihilists against his life; "but by killing me with shadows they kill me doubly, destroying my manhood before they take my life." The words that the unhappy Czar used are much more expressive in Russian, but they are rather too pungent in flavor to bear literal translation. It is that which does not take place, but which is apprehended, that kills a man much more surely than the shock occasioned by an actual event. This fact has, indeed, become so well known and generally recognized, that it is (as the police of every large centre but too well know) one of the most formidable weapons used by the enemies of society, and one of the most effective and deadly.

Black-mailing possesses this particularly interesting characteristic which distinguishes it from other crimes, that although it is, when discovered and convicted in its worst form, almost as severely punished as actual murder—penal servitude for life being the penalty here—it still flourishes apace; and that whereas the prospect of the scaffold may check the would-be assassin, nothing seems to daunt the black-mailer or induces him to abandon his perilous practices. Canler, the famous French *policier*, in his well-known book of memories, has a terrible tale to tell concerning *chantage*, or black-mailing, and the evil, far from having been stamped out, or diminished even, has since his day rather gone on increasing, the greater diffusion of wealth affording the black-mailer a more extended field for his deadly exploits. Most persons who know Nice will have met there the jovial and adipose Duc de Rivoli, descendant of the great Masséna, and formerly one of the boon companions of the celebrated Duc de Grammont Caderousse; and, if they have met Rivoli, they will have met his wife, who was the adopted daughter of Mme. Heine—a Miss Furtado—and who married, *en premières nocces*, the late Duc d'Elchingen, a gallant and distinguished soldier and the head of the illustrious house of Ney.

This unhappy man perished by his own hand, goaded to death by miscreants who, having discovered a secret in his past life, used their knowledge to extort money from their victim, until drained dry, as it were, and, doubtless despising himself for his cowardice in having been terrorized by these birds of prey, he went to a private pistol-gallery, in which he used to practice, and blew his brains out. This tragedy caused an immense sensation in Paris at the time, and for many days the Parisian press was overflowing with the exploits of those who levy black-mail; but even the flights of fancy of the absinthe-inspired penny-liners failed to do justice to the subject, or to reach up to the full horror of the actual situation and state of things in Paris as regards *chantage*. Canler speaks in his day of many persons well known in the world of pleasure who lived entirely by levying black-mail; but the number has greatly increased since his time. People point you out at the Bois de Boulogne any afternoon a dozen or more men and women who live in ease and even splendor, and whose means of existence are entirely derived from black-mailing—notably that dreadful couple known as "Le Poux" and "L'Araignée," who are as famous for their splendid horses and diamonds as for their villainies. The fortunes amassed by levying black-mail are, indeed, sometimes prodigious, and a curious instance of this occurred about five years ago in the French capital.

A young and fashionable, but impecunious, Scotch nobleman, who had squandered the large sums he had made by his abnormally good luck on the turf, sought to repair his broken fortunes by forming a matrimonial alliance with an heiress, and for this purpose put himself into the hands of a lady who is well known in Paris as a marriage-broker, and who by no means loses any part of her great social prestige by the fact being thoroughly well understood that she marries off her friends for a commission—at so much a head, as it were. The young Scotch peer, having told this lady what he was in search of, the question of commission having been decided on and agreed to, the desired heiress was sought for and found in the person of a very pretty young girl of eighteen, who was being very strictly brought up at the convent of Nantes, the lady superior of which institution having, of course, to be allowed "to stand in," the girl being an orphan, and the head of the convent exercising great influence over her. That the dowry was very considerable was beyond question, and that the young lady herself was most charming as another agreeable fact, so that no questions were asked at first as to the source of the girl's fortune; but at last a very shocking discovery was made, which at once put a stop to the projected union, for it transpired that the girl's father, long since dead, had been sentenced to penal servitude for levying black-mailing, and that it was by this villainous means that he had amassed the many shekels which went to the rearing of his daughter's dowry.

But if black-mailing is very prevalent in Paris, the condition of affairs is still worse in London in that respect, and for the very obvious reason that, while people here are not nearly one whit more moral than the French, they are most anxious to be considered so.

In France, neither men nor women care very much for appearances, and so those who would levy black-mail must really discover something very heinous in the private life of their intended victim before they can hope to succeed him successfully, whereas in this pious and virtuous country of Pecksniff even the discovery of a mere peccadillo, if carefully handled by the black-mailer, be used as a means of extorting money. Some years ago a clergyman—married man, a popular preacher, and a man of good repute—was convicted and sentenced to a very long term of imprisonment for having been in the habit, during the past

many years, of black-mailing a married lady, concerning whose maiden life he had discovered a fact which, if she had only had the courage to confess to her husband, would at once have met with forgiveness. This, of course, all came out in the papers.

But passing to facts which are more or less generally well known in society, but which have never been made public, we shall see that the game of *chantage* is even better understood in England than in France. A few seasons back a youth, well known in society, who had been carrying on an intrigue with a married woman, whom it will be as well to designate simply as Lady X, lost a large sum of money at cards. He had not the wherewithal to meet the debt, and he was well aware that in the event of his not being able to "weigh in," he would have to remove his name from his club to avoid expulsion. While in a state of perplexity, arising from this stroke of ill-luck, the youth received in his rooms a visit from a well-known London dressmaker, who made him the following proposition:

"You," she said, "have, I know, a great many compromising letters from Lady X, if you have not destroyed them. Now, these letters can not be of any value to you, for you can not use them yourself. Give them to me and I will pay your gambling debt, and, moreover, give you a trifle over for current expenses. What I shall do with the letters need not concern you; but this much I will promise you, and that is that nobody shall know you have sold them to me, for I shall say you were robbed by your valet, who brought the *billets-doux* to me. Is it a bargain?"

The poor cur lent himself to this infamous compact and got his money, the woman taking the compromising documents away with her. Then began two months of torture for Lady X, who bought back the letters one by one by borrowing money and pawning her jewels, until at length, in despair, she told all to her father, who is one of the most popular sporting noblemen in England, and he completed the purchase of the letters, which cost in all over ten thousand pounds—an expensive correspondence.

There is a man to be seen every morning during the season in the Row, mounted on the smartest of nags, whose life would certainly be in danger were he to be met by one of his numerous victims in a desert place apart, for he has black-mailed—and still does black-mail—three of the best known and most popular men in society. He is a man of good birth himself, and was educated at Eton. He held a commission in a cavalry regiment, and belongs to one of the best army clubs, to which he was elected, thanks to the exertions of one of his victims, who dared refuse him nothing. This man has had very large sums of money from a popular sportsman and financial magnate, and was mixed up in a terrible scandal which occurred some few years back and resulted in the death of a high court functionary and of an equerry of a royal highness. This villain's victims are in such deadly terror of him that they dare not denounce him, and it is probable that nothing but a dose of cold lead or steel will put a stop to his persecutions. A man in this fellow's employ—for he has his agents and spies—was sentenced to penal servitude for life at the Old Bailey some ten years back for attempting to black-mail a youthful member of Parliament. The agent was not so clever as his employer, and did the thing clumsily, with the result that the matter was placed in the hands of our most famous criminal solicitor, and the heavy sentence just referred to put a period to the scoundrel's career of crime. There are charges so terrible and foul that, although they may easily be disproved, still they leave some stain on the character of the person against whom they have been falsely made, and it is the knowledge of this fact that inspires the black-mailers with almost incredible audacity.

The late Sir Richard Mayne was asked once what course was best to adopt in cases of black-mailing, and he said: "If it's a man, strike him with anything you have in your hand, and give him a very serious chastising. Such people are all cowards physically, and the thing they fear most of all is personal violence. This remedy is the best and is easily applied, for, of course, a clever black-mailer will not be so rash as to put his threats or proposals on paper, so that when he opens the matter to you *word for word*, you can then give him the required thrashing." Sir Richard was doubtless right; and were his advice more often followed, there can be little doubt that three or four faces well known in the park and at the theatres would suddenly become sable-eyed.

PICCADILLY.

A most extraordinary case of hypnotism occurred recently in Paris in an omnibus. The conductor, finding a young woman asleep, as he supposed, shook her by the shoulders in the attempt to waken her, but, to his consternation, found that her body was perfectly stiff. He carried her into an omnibus bureau, where, however, all endeavors to rouse her proved fruitless. Accordingly, she was taken to a chemist, who, after several experiments, gave his opinion that she was hypnotized. He, therefore, made the needful "passes" with perfect success, and she soon recovered consciousness. Her name is Maud Hugon, and she is employed as interpreter in a large English firm of *couturières*. It appears that after leaving her work she entered the omnibus, and was at once confused by a stout man sitting opposite to her, who stared at her so fixedly that she was unable to avoid looking at him in return, and soon afterward fell asleep. The man was a perfect stranger to her, and she declares that, should she see him again, she will give him into custody.

We are told that General Gourko, who now commands at Warsaw, always recommends that on field days and in sham fights a percentage of ball-cartridge should be issued. "It would," he says, "make the men accustomed to the 'ping' of bullets, and teach skirmishers to make the most of cover." It would also be slightly dangerous to the spectators; but as they would be civilians, that is in Russia not worth consideration. The general's advice is, at all events, disinterested, for there is no man more unpopular or more likely to be "potted" on so favorable an occasion.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Hale is able to live in pretty good style, thanks to the fortune he got with his wife, who was a daughter of Zach Chandler. He owns one of the finest houses at the national capital. It must have cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Some doubt having been expressed as to the Jewish origin of the late Dr. Schnitzer, known as Emin Pasha, the *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, has made inquiries and prints the record of Emin's birth, preserved in the synagogue of Oppeln, in Prussia.

The Duke of Veragua does not seem to be suffering for the necessities of life. While his bankruptcy in Madrid amounts to nearly five million francs, and his Parisian creditors are bitter in their complaints against him, letters from San Sebastian describe him as giving handsome entertainments in his château, at that ultra-fashionable Spanish Newport.

Mr. Balfour, who will, it is thought, be premier of England some day, is considered to be the most interesting bachelor in England. He is handsome, his face being uncommonly refined and clever in expression; and for a statesman, he is young, his years counting forty-five. He is a nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury, and an unmarried sister presides over his household.

The Prince of Wales wears a bracelet. So does the Duke of Edinburgh-Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, etc. Strange to say the young war lord, Kaiser Wilhelm, also wears one, which is so fixed on his wrist that it can not be removed unless it is filed off. The King of Belgium has not yet acquired the bracelet habit. He is too busy at his favorite occupation of "rigging" the stock market to indulge in such frivolities.

Charles H. Tupper, who has been knighted by the queen for his more or less distinguished services in connection with the Behring Sea arbitration, is only thirty-eight years old, and is the youngest Canadian to hold the post of privy councillor. He is a son of that other eminent Canadian diplomat, Sir Charles Tupper, who was referred to affectionately by his political opponents as "James G. Blaine's door-mat."

The Duke of Edinburgh, now Saxe-Coburg, will find it rather difficult to keep up his predecessor's literary reputation. The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg paid a large sum annually toward the maintenance of a good dramatic company at the Coburg Theatre, and one night astonished his subjects by representing the part of Bolingbroke in *Scribe's* "Verre d'Eau," the audience being strictly forbidden to applaud.

It is understood that Lord Dunraven will take advantage of his trip to America to meet the heads of the Immigration Department and the Labor Bureau in New York, with the object of ascertaining the effect of the United States laws against unlimited immigration of foreigners, and the means adopted to contend with the unemployed problem. He will also make inquiries into the tin-plate trade and other industries which compete with the Welsh workmen.

George Vanderbilt, who has bought the larger part of a county down in North Carolina with the intention of founding a sort of baronial estate, finds himself much in the position of an Irish landlord. The natives of the district, who are Baptists, moonshiners, and free-born Americans of the most aggressive type, imagine that he is trying to establish a monarchy or some other form of despotism, and all the Winchester and six-shooters in the mountains are being put in order to give him a warm reception if he ventures into that locality.

Swift MacNeill, M. P., the Irish gentleman who pulled Harry Furniss's ears because of a caricature in *Punch*, is declared by disinterested people to be so unappealingly homely that Furniss could not have libeled him. His appearance when addressing the House is beautifully compared to "a warm heart struggling with a hot potato." Sir Richard Temple is Mr. MacNeill's closest rival for the doubtful honor of being the ugliest man in the House of Commons. Both gentlemen are popular with all sections of the House.

Baron von Schloezer, formerly German Ambassador to the Vatican, in his leisure hours wrote his memoirs, which were to have been published last month. The young Kaiser, however, secured proof-sheets of the book and peremptorily forbade its publication. Baron von Schloezer is an intimate friend and warm admirer of Prince Bismarck, and it is believed that his complimentary references to the ex-chancellor displeased the Emperor. The baron is so much disgusted with the imperial interference that he will not return to Berlin, but means to reside permanently in Italy.

The Paris *Figaro* insists that Cornelius Herz has lately visited France several times, where he is in negotiations with Parisian financiers for the recovery of a million francs' worth of property which he left in France at the time of the Panama exposure. The *Figaro* says Herz is able to feign sickness so remarkably well that he deceives the physicians, and that the English authorities connive at his trick. It is not denied, of course, that if Herz were brought to justice he could drag to ruin with him many of the most influential politicians and respected statesmen in France.

A guessing contest, conducted by the New York *World*, has determined that the twenty-five "most prominent Americans" are: Grover Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, Benjamin Harrison, John Sherman, William McKinley, Jr., David B. Hill, Thomas Edison, Mrs. Cleveland, J. G. Carlisle, De Witt C. Talmage, Thomas B. Reed, Robert Ingersoll, Charles E. Crisp, William C. Whitney, Adlai E. Stevenson, Cardinal Gibbons, George W. Childs, Roswell P. Flower, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Joseph Jefferson, Joseph Pulitzer, W. Bourke Cockran, James Corbett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Daniel S. Lamont.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Waliszewski's work on Catherine the Second of Russia, entitled "The Romance of an Empress," will be issued in a few weeks by D. Appleton & Co., as will also "The Memoirs of Charles G. Leland," which are described as an autobiography.

Eugene Field will soon publish a story called "The Holy Cross."

Mme. de la Ramée, mother of "Ouida," the novelist, recently died near Florence. She was an Englishwoman, her maiden name being Louise Sutton. Her daughter Louise was born in 1840 and published her first book about 1860. Of late years the mother and daughter had lived in Florence.

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" has made ready another book of gossip under the title of "My Paris Note-Book."

The last of the De Foes, the great-great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," is a sailor-boy on the Atlantic. He was named Daniel, after his famous ancestor, and was for a time a pupil in the old Blue Coat School. His father, James W. De Foe, writes thus to the *London Chronicle*:

"You say through the kindness of Mr. Gladstone the parents of little Daniel received a pecuniary present from Her Most Gracious Majesty this 11th day of July. I have never received a penny and especially of my writing to Lord Salisbury & Mr. Gladstone and could not obtain either interest on my behalf it was some few years ago that Lord Beaconsfield obtained for my sisters then living a pension from the civil list two of them have since died 1st at that time applied but could not succeed I am in 73rd year partly paralysed having had a fit some few years ago I am an outdoor pauper of Chelmsford Union and all I have is but 3s. per week."

A writer in the *Boston Transcript*, who calls attention to recent errors made concerning the career of Paul Jones, says the mass of literature concerning Jones that is extant is now being made use of by a competent writer for a series of magazine articles which ought to do much to correct these and other common errors about him.

On the list of D. Appleton & Co., for publication this season, is "In the Track of the Sun; or, Readings from the Diary of a Globe-Trotter," by Frederick Deodati Thompson.

Captain A. T. Maban has prepared for one of the magazines an inquiry into the future history of the United States in the event of the opening of the Nicaragua Canal. It is to be entitled "The Isthmus and Sea Power."

Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," is nearly ready for publication in book-form.

Sir Walter Scott's abilities as a lyricist are to be discussed by Andrew Lang in an introduction to the volume of Scott's lyrics and ballads which he is editing. Mr. Lang has also prepared several notes for each poem.

William Westall, who is a successful British author, believes that the influence upon literature of the serial form of publication is distinctly elevating. He says:

"No novel utterly devoid of quality can get itself published serially, whereas any novel, however trashy, of which the author is able and willing to pay the cost of production, may be brought out in what is called the library form. A short time ago, the conductors of a popular weekly newspaper bespoke a novel from one of the first novelists of the day; they told him what they wanted and believed that they should get it; but when the manuscript came in it was found so unsuitable that, though the price ran into four figures, and they paid it, they deemed it expedient not to use the story."

Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore are the joint authors of a striking novel of London life, "A Comedy of Masks," which has just appeared. The American publishers are Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The last of the unpublished writings of Lowell will be printed in one of the magazines, which has made the necessary arrangements with Professor Norton, Lowell's executor. The first paper to be printed deals with "Wit, Humor, Fun, and Satire." The same magazine has also secured for an early number a poem written by Emerson on Lowell's fortieth birthday.

"My Year in a Log Cabin" is the title of the lively sketch of personal experiences which Mr. Howells found time to write in the intervals of more important work. It is to be brought out immediately.

Dr. George Brandes, the noted Danish critic, told this story to a *Sketch* interviewer:

"One day a gentleman called upon him. He was an American, and explained that he had translated one of his books into English. 'That is a good thing. We will talk Danish, then, please, as I know very little English to speak.' I have translated some of Stuart Mill's books; I can read and understand easily, but I have had no opportunity of talking. 'I don't understand Danish,' replied the American. 'How strange not to understand it when you read it so well!' 'But I can't read it, either.' 'What do you mean? You just told me you have translated my book.' 'Yes, so I have. The fact is, my wife broke her leg, and we had to stay here for two months, so I went into a shop and asked for the most popular Danish book, and they gave me yours. I took it home, and, as I had nothing much to do, I sat down and translated it with the help of a dictionary. I have learned a little Danish in this way; but I don't know much.' And this book," continued Brandes, "has gone through several editions in America. It is full of mistakes and meanings I never intended. Of course I never received a penny from it."

The new edition of Lord Tennyson's "Maud," with decorations by William Morris, has been printed on hand-made paper at the Kelmscott Press. It numbers five hundred copies.

"The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston

ton Seelye, with a hundred illustrations by Allegra Eggleston, will be issued uniformly with "The Story of Columbus," in the Delights of History Series, edited by Dr. Eggleston and published by D. Appleton & Co.

Dumas has suffered somewhat at the hands of his English translators, some of them cutting out many pages from his novels. The new London edition—in forty-eight volumes—is to be, it is reported, unequalled for accuracy and completeness.

Mr. Justin Winsor's forthcoming book, "Cartier to Frontenac," is a study of geographical discovery in the interior of North America in its historical relations—a story of the foundations of the French power in the New World.

"The Country School in New England," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Richard Harding Davis.

Richard Harding Davis, the creator of Van Bibber and author of some widely read short stories, was born in Philadelphia on April 18, 1865, and is now in his twenty-ninth year. He came of literary stock on both sides, his father being an editorial writer on one of the Philadelphia dailies, and his mother the well-known author, Rebecca Harding Davis.

His first literary employment was on the Philadelphia Press as a general reporter. Then he went to the *Evening Sun* in New York, where his first success was made. It was at that time that his first magazine story, "Gallegher," was printed. The Van Bibber stories had been widely copied from the *Evening Sun*, and "Gallegher" brought Mr. Davis wide fame. The Harpers next secured his services, and he was soon made editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

When Garza, the Mexican revolutionist, began to figure in the South-West, Mr. Davis went to the scene of his exploits as a war-correspondent; but as the war failed to take place, Mr. Davis went back to New York, recording his impressions in "The West from a Car Window." Then he was sent on a long vacation to Europe, the result being several magazine articles on English institutions and the countries lying about the Mediterranean.

Mr. Davis has been in Chicago during the past fortnight, and a *Herald* reporter secured an interview with him, the other day, in the course of which he said:

"When I was a reporter for the *Evening Sun* in New York, Arthur Brisbane, the editor, whom I consider the best and brightest journalist in that city, established the principle of allowing a man to try his hand at everything, and show in his own way what he is good for. Well, there were eight of us reporters, and we used to write stories for the Saturday's paper and work in some of our experiences. For instance, the police-reporter took as his character Mack Kelley, a typical glib of the river-front; I took Van Bibber for mine, and in this way we related some of our adventures. The plan was successful, and whenever I wanted a vacation, Mr. Brisbane would say: 'If you get off to-day, I will have a story written and make Maggie Kelley marry Van Bibber, and this threat always prevented my going. Anything in the stories as they came up that was too undignified for Van Bibber, I relegated to his friend Travers, who thus came into existence. Van Bibber is a typical New York clubman, and I know three or four men who might exactly fit the character. Hefly Burke had some foundation in fact, for there actually was a man—a boatman along the East River—who was continually getting into scrapes with the police. He had saved several lives, and, having received medals for his bravery, he invariably wore them when summoned before the police magistrate. This would, of course, easily effect a discharge or cause the infliction of but a slight fine, whereupon he would again be free to renew his deprecations."

"Gallegher was an actual personage, being the office-boy who used to accompany the reporters to important events and carry their 'copy' to the office. The story of that name was suggested by an experience which actually happened to me. I was in a hurry to reach the office late one night with some important item, and hailed the only cab in sight, the driver of which was very drunk. After going a few blocks, I made him get inside, while I mounted to the seat and drove down Broadway. We had an exciting time of it, too. I can tell you—he inside, shouting like a madman, and I doing my best to guide the frantic horse and keep my seat at the same time."

In the same interview Mr. Davis again acknowledged that Gordon in "An Unfinished Story" was telling his own story to Miss Edgerton. Paul Bourget, by the way, who has a great admiration for Mr. Davis's work, has secured his permission to translate "Gallegher" into French.

New Publications.

"Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage and Other Stories," by J. T. Trowbridge, contains eleven short stories for boys. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"La Beata: An Artist's Love Story," by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Dr. Mirabel's Theory: A Psychological Study," by Ross George Dering, has been published in the Franklin Square Library issued by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A True Son of Liberty; or, The Man who Would Not be a Patriot," by F. P. Williams, has been published in the Waldorf Series issued by Saalfield & Fitch, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Can This be Love?" by Mrs. Parr, an English girl's story, in which an uncle's will interferes with the course of true love, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Westward with Columbus," by Gordon Stables, a story in which are detailed the adventures of an Englishman and an Irishman on the ship in which Columbus first sailed for the West, has been published

by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Songs in Spring-Time, The Passing of Lilith, and Other Poems: Including Intercepted Letters and St. Augustine," by John Cameron Grant, has been published by E. W. Allen, London; price, 2 shillings.

"A General Outline of Civil Government in the United States, the States, Counties, Townships, Cities, and Towns," by Clinton A. Higby, Ph. D., is a very concise and, at the same time, comprehensive account of the machinery of government in this country. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 30 cents.

The two latest boys' books by "Oliver Optic" are "A Victorious Union," in the Blue and the Gray Series, and "American Boys Afloat," in the All-Over-the-World Series. The former describes a lad's experiences in the closing scenes of the Civil War, and the latter puts its young heroes through a series of lively adventures in the Orient. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50 and \$1.25, respectively.

"On the Road Home" is the title of a little book in which are collected nearly three score of short poems by Margaret E. Sangster. They are divided into five classes: "For Six Days Out of Seven," "Looking Upward," "Thanksgiving," "Christmas Songs," and "Easter," and, as those divisions would indicate, are of a religious or didactic character. What they lack in grace and beauty of form they make up, many readers will say, in purity and warmth of heart. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The sixth and concluding volume in the series of dainty little books made up of short stories taken from one of the magazines is "Stories of the Army," which contains "Memoirs," by Brander Matthews; "A Charge for France," by John Heard, Jr.; "Sergeant Gore," by Leroy Armstrong; and "The Tale of a Goblin Horse," by Charles C. Nott. The illustrations, which are worthy of the stories, are by Theodore Hampe, L. Marcchetti, and W. L. Metcalf. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Petrie Estate," by Helen Dawes Brown, is a story of a little New England teacher who comes into a fortune at the death of her uncle, owing to the fact that the will, by which he has made a young newspaper man his heir, is stolen. The girl and the newspaper man fall in love, of course, and play at cross-purposes over the fortune, until at last matters are straightened out by the marriage of the two parties at interest. The incidents are somewhat backey, but the characters are well drawn and there are bright observations and phrases scattered through the pages. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Windfalls of Observation," by Edward Sandford Martin, is the title of a book containing sixteen essays on a wide range of topics of contemporaneous interest. Mr. Martin is not a preacher or an enthusiast; he is a pleasant companion who is up to the times, and has a clever way of putting things. As to the subjects of his monologues, here are some of them: "Horse," "Courtship," "Marriage and Divorce," "The Tyranny of Things," "The Travel Habit," "Newspapers and People," "Missing Senses and New Ones," "The Question of an Occupation," "Women and Families," and "As to Death." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"With Thackeray in America," by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., is an account of Thackeray's first lecture tour in the United States in the winter of 1852-3, when Mr. Crowe accompanied the author of "Pendennis" as his private secretary. It was just after the great compromise measure of 1850, and both North and South were tender of criticism on slavery, and so to the interest in a picture of our own country as it was forty years ago is added the fact that the period was a vital one in our history. But as a book about Thackeray the volume is unimportant; there is much more Crowe than Thackeray in it. The illustrations are numerous, being taken from the author's pen-and-ink sketches, which are somewhat in Thackeray's style. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

The value and importance of "The Book of the Fair" continues to impress one as the work progresses. Probably no single visitor saw everything at the Columbian Exposition that he wished to see, and it is in its thorough and graphic description of all the exhibits, as well as in its history of the enterprise, that the usefulness of such a work lies. The third and fourth parts, now issued, pass from the historical review and general remarks to special description of the exhibits: the sixth chapter narrates the course of events from the dedication to the opening, and describes the naval review; and the seventh and eighth chapters are devoted to the "Government and Administration Buildings" and "The Manufactures of the United States." These are described, inside and out, with particularity of detail in the text, and their notable features in architecture, embellishment, and exhibits are shown graphically in excellent reproductions of photographs. Published by The Bancroft Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00 a part.

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VANITY FAIR.

The September number of the *Westminster Review* opens with a very serious and even solemn paper on "The Future of Society," meaning, of course, the society of fashion. The great and dangerous present trouble with this society, the writer finds to be its "mammoth worship." "The swamping of distinctions and caste by money, combined with the general education of the day, has made men of lower grades feel they need no longer be excluded from that charmed circle of which the 'open sesame' was at one time known only to the select few." What danger (asks the *Sun*) is there in all that? How can there have been any transformation in society so far as concerns mammoth worship, when at all times the "charmed circle" has been dependent on wealth to keep its machinery in operation? Aristocracy without money could never have maintained such a society, for wealth is its first requisite. Its existence implies luxury, and luxury implies wealth. The real change is that this necessary wealth is now possessed more by "trade" than by aristocracy. The number of people who are able to pay for the pleasures of society is vastly greater than it used to be, and hence the bounds of society are correspondingly extended.

The descriptions of the costumes worn by men this summer read as if they were copied from the *Young Ladies' Bazar*. At the recent debate of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords, the costumes of the peers, who were not in their velvet and ermine, were described with particularity in all the papers. The Earl of Aberdeen was a dream of coolio zephyrs in a rippling suit of light-gray cashmere, with a white hat and pale-lavender gaiters. Pale lavender! The Duke of Hamilton's collar was a dream in pink, blue, and black. The Duke of Rutland wore elegantly cut, light-gray trousers, white waistcoat, black satin frock-coat, and varnished boots, with immaculate white gaiters. Governor Russell is described, in a morning paper, as seen playing tennis in a lovely pink shirt and white and blue striped flannel trousers.

The bicycle is the present craze here (writes a Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*). Young, old, thin, lean, long, lank, stout, very stout, pretty, and ugly—every woman must, does, or will mount the iron horse. It is at the Petit establishment, in the Champs-Élysées, that you find all the howling swells of the aristocratic world. The popular boulevard name given it is the "Tortoise Cycle Club." Nowhere, except at some great *première*, can one see so many Parisian celebrities. It is a singular passion for the French, this hobby-horse craze of 1893, for the people are out to sport inclosed, even if the cluhmen try to be. Aristocrats, of course, fancy every new idea, but the wisdom of the folly rarely makes much impression. The bicycle took its first start among the poor; but women of that same rank could not easily afford a costume, however simple; timidity required lessons, and hushes came at the idea of falling down unbecomingly—or being ridiculous in public. Gradually the prettiest actresses took up the idea, like Granier, for instance. The Frenchwomen grow stout and lose their beauty young; here was a possible remedy. Theo, too, the costume could be made becoming by French art and taste; thus, gradually, the bicycle crept into the mansions of the very upper teodom, and now Madame takes her cycle outing as regularly as she drives or mounts her favorite horse. Illustrations grace the Petit registry, and a prettier sight can not be found in all Paris from about five to seven, or even later, in the evening, when the three *pistes* are full. Private clubs and cycle-parties promise to be the winter outcome, and wise beads say that in less than two years the entire feminine costume will at last meet practical development with common sense. Long trains and satios will be left to the salon; short skirts and knickerbockers will become the outdoor possibility, even necessity.

A couple on their wedding-tour were seen at a watering-place this summer dressed as nearly alike (says the *Evening Sun*) as the essential cut of their various clothes would permit. One morning they would wear double-breasted coats of white flannel opening over shirts of blue linen, with polka-dotted ties, sashes of black silk, white straw hats, and tan shoes. Another time they wore dark-blue serge, red neckties, brown suede gloves, and walking-sticks to match. Still again, they appeared in checked tweeds, with cloth caps and coats of identical cut. The person who saw them says that the only difference he observed was that the man wore a hangle and the woman did not.

President Harper, of the Chicago University, has been suggesting in a contemporary magazine that college professors should have more pay. None of them, he says, are paid so well as the head men in the business world. Dr. Harper thinks such compensation painfully inadequate. But, as *Harper's Weekly* points out, except in the matter of pay, the professor has one of the delightfulest of jobs. He has the long summer vacation that makes him the envy of all men except the preachers. He does not have to neglect his mind, as other men do, in order to focus his faculties on his work; but his very business in life is understood to be the cultivation

and enlargement of his intellects. Every one is expected to sacrifice something to success in his calling. What would the professor sacrifice, if not money? In a world that is full of rich people, who confuse and fluster us by their elaborate scale of living, we have reason to be grateful for the perpetuation of a few orders of men whose circumstances encourage them to set the example of a comparatively frugal existence. The professors, by continuing poor and at the same time highly respectable and agreeable, make it easier for us to keep our hold on plain living, and to remember that a man's highest happiness does not necessarily lie in the elaboration of his domestic apparatuses. Moreover, the professors and their wives being clever people and fertile of resource, the rest of us get much practical benefit from observing the methods and expedients to which they have recourse to make small salaries yield the greatest amount of simple comfort. We notice where they spend their summers, and whether or not their children go barefoot in the country, and what their amusements are, and how much regard they find it advisable to pay to shifting fashions in raiment. By living as they do on such incomes as they have they help to keep the scale of civilized living within feasible bounds, and though it may not be especially exhilarating to them to do it, it is vastly useful to us to have it done.

The peculiar perversity with which woman sets out to improve her personal charms by reversing nature's handiwork is illustrated in the advertising columns of the publications intended for white women readers and those printed for circulation in colored fashionable circles. The white sister's vanity and love of the beautiful is appealed to by notices of curling-toogs, crimping-irons, and other devices for curling, waving, or otherwise twisting the hair from its natural straightness. The colored sister is tempted by notices of lotions and ingenious mechanical devices warranted to take the kink out of the woolliest locks. Pictures of "Before" and "After" accompany each class of advertisement. One pair in a prominent colored weekly shows, in two-column cuts, what seem to be a native Kaffir and a Sioux Indian maiden, the former labeled "Before," the latter "After."

The hatred of Gladstone is almost universal among the upper and upper middle classes in England. This hatred, too, finds expression in a violence of language which is seldom met with in any country except during a period of revolution or civil war, and has long been banished from English social and political life. One hears him in the best circles treated as an old villain, for whom capital punishment would be too good, and frantic desire for his death is openly uttered. That "G. O. M." stands for "God's Only Mistake" is one of the grim jokes of the Conservative clubs, and old ladies will avow their willingness to walk miles with peas in their shoes to see him hanged. Stories of his abominable profligacy are, of course, not generally told in public, the subject being a delicate one, but they are a very prominent part of the Gladstone legend. The social hostility to him has been greatly stimulated (the *New York Evening Post* says) by the Primrose League, an organization managed mainly by women of the upper class, of which one hears comparatively little in the newspapers, but which has done excellent propagandist work for the Conservatives. It is in reality a very successful attempt to turn to account for party purposes that passionate social ambition which reigns in all but the most highly placed English breasts. The desire of every class to come into social contact with the class above it may be called "a power" which has hitherto been allowed, so far as politics is concerned, to run to waste. The Tory ladies of rank have done with it what Watts did with steam. By establishing "Habitations," or clubs, all over the country, at which shop-keepers, or tenant farmers, or country lawyers can take afternoon tea or play lawn-tennis with the daughters of earls, and compare notes of work in a common cause with duchesses, for the defense of religion, morality, and the integrity of the empire against Gladstone and "the Reds," they have brought to bear on politics a social lever of extraordinary efficacy. In these gatherings of the Primrose League, too, the neophytes are, as usual, the most vehement in their profession of faith and in their detestation of Gladstone as the prime mover in England's downfall. When "good society" can be entered by denunciation of him, he naturally gets short shrift. The hooting of him at the Prince of Wales's reception at the Imperial Institute in May, of which the better class of Englishmen were much ashamed, has been excused by ascribing it to the overzeal of the Primrose Leaguers from the Kensington detached and "semi-detached" villas, who felt that in the presence of the monster they must show themselves not unworthy of the exalted society to which they now, in a manner, belonged.

Notwithstanding that there were few ladies present, the men (writes *Vogue's* Paris correspondent, describing the Longchamps races) appeared in tall hats, especially those of the Jockey Club stand. Since the overthrow of the empire it is the Jockey Club that really sets the fashion in masculine raiment in Paris, since there are few who have either the presence, the distinguished air, or the

chic requisite to imitate that white-haired Alcibiades, the Prince de Sagan, who is somewhat inappropriately styled "Le Roi de la Mode." It was amusing to observe the anxious and eager glances which most of the men on the lawn cast at the Jockey Club stand for the purpose of seeing whether their costume was *en règle*. This question of how to dress at the fashionable race-meetings is one that exercises the minds of a large number of men; and it seems that there was considerable discussion at the various clubs before Longchamps as to whether straw hats and white drill trousers, or Derby hats, or silk hats would be the correct form, and it was only at the last moment that the important issue was settled by an unwritten decree of the Jockey Club. In England, matters of this kind are much more easily elucidated. There society takes its cue from the Prince of Wales, and everybody knows the rule which he has set in connection with masculine attire at race-meetings. Whenever the process or any ladies accompany him to functions of this character, he invariably appears in strict, orthodox, afternoon park dress—that is, high hat and frock-coat; whereas if the fair sex is represented to his party, he wears a Derby hat and tweeds.

One of the resources of the dead season in London is a revival of the old discussion about "Mr. and Esquire." Where, it is asked, are you to draw the social line which "Misters" one correspondent and "Esquires" another? It is of no use relying on pedigrees, and telling us that "Esquire" belongs properly only to the man with a coat-of-arms. The Herald's College can not help you, for there are endless people who expect to be treated as "Esquires," though they have not heraldry enough to cover a shirt-button. The only certainty of not offending anybody on an envelope is, the English papers say, in America, where "Mr." is the prevailing form of address, and "Esquire" is regarded as anglomaniacal. From this problem the dead season has passed to the looser mysteries of the word "gentleman." That way chaos lies.

The "tame cat" is a recognized institution, it appears, in many fashionable households. He is a useful person, and may be said to work for his living. A catalogue of his duties recently made out includes buying bouquets, matching stuffs, recovering pet dogs, buying theatre tickets, finding out about trains, boats, and hotels, picking up bits of gossip, fetching and carrying in general, and escorting the lady of the house to occasional dinners and dances. The story is told that an old-fashioned friend remonstrated with a fashionable young woman for going about so commonly with a "tame cat." It was unfair to her husband, the elder woman argued. "But," pleaded the younger woman, "it is on his account I keep on with Mr. Black, of whom I am tired enough. My husband would begin to think I was losing my looks and attractiveness if I had no one to run about for me, and take me out now and then." The "tame cat" does not receive a salary, although to a certain extent he is "found," having liberal allowances of food and his perquisites in theatre and concert tickets. According to *Truth*, a woman having quarreled with her "tame cat" and feeling helpless without his services, advertised for a gentleman of good birth, living in her neighborhood, who would be willing to act as private secretary and make himself useful. In this country there are young men of good social position, but without means, who have adopted as a livelihood the filio of kindred positions in rich households. In Washington, one of these became a person of emolument and authority last season. His position was a cross between that of private secretary and major-domo in the establishment to which he was attached. This house was the scene of notable entertainments. On these occasions he superintended the decorations of the house and the menu. He wrote the invitations and decided to whom they should be addressed. At the most conspicuous function at this house the company was presented, not by the hostess, but by this young man, to the exalted personages in whose honor the entertainment was given. As for the host, he comes and goes, and dares with the enjoyment and irresponsibility of a guest.

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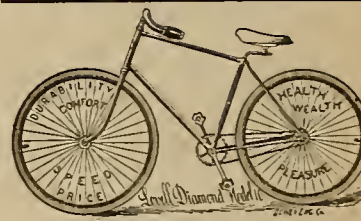
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SOCIETY.

The Martinez-Wethered Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Tuesday afternoon at the New Jerusalem Church on O'Farrell Street, the contracting parties being Miss Lewina Wethered, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered, and Mr. George Henry F. Martinez. The chancel was artistically decorated with tropical palms and ferns, relieved only by a large cluster of white chrysanthemums that adorned the reading-desk. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Joseph Worcester according to the Swedenborgian ritual. Miss Mollie Wethered was the maid of honor, Mr. Woodworth Wethered was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Emil T. Kruse, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. Frederick Townsend Huddart, and Mr. William Rabe. The dresses of the bride and her maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride wore a robe of cream-white brocaded satin, the material having been used by her mother in her wedding-gown. It was made with a round Princess train, bouffant sleeves, and a high corsage trimmed with white chiffon and orange-blossoms. Her veil was of white tulle and fell to the end of the train.

The maid of honor appeared in a becoming gown of opal-hued brocaded silk and wore a hat to match trimmed with gold braid and velvet.

During the ceremony, Huber's Hungarian Orchestra gave concert selections. A reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue, which was attended by a few intimate friends and relatives. The health and future happiness of the newly wedded couple was drunk in bumpers of old Madeira vintage eighty years ago and presented to the bride at her birth in Baltimore, by her uncle, with the request that it should be consumed at her wedding. The affair was celebrated in a most pleasant manner. A large number of wedding gifts were received from friends here and in the Eastern States.

The Cruise of the "Tolna."

Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna left last Monday on their schooner yacht, the *Tolna*, for Honolulu, on a cruise through the South Seas. The yacht was accompanied some miles out to sea by a tug-boat, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, the parents of the countess. The young couple will visit the Gilbert Islands, the Marshall group, and other points in the South Pacific, and will be away several months. The yacht was built here, and is said to be a very comfortable and seaworthy boat. She is laden with a varied cargo of merchandise of a character to please the aborigines who are to be visited; it will be used in trading for curios. Count Festetics will navigate the yacht, and Captain Wichman will act as sailing-master. A mate and four seamen accompany them. The trip will doubtless be an interesting one in many ways, and is so different from the ordinary yachting cruise that news of the adventurous little couple of rovers will be looked for by their friends with much interest.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. William C. Peyton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Peyton, of Santa Cruz, and Miss Anna Dupont, of New York. The wedding will take place next spring.

The wedding of Miss Maud Morrow and Lieutenant Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., will take place at half-past twelve o'clock on Monday, October 16th, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in San Rafael. There will be a reception afterward at the residence of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow.

The wedding of Miss Mary Elizabeth Hulbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hulbert, of New York city, and Mr. Frederick Page Cutting, son of Mr. Francis Cutting, of Oakland, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Monday evening, October 2d. Rev. J. Wesley Brown officiated. Miss Jeanie Ramsey, a cousin of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Edward B. Raymond, of Boston, a cousin of the groom, was best man.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alvina Heuer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Heuer, to Mr. Frederick Eaton Willson, a civil engineer who is connected with the Southern Pacific Company. The bride-elect is a well-known vocalist, whose voice has often been heard here in the cause of charity at amateur operatic performances. The wedding will take place in November.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Wangenheim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Wangenheim, and Mr. Benjamin Arnold will take place next Wednesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado, *de Acosta*, gave a reception last Thursday evening at their residence, 1710 Bush Street, in celebration of the first anniversary of their wedding. About thirty of their friends were present and were most hospitably entertained. Mrs. Maldonado wore a handsome robe of rose-pink colored silk and was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Clotilde Acosta, whose gown was of canary colored faille Française. Music and dancing were the features of the affair, and a delicious supper was served.

—DO YOU WISH TO LEARN FRENCH, GERMAN, or Spanish, go to Larcher School of Languages, Flood Building.

—J. W. CARMAN, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING hatter and tailor. Fall styles now ready.

PARIS OUT OF SEASON.

Night Scenes on the Boulevard in Midsummer.

The Paris boulevard, that brilliant semicircle of broad streets which, lined with cafés, great shops, hotels, and theatres, reflects with such accuracy the tourist's idea of what Paris ought to be, takes on a special physiognomy in midsummer (writes Sterling Heilig in the *New York Sun*).

The Parisians are absent on their *villégiature*. Those who remain at home are said to do so *pour raison de purté*. To be "in the soup" is to be *dans la purté*, and they ring the changes on the metaphor, *dans la melle* (molasses), *dans la panade* (bread soup), and even *dans la pommade*.

The Paris season properly ends with the closing of the Salon on the first of July. From the first of August until considerably after the middle of September are the true Parisian dog-days. The gray capital is depressed and almost dull. The very dogs that nose along the gutters and every weary tramp that airs himself upon the public benches will look round him with a calmer ease, as if the street were toned down nearer to his level.

It is at this unfortunate time of the year that so many tourists come to Paris. There is a café theatre on the Eiffel Tower, the museums are open and the shops. Along the Champs-Élysées there is a species of summer-night, café-concert gaiety, not too taking. At the opera, strangers are exploited for the benefit of débutantes. At the hotel tables the fish is bad. Even the Salvation Army ceases to parade. The big, bright boulevard, incapable and listless as it is, remains the centre of the life of Paris in the dog-days. Bakers' boys, milliners' apprentices, common soldiers, and the great mob of the *petite bourgeoisie*, who look so *chic*, so Parisian, when set in a background of respectability, become tiresome to the eye now that they overdominate the scene. Summer-excursion advertisements, on temporary board walls, mock one with their "Ten Days in Switzerland!" "Tour of the Norman Coast and Brittany!" "Excursions into the Bavarian Highlands!"

The stuffy climate of Paris in late August and early September—hot yet damp, sweltering in the morning, suffocating in the afternoon, and often with a sudden, clammy chill at night—is a cause of constant irritation to the tickle nerves of blood-and-bone Parisians. Even strangers in Paris by choice can feel an unrest while they are content. Happy are they who can wash it down with beer.

Sherry-cobblers, highly decorated with fruit and not tasting exactly as they ought to, meet with only a fair success, except that their musical cracked ice and unusual straws, which suggest something in the nature of a plaything, sometimes attract the bored Parisienne. Absinthe is for the afternoon; wine is to go with meals; coffee is too nervous for these nights; and ice-cream has failed in its century-old temple of Torloni's. Undoubtedly the movement is toward beer. Now, beer in Paris is of two kinds—French (with which may be reckoned together the Holland, Belgian, and Strasburg varieties) and Bavarian. And of all the Munich beers in Paris, the Spatenbräu, as handled by the Taverne Pousset, enjoys the greatest favor. At other Munich beer outlets, particularly at Vivier's, opposite the Olympia Music Hall, you will meet with greater courtesy from the waiters. You will also find more air and elbow-room, and be less trodden on and pushed about by the politest people in the world, who, to tell the truth, come up to their beer, since they have learned to drink it, like swine on a dead run for the feeding-trough. But for some reason, Pousset and the Spaten brew keep up the lead.

The Taverne Pousset, in the very centre of the boulevard, below the fading Café Riche and across the street from the faded Café Anglais, is not a place to be recommended for its food. The prices are as high as at the best restaurants and decidedly beyond the value of the things sold. But to sit at beer at Pousset's is altogether pleasing. It is best on summer nights to sit out on the sidewalk. There, having secured a table—no small trouble—you may sit the evening over one glass of beer, with never a *garçon* to disturb you.

Past you will come filing, like a pleasing nightmare, all the parading tinsel of Paris in the dog-days. The calls of the street-peddlers give the music for their marching. They are like Wagner's *leit-motifs*. When they break in on the half-dreaming mind, it is to warn, to promise, to explain, to call the wandering attention to the meaning of it all. They are an index, so to speak, of Paris.

"The *Libre Parole*! France for the French!"

"The *salut présidentiel*!"

The *salut présidentiel* is a wooden toy, representing M. Carnot bowing eternally and lifting his hat. The *Libre Parole* is the anti-Semite agitator newspaper, and its new cry is "France for the French!"

The army of retired domestics flies before you. They are *truly de la panade*, with their timid leers and melancholy smartness. When they are tired, they rest on municipal benches. When it rains, they raise their umbrellas. Others of a daintier grace, whom wilfulness or folly only has prevented being at the Deauville races, glide smiling by—smiling all-pathetic, deprecatory smiles.

For every glass of beer that we have drunk, there lies a round felt mat before us on the table. Ostensibly they are to keep the tables tidy—one is brought you with each glass. Actually they are for book-

keeping. You pay at the end of your sitting. The waiter counts the mats. Five mats, five beers. Five beers, fifty cents.

It is ten o'clock. The regular damp night breeze, even chilly, has sprung up. To some, this breeze, coming clammy as the hand of death, after the debilitating, stuffy heat of the whole day still lingering in the air, is more than dangerous. It is a cause of sore throat, congestion of the lungs, and a species of dangerous cholera-morbus.

There are many men in evening clothes, which they do not cover with light-weight overcoats. Some are strangers—Germans, Italians, and Spanish—living over as nearly as possible the life of the boulevard, which they had heretofore known in books alone. Some have been to see the ballet of Maladetta at the Opéra, which was dropped for lack of success in the winter season. Some, confirmed boulevardiers like Catulle Mendès, unable to breathe any other air than that of Paris, have been dining.

Hitherto it has been no small amusement to watch the Parisians at their flirtations, in the open highway, in the clear electric light, with the eyes of a dozen nationalities upon them, unconscious, eager, and innocently unashamed. A man will jump up from the table next you, speak to a lady walking on the *paav*, bring her back in triumph, and plump her down beside your wife and children.

Soon it will be the hour for the pretty *figurantes* of the theatres and music-halls to be passing down the street on their way home. Already there have passed two English girls whose extreme youth, brilliant complexions, magnificent hair, and self-conscious manners have made them for two weeks one of the midsummer sights of the gapers of the boulevard at night. They belong to the Pansy Quartet from the London music-halls. They perform nightly at the Olympia, a few blocks above, where, costumed in sky-blue high silk hats and sky-blue silk ulsters, they do such songs as, "Oh, we are the rowdy-dowdy boys!" and pass from Gayety bar confidences to Fleet Street flirtations, and from imbecile sobriety to scarcely more imbecile tipsiness in the approved London style:

"Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, dear boys! We are out, we are out on the spree, dear boys!"

At half-past ten their turn is over, and their passing down the boulevard to their hotel is an event eagerly watched for. They enjoy the stir they make, but it is believed they have encouraged no one. No one thinks of speaking to them. It is understood they are only to be looked at. And, indeed, their bashful effrontery, the bridling, giggling ecstasy with which they receive the searching stares of full two thousand men and women, their naughty-girl airs and ticklish graces, complicated by a monumental mixture of native innocence and acquired hard nerve, are sufficiently amusing of themselves.

The *bourgeois* families have departed one by one. A father passes, carrying his sleeping child upon his shoulder; a mother engineers her little brood along in the direction of the omnibus-stand. Like every one else, they have been out to take the air, to see the lights, to get away from their stuffy apartment-house rooms.

It is midnight and raining. You would scarcely think it summer unless you should look at the low shoes and filmy skirts that scurry by. Men and women still sit at the café sidewalk tables, huddled under leaky awnings, doggedly holding their places. They wish the evening would not end. They know to-morrow will be sticky, hot, oppressive. The night breeze brings rheumatism, but it also brings air to breathe and leisure—for these people all must work.

The camelot has ceased to cry his job-lot wares. With him, the music of the boulevard has ceased. With the shower, the promenade is over. It only lacks that the electric lights should be put out to complete the boulevard's resemblance to a theatre.

At two o'clock the yellow points of gas-lamps cast a sickly light on the last café customers and the sleepy waiters piling up the chairs. At three o'clock the scavenger and the highway assassin have the great street to themselves. At five o'clock the milk-wagons and the country carts pass by. Another day of heat, which seems greater than it is because of dampness, another treadmill round for the two millions and a quarter in the *purée*, the *panade*, the *melle*, the *pommade*, and the *soupe au pain*.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
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MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Bolte's Musicales.

The fifth musicale at Miss Bolte's School took place on Friday afternoon, October 6th, and was quite interesting. The programme was as follows:

Piano duet, Mrs. Renfro and Miss Edith Muir; song, "A Little Story," by the school; recitation, "The Organ Builder," Miss Edith Bode; piano solo, "Happy Days," Miss Lola Lightner; piano solo, "Spinning Song," Miss Lily Adam; song, "The Window-Pane," Miss Gladys Myer; piano solo, "Mocking Bird," Miss Drucilla Dumble; chorus from "The Mikado," by the school; German song, "Lorelei," Miss Bode, Miss Brown, and Miss Lightner; piano solo, "Heliopole," Miss Edith Bode; recitation, "Magic Eutons," Miss Gladys Myer; piano solo, "Carnival of Venice," Miss Emma Brown; song, "Speak to Me," Miss Lola Lightner; recitation, "The Chicken," Miss Edith Muir; piano solo, "Sonatine," Miss Gladys Myer; song, "Two Little Ragged Urchins," Miss Edith Bode; German song, "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly," Miss Brown, Miss Bode, and Miss Lightner.

The thirtieth Saturday Popular Concert will take place this afternoon at Golden Gate Hall. Among the numbers will be a Beethoven string quartet, a Paderewski sonata for violin and piano in which Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel will participate, Schumann's "Carnaval" by Otto Bendix, and two cello solos by Mr. Heine.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, a musical prodigy who is but fourteen years of age, and has created great enthusiasm in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities, will appear as a solo pianist on the third of next month at the Bauer Symphony Concert at the Tivoli Opera House.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent "Concert and Dance Music." This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

Pennon—"Spinnem's characters are very original." Inkwell—"Yes; there never were any like them."—Puck.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington will arrive here in November to occupy their California Street residence for a couple of months.

Sir Thomas Hesketh arrived in New York city last week from England on the steamer *Majestic*, of the White Star Line.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin have returned from an Eastern trip and are at their residence, 223 Washington Street.

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan are at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon arrived from New York early in the week and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., left last Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. T. Cary Friedlander and Mr. Alexander Hamilton are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole left on Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has leased her residence in Washington, D. C., to Senator Murphy, of New York. She will return here in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has gone East to visit New York and Washington, D. C., and will return in about two weeks.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and her daughter, Mrs. James Appleton Macquire, are visiting relatives in New York city. The latter changed her mind at the last moment while in Chicago and did not return here as has been announced.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle has returned from a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Mary Barringer, daughter of Mr. L. W. Barringer, of Philadelphia, who came here to attend the wedding of Miss Lewina Wethered, will pass the winter at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered, 2100 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Barton returned from the East last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Nicholson, who have been visiting Chicago and New York, will return home in a few days.

Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, of Oakland, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Arguello, *né* Spence, were at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., last week.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family are residing in apartments on West Thirtieth Street in New York city. Her son, A. H. Rutherford, Jr., is attending school at Andover, Mass.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff are visiting Washington, D. C.

Miss Ada Dougherty, of Fruit Vale, who is now in Chicago, will pass the winter in Florida.

Mr. William M. Stewart is viewing the Columbian Exposition. She will reside in Washington, D. C., during the winter.

Miss Marie Dillon has returned from her Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise left last Sunday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Ruth Benson, of Alameda, has been visiting Mrs. H. Ward Wright at her home in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barron will pass the winter at 1321 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will leave to-day to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Charles Torbert has gone to New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. Snyder. Miss Mollie Torbert has gone to Japan to pass the winter with friends.

Mr. Leon S. Greenbaum will leave to-day on a two months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Bergen left last Saturday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Rose Rich is in New York city visiting her brother, Mr. David Rich. She will return here in time to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Alfred Rich, and Miss Hyman.

Mr. Frank B. Peterson and Mr. Samuel Cheyne have departed on a three months' trip to Chicago, New York, and other Eastern cities. They will pass three weeks in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Somers have returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin has gone East to visit the World's Fair and his two brothers, Walter and Andrew, who are attending college at Georgetown, D. C.

Mrs. J. R. Deane left last Wednesday for Chicago, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller are in New York city.

Mrs. Peter Decker is staying at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Colonel Edward A. Belcher went to Yreka last Wednesday on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Jr., left last Saturday to visit the Columbian Exposition, and will remain there until December. They will join Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine there, and will return together.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith left last Monday for an Eastern trip. They will pass some time in Chicago, and will be away about two months.

Mr. James Alva Watt has been at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, D. C., during the past week. He will soon visit the Columbian Exposition, and will return here in about three weeks.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer was brightened on October 1st by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip, and are at their residence, 1218 Jackson Street.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo will leave to-day to visit the Columbian Exposition, and will be away a month.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Smith have returned

from a tour of Europe, and will receive their friends on Fridays at their residence, 2226 Jackson Street.

Mr. M. H. de Young and Colonel A. Andrews will leave next Thursday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland have gone East and will be away six weeks.

Mrs. Russell G. Smith and Miss Maude Smith have returned from a visit to the exposition at Chicago.

Mrs. Florence Wilson has returned from an extended visit abroad, and will reside during the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Mrs. R. H. Follis, Miss Follis, and Mr. J. H. Follis are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed acting inspector-general of the Department of California.

Captain A. E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., are making a three weeks' visit to friends in Washington, D. C., New York, and Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis L. Town, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant Graham D. Fitch, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Portland, Or., and ordered to take station here.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, commencing November 1st.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been absent from Jefferson Barracks for a few weeks on a hunting trip.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been passing a couple of weeks at the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Evan Miles and Miss Miles are attending the exposition at Chicago, and will visit friends in St. Paul before coming to San Francisco, where Colonel Miles is now stationed.

Colonel C. E. Compton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is in Chicago.

Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkham, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been here from Benicia Barracks during the past week as a witness before the general court-martial at the Presidio.

Commodore George Brown, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral.

Commander G. M. Book, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Alert*, and ordered to proceed home on waiting orders.

Passed Assistant Paymaster L. C. Kerr, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Alert* and ordered to duty as assistant to the general storekeeper at Mare Island.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone East to be married, and will return with his bride, who is a Miss Kimball.

Lieutenant Thomas F. Ruhm, U. S. N., has been granted one month's leave of absence, which he will pass in the Eastern States.

The United States cruiser *Boston* arrived here from Honolulu last Sunday, and is now at Mare Island. Her present officers are: Captain, E. F. Day; Lieutenant-commander, S. W. Very; Lieutenants, Lucien Young, C. Baird, W. V. Bronough, and W. R. Rush; ensigns, L. C. Bertolotti, D. W. Beamer, A. J. Willard, H. H. Gough, H. H. Caldwell, T. J. Senn, and C. F. Preston; Lieutenant of United States marine corps, H. L. Draper; surgeon, A. F. Magruder; assistant-surgeon, E. S. Bogert; paymaster, I. G. Hobbs; chief-engineer, F. G. McKee; assistant-engineers, G. S. Willis and R. E. Carney; gunner, J. R. Ward; carpenter, B. F. Markham; and pay-clerk, J. S. Edsall. The total crew is two hundred and sixty-five.

Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., will soon go East on a leave of absence.

The Gump Paintings.

The financial depression has caused a marked depreciation in the price of luxuries, and this can not be better illustrated than by a remark made recently by Mr. S. G. Gump, of the firm of S. & G. Gump, the well-known dealers in fine art-goods and paintings at 113 Geary Street. While inspecting their beautiful art-gallery and admiring the gems that the most celebrated of European artists have produced, it was noticed that certain paintings of exceeding worth were not on exhibition. Upon being asked what had become of them, Mr. Gump promptly answered that some of our art connoisseurs, who had traveled abroad and knew the value of fine paintings, had taken advantage of the extremely low prices at which the firm is now offering its paintings and purchased several of the most valuable ones in the collection. There are still quite a number of elegant paintings left at the gallery, and it certainly behooves all lovers of fine art to view them, as prices were never so low as they are now. The Gump collection is recognized as being one of the best in America, and the firm is always pleased to show it to visitors.

Commencing on Monday afternoon, there will be an interesting exhibition at Vickery's Art Gallery, 224 Post Street, of the recent sketches and paintings by Miss Eva Withrow, who recently returned from Europe. The collection comprises oils, water-colors, and pastels, and displays some excellent landscapes and portraits that were made in Germany and France. There is a large allegorical painting representing "Life" and a portrait of Mrs. K. H. Withrow that are worthy of special attention. The public is cordially invited to attend the exhibition.

Henry Labouchère's unknown tormentor, who caused wagon-loads of goods to be sent to the editor of *Truth*, who had never ordered them, has now turned his attention to Mr. Caine, another member of Parliament, for whom he has obligingly placed large orders with carpet-manufacturers, furniture-dealers, and jewelers. The joker has thus far eluded the police, although his operations have extended over a period of nearly a year.

Professor Lombroso, the Italian scientist, announces, as the result of investigation, that kissing was, until comparatively lately, an entirely maternal action and not in any way peculiar to lovers. He quotes Homer and the old Indian literature to sustain his contention, although he admits that in the modern Hindu poems twelve kinds of kisses are mentioned.

Judge Barker, of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, has surprised the lawyers not less than the newspaper men by issuing an order forbidding the newspapers to publish reports of a breach-of-promise of marriage suit on trial before him, or to make comments thereon.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Einstein is very proud of his son Ikey," said Moses. "Vy?" queried Mingerheimer. "He was a failure," said Moses.—*Truth*.

He—"My wife left last week on a visit to snore relatives in Sioux Falls." She—"Oh, Mr. Wobosh, this is so sudden."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Cook—"Cap'n, is ennyting lost of yo' knows whar it am?" Captain—"No, you black idiot!" Cook—"Well, den, de fryin'-pah's nvahboa'd."—*Judge*.

He—"Of course my prospects are not the brightest. We will have a great deal to contend against." She—"Dearest, we will have each other!"—*Vogue*.

"Does it pay to try and reform a man?" asked Miss Lovely. "It all depends," returned Van Wither, "an whether you are a gold-cure institute or the girl he's engaged to."—*Vogue*.

Corra—"You have a fine sense for the ridiculous." Dick (rather flattered)—"Why do you think so?" Corra—"I noticed you smiling at yourself in the mirror."—*New York Herald*.

Stillingfleet—"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" Tillinghast—"It is a fact. The others were all young girls."—*Vogue*.

"Here is a poem I wrote on the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair," he said. "Don't you think you had better try something nearer your size?" inquired the editor.—*Puck*.

One of the pleasant things of life. Time, two A. M.: Wife—"John!" (John makes no answer.) Wife—"John! John!" John—"Uh? What?" Wife—"Are you asleep?"—*Truth*.

"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" said the editor. "Sir," replied the haughty man, who stood by his desk, "I am a poet; not a chirpologist."—*Washington Star*.

Digging her own grave: Flora (waiting for expected caller)—"There's a step. I wonder if that's him." (Step passes on.) "Dear, dear! I ought to have wondered if that were he."—*Truth*.

His mother—"What makes you think she wishes to discourage your attentions?" The dejected lover—"She told me she was a twin, her mother was a twin, and her grandmother was a twin."—*Puck*.

Mr. D. Poor Aymer (after missing for the third time)—"The birds seem very shy this season, Parker." Parker—"Yes, sir. Perhaps if we fired together it might give them more confidence, sir."—*Life*.

Yabsley (during the Amazon march)—"Wasn't that girl in the third row of the chorus with the 'Tin Trumpet' company last season?" Mudge—"I don't know. I haven't a good memory for figures."—*Puck*.

"George dear," said Mrs. George, "am I to have a seal-skin sacque this winter?" "Well, I guess not," said George; "do you want me to go to prison?" "Prison?" "Certainly. Didn't you know that this Behring Sea decision has made it a penal offense to buy or sell seal-skins?"—*Truth*.

Colonel Windbagger—"Judge Grimshaw, let me present Judge Grayne, who was so overwhelmingly victorious in our recent county election." Old Judge Grimshaw—"Just elected, eh? By what party?" Judge Grayne (expanding his chest)—"By the Populists, sir." Old Judge Grimshaw—"H'm! Ever read any law?"—*Puck*.

The Overland Flyer to the World's Fair, Via the Central and Union Pacific—only 3½ days to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Drawing-room Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars to Chicago without change.

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"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes in Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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When their tender Skins are literally On Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



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THE PARALYZER AND CONSERVATOR.

Some Valuable Tips for Horse-Owners.

"Speaking of driving," said Jackson Peters, "I just read a new story about the late William R. Travers. He was one day riding on the box-seat of a six-horse Western stage. The driver was extremely drunk, and finally dropped one of the lines, and the horses began to run away. The fellow leaned over and fumbled about for a minute or so, trying to recover the rein, when Travers suddenly said, 'L-I-let it go, you d-darn' fool; you've-g-g-got more'n you can handle now!'"

"Very good," said Robinson. "Brings to my mind the practice which obtains among English country gentlemen when hiring a new coachman. They do not ask, on such occasions, 'Do you drink?' but 'Can you drive when you are drunk?'"

"Clever idea," assented Jones. "While the subject of stopping runaway horses is up, I might say that I have looked into the matter considerably myself. When I lived at Fostoria, O., I owned the worst runaway horse in the State. Driving him consisted simply of clinging to your seat and letting him run till he was tired. I tried the Griswold Horse-Controller, and it worked well. As you may know, this consists of a stout perpendicular timber back of the seat, with a horizontal beam extending out over the horse, precisely like an old-time gibbet. It is fitted with tackle, which is connected with a stout canvas or leather band, which goes around the horse's middle. When the animal begins to run, you pull on the rope and raise him about eighteen inches from the ground. When I pulled up my horse, which was named Sir Landslide, after he was well started, his legs would continue fanning the air so rapidly that it was impossible to follow the movements with the eye. It would often take him ten or fifteen minutes to run down, such was his terrific momentum."

"I've heard of that thing," interposed Jackson Peters; "and the other day I read of some sort of an affair called the Talking-Horn Runaway-Preventer. It is connected with the bit in some way. A young man at Lansing, Mich., tried one while taking his girl out riding. They had to ford a considerable stream, and the Preventer went off in some way while they were in the middle of it, and they had to sit there three hours before they were rescued. And now the girl's mother accuses the young man of letting the thing off on purpose, and there is a good prospect that he will lose the girl."

"When you are quite done with this kindergarten business," said Jones, "I will tell of the Centennial Paralyzer and Conservator of Force. It was a little invention of my own for use in connection with Sir Landslide. The Griswold Controller worked well, but I saw a loss of force which annoyed me, as I did when I conceived my tramp and cat motors, and my Morning-Star Milkier, operated by the motion of the cow's jaw in chewing her cud. In the Centennial Paralyzer and Conservator, I had recourse to a dynamo and storage battery under the carriage-seat. Beneath the carriage and near the ground I had swung a tread-mill track, which could be extended out in front like the gang-plank of a steam-boat. Hitching up Sir Landslide, I would start out as usual. At the sight of the first telegraph-pole, baby-perambulator, umbrella, or other object which in his judgment furnished a sufficient excuse for running, he would start. When he had got well going, I would run forward the track under his feet, and he would find himself standing still, though running with all the fierceness of his vicious nature. My dynamo, propelled by the flying track under the feet of Sir Landslide, would revolve with lightning-like rapidity, and I would divert a part of the force to propelling the carriage, and would jog along at the rate of six miles an hour with my horse going at the rate of twenty-five. The noise of the machinery excited him a good deal, and he would often run for two hours, leaving me with enough power in my storage-battery to propel my carriage for a week. People used to come for miles to see me take a quiet morning drive with Sir Landslide and the Paralyzer and Conservator."

"Why did you never put your great invention on the market?" asked Peters.

"Too many other interests, Jackson. But I got it patented, and if you would care for it I'll make you a present of the patent, and you can begin the manufacture of the apparatus along with that of your own ingenious pneumatic galoches for cab-horses, so they won't make so much noise rainy nights."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Next: Clara—"Did you accept him?" Maude—"No." Clara—"Then what is he waiting over there for?" Maude—"He says he wants to see you."—*Vogue*.

Vital Energy Is Renewed.

When strength and health have run down, by a timely resort to the helpful, bracing tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, particularly adapted to the wants of nervous, dyspeptic, bilious invalids. If worn out by mental strain, the care of business, or overwork, seek its prompt and benign aid. It annihilates malarial complaint, and is an efficient remedy for incipient rheumatism and neuralgia.

THE FLIRT.

A Study of the Genus, Male and Female.

Do you see the lady?
I do see the lady.
What is she doing?
She is talking to the man.
He seems to be quite interested.
He is.
Is he her husband?
Oh, no.
Has she a husband?
She may have, or may not.
What is she?
She is a flirt.
What is a flirt?
A flirt is an emotional liar.
She assumes an emotion—makes believe she loves a man when she does not?
That's it.
Why does she do it?
To captivate the man.
How does she acquire the habit?
It isn't acquired; it is innate.
Are only unmarried women flirts?
Not by several lengths.
Do women with husbands flirt with men?
They do, more's the pity.
But not to have men fall in love with them?
That may not be their purpose, exactly, but the result is just the same.

Do they want men to fall in love with them?
That kind of homage some women must have.
Don't their husbands object?
Yes, but the flirt exists, nevertheless.
When the woman has captured the man, what does she do?

Does as the fisherman with his fish: runs a string through his gills and goes after more.

Do the unmarried flirts conduct their proceedings in the same manner?

Pretty much so.

Do you say that flirts don't marry?

No; but they don't often marry the men they flirt with.

Why is that?

One comes along they can't flirt with, and in their endeavors to add him to the string, they lose their balance and fall in themselves.

Aren't all women flirts more or less?

They are said to be naturally coquettish; possibly they are, but coquetry is not flirting any more than a glass of champagne is the jim-jams.

Coquetry is permissible, then?

In a mild form, yes; it lends sparkle to a woman and an agreeable vivacity that attracts men and women alike.

Is it permitted to a married woman?

It should not be, at least by that name. A married woman may be attractive and have not the remotest touch of the flirt in her acts.

How about the unmarried woman?

It is quite tolerable in the girl, but in the older woman—the old maid, we will say—it becomes ridiculous.

Do old maids flirt?

They try to sometimes.

What for?

The devil only knows, and he won't tell.

Are women the only flirts?

No, there are men flirts.

Married or not?

Both.

You don't mean married men are flirts?

Yes, and the worst kind.

Worse than women?

A thousand times; indeed, that is the most despicable trait in a man's character.

Why is that?

We expect something manly in a man.

Is the married man flirt worse than the married woman flirt?

No worse, morally, perhaps; but so much more to be despised.

Will the unmarried man flirt continue so?

Not always.

Why not?

Marriage sobers him, as a rule.

Then where does the married man flirt come from?

He is most frequently an emanation from the married state. That's why he is so much meaner than if he were born that way.

Then the married man who flirts may not have been a flirt before marriage?

Not necessarily.

What produces him?

Disappointment acting on a general cussedness that is too cowardly to make an heroic scoundrel of him.

Aren't you too hard on him?

Ask the wife of one if I am.

Don't women like that sort of a man?

Some women do.

Good women?

I'm sorry to say some of them are good women, but they are lacking in good judgment.

Do men like a male flirt?

Decent men don't.—*New York Sun*.

Ripans Tabules are a gentle cathartic and the best of liver tonics. A family remedy.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Why Psyche Isn't in It.

Psyche's eyes are tender;
Psyche's waist is slender;
And, ah me! what is far worse,
So, alas, is Psyche's purse.

—Soundings.

Sure as Fate.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,
For perseverance overcomes
All things of mortal ken.
And if you do not get the girl
You want, or think you do,
You're safe in betting you will get
The girl that's wanting you.

—Detroit Free Press.

There are Lots Like Her.

She couldn't sing a little bit,
She didn't know a note;
She mixed each bit of poetry
She vainly tried to quote;
Her face was of that placid brand
That rude folk christen "pie";
Yet she knew she'd be an actress
If she ever chose to try.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Silver Lining.

Some slight sense of regret and reminders of debt
Give his face an expression of care;
But his sorrow all sinks and he smiles when he thinks
Of the great time he had at the Fair.

—Washington Star.

News of the Day.

MRS. JENKS—Any news in the paper to-day?

MR. JENKS—Lots. The *Daily Humper* has bought a new press, and doubled its circulation within a week, and started a new building, and it printed half a million advertisements last week, and it's going to distribute oil-portraits of all the champion sluggers with its next Sunday edition, and it has arranged with Professor Spourkraut to furnish it with a new tune for the star-spangled banner, and is going to have a guessing contest on the weight of the fox which the Ladada Fox Hunt Club didn't catch, and it has hired Bloody Mike to write a novel to be printed after he is hung, and it offers a trip to the World's Fair to the servant-girl who proves the best patron of the Situations Wanted column, and it insures every reader against being hit by a meteorite, and it has arranged for an exclusive special cable account of the cane-sucking contest between Lord Dude, of England, and Mr. Hoffman Howes, of America, and it has started a bread fund for walking-delegates who are out of work.—*Life*.

A Prudent Maid.

"Henry," she began, in a sweetly timorous voice,
"what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

Henry, who read the papers, and was about as thoroughly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stopped him.

"I don't want to know that," she faltered; "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"

"Awful scarce," echoed Henry, dismally.

"And is it all being taken away?"

"It is," said Henry.

"And if they continue to take it away, there won't be any left in this country by and bye, and we'll have to use silver?"

"Yes," sighed Henry.

"Henry," she whispered, "I told you that I would give you my decision in the winter—but I repent. It—it is y-yes, Henry. Don't—don't you think," she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"—*Bazar*.

For Abuse of Alcohol

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, South Dakota, says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution that is so common to heavy drinkers."

"When I was young," says Jules Simon, "we prepared students for life. Now we prepare them for examination."

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies—OR—
Other Chemicalsare used in the
preparation ofW. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
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tion, scrofula and other forms of
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LOSS OF APPETITE,
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MALARIA, NEURALGIA
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as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient
that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth.

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If so, you can have it! We offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is Wanted in Every Home and Indispensable in Every Office, something that SELLS AT SIGHT. Other articles sell rapidly at Double the Price, though not answering the purpose half so well. You can make from \$500 to \$700 in three months, introducing it, after which it will bring A Steady, Liberal Income, if properly attended to. Ladies do as well as men, in town or country. Don't Miss this Chance. Write at once to J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Professor Swing, of Chicago, recently attended a meeting of the Salvation Army at which the leader went to a telephone back of the platform, rang the bell, and said: "Hello! Is God in? Yes? Well, tell Him from us that there is one more soul saved!"

The Duc de Choiseul, who was remarkably thin, went to London to negotiate a peace. "Have they sent the preliminaries of a treaty?" asked one Englishman of another. "I don't know," was the reply; "but they have sent the outline of an ambassador."

A former friend, who met Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, in London, is said to have accosted him with the remark: "Don't you remember me? I used to know you in Australia," and to have met with the rebuff: "Yes; and when I meet you again in Australia, I shall be happy to know you."

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time-honored inscription: "Hospes salve!" ("Welcome stranger!") After rebuilding, the legend had to be restored; but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words, and caused it to read: "Hospes solve!" ("Pay, stranger!")

A certain clergyman in early life had met with an accident which left him with a broken nose, a deformity about which, in spite of his piety, he was known to be a little sensitive. One day a new inquirer propounded the old question: "How happened you to break your nose?" The minister answered solemnly: "To tell the truth, my friend, the accident was caused by my poking my nose into other people's business."

When Barnum told Phoebe Cary that the skeleton man and fat woman were married, she replied: "I suppose they loved through thick and thin!" Looking at the curiosities in the museum, she became so absorbed in watching a large anaconda that she walked off the top-stair of a flight and fell. Mr. Barnum was just in time to catch her and save her from a severe bruising. "I am more lucky than the first woman who fell through the influence of the serpent," said Phoebe.

Daniel Webster liked to make remarks of a character intended to puzzle simple minds. Stopping to dinner one day at a country inn on his way to Marshfield, he was asked by the hostess if he usually had a good appetite. "Madam," answered Webster, "I sometimes eat more than I do at other times; but never less." The inhabitants of the village where this profound Hibernicism was uttered have probably been at work ever since trying to comprehend its exact purport.

A bride tells of a difficult moment of her recent wedding trip. A few days of it were spent with an uncle of hers, very deaf and very pious. When they sat down to dinner on the night of their arrival, the uncle asked the groom to say grace. Much embarrassed, as he was unaccustomed to officiating in this way, he leaned forward, murmuring a request to be excused. Whereupon the uncle, watching him, only waited until his lips stopped moving to utter a sonorous "Amen!" in response. It is hardly necessary to add that the blessing for that meal went unsaid.

An office-seeker applied to Josiah Quincy, ex-Assistant Secretary of State, for a place in the State Department. "What did you tell Mr. Quincy?" asked a senator to whom the office-seeker, discouraged by his lack of success, applied for assistance. "I told him God only knew what I had done for the party at the last election," replied the would-be consul. "You did, eh?" said the senator; "well, you might as well go back home. Any man who tells Josiah Quincy that God knows more than he does will get no position in the State Department."

A clergyman was once annoyed by people talking and giggling during the service. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services, a gentleman

said to me: 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the services there was good order.

Prince Henry of Prussia has a pretty wit. When his imperial brother William ("Der Reisende Kaiser") remarked to him recently that the doctors had ordered him (William) to try at least a month's entire change of air, the prince remarked, dryly: "Better try a month in Berlin"—which is supposed to be his home. In much the same vein is a good story told in a London paper of his little son, Prince Eitel Fritz, who has just reached the mature age of ten. "Papa," once remarked the little fellow, "is always away from home. It is a good thing mamma remains with us, else there would be nobody here when the babies are born!"

Once at a family reunion of the New York Potters, ex-Secretary W. M. Everts, as their counsel, had been asked to dine with them all. There was a hishop, and there was a doctor of divinity, and there were other distinguished scions of the family-tree present, and the after-dinner speeches had naturally all been on the successes of one another. Then Mr. Everts was asked to make a speech. He said that he felt that he really must be excused. In this reverend presence, however, he might be pardoned for uttering a paraphrase of Scripture, which had come into his mind during the speeches of the rest: "Lord, Lord, Thou art the clay and we are the Potters."

While an excursion train to Alabama (says the Marietta Journal) was waiting at the depot, a negro appeared at the ticket-window in the depot and purchased a ticket for himself. Then he said to the ticket-agent: "Boss, I want 'nuder round-trip 'scursion ticket for a corpse." The agent opened his eyes in astonishment. An excursion ticket for a corpse was something new to him. The negro explained: "You see, boss, my brudder died yesterday, and I want ter take de corpse down to Montgomery and let de family view the 'mains, and den bring 'em back to Birmingham and bury 'em. Dis will be a heap cheaper den fer de family to come up here."

It is recorded of a certain hair-splitting English bishop who was accustomed to compose his "charges" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he was invariably treated it as though it were a living *vis à-vis*. The train being very full on one occasion, a would-be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room. "I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow-passengers. "What was not right?" inquired his lordship, urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me; I did not say that it was taken; I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied.'"

A German newspaper man, evidently jealous of the Irishman's reputation as a maker of hulls, took the trouble, some years ago, to look up the German record in this line. Among others, he found in the published works of certain Teutonic writers the following curious examples: "Among the immigrants was an old blind woman, who came to America once more before she died to see her only son." "After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and health." "The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was at the table enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around, and saw my old friend once more."

Expensive Economy.

Some people begrudge the little money that an ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER costs, and then when they are racked with pain from a lame back, or from the soreness arising from a cold, they will spend any amount of money to relieve the pain. If they only had one of these world-renowned plasters on hand they would be saved a vast amount of suffering and be considerably richer. At the first sign of stiffness of the joints apply one of these plasters without any delay. The soreness will be greatly relieved at once and soon disappear entirely. It will be money saved to have them on hand, to say nothing of the comfort they bring.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS contain no irritating matter.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Oct. 1, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|------------|--|-----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and \$Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Ekersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | † 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| † 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | † 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| * 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | * 2:45 P. |
| † 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | † 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| † 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | † 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | * 8:06 A. |
| * 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | † 7:26 P. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7:00 8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30
2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6:00 *7:00
8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30 2:00
3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

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Jerome K. Jerome is a young writer with two talents—a humorous talent and a sentimental talent. In practicing the former he has made a name and some money. When the three city clerks started on their voyage in a boat, the novel-reading public of two countries followed their meanderings up the pleasant English rivers with an appreciative accompaniment of laughter. When Mr. Jerome undertook to lift the veil from the types that people stage-land, he was rewarded with the applause of his large contingent of readers, who did not think that he had ever done anything better.

In the sentimental strain, Mr. Jerome's muse is not so happy. This gentleman has a vigorous and somewhat weedy talent, which, when he is humorous, becomes merely boisterous and broad, but when he is sentimental, it becomes very cloying, if not sickly. His sentimentality generally revolves round a dejected damsel who smiles over a breaking heart. Her heart breaks for different reasons, according to the exigencies of the plot, but she always may be coaxed up to give up something that all her hopes are centered upon, and then, while the curtain drops and slow music is diffused over the scene by the orchestra, she is observed to be smiling bravely in the calcium light which always so kindly illuminates stage heroism.

Lois, in "Sunset," gave up a lover. Mr. Vernon acted him, and he was not very much to give up; but, then, taste in these matters varies so much that one should not be beguiled into passing judgment. In "Barbara," on the contrary, the heroine gave up a fortune, and there are many women who would look upon this as a sacrifice much more calculated to break a tender heart. Barbara relinquishing her fortune to a young sister, and Lois relinquishing her lover to a young sister, are two triumphs of Mr. Jerome's rampant sentimentality. Barbara, however, was simply left smiling in lofty and sublimated isolation; but Lois presents her broken heart to a rustic lover, whom she has apparently been holding in the background as a *pis aller*.

In fact, the tender Lois is like a good many other ladies of her type—very practical and sharp when it comes down to her own affairs. When she can not get the moon, she very sensibly transfers her affections to one of the small stars. She relinquishes to her sister a man who has proved himself utterly false and worthless; she then gives her own hand to a good-natured, uncouth rustic, whom she despises, and whom, being of lower rank than herself, she thinks she is justified in treating this way. This is Mr. Jerome's ideal heroine, stripped of the glamour of sentiment. Poor Miss Ffolliott Paget, who is clever and exceedingly natural and humorous, had to make what she could of this absurd character, and naturally enough, when she weeps and wails came on, Miss Paget looked as if she felt herself a good deal of a fool.

There seems to be a sort of understood law that curtain-raisers shall turn on delicate points of sentiment and honor. It takes the fine art of French people to write such things well. There is something about the Anglo-Saxon temperament which makes it impossible for them to be sentimental without being silly. Even the great English novelists could not approach this delicate ground without beginning to grow a little foolish. Curtain-raisers to turn on questions of this sort had better be imported from France. There is something in that dulcet tongue which robs foolish plays of half their folly, and there the veriest penny-a-liners have the knack of writing attractive sentimentalities that sound quite natural and charming.

With the jubilant and sportive Rosioa Vokes herself there is no question of weeping, or wailing, or heart-breaking. Miss Vokes, indeed, has not got a face for sentiment. One can not imagine those enormous, rolling eyes clouded by tender sorrows. If she had had to act Lois, she could not have helped doing something ridiculous at that very idiotic moment when Lois gives up her fickle lover. Nature, in a fit of caprice, makes certain people for comedy, and though they pass through the tragic experiences of a Juliet, they always look like the Pierrottes of the Human Comedy. Rosioa Vokes is one of these. She was created to fill the rôle of a comedienne. She has the comic face, as Mary Anderson and Julia Arthur have the tragic face. That she is ugly no one ever remarks or minds; the very look of her is so funny, that merely to stand and gaze at the audience from under her yellow lambskin of hair rouses the house to laughter.

In neither of the two new comedies is this clever lady so successful as she is in the old ones of last week. In Beerbohm Tree's comedietta she enlivens the somewhat lengthy dialogue by getting up and

dancing the Kangaroo Dance, while Mr. Marius contributed a French song to the song-and-dance part of the entertainment. Mr. Marius is very funny. He has the piquant humor and the natural dramatic instinct of the French. No actors can compare with them for smoothness and perfect ease of manner. It is against Mr. Marius that he was guilty of one dreadful pun, which it required a good deal of thinking to see through. Mr. Marius, who he had delivered himself of the atrocity, looked at the audience with a gently deprecating air, as if he expected some one was going to throw something at him. But he was graciously spared, and, indeed, even rewarded by giggles from those brilliant spirits who had seen through the winding ways of that intricate pun.

Anything new in the way of comedies is refreshing, and "Maid Marian" is new. The story is original and the dialogue vivacious. An artist, who is crushed with the Philistine appellation of MacFarren, owns a picture of one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor. In a dream this fair damsel comes to life and meets some choice spirits of the Four Hundred, at MacFarren's studio-reception. There Maid Marian talks the queen's English and rather ruffles the feathers of all Etruria's oobles and all Etruria's best by her early Elizabethan ways.

To truth, it would take wilder ways and broader English so to ruffle the dove-cotes of McAllister's hand, and, in truth, the dames of Lady Marian de Winstanley's day would have used a great deal stronger language than that young woman indulged in. But audiences have to be spared, even though the dramatic unities suffer. There is only one of Shakespeare's heroines whose part of the dialogue can be spoken without a single cut. This is "the peerless Imogene," Shakespeare's ideal creation. All the other dear girls in his dramas must have their speeches very much revised to be tolerable to the refined ears of to-day. Lady Marian's was a day of free speaking, and Lady Marian's queen was said to be able to swear with the best of her captains, and took such a liking for the broad drolleries of "the fat knight" that she ordered the playwright of Avon, the "Tom Shakespeare" of Lady Marian's scorn, to write a comedy with the laughable Sir John for hero.

The Four Hundred stand a great deal of eccentricity from the members of the British aristocracy who come browsing about our hospitable shores. It is quite probable that they would put up with Lady Marian's breaches of custom with the fond toleration of Mrs. Van Tromp. For Lady Marian to drink her soup out of the silver tureen and empty a large tankard of champagne at one pull would merely be regarded as a charming form of eccentricity, as the Duke of Sutherland's wearing of tweed clothes at weddings was regarded by his adoring American satellites. And when Lady Marian, with lofty scorn, inquires by what right a silk-mercant's wife may wear a silken gown, she is smilingly coaxed out of her momentary displeasure, which is set down as a burst of delightful froakness.

Lady Marian herself is rather a solemn lady, a little oppressed by the sense of her own rank, and condescending but half-heartedly to the level of mercers' wives and picture-palettes. She is very stately in her splendid robe of ivory satin, with puckered green sleeves, a cap coming down into a peak on her forehead, and a huge ruff hiding all her frowzy yellow curls. She has great dignity of bearing, and yet when she gets angry, she can fight like one of her own warrior forefathers and use sound Saxo language with spirit and freedom. One of her funniest mishaps occurred when she attempted to eat a square of pink ice-cream. Indeed, she was most amusing when dispatching her supper, which she did with an appetite that Mrs. Van Tromp's set might all envy.

For the rest, this pleasant company were charmingly natural and easily at home against the tapestried background of MacFarren's studio. Making exception for the exaggeration necessary for stage effects, they were a wonderfully natural and amusing little group. They stood about in curiously staring knots of two and three, or gathered together by the high oak chimney-piece, looked with awe and startled surprise at the sumptuous figure of the queen's maid of honor. They are a clever company, with a touch of French smoothness to their finished style—the pompous and offended Count de Marsac, the lazily good-humored MacFarren, the resolutely smiling and unctuously bland Mrs. Van Tromp, and her daughter, a charming girl, graceful, slender, lithe, with the tall, almost spare figure of the English type, the long, thin neck and the oval face, with regularly perfect features and an expression of impassive and gently bovine tranquility—a clever and well-trained company, who furnish a three hours' theatrical cotentment that, of its kind, would be hard to rival.

The reappearance here of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in a dramatization of "Oliver Twist" calls up a long procession of notable events to those who know the theatrical annals of San Francisco. They first came to us in "The Danites," Joaquin Miller's picturesque drama of the Mormon avengers. The play had been a decided success in the East, and was heralded as "the great American drama." Who, by the way, ever thinks of the poet of the Sierras as one of the immortal hand of American dramatists? Yet McKee Rankin and his wife, then

appearing under the name of Kitty Blackard, made several thousand dollars by playing pretty much all over the United States as the warm-hearted miser, Sandy McGee, and the lad Billy Piper, who proves to be the woman whom the Mormon's dread hand of avengers is seeking.

That was in May, 1878, and they appeared at the Baldwin. The Baldwin at that time was coming to be the leading theatre of the city. The death of William C. Ralston had divorced the bank and the box-office of the California, and "Geoidal John" McCullough had found it advisable to abandon San Francisco for fresh fields and pastures new. The old stock company, from which so many notable actors and actresses were graduated, had practically gone to pieces, and Barton Hill was trying to make the theatre live on its former reputation. Rose Eytog was among those who appeared at the California—and at the Baldwin, after a row with Clara Morris—at that time, and on Saturday nights she several times appeared as Nancy to the Bill Sikes of W. A. Mastayer. "Oliver Twist" is eminently a "gallery" play, and the way Bill Sikes did her to death used to rouse the "gods" to a frenzy that made their Olympus ring with groans, cat-calls, and hisses. It used to be quite a favorite diversion to sit in the parquet or "Oliver Twist" nights and watch the gallery.

The Rankins did not remain long with us at that time. "The Danites" was a paying institution, and they "worked it for all it was worth" throughout the United States. But the last of it was played here in San Francisco, early in 1885, when the Bush Street Theatre was the scene of the dramatic debut of Theodore Wores's Chinese servant, Alfonso Ah Gow, as Washee-Washee in "The Danites."

That was in March, 1885, and at the end of June McKee Rankin and Jay Rial became managers of the California Theatre, which had then been closed for some months. They organized a stock company in which were at various times several actors and actresses of note—such as McKee Rankin, Joseph Hollard, the late C. B. Bishop, Frank Mordant, George Osbourne, D. H. Harkins, Kitty Blanchard (Mrs. Rankin), Adèle Waters, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Mabel Bert, Isabel Morris, and Alma Stuart Stoeley. The concern experienced the usual successes and failures, but toward the last the failures predominated; and after a precarious existence as a syndicate, the various members being stockholders, it was dissolved in August, 1886, and the California Theatre became the stage of a heterogeneous show, of which an "Eden Musée" was a leading feature.

During the Rankin régime at the California, a dramatic version of "Oliver Twist" was given, which it is interesting to recall at this time. Mrs. Rankin was, of course, the Nancy; but McKee Rankin played the rôle of Fagin, while Bill Sikes was in the hands of Frank Mordant. Others in the cast were D. H. Harkins as Fang, J. J. Wallace as Brownlow, Joseph Holland as flash Toby Crackitt, George Osbourne as Bumble, C. G. Ray as the Artful Dodger, Adèle Waters as Rose, Mrs. Bates as Mrs. Corney, and Ruby Illidge as Oliver.

"Nancy," as the present dramatization is called, is a very sombre story, unrelieved, except for certain bits of Dickens's humor in the dialogue, in its dark pictures of vice and crime. There is, to be sure, the court scene, where Mr. Brownlow and Fang, the magistrate, bluster and rant at one another, but it is as dry of humor as a squeezed lemon. The other leading scenes show us Oliver being introduced to Fagin and taught by that astute personage and his "apprentices" the highly amusing game of pickpocket; the same youth brought back by Nancy to Fagin's den, from which he had escaped; Oliver once more in Sikes's hands and being used by that worthy in his attempted burglary of Mr. Brownlow's house; Nancy's interview with Mr. Brownlow and Rose, in which for love of Sikes she refuses their offer of a home; the killing of Nancy by Sikes; and the death of Fagin in prison. It is not a pleasant piece, and, though Mr. and Mrs. Rankin and Clay Clement (Fagin) were liberally applauded, it is to be hoped that "Nancy" is not a type of the plays the new management intends to put on at the Alcazar.

The fact is, Dickens's novels do not dramatize well. His stories are tremendously involved in plot and action, and populous as London itself; they were written in smoothly or weekly installments, each of which was, to an extent, complete in itself; and the chief element of his charm, his humor, lies not in dialogue but in description. It is not so much in the wit or humor of what his characters say as in the author's description of the way they say it and his whimsical comments. He was himself preferred as an actor to Charles Matthews by many competent judges, and in his novels the actor's art is set down in written language; but it was not the dramatist's art, and the four plays he wrote were dismal failures.

And yet Dickens's characters possess a great fascination for actors, and some of the most noted characters on the stage have been taken from his books. Nancy and Bill Sikes we have already spoken of. "The Pickwick Papers" has been seen on the stage more than once; and the guess has been hazarded that Henry Irving owes his extraordinary walk to his early appearances as Alfred Jingle. He has been seen, also, in a dramatization of "Barnaby Rudge." Lotta made one of her greatest successes as Little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop." W. J. Florence was a famous Captain Cuttle, in "Domby and Son," and he made a great hit as Obenreizer, in "No

Thoroughfare." Jeannie Lee's Poor Joe made a dramatic version of "Bleak House" known in England, America, and Australia. "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities" have also been seen on the stage. But every play founded on one of Dickens's stories dies with the passing of the actor or actress who made its one character famous.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 16th: Rosina Vokes in three new plays at the Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "Sara" at the Alcazar; the stock company in "A Trip to Africa" at the Tivoli; McCarthy and Cronin in "Ooe of the Bravest"; and "The Span of Life."

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Thursday Evening..... October 19, 1893

TESTIMONIAL

—TO—
HORACE A. REDFIELD

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC MANAGER.

—TENDERED BY—
Giulio Minetti, Louis Heine, Hather Wisner, Mr. Walcott, S. Martinez, H. B. Passmore and a chorus of solo voices, Señor Sancho and the Oakland Mandolin Club of Young Ladies, Miss Sophie Newland, Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, Will G. Wood, H. A. Melvin, D. P. Hughes, H. H. Lawrence, Jr., Dan Lawrence, Mr. Bogart, Alonette Ladies' Quartette, Misses Sherwood, and several dramatic readers and literary men, and

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
President Kellogg, Prof. Jos. Le Conte, and numerous members of the Berkeley Faculty, clergymen and members of the bar, literateurs, the press, educators, business men, many musicians of both sides of the Bay, and the leading society ladies of Oakland and vicinity.

Admission..... Fifty Cents.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Olive Logan's play, "Long Branch," is to be put on at the Alcazar in the near future.

Rosina Vokes's three plays for next week will probably be "Crocodile's Tears," "Grandpapa," and "Fun in a Fog." Her engagement will last two weeks longer.

For the benefit of those who searched the programme in vain for the name of the actress who played the rôle of Oliver Twist in "Nancy" during the past week at the Alcazar, it may be stated that she is Miss Laura Crews.

Fanny Davenport's engagement at the Baldwin, where she is to follow Rosina Vokes, will commence on October the 30th, with an elaborate production of Sardou's "Cleopatra." Melbourne McDowell is still Miss Davenport's leading support.

A testimonial will be tendered to Horace A. Redfield, the music manager, at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, next Thursday night. A programme of rare interest will be presented by clever people from both sides of the bay.

"Erminie" was revived in New York last Monday by Francis Wilson. The composer has introduced several new airs, notably a new love-song for Erminie. The title-rôle is being sung by Amanda Fabris, a cousin of Emma Juch, who has been singing in England lately.

Tillie Salinger made her reappearance at the Tivoli this week in "Rip Van Winkle," after a brief vacation which she spent in the East. Planquette's romantic opera, founded on the old legend of the Hudson that Washington Irving made immortal, has been well received by the Tivoli patrons. "A Trip to Africa" is announced to follow it.

John F. Bragg, under whose management George W. Cahle delivers his readings in this city, has also secured to appear here during the coming season, Henry Waterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; Hon. J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas; James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet; Kennan, the Siberian traveler; Will Carleton, the poet; and General Lew Wallace.

"Sara," which is to have its first production in this city on Monday night at the Alcazar, is said to be a melodrama of unusual power. It was written for Mrs. McKee Rankin by Miss Cecil Grylls, and is founded on certain incidents in the life of Sophie Lyon, a noted adventuress and black-maller who made a decided stir in European society a few years ago.

George W. Cahle will give three readings from his own writings at Metropolitan Temple next week, the programmes being as follows: Wednesday evening, October 13th, six extracts from an unpublished novel; Thursday, "The Taxisidermist"; and Friday, "The Grandissimes." These readings will be interspersed with Creole songs, and will undoubtedly prove very entertaining.

Oscar Wilde, who has been much petted at Dinard of late, has announced that he is going to leave France for America in a few weeks, and will be in New York in December to be present at the American production of his play, "A Woman of No Importance," by Rose and Charles Coghlan. It is to be hoped he will not wear a green carnation and puff cigarette smoke into the boxes as he did when he came out in response to calls for the author at the first night of "Lady Windermere's Fan" in London.

As the winter approaches, the Grand Opera House begins to loom up again as a factor in theatrical affairs. Coquelin and Hading and their French company will be there in November; "Ali Baba," one of Henderson's spectacular shows from Chicago, will follow during the holidays; and the Hinrichs Opera Company will occupy it in February. In March, it will be turned over to Manager Morosco, who has leased it for five years at one thousand dollars a month, and will thereafter eclipse all south-of-Market-Street theatres in the startlingly realistic character of its plays. What Manager Morosco is doing is not, just at present, matter of much moment to our readers, but it evidently will not be long before he becomes a factor in local theatricals that must be reckoned with.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WOODBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

From a London Publisher.

WM. HEINEMANN, PUBLISHER,
21 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W. C.
September 25, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of September 4th, in your review of Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins," you state that the book was brought out at the author's expense. The author has repeatedly denied this, and I shall be very glad if you will do so, too. The book was published by me and at my expense, not at the author's.

Yours obediently, WM. HEINEMANN.

The Ladies and the Mechanics' Institute.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the trustees of the Mechanics' Library are about to make some much needed changes in their building, it seems proper to make a plea for the comfort of the lady members of the library, of whom there are many.

For a number of years the reading-room proper has been on the third floor; here there is a generous supply of papers and periodicals. For some mysterious reason this room has been tacitly given over to the use of the male members, and when, at intervals, some stray woman, finding it necessary to consult the journals on file there, opens the door and advances toward the reading-stand, the battery of astonished eyes leveled at the sight of a petticoat in that hallowed place effectually deprives her of any desire to repeat the experiment.

There is a small room set apart for the women—an exceedingly uncomfortable one, draughty and badly ventilated. Here there is a supply of papers and magazines, but a very limited one.

Why not have a large general reading-room as pleasant and inviting as that of the Mercantile Library, where all the members will have convenient access to the full list of periodicals? Or, if it is thought better to have a separate one for men and women, let the directors duplicate the list of periodicals for the two rooms, leaving out the sporting papers, etc., that are of no interest to the average woman.

The Mechanics' Library is an excellent one; its officers are attentive and obliging; but it can add much to its popularity if, in the changes that are contemplated, a comfortable and well-equipped general reading-room is made a prominent feature.

READER.

Vaccination and Leprosy.

WALSINGHAM, COUNTY DURHAM, ENGLAND,
September 27, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read your notice of "The Recrudescence of Leprosy and its Causation," by William Tebb, with much interest. There are weighty reasons for believing that leprosy is spreading to an alarming extent in many parts of the world. Scientific evidence shows that leprosy has been invaccinated. In the *British Medical Journal*, edited by Dr. Ernest Hart, who is a pro-vaccinist, we find a deeply instructive article from the pen of a well-known, fairly rational pathologist, Professor T. W. Gairdner, of Glasgow University, which shows in pretty plain language that inoculation of leprosy can be induced in various ways, and vaccination is one of them. Dr. Edward Arning, Honolulu, in his official report on leprosy, writes that there is no mistake about the actual synchronicity of the spread of vaccination and of leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands. But why enumerate more? All who have given this all-important question a study are convinced that the connection of vaccination with leprosy is not alleged, but founded on evidence.

Yours faithfully, JOSEPH COLLINSON.

Mexican Marriages.

ESTADO DE SONORA, MEXICO,
RAYON, October 2, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Recently two incidents came under my notice, which were new to me, even accustomed as I am to the methods of the Roman Catholic Church as it is run in Mexico. What I am going to narrate took place in Rayon, in the month of March, 1893. The parties are all alive and live in that town—their names and the truth of what I tell you can be verified if any one doubts it. A patient of mine, whom I was treating with the iodides and hydrargyrum, and who ought to have had the treatment long before I saw him, wanted to marry his first cousin—which, I believe, is prohibited by the church—and the local priest would not perform the ceremony. At this time there came to Rayon two missionary priests, who held a revival there. They preached and forgave sins for about a week. One day my patient came to me, radiant with joy, and said he had seen the holy fathers (whose names I can give), and that they had great and extraordinary powers given them by the Pope; that they could change the blood of the girl so that she would not be of the same family as he—could fix matters so that they would be no kin at all—and the marriage could take place. But to do this great feat the holy fathers demanded one hundred and fifty dollars cash in advance. This man is a merchant, can read and write, and is in every way as intelligent as any of his neighbors. I asked him whose blood the priests were going to change, his or hers. He said: "The lady's." I told him by all means to let the priests change his blood, even if it cost twice the money. His answer showed his faith and silenced me. He said: "How can I do that? If they change her blood and I marry her, she is my wife and has my name. If they change my blood, who shall we be?" Well, I did not know who they would be, so he got much the best of me. And the marriage took place, blessed by the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

I know personally all the parties to a greater shame. In the State of Sinaloa, a rich old aunt took a violent passion for her young and handsome nephew. They went to Culiacan, the capital of the State, where the bishop resides. I know not what was done, how much money was paid, or whose blood was changed; but I know they were married in the church, and were made man and wife.

MEXICO.

Pampered Jail-Birds.

FRESNO, CAL., October 8, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Prompted by idle curiosity, I strolled around to the Fresno County Jail. I saw quite a number of people were going in, so I joined the throng. Much to my surprise, I was admitted without a question, and even courteously and cordially received by the sheriff and his deputies.

Once inside, I saw a sight which filled me with concern.

It was more like a social levee than like the stern discipline one expects to find in jails. A sort of an afternoon kettle-drum, so to speak. There were old women and young women, men, boys, and children; and everybody, the criminals included, seemed to be having a first-rate time. One kind-faced old lady, with a basket of fruit and flowers, was distributing its contents to the jail-birds behind the bars. An old man, apparently a minister of the gospel, was cordially shaking hands with Chris Evans, the notorious outlaw. In a separate cell was a man serving his fifth sentence, this time for fourteen years. With him, in the cell, and apparently as much at home as in a parlor, were his wife and little daughter. A man, with his little three-year-old daughter in his arms, brought her up to shake hands with "Mr. Evans." Girls were whispering their misplaced sympathy for vagabonds and murderers, and young boys were gazing about in open-mouthed admiration.

Outside under the shade-trees in the park, or stretched at full length on the grass, were a number of unemployed men, two score or more. They looked homeless, friendless, and despondent. It is reasonable to believe that they were honest, most of them at least, and that they were willing to earn an honest living by toil. Yet nobody showed them any sympathy. Nobody brought them any fruit, nor flowers, nor books, nor magazines to read. Nobody even offered them a shed to sleep in.

Hobbling down the street on crutches, with a leg cut off below the knee, went one of the victims of the Evans and Sontag tragedy. Yet nobody offered him any sympathy nor showed him any consideration.

It struck me forcibly that here was a state of affairs radically wrong. It seemed that this was law without either majesty or dignity. That this was a prison of which the wrong-doer had no fear.

It is a bad state of affairs when maudlin old women, with more sympathy than sense, can go to a jail and strew a criminal's cell with flowers and fill his belly with good things to eat.

It is a bad state of affairs when children and young people are brought into familiar contact with that which they should be taught to loathe and abhor. It is demoralizing to the criminals and it is demoralizing to the community. Very truly yours, SAMUEL HUBBARD, JR.

DCCXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 15, 1893.

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Broiled Shad. Mashed Potatoes.
Beef Stewed with Onions.
Stewed Tomatoes. String Beans.
Roast Quail, Currant Jelly.
French Artichoke Salad.
Lemon Pie. Wine Jelly.
Fruits. Coffee.

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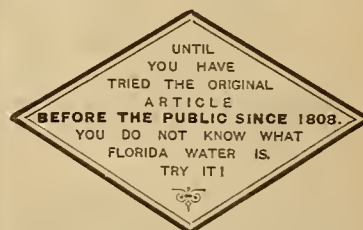
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The old project of annexing Utah to Nevada has been revived by the introduction of a bill in Congress by Representative Oates, of Alabama. The arguments favorable to the union are familiar. Nevada has a very small population—less than forty-six thousand in 1890, whereas Utah has about two hundred and eight thousand. It is held that the two would make a State respectably peopled to point of numbers, and that the gratification of Utah's desire to emerge from the Territorial condition would inure greatly to Nevada's material advantage. The existence of a State whose whole population is smaller than that of a modest town and yet is on an equality in the Senate with giants like

New York and Pennsylvania, is considered an injustice to the people of the country.

But these arguments confuse two unrelated matters. Nevada was admitted as a State in constitutional form, and she can not be deprived of her sovereignty without her own consent merely because she has not prospered along with the rest of the family. The Seote, moreover, was not intended to be representative of numbers but of States, little as well as big. This republic was never designed to be a pure Democracy in which the majority's rule should be unrestrained. There would have been no Union had the small States not been assured of a voice in the Senate as powerful as that of the large States.

As for Utah, if she is wanted in the Union, why should she not be let in by the front-door instead of by the Nevada side-entrance? The people of the Sagebrush State are quite as intelligent, patriotic, and moral as their brethren of other commonwealths, and, therefore, object to Utah's indepedent admission on the common grounds. Utah is popularly held, in Nevada as elsewhere, to be unfit for membership in the Federal household, because of her polygamous practices, and because it seems inevitable that, as a State, her government would be a theocracy in a much more complete form than it is now while she is a Territory and subject to the rule of a monogamous and not very pious Congress. The State of Utah would be simply the Mormon Church freed from the Federal control which at present restrains the Saints from following their divinely approved matrimonial convictions. Is it not rather cool, then, to ask Nevada not only to abandon objections which she shares with all the Union, but to merge herself in the Mormon Church—to commit suicide in order to enjoy the doubtful felicity of entering into the communion of the Saints? What chance would Nevada's population of forty-five thousand odd Gentiles have of maintaining an American existence if the Mormon masses of Utah were permitted to go to the Nevada polls? Nevada's people will never consent to the extinction of the State, and Mr. Oates, of Alabama, *et al.*, waste their time in urging so preposterous a proposal.

Nevada is all right. The brethren of the East and South need not concern themselves about her future. She supports her government and is competent to manage her own affairs. If she is a "rotten borough," she is no rottener than others which make greater pretensions to virtue, and her senators, as a rule, have been abler men than the average. Nevada requires time for her growth. She has been the victim of her exclusive attention to her mining industry. Immigration and capital both take the line of least resistance, and Nevada has been less attractive to them than other localities which offer speedier rewards. But the State will have her turn. She is opulent in variety of soil and climate. As the other Pacific States become crowded, her natural wealth will receive adequate attention. Irrigation will redeem her soil from the sagebrush. Her wheat and vegetables, deciduous fruits and hemp, are the best in the country. In the southern districts, coffee, tea, tobacco, and cotton will be raised. She is alive with minerals. A State with such a capital will, in due season, get population and enjoy prosperity.

Utah should continue to be a Territory for at least another decade. Her Gentile element is steadily growing, not only through accessions from without but by the progress of the younger Mormons in civilization. Were Utah to come into the Union to-morrow, the old Saints would surely assert themselves irresistibly, and if new revelations from on high were needed to warrant the restoration of the polygamous faith in all its purity, the revelations doubtless would be forthcoming. Nevada is poor and weak, to be sure, but to ask her to become subject to Utah, for the betterment of her material condition, is equivalent to advising one of the sisterhood of States to adopt an immoral life for the sake of its disgraceful gains.

One of the leading organs of the stage and of theatrical people in this country is the New York *Dramatic News*. Taken from the last number is this striking paragraph:

"The condition of things theatrical throughout the country is in a deplorable state. From all parts comes news of failures, of companies

stranded, of salaries unpaid, and of distress in the profession. Considerably more than three thousand people are looking for employment in New York alone. In Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia the situation of affairs is quite as bad, if not worse, and no relief is yet in sight. This appalling list, counting correctly 3,361 people in one city haunting the dramatic agencies for work, when the dramatic attractions are already crowding each other to the wall, is an unhappy harbinger of the privation and suffering that will come to many worthy families during the winter."

The actor is the last man, the superficial observer would think, to be affected by the tariff. What has it to do with him? He is not protected against foreign actors, therefore he would have other workmen unprotected also. He is not a producer; he makes nothing with his hands; when his work is done, nothing is left but an echo. He is a consumer; he wears fine, well-cut clothes made of imported cloths from West-of-England looms; he smokes fine cigars imported from Havana; he drinks fine wines imported from sunny France.

Does he? Well, he did, when Plancus was consul and Benjamin Harrison President. Now that we are having the first of those four years of clover, under Grover, the actor is not smoking fine cigars.

The Democratic free-trade convulsion has swept down many hanks and business houses, and closed many mills and factories. Doubtless the actor thought that it would stop there. Not so. The theatre is toppling. Our modern human life is very closely intertangled. The non-producing actor depends more on the producing workingman than he suspected. The consuming class have voted away the workman's work, the workman's wage, the workman's bread. He has no money now. He would like to go to the theatre and be amused during these merry, laughing Democratic years, as he has plenty of time. But he has no money. Oddly enough, the actor finds that he has no money either—not *less* money with which to buy more cheaply imported cigars and things, but no money at all. This is very bad. Yet the college professors and the able editors of free-trade organs said that even if the consumers made less money they would get things cheaper. They were right. And things will be cheaper. But the workmen, and the actors, and a great many other people, have not *less* money, but no money—not any at all. Yes, it is bad. Dear, dear! But the theories of the college professors and the able editors were probably correct.

Unfortunately, the practice and the theory of the thing are working out in all sorts of unexpected ways. Even the great free-trade Democratic organs are rather mixed in their feelings just now. There is gloom in their counting-rooms. The business-manager's brow is black. In killing off protection, they killed busioess, too. The free-trade panic they inaugurated swept over the country, and swept many enterprises into ruin. But the newspapers are too closely connected with the business of the country not to be affected. The advertising business of the United States has fallen off since last March over forty per cent., according to the figures of a leading advertising agency. The advertising columns of the Democratic free-trade organs look like Pharaoh's lean kine. No more do we see those hoastful tables showing "100 columns more this month than last year." By the way, it would be interesting for these organs to give the figures of the number of columns of advertisements they printed in August, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), as compared with August, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland). It would be instructive.

But the saddest feature of it all is that these diminished revennes are affecting the editorial staff. Retrenchment and reform stalk through the editorial and local rooms of the land. The able editors are having their stipends scaled down. A free-trade panic; consequent paralysis of business; consequent loss of advertising; consequent reduction of editorial salaries—here is the chain. But the spectacle of an able editor having his salary cut as a result of his own free-trade editorials would bring tears to the driest eye.

The 3,361 actors out of work in New York alone, and the other thousands in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, now begin to see that we in this country are all in the same boat. We must sink or swim together. The free-trade

seemed to have bitten many non-producers—lawyers, able editors, college professors, clergymen, school-masters, and actors. The fierce thirst, not for gold, but to buy something cheap, seemed to possess these free-trade fever-patients. (By the way, they are getting cooling treatment now.) They cared nothing for the workman and his wage—they are not producers, they consume. Therefore, they voted for free trade. "Things will be cheaper—hooray!"—this was their war-cry. It was a noble one. It is going to be carried out. Things are going to be cheaper in this country for able editors, lawyers, college professors, clergymen, school-masters, and actors. And among the things which will be cheaper in this country are actors, school-masters, clergymen, college professors, lawyers, and able editors. The actors know it now.

The point made by Major Powell at the Los Angeles Irrigation Congress did not deserve the attention it attracted. Whether there is water enough in the rivers to irrigate all the arid places or not is a question of no immediate importance. There is certainly water enough to irrigate some of those places. When these have all been fertilized it will be time enough to consider what shall be done with the others. It may be observed that no one—not even Major Powell—knows how much water an arid plain requires. In most regions, after a certain number of years, the supply of water may be advantageously diminished. Parts of Fresno, at this moment, are suffering from a superfluity of water, and may be said to be water-logged.

The live question before the congress was by what agency and under what authority water can be transferred from the hrimming rivers to the arid plains. The desired object can be obtained in three ways: By a transfer of the arid lands and of the water sources to the States; by a grant of arid land on the public domain to a private corporation, on the condition that it will introduce water thereon; or by the construction of irrigation works on a comprehensive scale by the Federal Government. To the first two of these plans there are objections which are probably insurmountable. A transfer of land and water to the States would be likely to resolve itself into a transfer to a ring. The same objections apply to a cession by the general government to private companies. An outcry would arise at the bare suggestion of such a plan.

About fifteen years ago, the late Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, matured a scheme for the irrigation of Huerfano County, Col., part of the Staked Plain in Texas, and the north-eastern corner of New Mexico, with the surplus waters of the Upper Arkansas. There were in the territory to be reclaimed two or three million acres of public land. As it stood, this land was absolutely without value, not being worth a cent an acre; with water on it, it would become worth anywhere from five to fifteen dollars an acre, in large blocks. Senator Chaffee, with whom General Grant, Senator Teller, and others were associated, proposed to buy a million of acres of land of the government at a good, stiff price, on the condition that the Treasury Department indorsed an issue of a few millions of five-per-cent. bonds to construct the necessary irrigation works, the government being secured by a mortgage on the lands. The scheme looked fair all round. It would furnish homes to several millions of people. It would add to the volume of taxable property. It would utilize land and water which were then wasted. But the project never even reached the ear of Congress. Its promoters did not dare to confront the roar of "monopoly" which it would have aroused.

There is another reason why an effectual system of irrigation can not be created, either by the States or by corporations with delegated powers. A comprehensive system of irrigation must derive its water supply either from the Colorado, or from the Columbia, or from the Snake, or from the Missouri, or from the Arkansas, or from the confluents of these. These five water sources and their confluents draw their contents from the backbone of the continent, and, when the snows melt, carry down in their beds a sufficient quantity of water to feed irrigating reservoirs. No other sources are worthy of consideration except for purposes of local irrigation. Now, the areas which might be watered from these sources are embraced in several States. To turn their waters to economical account, the coöperation of several State legislatures would be necessary. It is needless to observe that that could not be obtained. Each State would look out for itself, and would leave its sister States lower down the stream to shift for themselves. It would be impossible to convince the people of the Dakotas that they should limit their consumption of water in order to leave the Missouri full enough to irrigate Nebraska and Kansas.

Comprehensive irrigation is one of the things which are certain to come about in the future. But before it arrives, the people will have to be educated. Here is where such assemblages as the Los Angeles convention should find their field of usefulness. Nature has supplied mankind with water in close proximity to land; but the actual work of transferring the water to the land it has left to the laborer.

That is not only the case in such spots as the Colorado Desert, where the transfer of a body of water across a few miles of sand would convert a howling desert—the home of the cactus and the rattlesnake—into a garden which would supply New York and Chicago with fruits and vegetables one month sooner than they can be obtained from the gulf; but likewise in every grain-growing State of the Union, from California to Ohio. The average wheat yield of the United States this year is about twelve bushels to the acre. The land on which this wheat is grown is capable of growing twenty-four bushels to the acre, if it were supplied with water. Here is an annual increment of 450,000,000 bushels of wheat, worth \$275,000,000, which we throw away, because the principles of irrigation are not understood.

People in the East talk of irrigation as if it was a matter which concerned the extreme Western States only. As a matter of fact, California can do without irrigation far better than Kansas. This State does not depend on its wheat crop, and its wheat area ranges over so many meridians of latitude that it is never a total failure. But in Kansas, where the head and hutter of the people depend on a bountiful wheat crop, droughts mean starvation, and they are periodical. At this present time, and for two or three seasons past, the wheat crop of Kansas has been so light that poverty and debt prevail in their acutest form. All this might have been averted by a simple and not extremely expensive system of irrigation. The east side of Kansas is washed by the mighty Missouri, which rolls past hankful in spring, and at the same season the Kaw, the Salinas, the Solomon, the Marais des Cygnes, the Neosho, the Osage, the Smoky Hill, carry down to the valley water enough to irrigate every farm in the State in the dry weather.

As population increases and the struggle for existence grows more embittered, the American people will realize that no question possesses equal importance with the question of irrigation. As we are jogging along now, we are heading straight for the gravest of all national embarrassments—the problem how to feed our people. This year, with a population of about 65,000,000, we are raising 453,000,000 bushels of wheat. Twenty years from now we shall probably have 90,000,000 people, but there is no present prospect that the wheat crop will be any larger than it is. The acreage planted to wheat in 1893 was 2,500,000 acres less than in 1892. Flour is cheap, bread is plentiful, and no one pays any attention to the relative reduction in our food supply; but some day the shoe will pinch, and then people will awake to the necessity of making the earth yield her fullest possible increase.

However averse the United States Senate may be to promptitude in other matters, it seldom omits to avail itself of any fleeting opportunity to declare itself the most dignified legislative body in the world. Its presiding officer, in apparent seriousness, made this venerable announcement the other day from his high seat, and the crowds in the galleries were irresistibly impelled to laughter. No wonder. At the very time the president of the Senate uttered his time-sanctioned boast, the Senate itself presented a spectacle that was equally barren of dignity and sense. That spectacle continues to exasperate and mortify the country, and to divert the world—even England, whose Parliament not long ago sought to assist legislation by a rough-and-tumble fight. It is a question whether the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry are not a better practical guide for a parliamentary body than the present rules of the Senate. For an exchange of blows, at least the excuse of temper can be pleaded; but there is no possible excuse in choler or reason for the behavior of the Senate over the Sherman law. The dead-lock is due to the Senate's rules, which are founded on the fiction of the body's indestructible dignity.

The assumption is that no senator will ever forget that he is a gentleman and a statesman—a member of a chamber composed exclusively and invariably of statesmen and gentlemen, who, being above the interests and cunning of mere earthly politicians, stand in need of none of those regulations which are necessary in chambers less exalted. Protected by the "courtesy of the Senate," the minority have tied the hands of the majority. So great a respect have the majority for the right of the minority to do as they like that they have submitted, instead of amending the rules that the Senate may do business under them. In their self-chosen helplessness, the majority, under the lead of the large-minded Voorhees, have had recourse to but one expedient, that of a no-sleep, no-rest contest, which would draw well in a dime-museum.

The absurdity of making the physical endurance of a lot of elderly gentlemen the basis of the financial legislation of a nation of sixty-seven millions of people, does not seem to have struck either the dull Colossus of the White House, his servants in the Senate, or the silver-armored ancients of the minority, whose heroism has been displayed in time-killing speeches of eight, ten, and fourteen hours' duration. The opposing policies of the contending groups are sup-

ported not by the brains of their champions, but by their bodies. And these bodies, thus ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of senatorial courtesy, are to be pitied, for most of them are well stricken in years, and the feet of many are gouty, and cloak-room whisky has cirrhosed the devoted livers of not a few. It is to the triumphant Democracy that the republic owes this preposterous exhibition, this degradation of the United States Senate. The disgraceful incident will doubtless result, however, in the eventual adoption of rules that will prevent its repetition and insure the conduct of the Senate's business in a manner conformable with civilized methods, even if those methods involve so hideous a disaster to free speech as the gagging of Stewart, of Nevada.

The supreme court has unanimously decided that the mayor has no voice in fixing the water-rates in San Francisco. As was declared by the *Argonaut* six months ago, when the point was first raised, this conclusion was plainly indicated by the law. The opinion of the court holds that the power to fix water-rates is exercised under Section 1, of Article 14, of the constitution, and not under the Consolidation Act, except in so far as that act declares the board of supervisors to be the legislative body of the city and county. Under that section of the constitution the legislative body in the city and county is endowed with the powers of a special board or commission of a quasi-judicial character, the term "legislative body" being used to designate the officers who are to pass the order rather than to describe their acts while so doing. The mayor is not declared to be a part of this commission, and without such direct declaration he can exercise no veto power. It is true that the mayor has a veto power in certain cases; but these cases arise under the Consolidation Act and are enumerated in that instrument, the water order not being included among them. The mayor is not a part of the legislative body of the city, and he is not expressly granted any power under the section of the constitution providing for the water order. In the absence of such express declaration, no presumption of such authority would arise.

Further than this, any interpretation requiring the mayor to take part in the passage of a water order would result in most serious complications. Fixing water-rates is an entirely different thing from passing or refusing to pass an order or ordinance which merely involves ordinary considerations of public policy and is not an absolute necessity. The water order is an absolute necessity; for, should it not be passed, there can be no sale of water to the inhabitants of the city after the ensuing first of July. The very facts of the case at issue prove how difficult, and even impossible, it is for two separate bodies—one composed of the supervisors and the other of the mayor—to agree upon all the details of so complicated a matter. In order that an agreement should be reached it would be necessary for one or the other to recede from its position. But there is no law that can compel either to do so, and thus a dead-lock necessarily ensues.

Concerning the clause declaring that the water order shall be passed "in the same manner that other ordinances, or legislative acts, or resolutions are passed by that body," the concurring opinion, in which Justices Harrison, De Haven, and Fitzgerald join, declares that to hold that this clause requires the concurrence of the mayor would be equivalent to holding that the framers of the constitution intended to incorporate into that instrument the various provisions of all the city charters in this State, which would necessitate the organic law of the State being construed differently in different counties. It would also place the people in the additional dilemma of having a constitution, the provisions of which might be varied by the legislature whenever that part of a city charter was changed. There are, in fact, many other legislative acts and resolutions that are passed without the approval of the mayor.

It will be noticed that the justices lay stress upon the absurdity that would result from any interpretation requiring the concurrence of the mayor. In practice it would be impossible to enforce it; it would create uncertainty as to what the interpretation of the law would be; it would degrade the supreme law of the State, making it inferior to a city charter. Stress was probably laid on these points, because the legal questions involved are so elementary. That special powers must be conferred, by express declaration; that the constitution is superior to any act of the legislature; that the board of supervisors is the legislative body of the city—these propositions, are so elementary that none but the most blatant demagogue would think of questioning them. It is doubtful if the question would ever have come before the supreme court had it not been for a certain class in the community who consider the possession of property a most heinous offense, and whose favor the daily press continuously courts. Thus, when Supervisor Rogers stated a plain proposition of law, the dailies joined in the hue and cry of this worthless class, and heaped abuse upon him.

The Spring Valley Company is not an abstract entity; it

is a large body of people who have combined their capital for the purpose of carrying on a legitimate business according to the forms of law. These people are most of them citizens of California and residents in San Francisco. They have helped to build up this city and this State. They have acquired property here. Among the property which they have accumulated, they have built up the corporation known as the Spring Valley Water Works. It is a valuable property. It is economically and ably administered. The stockholders know this; yet they also know that this property, carefully administered as it is, brings them what is only a fair interest upon their investment. Therefore, when attempts are made to deprive them of a fair return upon their investment, it is practically confiscation. It is depriving them of their property under the form of law. If such infamous procedure could be pushed to a successful issue in this State, it would be time for honest men to leave it.

The attacks of demagogic politicians upon the stockholders of this corporation are really attacks upon all vested rights. Therefore this decision will be more far-reaching in its results than simply the determination of the one fact at issue. Considered directly, it establishes the fact that the mayor has no part in the fixing of water-rates; considered indirectly, it establishes the fact that the judicial department of the government may be relied upon to protect the interests of honest men from the irresponsible attacks of political demagogues. The security of property is the first essential to prosperity. In a law-abiding land, life, liberty, and property are secure. In California, the first two are tolerably safe. But the third has often suffered when in corporate form. This decision of the supreme court throws an additional safeguard around such property, and should be approved by every man who owns anything at all, and who does not want to have it taken away from him under the forms of law.

Not England alone, but all Europe is averse to learning when the tutor hails from this side of the water. The various nations of the Old World go on building their keel yachts and their iron-clad battle-ships just as if Columbus had never been born. European naval officers and architects are singularly blind to their opportunities. Judging from their ships, their manoeuvres, and their writings, they have never heard of the South American republics, and hold to the notion that only a European war will decide the point of the usefulness or uselessness of their floating iron-foundries, any one of which costs as much as a year's revenue of a small Spanish-American state. There has been no fighting in Old World waters since the good Mr. Gladstone caused Alexandria to be bombarded in 1881. While there have been "demonstrations," "reviews," tests of "columnar formations," and that sort of thing in plenty, Europe still knows nothing, except theoretically, about what any of her great ships of war can do to an enemy, though they have proved their potency in wrecking friendly vessels and going to the deuce themselves. The *Victoria* and *Camperdown* collision demonstrated their efficiency in the first department of effort. They can run on the rocks, as was shown by the *Sultan* at Ferrol, Spain, by the *Camperdown* at Malta, and by the *Naiad* and *Apollo* at the Skelligs; they can blow up, like the *Grosser Kurfürst*, or, as in the manoeuvres in the British Channel in 1890, they can get tangled up, break down, and be ignominiously towed ashore as were the *Black Prince*, the *Basilisk*, and the *Triumph*. Yet through all these years of futile blundering, going on rocks, blowing up, and foundering at sea by the navies of Europe, the powers of South America have been legitimately and industriously hoisting one another's iron-clads out of water, fighting, sinking, capturing, and running away in actual warfare, in utter disregard of European naval theories and tactics. What has the Old World to set against the action in which the Peruvian *Huascar* participated with the ships of Chile? In that glorious combat, it will be remembered by all who do not disdain American tuition, a solid three-hundred-pound shot from the *Blanco* struck the *Huascar* in the stern, destroyed the steering gear, and, passing directly through the ship, killed the admiral and many others. Out of her two hundred and sixteen men only eighty-six were alive when she struck her colors. The sinking of the Chilean *Blanco Encalada* by a torpedo boat in the late civil war was worth all the writings of all the European admirals, and not longer ago than Sunday last a fine contribution to practical naval knowledge was offered in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The rebel vessel *Urano* attempted to make a run out of the bay, and was promptly sunk by the government's batteries, with most satisfactory returns in killed, wounded, and drowned. The telegraph also tells those who have ears to hear that "the rebel warships *Aquidabon* and *Trajavo* have suffered grave injuries in the last few days from shots landed aboard of them by the forts." Meantime, what are the navies of Europe doing? "Demonstrating." A Russian squadron is humping around in the

harbor of Toulon and the French are cheering themselves into insanity, while the Italians of Taranto have gone mad with enthusiasm over the arrival of the British Mediterranean fleet, which was still afloat at last accounts and no collisions reported. Yet, such is the fatuity of the European mind, these picnics excite a thousand-fold more interest than the honest, practical shooting, wrecking, and killing at Rio.

Another railroad bankrupt. On the thirteenth of October Judge Dundy, of the United States District Court, sitting at Omaha, appointed receivers for the Union Pacific Railroad. President Clark, discussing the situation, said: "The unexpected and surprising falling off in business on the system, and the stagnation and depression throughout the trans-Missouri territory, convinced all interested that it would be impossible to meet the interest and other fixed charges soon coming due." Hence the action of the company.

"The unexpected and surprising falling off in business" was surprising, but not unexpected. When the Democrats came into power on the fourth of March, with their fantastic State-bank notions and their grotesque free-trade ideas, long-headed business men began to shorten sail. It was well they did so, but, none the less, many of them have been shipwrecked. This makes the fourth great railway system that has gone into bankruptcy since the Democratic carnival of calamity began. First it was the Reading, then the Erie, then the Northern Pacific, and now the Union Pacific has gone under.

The Democratic party is the party of "retrenchment and reform." It has caused a great deal of retrenchment in the United States since the fourth of March, if not very much reform. Its roll of wrecks is long. Since the fourth of March four great railway systems have passed into the hands of receivers. Since the fourth of March four hundred and sixty-six banks have suspended. Since the fourth of March eight hundred manufactories have closed. Since the fourth of March six thousand merchants have failed. Since the fourth of March three millions of men have been thrown out of work.

And the work of wreck and ruin still goes on. Another railway system has been added to the long list of disasters due to the Democratic party since the fourth of March.

Last week the New York "Sorosis" took up the discussion of the "woman's page" in the newspapers and the tendency of literature for women. There seemed to be a pretty general consensus that the "woman's page" in the daily newspaper is frequently preposterous and always absurd. It appears, according to the ladies, to be a part of the paper in which any kind of ignorant and nonsensical stuff may be dumped. It is apparently "edited" on the assumption that the women who read it will not know the difference. But all women are not fools, though some may be. And the ladies of Sorosis declared, with a close approach to unanimity, that they never read the "woman's page."

Editors and publishers who set apart a portion of their space for women exclusively or especially, do so on the theory that the minds of women require a different pabulum from the minds of men. That is a proposition which physiology does not sustain. There are undoubtedly differences between the intellectual aptitudes of the sexes, but they are not necessarily radical. As a rule, the reading which suits the average man will suit the average woman. Editors of the "woman's page" act on the theory that women's minds are in an infantile stage, and must be addressed in baby talk. There is no justification for this assumption. The female mind ripens *pari passu* with the male mind, and it is just as absurd to address a middle-aged lady in the dialect of the nursery as it would be to try to feed a grizzled warrior on pap. Even in the gum-chewing stage girls often know a good hook from a bad one.

The "woman's page" is open to the objections which tell against all special departments in newspapers—it is too often filled by incompetent writers. Newspapers are composed by writers who are expected to be encyclopedic, and who are hence necessarily superficial. The horse editor on Monday goes to the opera on Tuesday, reviews hooks on Wednesday, discourses on the money market on Thursday, berates the President on Friday, and expresses decided opinions on predestination in his Sunday morning issue. It is not necessary to say that one small head can not hold so much. Omniscience resolves itself into ignorance parading as knowledge. There is apparent embarrassment of intellectual riches, and in reality universal superficiality. No man can possibly acquire even a smattering of all the things upon which the "special writer" of the dailies is expected to discourse glibly yet profoundly. The consequence is that the general writer frequently appalls his technical readers by his colossal ignorance, and if they read him at all it is only to laugh at him.

Mrs. Lozier, who is president of Sorosis, thought that posi-

tive injury was done by printing the foolish and trivial stuff which (she was informed) made up the present page. Mrs. Lozier did not read the "woman's page."

Mrs. Keating thought a "woman's page" should eschew fashions, frivolity, and extravagance. Mrs. Keating did not read the "woman's page."

Eliza Richard Connor believed that a "woman's page" should contain information about physical culture, education, and the progress of women. Mrs. Connor did not read the "woman's page."

The ladies of Sorosis denied the statement which has appeared in the papers to the effect that if women did not read impure literature and tales of scandal, publishers would cease to print them. The denial is probably based on truth. The newspapers which make a specialty of reporting and illustrating vice and crime are rarely met with in drawing-rooms. To find them, one must go to bar-rooms or boothblack-stands.

One of the ladies of Sorosis remarked very pithily concerning the fashion part of the "woman's page": "If a lady wants a gown made, she will go to a specialist, that is to say, a *modiste* who understands her business, and consult her. If a man is having clothes made, he rarely pays any attention to fugitive newspaper paragraphs, but goes to his tailor. So with a woman."

This is so eminently sensible that it is doubtless true. The question then arises, why do the daily papers print stuff intended for a limited class, and comprehended only by that class—to wit, women—when the women do not read it, or if they read it, say very frankly that it is rubbish? This question would be easy to answer if it were possible to answer some similar ones. Why do the newspapers print paragraphs and articles on technical subjects which are written by people who do not know what they are talking about? Nearly every man is a specialist in some direction—it may be horse-racing, or philately, or yachting, or architecture, or photography, or cameo-cutting, or medicine, or metallurgy, or old masters, or ichthyology, or beer-brewing, or ethnology, or tandem-driving, or astronomy, or bicycling, or pomology, or training dogs, or monochromatic prints, or fly-casting, or making harrel-organs, or smoking glasses for eclipses. Therefore, when the astronomer finds an article on his pet subject filled with gross errors, he looks with doubt on the column about philately; the philatelist, finding innumerable blunders concerning famous postage-stamps, looks askance at the ethnological article. And so it goes. There is no man who is thoroughly informed in any one direction who does not look upon the newspapers as grotesque when they take up his topic. Therefore, as the newspapers discuss all topics with the same cheap omniscience, it is highly probable that they are as absurd in one direction as in another.

Concerning the illustration with which we began this article, there can be no manner of doubt. Ask the first lady you meet if she follows the fashions set forth in the "woman's page," and see what her answer will be.

There are a great many thousands of suckling statesmen in the United States who were born since the war. A majority of them, we fear, are Democrats—the last Presidential election showed that. Most of them have imbibed their Democracy from the free-trade fountains which gush forth freely in our American colleges. Most of the professors in these institutions of learning are free-traders, and hence most of the young men who graduate from them become free-traders, too. From free trade to Democracy is but a step. These young men soon find themselves enrolled in the ranks as full-fledged Democrats. They were born since the war, and they do not know that at one time Democracy spelt disloyalty. They were babies during the reconstruction period, and they do not know that the Federal Elections law, which their party has just voted to repeal, was passed to protect American citizens at the polls from violence and murder. They were playing marbles during the panic of 1873, and they do not know what a panic means. They will learn.

Many of these very worthy, if mistaken, young men have been filling positions as clerks and accountants in banks, manufactories, and mercantile institutions. A great many thousands of them are now out of work, owing to the wild panic brought on by their party's free-trade fallacies. They are idle now, and they will have abundant time to study up political economy. During their leisure, they will have an opportunity to acquire an intimate knowledge as to what a free-trade panic means.

There is an old story of a farmer who warned his smart son not to monkey with the business end of a certain mule. The son disregarded the paternal injunction, and as a result received a kick from the mule which knocked out several front teeth and spread his nose over his face. He asked his father whether the damaged face would ever again be normal. "My son," replied the old gentleman, reflectively, "you'll never be so handsome as you was, but you'll know a heap more."

A LIEUTENANT'S WILD OATS.

How an Unexpected Wedding-Present Stopped the Ceremony.

Lieutenant Didd was a fresh young buck from West Point. Bobbs, my sergeant and a bibliophile, said he was a sort of zygographic fellow, being made from a single block of unmitigated gall, inked with red arrogance and blue self-esteem. To substantiate this, he pointed out that on parade Didd always held his sword up in the sun and looked at it instead of his men. He was prouder of that sword than a peacock of his men. For my part, I always likened Didd to one of those confectioned dummies you sometimes see in candy-shops, a good deal painted up outside, but with some sweetness near the core. I told this to Bobbs, but he swore the fellow was hollow.

When he came out to us in New Mexico, we thought we had found a lamb; but under our treatment he became a ram, with very long horns. When we joked him, he looked down on us blandly: if we went too far, he soon learned to thrust back like a veteran. On the afternoons when the band played in the plaza of the historic old town near the post, Didd strutted about the band-stand, up and down the walks, across in front of the old palace and modern post-office, ogling the girls, and smoking Cuban cigarettes. His father was a tobacconist, and sent him cigarettes by the thousand.

It was the custom, in the old town before mentioned, for the ladies to come out and walk about the plaza on the afternoons the band played. They came in twos, threes, heves; lounged, paraded, laughed, flirted, showed their pretty teeth and ankles for the pleasure of adoring swains, and, of course, themselves. These were the American ladies, but not infrequently a Mexican girl, with her black mantilla, might be seen among them.

As soon as Colonel Yount's daughter appeared, Didd was at her side, and he usually stayed there until the young lady entered her father's front-door. What she saw in the coxcomb, the rest of us did not know, but it is a fact that she fell in love with the boy, and sent her father, a sensible man, within an ace of the asylum. Didd was forever at the colonel's, and the colonel was forever fuming and ranting. Miss Yount held a steady rein, though, and the colonel finally wilted. The courtship lasted all one fall, and, as a matter of course, the rest of us had our fun out of it. Most of the boys felt a little hard toward Didd, and it really did look too bad to see a fellow like him carry off a fine girl and so many better men frozen out. At no time, though, did I hear a whisper against his character or his honesty and oneness of purpose.

There is an old church in the old town above noted, and one night I happened to be down that way. Not far from the church is an old house, and as I passed by it a door opened. A man and woman came out. The man was Didd and the woman a Mexican. I had noticed this woman on the plaza a number of times. She was a pretty little thing, with big black eyes, black hair, and brown skin. She was as plump as a skin full of wine, and just about as exhilarating.

"Niñita," Didd said, "what do you want to pull me around to these vile places for? Your mother's 'dobe is good enough."

"I wanted Juan to see you."

"Juan—the devil! What do I care for him?"

"Oh, well, señor, not very much now, but you may."

"And why?"

"Juan is my cousin, and if you don't do right he'll fix you."

"Damme, girl, you don't mean to draw me into a fight over this thing, do you?"

"Oh, no, señor; not a fight—only a wedding."

They walked on a little way in silence, and I remember I thought the girl spoke very fair Greaser English. Presently they stopped at the young woman's home, and I passed on.

"Didd's got his foot in it," I said that night to Bobbs.

"The devil! What's happened?"

"Hooked by a Greaser girl. I'd like to hear the colonel when the thing's blown."

"Poor Miss Yount," sighed Bobbs; "but serves her right for loving a freshly foaled jackass."

Bobbs had once loved Miss Yount himself.

Well, life moved on monotonously enough for a couple of months; then, one day, the colonel announced that Lieutenant Didd and Miss Eveline Yount were to be married at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, the nineteenth of the following month, at the colonel's house.

Of course everybody expected something of this kind, and was prepared for the necessary imbibings. Bobbs went to work at once on an epithalamium.

That night, after I had gone to bed, the barracks were particularly noisy, and I was up preparing to go over and quiet them, when Didd stuck his head in at my open window.

"For God's sake, come out here," he gasped.

"What's the matter, Didd?"

"Matter? I've got a baby!"

"Mexican?"

"Yes—that is, partly so."

"Never mind, Didd," I said, majestically, "you'll outlive the damage. Come in, and tell me all about it."

He crawled through the window and sat down on the bed. "It's a mess from Mesopotamia," he began. "You know I am to marry Miss Yount on the nineteenth? Well, here I've been fooling along, and two weeks ago the Greaser had a baby."

"Boy or girl?" I asked, gravely.

"Don't know. She's got a baby, and she's on her ear, and so's her mother, and her uncles, and her cousins, and the whole blasted Greaser element. The priest's been after me, wanting me to marry her. I swear I'll die first—I swear I will."

"You will, if those uncles and cousins get sight of you."

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Didd.

"Bad case," I mused.

"What shall I do?"

"Got any money?"

"A little."

"How old is the girl?"

"About twenty, I should say."

"That is equal to thirty for an American girl. She is past her love-and-die days, I expect. You go and give her a hundred dollars, and then hand the priest twenty."

"Will that do it?" asked Didd, brightening.

"If it don't, nothing will."

"I'm just a little unsettled over this thing," Didd continued. "Come along with me."

I saw the poor devil was scared, so I put on my clothes and went. We found Niñita in a tumble-down adobe, bud-dled up in a corner with the baby in her arms. She looked up when we entered, then looked down again. Her mother, a sharp-faced old harridan, made the bargain and took the hundred dollars. As soon as the deal was made, Didd and I moved on.

"Think that winds it up?" he asked me.

"Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. The old woman's done for, but the girl has an unpleasant look. I don't think she is quite old enough yet to know the comparative values of love and money. She may make trouble."

Didd swallowed five ponies of my best brandy that night, and then went off feeling blue.

The nineteenth rolled around at last without any new happening of importance. The colonel had a minister down from Denver, and a big time was expected. Mrs. Yount turned the old house upside down, and when the final night came it was a bower of roses. How the boys did brush up that day, and when we officers entered the colonel's parlors, I was reminded of an inauguration ball I once attended at Washington. The house began to fill early, and it got pretty full. At one end of the main parlor there was a deep bay-window, with a glass-door at one side. In the recess formed by this window, on tables, the presents were arranged. Some of the gifts were very fine, but the best of all I thought was a big silver soup-tureen. It was fully a foot in diameter, and deep. The colonel had ordered it from San Francisco. Eight o'clock came, the time for the ceremony. The guests were arranged in circles around one side of the main parlor, with their backs to the recess containing the presents. The clock chimed eight, and in came the Denver minister and Didd, swinging Miss Yount. A solemn stillness prevailed, broken every little bit by Mrs. Yount, who cried in spite of all the colonel could do.

The high contracting parties were facing the minister, who stood under a big palm-tree specially imported for the occasion, when one of the most diabolical, cacophonous yells split the air that ever dinned the ears of the damned. Instantly every head was turned. This is what everybody saw: A young woman flying through the balcony-window door out into the night, and in the big silver soup-tureen, a brown, Mexican baby sticking up its toes.

"My God!" cried Didd.

"Shut up," yelled the colonel.

The baby was labeled. On his fat little ankle was tied a card, on which was inscribed:

Lieutenant Didd:

I send you your son.

Niñita.

Miss Eveline Yount fainted dead away; the colonel raved; the Denver minister held up his white hands; Mrs. Yount rolled on the floor beside her daughter; and Didd—well, Didd fled.

A couple of months later I had a letter from him dated at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in which he stated he had made it all right with the government about deserting, and that he was going into the tobacco business, though he hated to give up his sword and uniform.

SAMUEL L. KINGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1893.

A bill has been introduced in Congress designed to punish train-robbers. It holds guilty of murder any one who displaces or removes a railway switch, cross-tie, or rail, or injures a railroad track or bridge, or does or causes to be done any act whereby a locomotive, car, or train of cars is stopped, obstructed, or injured with intent to rob or injure persons or property passing over any railroad and whereby any person is killed. If the attempt does not result in murder, the guilty person shall be imprisoned at hard labor for from one to twenty years. Circuit and district courts of the United States are to have jurisdiction in all cases arising under the act. The bill has been referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The bill led to a lively discussion of the old States-rights problem. Senator Vest denounced the bill as an attempt of great corporations to get the United States to protect their property. Senators Hawley and Dolph took the same view of the matter, saying that the whole nation was a failure if States could not be relied upon to maintain order within their borders. "No State," said Senator Hawley, "has a right to be powerless."

The theory that times of depression in business are peculiarly favorable to religious development, has some justification in experience. But, on the other hand, there are more suicides in hard times than at any other. Statistics show that there has been a noticeable increase in suicides in New York city during the last month, the aggregate being thirty-four against twenty-two for the same period during the previous year. The statistics are suggestive, but hardly conclusive. The suicidal tendency is certainly growing; but it derives its stimulus rather from what may be called fixed conditions of our life than from temporary and exceptional incitements.

CURIOUS TRIALS.

A Collection of Famous Suits at Law in This and Other Countries.

The late Edmund B. Wynn, a lawyer of Watertown, N. Y., made an extensive collection of law-trials, which was sold at auction a few months ago in the city of New York. The catalogue embraces nineteen hundred and sixty-seven articles, but frequently one article includes several pamphlets. The great majority of these trials took place in the last two centuries, but some were ancient. Many of them are of historical interest, ancient or modern—for example, those of Arnold, André, and Lee in our revolutionary period; the Boston massacre case, in which John Adams incurred the enmity of his countrymen by his successful defense of the prisoners; the Burr treason trial; Queen Caroline's; the Cato Street conspiracy case; King Charles the First's; the impeachment case of Judge Chase; that of Judge Barnard; the trial of Admiral Byng (London, 1757), of whom Voltaire (we believe) said "that the English executed him to encourage the others"; the three trials of the parodist Hone for libel, in which he defended himself successfully; the case of the Earl of Somerset for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower; a tract on the murder of Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey; the trial of Ravallac, who assassinated Henry the Fourth of France; that of Thomas Paine for libel; of Theodore Parker "for misdemeanor in a speech in Faneuil Hall against kidnapping"—execution of the Fugitive Slave Act probably; of Captain Porteus "for wounding and killing several persons at a late execution of a criminal" (Edinburgh, 1736), celebrated in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian"; the Rye House Plot; the trial of Dr. Sacheverell before the House of Peers, 1710. These are only a few.

Of course there are a great number of trials of a salacious sort, such as divorce, abduction, seduction, *crim. con.*, and many breach-of-promise cases. One of the most amusing of the latter is "Geo. G. Barnard versus John I. Gaul and Mary H., his wife" (N. Y., 1835). The maiden Mary had jilted George, and the trial came off at Hudson, N. Y. The famous Elisha Williams laughed the case out of court. It is amazing how many soldiers, clergymen, and "nohs" of both sexes are involved in this kind of fiery trials. The most astonishing article in this category is the "Apology for the Life of Major-General Gunning" (London, 1792), accompanying a trial. His life certainly needed apology; for, according to a note in the catalogue, it shows "a list of his conquests to the number of one hundred and forty-five, and of his known descendants to the number of one hundred and thirty-five—the last one a republican (Thomas Paine), who is 'the crude fruit of an old maid!'" This is indeed painful. In another case the defendant is "Mrs. Robert Tigbe, Esq." Sometimes a coachman or a footman is charged, and once a "footboy." In another case the erring gentleman is Dr. John Wolcot, otherwise "Peter Pindar." In another, "Frederick Calvert, Esq., Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland, is sued by Sarah Woodcock" (London, 1768). Among the divorce cases is the Dalton case, in which Rufus Choate attained the loftiest height of forensic advocacy in America. The Beecher-Tilton case also is included.

Among famous murder cases are those of Colt for killing Adams in New York, about 1841 (the jail took fire and Colt killed himself on the morning when he was to have been executed, and many believed a body was substituted and he escaped); Eugene Aram, the hero of Bulwer's novel, who defended himself so ably; the romantic case of the Vermont Boorns (1819), who confessed and were convicted, and the victim turned up alive in time to save them; the poisoner, Mme. de Brinvilliers (Amsterdam, 1676); Crownshield and the Knapps for the murder of White at Salem, in which Webster made that immortal address; the Guiteau case; the mysterious Connecticut cases of Hayden for the murder of Mary Stannard and the Malley boys for the murder of Jennie Cramer; the equally mysterious case of Mary Rogers, "the beautiful cigar-girl," at Hoboken, in 1841, which inspired Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," in 1845; the case of Mrs. Robinson, "the veiled murderess," at Troy, N. Y.; of Daniel E. Sickles for killing Philip Barton Key, at Washington for the seduction of his wife, whom he afterwards forgave; of Ned Stokes for killing Jim Fisk; of young Walworth for killing his father, Mansfield, a well-known novelist, for whom Charles O'Connor made the unsuccessful defense of epilepsy; of Tirrell for killing his paramour, Maria Bickford, at Boston, in 1846, in which Choate got his man off on the plea of somnambulism; of Webster, the Harvard professor, for killing Dr. Parkman; of Wirz, "the Demon of Andersonville."

Among the most famous trials in this country we find the Girard will case; the libel case of J. Fenimore Cooper against Horace Greeley, in which the novelist made it hot for the philanthropist, and the case of Crowell, prosecuted for libel on Thomas Jefferson, in 1804.

There are a number of articles about the disappearance of Morgan, in western New York, which caused an "Anti-Masonic" rage that dominated politics for years.

The trial of Cagliostro (1791) revives the story of the Diamond Necklace.

There is an "Authentic Account of the Appearance of a Ghost in Queen Ann's County, Maryland, proved in the remarkable Trial, The State versus Mary Harris, Adminatrix (Baltimore, 1807)"; the trial of Galileo, and a number of witchcraft cases.

The celebrated Whisteto bastardy case (New York, 1808) is the most amusing case in the books, in which the speech of William Sampson, the wittiest of advocates, is given in full. This case is also reported in 3 Wheeler's Criminal Cases, one of the rarest of American law books; also the chancery suit of George Christy, to enjoin certain parties from using the name, "Christy's Minstrels" (Liverpool 1865); also the Dred Scott case, which, with John Brown's raid, did much to precipitate the War of the Rebellion.

Such a collection as this should have been kept together and purchased for some State or historical library.

RESTRAINING MILLIONAIRES' SONS.

Our Paris Correspondent tells how French Parents Rule their Grown-Up Children—They can Tie Up a Man's Money and Forbid his Marriage.

French parents may be said to spoil their children in a way; but it is after the same fashion as men very much in love will spoil their wives—that is to say, give them every comfort and allow them every luxury save that of individual action. In some matters a man and a woman remains a minor all his or her life; and should death have severed the chain between parent and child, the links are extended to grandparents, even, sometimes, to uncles and aunts. There is no time in a Frenchman's life—unless he happens to have outlived all his relatives—when he may not be subjected to a *conseil judiciaire*, and he can never marry, even though he be a gray-bearded veteran, without asking the consent of any parent or grandparent he may happen to possess. Prodigal fathers have been known to speculate on the power the law invests them with, and to make goody-goody sons pay through the nose for a consent which they can withhold entirely. There is one thing which no ill-doing can deprive a man of, and that is the right to have a voice in the settling of his children's matrimonial affairs—even transportation for life does not unfit him for the office.

As for the supervision enforced on a man by the institution of a judicial council, it can only affect those who have fortunes of their own or a parent's fortune coming to them. Every now and then, some scion of nobility or the degenerate offspring of some money-grubbing race, who is squandering his patrimony on cards or women, is pulled up, and, by the authority of a parent or a guardian, backed by the law, made to restrict his expenses within the more or less narrow limits of his annual income.

The poor young Duc d'Uzès, who lost his life a few weeks since in Western Africa, had been judged incapable of administering his fortune. He had got into a wild set, and it was soon made manifest to his family that if he was allowed to go on as he was doing, the old duke's inheritance would soon be dissipated, and, perhaps, the patrimonial castle of Uzès, in the Cévennes, be brought to the hammer. And so the duchess and her cronies put their heads together and an interdict was voted.

Widow Lebaudy, the principal partner in the great sugar-refining firm, has a prodigal son. And a judiciary council was named, a short time since, for the purpose of preventing Lebaudy Junior from making ducks and drakes of the paternal millions. The prodigalities of the prodigal have an object, and it is Mme. Lebaudy's great desire to sever the chain that binds her son to the fair enslaver. She invested in one of the biggest yachts afloat, and then tried to infuse into young hopeful a desire for travel. That there might be an excuse as well as extra inducement to make the journey as lengthy a one as possible, Mme. Lebaudy had obtained a mission from the government, and a couple of learned gentlemen were to accompany M. Lebaudy to the far ends of the earth. But when everything was ready, our young man actually refused to start. So Mme. Lebaudy was fain to send off the yacht on its mission, while Lebaudy continued to bask in the smiles of his fair enslaver.

Possibly the day may not be so far distant when Lebaudy will bitterly rue that he did not make one of that cruising party. Does the present representative of the Duval restaurant company regret that it was put out of his power to ruin himself root and branch when he was a young man? No more, perhaps, than he regrets that the ball with which he attempted to blow out his brains for love of a fair actress missed its mark. He is a reformed character now, and married to a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain. This is the great argument brought forward by those who uphold these laws. Men rebel against them when they are young, but when they grow older they take part against themselves and are ready to admit that others were right and they were wrong. The sowing of wild oats is considered a necessity with young men of the leisure classes in France, whether they belong to the aristocracy of blood or the aristocracy of money. But there is a period when—the harvest gathered in—the Frenchman thinks it is time to become a respectable member of society, at least to outward seeming. Reformed rakes become relatively good husbands and excellent fathers, after a fashion, much more frequently here than elsewhere. The fact is, I suppose, that your average Frenchman, with all his love of pleasure in all its forms, his brilliance and light-heartedness, has a very perceptible leaven of bourgeois virtues in his composition. And having had his fling he is ready to moralize with the best.

One of the natural results of being "provided with a judiciary council"—such is the expression used—is to make the object of it a marked man in certain sets. In the card-room at the club, his reception is not so warm; he has ceased to be a dangerous adversary or a valuable ally. He must no longer expect to be a prime favorite with *ces dames*. All *horizontales de marque* fight rather shy of a man whose income is tied up, or only admit him into their circle as an outsider good to while away a few hours with and to pay for pleasant dinners and suppers, since he can not purchase for them that pretty mansion which is the aim of every *cocotte's* ambition, or be generous in the way of shares or inscriptions on the Grand Livre.

Parental authority exercised over daughters does not even relax at their marriage. And as this authority is principally wielded by the mother, it is the chief cause of the crying evil of the times—the mother-in-law. A newly married man will be thought a brute if he insists on choosing a home which is not in close proximity to that of his wife's parents, and should there be a widowed mother in the case, the chances are he must consent to take her, too, for better or for worse. Husbands take to their clubs often for no other reason than to escape *belle-maman*, and should they be inclined this way, what an admirable salve it is to their consciences. Of course they would never dream of leaving a

young wife alone, but she has her mother to keep her company, monsieur argues to himself when he falls into the habit of disappearing after dinner and coming home in the small hours. Under these circumstances, is it surprising that orphans are at a premium? And is not one of the many charms the American girl possesses in the eyes of the Frenchman of to-day her immunity from parental tutelage? PARIS, September 28, 1893. PARISINA.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Death of Marlborough.

The sun shines on the chamber wall,
The sun shines through the tree,
Now, though unshaken by the wind,
The leaves fall ceaselessly;
The bells from Woodstock's steeple
Shake Blenheim's fading bough.
"This day you won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now!"
They lead the old man to a chair,
Wandering, pale, and weak;
His thin lips move, so faint the sound
You scarce can hear him speak.
They lift a picture from the wall,
Bold eyes and swelling brow;
"The day you won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now!"
They reach him down a rusty sword,
In faded velvet sheath;
The old man drops the heavy blade,
And mutters 'tween his teeth;
There's sorrow in his fading eye,
And pain upon his brow;
"With this you won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now!"
Another year, a stream of lights
Flows down the avenue;
A mile of mourners, sable clad,
Walk weeping two by two;
The steward looks into the grave
With sad and downcast brow;
"This day he won Malplaquet!"
"Aye, something then, but now!"
—Walter Thornbury.

How Achilles Died.

The gray dawn glimmered, and the ebbing tide
Slipped from the naked sands about the ships,
And drained Scamander of its full-fed life.
But in the Grecian camp was life and stir,
Neighing of full-fed steeds, and clank of arms,
And trumpet calls, and marshaling of men;
For that this day the Master of the War,
Pelides' self, should take the field, and sweep
The Trojan battle from the plains of Troy.
So men, unknowing, spake; and from his tent,
With godlike step, and godlike in his face,
Achilles came. And all about his limbs
The wondrous armor which the Fire-God wrought,
Helmet and cuirass, cuisses, and the shield
Sevenfold, and shapely greaves, that shot their light
Down on the naked marble of his feet.
His look was as of one who knew not care,
Nor memory of the past, nor things to come;
Not the dead comrade, nor the fell revenge,
Nor shame of slaughtered warriors at the pyre,
Nor lust of ravished maid, nor sullen strife,
Nor the short span and swiftly severed thread,
But only present triumph.

To the front
He strode; and shading with an upraised hand
His level glance, gazed at the Trojan lines,
Which, thrice as far as bowmen shoot the bow,
Were clustering, thick as ants in harvest-time
Cluster around their harried nest, and brave
With weak defense the ruin that impends.

But one was in their van who seemed, in shape,
In grace, and nimbleness, and fatal gift
Of beauty, like the shepherd-prince who lured
The love of Spartan Helen from her lord.
No man was near him, none seemed 'ware of him;
Alone he stood, unhelmed, and round his head
The rising sun, smiting the rising mist,
Broke in a sudden glory; and behind,
High up, the towers of angry Pallas frowned.
No armor had he, save that in his hand
A golden bow was hended to the full;
And as Achilles turned, with curving lip,
Contemptuous, to his men, an arrow sang,
And cleft the middle air, and dipped, and plunged
Full on the naked marble of his foot.
Through high-arched instep, ankle, and the strings
That hind the straining heel, it sped, and nailed
The wolf-skin sandal to the crimson sand.

Slow on one knee he sank, his strong right hand
Staying his fall, and watched with steady eye
The full life draining from the wound, and spake:
"Mother, thy word is true. The end is come."
Nor ever spake again.

They bore him back,
And all the host fell back; and in the tents,
In place of wine, and mirth, and revelry,
Was woe of women and dismay of men.—O. Ogle.

Hermann and Thunselda.

Ha! there comes he, with sweat, with blood of Romans,
And with dust of the fight all stained! Oh, never
Saw I Hermann so lovely,
Never such fire in his eyes.
Come! I tremble for joy; hand me the Eagle,
And the red, dripping sword! come, breathe, and rest thee;
Rest thee here in my bosom;
Rest from the terrible fight.
Rest thee, while from thy brow I wipe the big drops,
And the blood from thy cheek!—that cheek how glowing!
Hermann! Hermann! Thunselda
Never so loved thee before!
No, not then when thou first, in old oak-shadows,
With that manly brown arm didst wildly grasp me;
Spell-bound I read in thy look
That immortality, then,
Which thou now hast won. Tell to the forests,
Great Augustus, with trembling, amidst his gods now,
Drinks his nectar; for Hermann,
Hermann immortal is found!
"Wherefore curst thou my hair? Lies not our father
Cold and silent in death? Oh, had Augustus
Only heeded his army—
He should be bloodier there!"
Let me lift up thy hair; 'tis sinking, Hermann;
Proudly thy locks should curl above the crown now!
Sigmar is with the immortals!
Follow, and mourn him no more!
—Charles T. Brooks.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the greatest opponents to divorce in the English-speaking world.

Lord Rosebery is making such extensive preparations for resuming residence in his magnificent country-home, that gossip credits him with the project of marrying again.

The late Professor Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, had an intense dread of lightning—a fact that greatly amused those who thought of her as one familiar with all phenomena of the heavens.

Justice Field will begin his thirty-first year of service on the supreme bench the coming term. This record has been surpassed but once in the history of the court, and equaled but four times.

Queen Victoria, in addition to being colonel of a regiment, is Prebendary of St. David's, and her tenure of the office since 1837 makes her the Senior Prebendary of England. The Rev. Colonel over officiates, however.

The world's champion fencer is at the World's Fair. The title is claimed by Agesilaus Greco, company sergeant-major in the Italian army and fencing-master in the Royal Magistrate Military School at Rome. He is twenty-six.

Edwin Gould, known in Wall Street as "bad boy Eddie," attained the dignity of fatherhood a fortnight ago. His son is the fifth member of the third generation of the Jay Gould family. He will be christened Edwin Gould, Jr.

Mrs. William Henry Hurlbert has written a letter to the London *Law Journal* in which she states that she knew Wilfred Murray, and can prove that on several occasions he was with Miss Evelyn when Mr. Hurlbert was elsewhere.

The aged Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Lord Rosebery, who is one of the last of the surviving ladies who officiated as bridesmaids to the queen at her majesty's marriage over fifty-three years ago, is just about to set out on a journey to South Africa.

It is said that Emin Pasha was killed by order of Mohorro, a brother of Tippoo Tib, Stanley's friend, who accompanied the explorer on his last journey through Africa. It is also hinted that the assassination was not altogether unconnected with old jealousies which had been transferred from the white explorers to their Arab followers and friends.

Baron Fricks, a Russian nobleman living in Copenhagen, has just turned showman. He is enormously rich, but his eccentricities had put him in disgrace with his family. He is traveling now with one colored man, two monkeys, three bears, one lion, four pigs, forty parrots, innumerable cocks and hens, and a brand-new Hungarian wife of great beauty.

Daniel Defoe sailed into New York harbor last week as cook of the British bark *Priorhill*. He is nineteen years old and claims to be the great-great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." He is only temporarily acting as cook, taking the place of "a bloomin' bloke that was no good," as he expressed it to a reporter. He does not like the sea, and looks forward with pleasure to his release.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, is a big, burly man, who looks like a prosperous dealer in live stock. Shortly after his arrival in Washington he was stopped at the door of the Senate chamber by a new door-keeper, who informed him that no one save senators was allowed on the floor. Mr. Allen smiled sadly, waved his hand, and said: "Very well, sonny. I'm a senator. I don't look it, I know; but I am, just the same," and passed into the sacred precincts.

King Behanzin of Dahomey is said to be fabulously wealthy, and to an English correspondent he deplored the loss of one hundred and sixty pots of gold stolen from him after his retreat before the French. He recently sent a cable message to England by way of Lagos that cost six hundred and fifty dollars for its transmission. In payment, the king sent down to the coast coin that had evidently been buried for generations, and including currency of many nations.

They say the Czar of Russia intends to make his youngest son, the Grand Duke Michael, his successor, thus passing over the rights of the Czarowitz and the Grand Duke George. The former has not much character and is opposed to the way in which the Jews are treated in his father's empire. The latter is a jolly sailor who does not care a rap for power, but does enjoy life. On the other hand, Grand Duke Michael, although he is only fifteen, has much force of character and is the apple of his father's eye.

The fact that Lady Huntingdon recently broke her collar-bone by a fall while riding across country, calls to mind the interesting fact that there is still an Earl of Huntingdon, but his estates are no longer what they were in the days of Robin Hood. Though the earldom stands third in the list, and its possessors claim royal blood, the English baronies and estates have passed into other hands by female descent, and the Irish property was acquired, not by the successful effort to revive the dormant peerage in 1819, but by the marriage of the present earl's father and grandfather with Irish heiresses.

Lord Ormonde is the recognized head of the yachting world in Great Britain, being the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The commodore is the Prince of Wales, whose functions are, of course, purely honorary. The marquis, a great, strapping man, standing considerably over six feet, served for a time in the Life Guards. On leaving the army, he went in extensively for yachting, and has made numerous expeditions after big game in the Rocky Mountains and in the Far West. His one sorrow is that he has no son. The ancient title, as well as his hereditary dignity of Chief Butler of Ireland, conferred upon his family seven centuries ago, will descend, therefore, at his death to his younger brother, Lord Arthur Butler, who is married to Miss Ellen Stager, of Chicago.

HIS WIFE'S HONOR.

The Mad Wager of a Frenzied Gambler.

They were talking of play. It was the last informal reception of the season at the Duchess Helen's. Each one had something to say on the subject.

"And you, doctor, do you never play?" asked the duchess of a young man who wore the uniform of a surgeon in the navy.

"I was once very fond of cards, madame," replied the doctor.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you why you put it in the past tense and play no more?"

"Not at all, madame," and, showing a small steel key, the young man added: "Behold my talisman. When I am tempted to play, I touch this key and the memories it evokes at once drive away all desire to touch a card."

"Really!" cried the little Countess d'Aur; "is there blood on your key? And has it a Blue Beard history?"

"Do not laugh, madame; my story is anything but gay."

"Pray tell it to us, we are all ears and attention," said the Duchess Helen.

A circle formed around the doctor, and, without further urging, he commenced in these words:

It was at Senegal, at St. Louis, that I played cards for the last time. One summer evening, at the French Club, we had given a farewell dinner to the governor, who was to leave for the metropolis next day. There were present all the officials and prominent business men of the colony. One of the latter, M. Durand, I knew better than the rest. Three months before he had called me to attend his wife, who was ill at his residence, "Palm Cottage." "The beautiful Mme. Durand," as she was called at St. Louis, was then about twenty years of age. All our officers were in love with her sea-green eyes, which threw glances at once naïve and provoking from under their dark lashes, and her golden hair and snowy skin, which had remained untouched by the tropical sun. In my turn, I, too, was charmed with this siren. I found her in bed with fever. It was with difficulty that I concealed, under the professional gravity of the physician, the deep impression this young woman made upon me. When I left I was a prey to first love in its most violent form.

I returned again and again to Palm Cottage. Mme. Durand was as good as she was beautiful. Her conversation denoted unusual culture, and I spent some of the most delightful hours of my life in her society.

She recovered far too rapidly for my taste. Durand grew jealous, and I was thus forced to cease my visits. I had never spoken of my admiration to her; but she was too true a woman not to divine it. As to her feelings toward me, I could make no guess; but from certain expressions in her eyes when she looked at her husband, and from certain expressions in her voice when she spoke to him, I believed that she had a sincere attachment for him.

There were some strange stories told about Durand at St. Louis—how he had arrived there several years before with his wife to tempt fortune in the ivory trade, and in two years had made enough money in that and gold-dust to enable him to return to France. The day before that fixed for their departure, Durand had entered his house pale and weeping like a man crazed with grief. He had played, and lost his entire fortune. What passed between him and his wife, no one knew; but no doubt she pardoned him. He once more applied himself to work, and again fortune smiled upon his efforts. But since that fatal day, he had never set foot within the French Club.

My surprise, then, was great when, the night of the dinner to the governor, I saw him among the guests.

"I have come to make my respects to the governor," he said, as he took my hand and pressed it cordially. "I shall return early to Palm Cottage; I have sworn it."

I will spare you the details of this little fête, the toasts, speeches, and the farewells—such things are all alike. At eleven o'clock the governor left, and immediately the tables were set for play. I watched Durand with curiosity.

"You are not going, then?" said I.

He hesitated a moment, then answered hastily, as if ashamed: "By and bye; as soon as I have finished my cigar."

He was pale. He had presumed upon his power to withstand temptation. He was seized with his old passion for play; the sight of the cards was too much for him; he did not resist further, but approaching one of the tables where I had already taken my place at *carte*, he stood watching the game. I was playing carelessly, yet, contrary to my usual habit, with great luck. My opponent, Ensign Kerderois, had soon lost all the money he had about him, and, getting up, he left. Durand seated himself in the vacant place without saying a word, and offered me a stake.

The game was for a louis to begin. I looked at him not without a certain disgust—this man of strong health in mind and body unable to cope with a passion for cards, whom the mere sight of a game made a perjurer to love and honor. These thoughts traversed my brain, but did not stop me from playing with him. I took pleasure in play itself; in fact, it was our only distraction. We had no salons, no theatres, nothing to break the monotony and ennui, except cards. I saw before me a man who wished to play, and I accepted the offer of Durand as I would a stranger's.

I won; he doubled; again I won; he doubled again; as before, I was the winner. This persistent luck seemed to exasperate him. Outside the game he had neither eyes nor ears for anything; all his life seemed concentrated in his eyes and in his fingers; he spoke only in monosyllables of the play. "King—cut—four to—"

A crowd gathered around us. I was known as a good player. The history of Durand was also known. They scented trouble in the air in the event of his losing, and he did lose terribly. At three o'clock in the morning he owed

me two hundred thousand francs. Then only did he stop. It was his whole fortune that he had risked on the turn of a card, for the second time in his life. I raised my eyes to his face; he was trying to appear calm; but in spite of his efforts, a frightful pallor spread over his features and betrayed the agony of his mind. There could be no doubt that he was thinking of Palm Cottage, where his wife waited for the man who a second time was ruined and who would not a second time be forgiven.

The misery of the man pained me deeply. I felt so ashamed of my gains that I resolved not to take a sou of the winnings, and was on the point of telling him so, when, taking from his pocket a small object, he leaned toward me, and, in a low voice, but in the silence of the hour distinctly heard by all present, he said these words:

"Here is the key of the chamber where my wife is at this moment asleep. I will stake this key against all that I have lost."

A confused murmur arose among the by-standers. Those around or near Durand started abruptly away from him, leaving a wide space about his chair. Insensible to these manifestations of a universal contempt, Durand coldly put the key on the table where the stakes were placed, and said to me: "Do you take it, sir?"

I had no remembrance till later of the feelings which possessed me. At first I felt a desire to hurl the key in his face; then the fear of seeing the woman I loved once more in the arms of this wretch gave me energy to overcome my disgust; and then I must acknowledge that I was under the influence of wine and the demon of play together.

I swallowed a draught of punch, and, placing the cards before him, said: "The deal is yours."

The game commenced, all voices were hushed, no sound was heard save the rustle of the cards and the necessary remarks of the players. It seemed as though fortune had grown tired of persecuting Durand, for he won, one by one, the first three points. Have you ever seen a drowned person resuscitated? So it was with him. Little by little the color returned to his face, his eyes brightened, his senses seemed to awake; but a single play threw him back into the waves, and Durand began to tremble again.

I had three points with him, and it was my turn to deal. I turned up the knave of hearts. Durand feverishly took up his cards. They were good ones, for a smile overspread his countenance. In my hand were three little trumps and the ace and ten of spades—the game has left so deep an impression upon me, all the details are indelibly fixed in my memory.

"I have the king," said Durand, and, marking it, he played it down with vigor. This promised badly for me, and his second card—the king—was accompanied by the queen—was so close to the end of the game that I judged it lost to me. Apparently my trump and my poor spades would take the other three tricks. The king of diamonds followed the king and queen of trumps. I cut, spade and spade, and Durand had no more trumps! I had won!

A vision arose before me, with sea-green eyes and golden hair. My reason tottered. I seized the key without daring to look at any one and rushed bareheaded from the club. Yes, I was coward enough to do this. Holding in my hand the sesame which would open to me treasure more precious than those of the Arabian Nights, I ran toward Palm Cottage. The night was a perfect one. The blue sky, studded with brilliant stars, shed a soft light upon my path. The tropical flowers sent forth their fragrance to perfume the air. Insensibly the pure, calm surroundings acted upon my fevered brain. My reason returned, I began to reflect.

"This woman is no slave," I told myself; "no chattel to be gambled for like so much gold." My infamy seemed to rise before me in all its hideousness. A horror of myself took possession of me, and turning my back upon Palm Cottage, I ran without stopping till I reached the river where the ferry-boats were moored. I woke up the man and told him to take me on board the steamer which would leave with the governor at daybreak for France. I wished to place myself beyond the power of temptation.

It was not without pain, however, that I bade adieu—less than an hour later, when the steamer weighed anchor—to St. Louis. There, amid the foliage, lay Palm Cottage, where she whom I loved was sleeping. At sight of the fading shore I scarcely restrained my tears, for as the distance grew between us I realized the strength of my passion.

The doctor stopped to take a sip from a glass that a lackey had brought him.

"I am curious," said the little Countess d'Aur, "to know how the beautiful Mme. Durand received her unworthy husband."

"He never returned to her, madame," replied the doctor. "I learned that after I left the room Durand drew a revolver and shot himself. As to Mme. Durand, she learned the story, and contempt, horror, and disgust killed all affection for her husband. They told me she was too proud to show emotion—but I shall know ere long the state of her feelings."

"You are going back, then?"

"Next month, madame. I feel I must see her, tell her all—I wish to implore her pardon." The doctor hesitated, seeking a word, and blushing.

"And," concluded the Duchess Helen, with true American frankness; "to give her back the key of her room, for a husband does not require a key to his wife's apartment, does he, doctor?"—Translated from the Argonaut from the French of Ernest Jaubert by A. R.

On October 4th, among the nominations sent to the Senate by the President was that of Lieutenant-Commander William W. Rhoades, of the navy, to be a commander. The Navy Department had been advised of the death of that officer a week before. The nomination was made out recently, and probably held back until there were a number of naval nominations ready to be sent to the Senate, and the fact of his death was not discovered.

THE FOUR HUNDRED AFLOAT.

Our New York Correspondent describes the Social Side of the Yacht Races—The New York Club Boat—Belles and Swells at Sea.

When the *Vigilant* and the *Valkyrie* met again on Thursday, October 12th, the lack of wind made the genuine yachting enthusiasts look blue. But although Thursday's race was a drifting race, the wind having become very light almost as soon as the yachts got into position, it was the great race day in social circles. The weather was delightful in every respect but the lack of wind, and representatives of each of the various strata of society were on hand to see the sight. It is estimated that thirty-five thousand people, bestowed in thirty-eight large excursion-steamers, twenty-five steam yachts, seventy-five miscellaneous steamers, and an infinite variety of sailing craft, witnessed the race, and enjoyed themselves hugely.

The most select of the excursion-boats on these occasions is the New York Yacht Club boat. This, on this occasion, was the *St. John*, a swift and roomy boat. The rule is that no males are admissible, except members of the yacht club, and many men become members and pay their annual dues merely for the sake of this trip. There is no restriction on the number of ladies, and every clubman invites as many pretty girls as he knows. Thus the steamer, as a lady expressed it, appears to be manned by women. On this occasion she carried, among others, Mr. James Brown Potter and party, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant and party, Mr. Harry Harper and party, Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Delancey Kane, Mr. Lee Teller, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. Adrian Iselin, Mr. Cruger Oakley, Mr. Horace Binney, Mr. David B. Wolfe, each with a swarm of beauties. Many of the gentlemen had secured a stateroom, in which their wives, or sisters, or daughters received guests. At one o'clock lunch was served. It was served all over—in the saloon, on the decks, in the staterooms; salads, cold birds, and ice were washed down with one hundred cases of champagne. The boat is so large that everybody had a good view of the race; there was not a young lady on board who could at the finish distinguish the *Vigilant* from the *Valkyrie*, and the clubmen were such efficient instructors that, when the race was over, most of the girls knew the difference between a spinnaker boom and a starboard tack.

The flag-ship of the yacht club—the *May*—also carried a fashionable party, including Mr. August Belmont Purdy and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hone, Dr. and Mrs. Keyes, Frank Gray Griswold, and others. On board the *Roanoke*, of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, a large party assembled, including a strong delegation from the Philadelphia Yacht Club. It was no easy matter for the captain of the *Roanoke* to pick his way through the crowd of steamers and sailing-craft, and three or four times the big steamer nearly ran over a small vessel laden with excursionists; but Captain Hulpbers never stirred from his post by the man at the wheel, and no accident happened. Another steamer, which sailed full of passengers, was the *Olivette*, of the Plant Line. She carried Bouron's brass band, and, when the race ended, she ran up alongside the *Valkyrie* and played "God Save the Queen." The *Al. Foster* carried the members of the Seawanbaka Club, whose steamer had broken down, the Marine and Field Club, the Nova Scotia Club, and the Eastern Yacht Club, of Boston.

Almost all the private steam yachts carried parties of guests. On board William K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant* were the daughters of Lord Dunsraven, with a pleasant party of New Yorkers. John Jacob Astor, whose yacht is laid up for repairs in consequence of a collision with a Jersey City ferry-boat, saw the race from the deck of Mr. Belmont's *Ituna*, which was crowded with fashionable people. Mrs. Ogden Goellet had a pleasant party on board the *White Lady*; among these were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goellet and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer. A large party accepted Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's invitation to sail on the *Conqueror*. The *Oncida*, which is owned by Mr. E. C. Benedict and in which President Cleveland made many pleasant trips this last summer, had guests on board, but if any of the Cleveland family were there, the fact has not transpired.

At the close of the race all these pleasure-seekers returned to the city, and it tasked the capacity of the eating-houses to feed them. As to Delmonico's it was absolutely impossible to get in; the conversation of those who were so fortunate as to have secured tables and seats sounded to people outside like a roar. Upper Broadway and Fifth Avenue were jammed as if there had been a dreadful accident, or as if a Patti matinee was just over. Every street was full of people with hungry, woe-begone faces looking vainly round for a beefsteak. The restaurateurs must have reaped a harvest; they are not complaining of hard times. People who were wise sent to market early in the morning and laid in a stock of fish, meat, game, and fruit; they were thus sure of a good dinner when they got home, and were able to assuage the pangs of famine among their friends. Several impromptu dinner-parties, which were followed by impromptu dances, thus topped off a most enjoyable day.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the race was the performance of the press boat which accompanied the racers. This was a swift and well-handled vessel, which kept as nearly as possible abreast of the racers, being careful not to give them her "wash." Every half-hour a homing pigeon was let loose from the deck. The intelligent bird, with news of the race up to date round its neck, made a bee-line for the place where it had been raised, and reached it in a few minutes. Its information was speedily transferred to the several bulletin boards.

Aquatic sports are peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. One rarely hears of regattas in France, Germany, Italy, or Spain. But Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, owes its prosperity, if not its existence, to the Royal Yacht Club, and the social event of the year in New York is the race for the cup.

NEW YORK, October 14, 1893.

FLANEUR.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

Extracts from the Life of a Lady who was at the Brussels Ball.

Georgiana, Lady de Ros, who died in London some months ago, had danced at the ball in Brussels the night before Waterloo. She began writing her recollections in 1889, and they are now supplemented by a volume containing a sketch of her life, written by her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Swinton.

From this volume, we learn that Georgiana Lennox was the third daughter of Colonel Charles Lennox, and was born at Molecomb House in Goodwood Park, Sussex, England, on September 30, 1795. Her mother, Lady Charlotte Gordon, was the eldest daughter of the beautiful and witty Jean Maxwell, wife of the fourth Duke of Gordon. Lady Georgiana's father became Duke of Richmond in 1806, succeeding his uncle as fourth Duke. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 till 1813. In 1819, when Governor-General of Canada, the duke died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a tame fox.

The life-long friendship between Lady de Ros and the Duke of Wellington began when her father was Viceroy of Ireland. Sir Arthur Wellesley was chief secretary for Ireland, and it was the delight of the young Ladies Lennox to ride every morning with "great Sir Arthur," as they called him, from the vice-regal lodge in Phoenix Park to the Dublin Gate, Sir Arthur going on to his official work in Dublin Castle. Lady de Ros saw the jubilee of George the Third at Dublin in October, 1809; and in June, 1887, she saw the jubilee procession of Queen Victoria.

Lady de Ros had been acquainted with no fewer than nineteen prime ministers of England, beginning with Mr. Pitt. In 1814, the Duke of Richmond settled with his family at Brussels. They lived in a large house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, and the Duke of Wellington always called it "The Wash-House." This house was afterward pulled down, and when Lady de Ros visited Brussels in 1868, she could find no trace of it. The controversy in 1888, as to the street in which the celebrated ball-room had been situated, led, most fortunately, to the publication of Lady de Ros's "Recollections." In a letter she indignantly complains of the persecution she had undergone about the ball-room, and that correspondents of newspapers would neither believe her nor allow her to know the name of the street in which she had passed those eventful days. A large garden extended from the house to the ramparts, and when the Duchess of Richmond was sitting under the trees on the afternoon of June 15, 1815, General Lord Hill called. He was in command of the Second Corps at Waterloo; but to the duchess and her daughters he "disclaimed any knowledge of a move." There seems to have been no certainty, but much uneasiness. When, at the request of some young officers, Lady de Ros asked the Duke of Wellington's leave to get up a picnic outside Brussels, he answered: "'No; better let that drop.' For he knew we should all have been probably taken prisoners by the French." There were constant reviews of the troops, and to many of them Lady Georgiana Lennox accompanied the Duke of Wellington, often riding his celebrated charger Copenhagen. She describes Copenhagen as "a most unpleasant horse to ride; but he always snorted and neighed with pleasure at the sight of troops." Copenhagen, it may be observed, was nearly the death of his master after Waterloo. The duke, on dismounting, gave his favorite a flattering slap on the quarters with his gloved hand. Copenhagen did not appreciate the honor, and lashed out with such force that the duke narrowly escaped serious injury.

On May 22, 1815, Lady Georgiana Lennox rode with the Duke of Wellington to a review of the Brunswick troops, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. As she returned rain fell, and she rode back wrapped in a soldier's great-coat and escorted by General Alava. General Alava had been in Spain with the Duke of Wellington, and used to say that he asked the same three questions every day and got the same replies: "When do we start?" "Daybreak." "What do we have for dinner?" "Cold beef." "Where do we sleep?" "Don't know."

Most people will recollect the description of the state of Brussels in June, 1815, which is given by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair." Much anxiety was felt lest the Duke of Wellington should not return from the Congress of Vienna in time to take the command of the troops. Napoleon was known to be on the point of invading Belgium, and, in the absence of the duke, the command would have devolved on the Prince of Orange, an inexperienced and possibly somewhat rash young officer. Lord March, son of the Duke of Richmond, was aide-de-camp to the prince, and when the prince, rather offended, asked Lady Georgiana why she had no confidence in him, she had the courage to reply: "Well, sir, you have not been tried, and the duke has." The duke did return, and the famous Waterloo ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond. The room had been used as a coach-house before the house was let to the Duke of Richmond, but it was now the school-room and play-room of his daughters, and had a paper, "a trellis pattern with roses." The list of invitations is still preserved. The Duke of Wellington arrived rather late, and Lady Georgiana was dancing. However, she at once asked him as to the rumors of immediate action.

"He said very gravely, 'Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow.' This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away, others remained at the ball, and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume. I went . . . to help my eldest brother to pack up, after which we returned to the ball-room, where we found some energetic and heartless young ladies still dancing. I heard afterwards that it had been said that the Ladies Lennox were *fine*, and did not do the honors of the ball well. In the course of the evening the duke asked my father for a map of the country, and went into his study, which was on the same floor as the ball-room, to look at it. He put his finger on Waterloo, saying the battle would be fought there. My father marked the spot with his pencil."

Lady Georgiana continues:

"It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaint-

ances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the ante-room adjoining the ball-room, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswicks being sure to distinguish themselves after 'the hooh' doo me by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review! I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardor, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action, and of all the honors he was to gain. And the first news we had on the sixteenth (the next day) was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed."

In 1887, Lady de Ros, then in her ninety-second year, inspected the queen's jubilee presents at St. James's Palace. While waiting for her carriage, her attention was called to a picture in one of the rooms on the ground floor. This picture represented the death of the Duke of Brunswick. Her companions said that the review on that summer morning so long ago seemed as fresh as ever in her memory, and that tears ran down her cheeks as she described it to them. On the eventful evening of the Waterloo ball at Brussels, Lady Georgiana Lennox went in to supper with the Duke of Wellington, and he presented her with his miniature, painted by a Belgian artist.

The days which followed the Waterloo hall were very sad ones. Everybody was scraping lint or preparing "cherry-water." Lady Georgiana continues:

"On the eighteenth we walked about nearly all the morning, being unable to sit quiet, hearing the firing and not knowing what was happening. The first sight of the poor wounded was sickening, and each litter, as it came into the tow, filled us with intense anxiety to know whom it contained. . . . In the evening of the eighteenth the brilliant victory was known in Brussels. . . . The next morning we heard that the duke had arrived in Brussels, so I walked with my father, about ten A. M., up to the Parc, his house being in the Rue de la Montagne du Parc, and my father went into the house to inquire for the duke, who soon word he would join us in the Parc, which he accordingly did, and took a turn with us. He looked very sad, and, when we shook hands and congratulated him, he said: 'It is a dearly bought victory. We have lost so many fine fellows.' The reason of his coming early into Brussels was that he had given up his bed at Waterloo to poor Sir Alexander Gordon, who was dying of his wounds. The duke tried to sleep on the floor in the next room, but, after being called up to speak to Sir Alexander, he could not go to bed again, and began to write his dispatch; however, poor Sir Alexander's groans were so distressing that he could not get on with it, and so he rode into Brussels, where he was busy with dispatches all day, and left on the twentieth."

In 1824, Lady Georgiana Lennox married her cousin William, afterward Lord de Ros. She is described as being small and slight, with beautiful hands and feet and a transparent complexion. She continued to see much of the Duke of Wellington, and many anecdotes of him are given in her "Recollections." He presented Lady de Ros with the Spanish translation of the Book of Common Prayer which had been given to him by Lady Elinor Butler, one of the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen, when he, in 1808, took the command of the troops in the Peninsula. It was from this book alone that the duke learned Spanish. He always declared that if he had commanded his Peninsular army at Waterloo, the battle would have been over in four hours; and his invariable comment on Napoleon was that "He was not a gentleman." The sudden death of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, was a great shock to Lady de Ros. All readers of "Pendennis" will recollect the description of Arthur's sensations when he met the duke out walking in London, and he was treated as a hero to the end of his life. When he dined out, he was received with royal honors, ladies as well as gentlemen rising to receive him. Waterloo Day was always kept by Lady de Ros; her house in London was decorated with laurel, and on the eighteenth of June she never failed to send a laurel bough to the Earl of Althorpe, who had been the junior ensign of the British army in 1815. Lady de Ros died in London, after an illness of only a few days, in her ninety-sixth year.

The Franco-Russian love-feast now going on in France has caused the eyes of the participants to be continually blinded with tears. Admiral Avalon seems to be the chief weeper; according to the dispatches, he was in one day, at Toulon, "eight times profoundly and five times visibly moved, besides having severe fits of uncontrollable sobbing." Such is the paroxysmal weeping of the French, and so tear-blinded are their eyes, that they have failed to see in the papers the brief announcements of the deaths of Gounod and MacMahon. In ordinary times, these deaths would have caused a sensation, and there would probably have been a great and imposing funeral pageant following the body of Gounod. To-day his death passes unnoticed. It is a lesson to be heeded. Great men should always die during the journalistic silly season, and they will thus have columns accorded them, where at other times they would have lines. In this country, the dullest day for the newspapers is Sunday—Monday's paper is always hard to fill. Prominent citizens contemplating death should always, therefore, pass away on Sunday. They will thus be sure of at least a column, and possibly a portrait. Tuesday morning's paper, on the other hand, is nearly always crowded. The prominent citizen who is injudicious enough to die on a Monday will regret it.

A hideous story of the voyage of a cholera pest-ship is reported. On the twenty-ninth of July, a mail-steamer, with cargo and passengers, sailed from Genoa for Santos, Brazil. Cholera broke out on board, and not being allowed to land her passengers when she reached the latter port, she returned to Genoa, the entire voyage occupying sixty-one days, during which one hundred and fourteen persons died of the plague. The horrors of such a voyage may possibly be conceived, but they can not be described. Afloat with death and despair; shut out from all hope of rescue; compelled to face, hour by hour, not alone the terrors of angry seas, but the remorseless ravages of pitiless disease—how wretched beyond expression must have been the state of the voyagers on this floating charnel-house.

The hot-metal route at Braddock, Pa., is now a certainty. Ladles of molten iron were run on a recent morning from the Edgar Thompson blast-furnace to the converting mill in Braddock. The distance is six miles, which will be made in fourteen minutes. The metal when covered with coke-dust will remain in a fluid condition for several hours.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Those Californians who postponed their visit to the Chicago Exposition until October made a mistake. In June the weather was delightful; there were only about seventy-five thousand people daily visiting the exposition; even then the Art Building, the Government Building, the Street in Cairo, and other favorite places, were crowded. What must they be now, with a quarter of a million people daily in the fair grounds! Even in June the cars running to the grounds were well filled; now they must be jammed beyond comprehension. The weather, too, has grown fickle. Frost has seriously injured the work of the Department of Floriculture. The acres of beautiful flowers and foliage that have delighted visitors are rapidly disappearing, and the fine beds planted by exhibitors are going to waste. The most serious injury is noticed on the Wooded Island, which looks almost dreary. The thirty-four thousand rose-bushes, covering an acre and a half, have gone to sleep, and the sixteen varieties of pears that surrounded the rose-garden are dead.

The day before Chicago Day there were 292 trains came into Chicago. The number of passengers they brought was 196,225, thus divided:

| Railroad. | Trains. | Coaches. | Passengers. |
|----------------------------|---------|----------|-------------|
| Illinois Central..... | 21 | 189 | 11,599 |
| Michigan Central..... | 17 | 161 | 9,433 |
| Big Four..... | 3 | 89 | 5,340 |
| Chicago and West Michigan | 3 | 34 | 2,074 |
| Rock Island..... | 19 | 203 | 12,180 |
| Lake Shore..... | 14 | 145 | 9,425 |
| Wisconsin Central..... | 4 | 44 | 2,640 |
| Baltimore and Ohio..... | 10 | 127 | 6,874 |
| Maple Leaf..... | 2 | 21 | 1,440 |
| St. Paul..... | 29 | 348 | 24,350 |
| Pennsylvania..... | 11 | 372 | 26,040 |
| Chicago and Alton..... | 11 | 165 | 11,550 |
| Burlington..... | 25 | 289 | 17,340 |
| Northwestern..... | 37 | 333 | 19,650 |
| Western Indiana Roads..... | 61 | 500 | 36,000 |
| Totals..... | 292 | 3,123 | 196,225 |

In the Transportation Building is a curious exhibit. The Germans have dug out from a hog in North Germany the remains of an ancient Roman road, built of timber, near the beginning of the Christian era. This road, which has been traced for something like forty miles, was formed of flat slabs, laid overlapping, held in place by stakes driven through square axe-cut holes, and evidently covered with earth, so as to make a smooth-wearing surface. It was a Roman progenitor of George Stephenson's railroad across Chat Moss—the same principle of a broad bearing distributing weight over hoggy soil, and the moisture of the hog has preserved this wooden road for two thousand years.

Among the old silver in the Government Building is a piece which was once the property of Lady Arabella Johnson, and is said to have been brought to this country in the *Mayflower*. A lovely old cake-basket, in pierced silver, is a relic of General Joseph Warren. There is a porringer that was used by John Quincy Adams; also one that was made and used by Paul Revere. The tea-caddy that once contained the tea used by Benjamin Franklin is shown; and an interesting old loving-cup that was often toasted by Oliver Cromwell—it bears the date of 1637. A cake-basket of open-work silver, in this collection, had its place on the table of General Philip Schuyler in the days of the revolution. A dainty tray, on which is a pair of candle-snuffers, was used by General Nathaniel Greene in his home at Dungeness, Cumberland Island, Ga. A quaint alms-basin and chalice is stamped with the date 1725. Many of these articles were used in the old Hancock house and others by George Washington.

In the Swedish section, hurried like a diamond among larger surrounding objects, is found the gem of Machinery Hall. It is Dr. de Laval's steam-turbine, which is, in fact, simply a little turbine-wheel run by steam, but whose claims are of the most extraordinary character. Two sizes of turbines are exhibited, five and twenty horse-power. The twenty-horse-power wheel is a steel disk about six inches in diameter, with the buckets cut on the circumference and a tire shrunk around the whole, which is driven at the extraordinary speed of twenty-two thousand revolutions a minute. The periphery of this tiny wheel moves at a speed of over six miles a minute. The five-horse-power turbine revolves thirty thousand times per minute. The exhibitor claims an economy almost equal to that of a triple-expansion engine. The suggestions which it makes are immense. It may be that the tiny steam-turbine is the precursor of an army of steam-turbines before which the reciprocating steam-engine will absolutely disappear.

Few people who have attended the exposition have appreciated the importance of the Emergency Hospital, although probably they have been terror-stricken by the apparently reckless manner in which the hospital ambulances dash around the promenades. There have been an average of over one hundred hospital patients a day since the opening of the exposition. The largest percentage is the people who keep on going in their sight-seeing until they fall exhausted. Irregular eating has played an important part.

The new electrical heating process of Lagrange & Hoho, of Brussels, Belgium, is shown working at the exposition. It is a very curious process, and seems quite incomprehensible at first sight. In this process a rod of iron is raised to a white heat in a pail of water. Wrought iron and steel actually melt if long enough held under the water.

In one exhibit is shown what is believed to be the oldest stove in America. It was brought from France in 1693, and placed in the first convent established in Quebec. It is the ordinary type of box stove, and nearly square. The castings in it would be considered excellent work in stove-making to-day. In another exhibit there is shown the first anthracite self-feeding hase-burner made. This stove was invented by the late Dr. Nott, who was president of Union College, New York. It is believed to date back to 1817.

An exhibit made by the Horticultural Department is a section of an old rail-fence overgrown by a vigorous growth of ordinary garden-weeds, which are described by a card as "Things to hit with a hoe." Nearly all of the most lesome weeds are to be seen there.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has nearly completed his memoirs, and they will soon be brought out by the Appletons. As poet, journalist, traveler, gypsy, soldier, and lawyer, "Hans Breitmann" has had many curious experiences, and his book ought to be entertaining. It is said that he knows as many languages as George Borrow did.

George Haven Putnam has written a work on "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," which is a sketch of literary conditions from the earliest times down to the invention of printing.

A collection of biographical, topographical, and critical sketches, to be entitled "In the Footsteps of the Poets," will soon be published in London as follows:

Milton, by Professor Dr. David Masson; Herbert, by Dr. John Brown, of Bedford; Cowper, by Canon Benham; Thomas, by "Hugh Haliburton"; Wordsworth, by "Henry C. Ewart"; Walter Scott, by Mr. John Dennis; Browning, by Mr. R. H. Hutton; Mrs. Browning, by the Lord Bishop of Ripon; and Tennyson, by Mr. William Canton.

C. D. Warner and George du Maurier will contribute the serials to *Harper's Magazine* during the coming year, and among those whose short stories will appear are Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, George A. Hibbard, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Thomas Nelson Page, and Ruth McEnery Stuart.

A number of Herbert Spencer's private letters to the late Edward L. Youmans appear in John Fiske's memoir of Youmans. The proofs of the volume have been read by Mr. Spencer.

The *Californian Illustrated* quotes with evident pride in its advertising pages "the exquisite compliment paid to the editor by M. Octave Thanet: 'I like the *Californian* from start to finish.' That simple 'M.' betrays the editor into quite a number of errors, as the well-known writer referred to is not French but American, and not a monsieur but a miss. "Octave Thanet" is the pseudonym of Miss Alice French, of Davenport, Ia.

Charles Burr Todd has sent out a little pamphlet describing the aims of the Association of American Authors, from which we take the following:

"The French society was organized in 1837 as a protest against the wrong practices of publishers. Balzac, Sue, Hugo, Sand, and Dumas were among its supporters. It had to fight hard both for existence and reform, for the piratical publishers, and even certain reputable authors who were in the employ of publishers, opposed it. But it became powerful in time, and rich, and so it is today. It has dignified the profession, freed the writer from dependence on his publisher, and has brought literary folk together on a friendly, social basis.

"It not only defends the rights and interests of its members, but devotes money to those who need to be aided over a period of work. It has a sick fund and a pension fund. The initiation fee is eight dollars, and the annual dues are two dollars and forty cents. It publishes two journals, the *Chronique*, the organ of the society, and a *Bulletin* of news of the profession for the public press. It is considering the plan of having publishers procure stamps from the authors, the stamps to be put upon the books they sell, thus enabling the author to know the truth about the sales of his book, instead of, as at present, leaving him wholly at the mercy of whatever statements the publishers, honestly or dishonestly, prepare.

"The London or British Society of Authors is in comparative infancy. It was organized in 1883, yet it has eight hundred members. It is broader than the French society. It admits women and artists, and apparently any one else who is able and willing to pay in one pound a year. It offers legal advice free to its members, reads members' manuscripts, and advises them as to their merits and the best market for them, supervises contracts with publishers, and black-lists the disreputable men of that trade. It maintains a syndicate for the sale of literary matter and a clubhouse in London. It also has a journal—the *Author*—and is to create a pension fund. Among its members are Walter Besant, Blackmore, Haggard, Kipling, Hardy, James Bryce, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edmund Yates, and Edmund Gosse.

"As for the American association, it is a year old and has about one hundred more or less, well-known writers for its membership. The president is Colonel Thomas W. Higginson; the vice-presidents are Julia Ward Howe, Moncure D. Conway, and Maurice Thompson. It wants one thousand members to pay three dollars a year and five dollars initiation fee. It offers no help to publishers, but proposes to show, by numerous well-attested examples, that literary folk will profit by combination and advice. The address that is sent out with its circular is P. O. Box 194, New York city."

H. D. Traill is about to bring out as editor a large historical work in several volumes, to be called "Social England."

Harper's will be strong in the way of papers on travel next year. Edwin Lord Weeks will write of India, Richard Harding Davis of Paris, Alfred Parsons of Japan, Poultony Bigelow of Russia and Germany, Remington of Mexico, and William Sharp of "Rome in Africa."

Mr. Ruskin's forthcoming new book is new in the sense of matter which has never been published, although not new to those who have listened to his

lectures on Verona. It is these lectures which will form the bulk of the volume on the "Stones of Verona." Many of his drawings, made in the Italian city, will be used in illustrating the work.

Count Herbert Bismarck denies the report published that his father had sold his memoirs to a South German publisher for one hundred thousand dollars, on the condition that they should be published immediately after his death.

"Peciola," translated from the French of X. B. Sainne, with over one hundred drawings by J. F. Gueldry, will be one of the Appletons' attractive holiday books. The same firm has in press "The Country School," a study of New England school-boy life, written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

William Dean Howells's personal reminiscences will appear in *Harper's Magazine* during the coming year.

The French Revolution, in its influence upon Europe, and Napoleon's career as a reformer rather than as a conqueror, have been treated in a forthcoming book by Mr. Moore Stephens. The work will bear the title of "A History of Europe from 1789-1815."

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for November is as follows:

"London in the Season," by Richard Harding Davis; "Arbitration," by F. R. Coudert; the second article on "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf," written and illustrated by Edwin Lord Weeks; "The Frog that Played the Trombone," a story by Brander Matthews; Julian Ralph's "Along the Bayou Teche"; Colonel Dodge's "Riders of Turkey"; "The Decadent Movement in Literature," by Arthur Symonds, with portraits; Rozin W. McAdam's "An Indian Commonwealth"; Walter Pater's "imaginary portrait," "Apollo in Picardy"; Annie Nathan Meyer's story, "Vorbei"; Owen Wister's story, "Emily"; Daniel Roberts' "Reminiscence of Stephen A. Douglas"; the conclusion of William Black's serial story, "The Handsome Humes"; poems by John Hay, Anna C. Brackett, Alice Arthur Sewall, and Robert Burns Wilson; and the usual editorial departments.

The most popular novel among the Italians in America is "I Mistery di Mulberry." It was written by B. Ciambelli, in Mulberry Street, New York city, and circulates in parts of eight pages at five cents a part, or one dollar and fifty cents for the complete work. Its total number of pages is three hundred and twenty, and it is illustrated.

The following interesting letter appeared in the *London Times*:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES—Sir: I observe that M. Zola has had an enthusiastic reception by the lord mayor and people of London. Not long ago a man was imprisoned for publishing M. Zola's works in London. Is this inconsistency, or what? INQUIRER."

A selection of Bryant's "Poems of Nature," illustrated by Paul de Longpé, will be one of the principal books which the Appletons will publish this fall. The same firm has in press "In the Track of the Sun," consisting of "readings from the diary of a globe-trotter," by Frederick D. Thompson, with an illustration for nearly every page from drawings by Harry Fenn and from photographs.

New Publications.

"In Far Lochaber" is the latest volume issued in the new edition of William Black's novels published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents.

A second edition has been issued of "Skeleton Leaves," by Frank Leyton. It contains a long poem of several chapters, entitled "Leaves from the Diary of a Suicide," in which is told in blank verse the sad story of a girl's life. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 52.00.

"Marking the Boundary," by Edward Everett Billings, is the narrative of two lads' adventures with the United States Northern Boundary Survey in 1874. There is something of science in the story and something of Indian fighting, and finally the young heroes secure a fortune by discovering gold-mines. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"My Year in a Log Cabin," by W. D. Howells, has been issued in the Harper's Black and White Series. It is a pleasant little narrative of the novelist's youth, forty-three years ago, on the Little Miami River, where his father had charge of a saw-mill and grist-mill, and draws a lively picture of a fourteen-year-old boy's life in Ohio, in the middle of this century. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

An early installment of holiday books consists of Julia C. R. Dorr's poem of country life, "Periwinkle," illustrated in charcoal by Zulma de Lacy Steele; "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," illus-

trated by J. Noel Paton, R. S. A., with an introductory note by F. H. Underwood, LL. D.; and "I Have Called You Friends," a book of short poems on friendship, illuminated by Irene E. Jerome. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price: \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$2.50, respectively.

A dainty little book that attracts the eye at once is "Thumb-Nail Sketches," by George Wharton Edwards. It measures only five inches by three, and is bound in prettily stamped sheep, and it contains five short stories of adventure—"Moglashen," "The Clavecin, Bruges," "The Coffee-House, Maarken," "Strange to Say," and "A Fête Day and Evening in a Dutch Town"—which the author has illustrated with many exquisite little pen-and-ink sketches. Published by The Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A. F. Bandelier, whose work under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America and on the Hemenway Survey has given him high standing among the historians of Spanish conquest in the Americas, has written a very interesting book in "The Gilded Man and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America." "The Gilded Man" is the story of the El Dorado legend and the many efforts to locate the fabulous treasures of *el hombre dorado*. The scene of this record is Venezuela; and the other papers are of our own country, and include the legend of the seven cities of Cibola, "The Massacre of Cholula (1519)," "The Age of the City of Santa Fé," and "Jean L'Archêveque." There is no more romantic period in American history than this that Mr. Bandelier has treated in these papers, and the events he has chosen need no exaggeration to make them richly picturesque. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A new "Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign Sources," has been compiled by the Rev. James Wood, and will be welcome to a large circle of readers, literary workers, and others who would heed the old teacher's favorite advice to young men starting out in life, "Always verify your quotations." It is a volume of more than six hundred and fifty double-column pages, printed in small type, and contains thirty thousand references and a classified index. The quotations are all more or less aphoristic in quality, and include many mottoes, maxims, and proverbs. They are arranged alphabetically, following the initial letters of the initial word or words, while the index is arranged alphabetically by the leading words in the quotation. Proverbs, however, are not indexed, and when the chief word of a quotation is also its initial word, it is not indexed under that word. The editor has deemed it unnecessary to give the source of a quotation more closely than simply by naming the author, except in the case of Shakespeare, when play, act, and scene are given. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

"Tanis: The Sang-Digger" is Amélie Rives's latest story. "Sang-diggers" are "poor white trash" in the mountains of Virginia, who live by digging up "sang," or ginseng, and selling it. They are a barbarous lot of mountaineers, utterly unrestrained by the laws of the country, robbing, murdering, and generally comporting themselves according to the dictates of their own brutal natures. Tanis is an anomaly among them, as Barbara Dering was, perhaps, among women of our highest civilization. She is a dryad with a soul. Beautiful with a passionate, animal beauty, she has an instinct of purity that keeps her from the common immorality of the "sang-diggers"—whose domain is compared by one of them to heaven, for there's no marrying nor giving in marriage there. Tanis is hunted by a fellow of her tribe, a man handsome as a young Greek god and as devoid of conscience as a rabbit. The whole story is devoted to her struggles against the physical attraction this man exercises over her, from her first efforts to study a more civilized life to her final sacrifice of herself to this man in order to save the life of a woman who has befriended her. Published by the Town Topics Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The great intercollegiate games and field-days have aroused an interest in other than under-graduate circles, and it will not be "college men" alone who will read "Walter Camp's Book of College Sports." By Walter Camp. The repetition of the author's name on the title-page shows the importance the publishers attach to his fame, and it is not over-estimated, for there is no higher authority in his line than Mr. Camp. The contents of the book are an introduction, "Track Athletics," "Rowing," "A Remarkable Boat Race," "A Boat Race at New London," "Foot-Ball in America," "Base-Ball for the Spectator," "Base-Ball—for the Player," and an appendix in which are given the rules of the American Intercollegiate Association, playing-rules of base-ball for the principal college matches of 1893, a form of boating agreement, the conditions governing the Harvard-Yale contests for the University Track Athletic Cup, a form of constitution as adopted in the old league of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, and a form of contract between clubs and ground-owners. The papers are explained where necessary by diagrams, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent. Published by The Century Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE"

Is the title of a charming society novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of that bright story, "The Anglomaniacs." The book is beautifully illustrated by C. D. Gibson; the price is \$1.25, for which it will be mailed, post-paid, by

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VANITY FAIR.

London is full of American girls with their faces homewards. An Englishwoman has been studying their tastes and looks. The American girl may be known anywhere by her smart, up-to-date dress. Otherwise she may be discerned by the pretty pallor of her skin, her neat, but perfectly plain black gros-grain skirt, her faultlessly fitting and equally plain black cloth jacket. This is declared to be the American girl's uniform. Thus attired she is laying up treasures in Regent Street and Bond. London prices are half as cheap again as in Paris, but cheap things may sometimes be dear. So she buys her hats, her gala gowns in Paris, and in London her coats, wraps, tailor-made gowns. English gloves have largely superseded French gloves, except for evening wear, since manly styles have prevailed. Our countrywomen in Holland seem to have gone there for the purpose of buying Dutch silver and blue and white Delft cows, or of hunting up their genealogy in old Dutch records. From Homburg, among the social quotations, is the announcement that "Americans have fallen." The interpretation appears to be that the American girls have not received their customary attention from the Prince of Wales. At the same time it is admitted that they have added much to the gayety and wondrously enlarged the vocabulary of the circles they frequent.

Lord Lytton's novel of "Pelham," written with the idea of counteracting the affectation of Byronism, is said to have affected the fashion of men's dress, for in it Lady Frances Pelham says, in a letter to her son: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when last I saw you; you look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Till then, coats worn for evening dress were of different colors, according to the fancy of the wearer, and the adoption of the now invariable black is said to have dated from the publication of "Pelham."

There are numberless causes of wrinkles, but none more potent than the very simple one of undue facial expression. The lively woman who lifts her eyebrows perpetually will find that her habit has produced numberless long lines running across her forehead; who laughs, lifting the muscles that close the eyes, will have innumerable crows'-feet at the corners, and fine lines as many beneath the lower lids; who expresses her disdain, her dislike, her ill-temper, too freely on her countenance, will have the despondent and disagreeable lines curving from the corners of the mouth down the chin, as well as the deep-cut frown and the parallel lines on the brow, like those on old-fashioned sugar gingerbread. The woman who frowns from petulance or from the effort to see will have the repelling perpendicular rift in the forehead just above the nose; and the moping and melancholy woman will have the marks of her moping engraved on her face. Indeed, every character writes itself out on the face (says a writer in the *Bazar*) in lines that those versed in the writing will have no difficulty in reading. Where some see only chance lines and folds, the skilled see faces scarred with various passions or bland with guileless and, perhaps, almost wrinkleless serenity. One very fertile cause of wrinkles is the endeavor to see without glasses when the time to call upon their service has arrived, the effort making a continual gathering of skin and muscle in directions which presently become permanent. Almost equally fertile are the habits of reading by a feeble light, of allowing the sun to shine in the face and dazzle the eyes, or the wind to blow in them and inflame them; for nature will care for the eyes herself, and do her best to protect them with the thing nearest at hand, which is the skin, and straightway comes the wrinkle. Another source of the trouble is the loss of teeth, for no artificial teeth can possibly hold in permanent position the external muscles above the roots of the teeth.

"I do study up for a dinner," admitted an ingenuous young woman to a writer in the *New York Times*, "and I don't know as I am ashamed to tell of it. When my invitation comes, I usually know what persons will comprise the company, and I make a note of the place, date, and possible guests in a little book I have for the purpose. As the interval of time passes, in my reading of the newspapers or books and magazines, and in my talk with anybody, I keep in mind any bit of interesting comment, incident, or a good story, putting them down in outline for my dinner conversation. Then, just before I start for the feast, I look the list over, fixing the range of topics in my mind. Where's the harm? I spend as much, if not more, time over the study of the gown I shall wear and the way I shall do my hair, in order to contribute the best of my appearance at my hostess's table; why shouldn't I fix up my mind a little, as well?"

Apropos of the spread of the cycling craze among the fashionables of Paris, which was noted here last week, another correspondent furnishes additional details: "The proud Parisienne, wearing the most picturesque and becoming costume, and followed by her groom in faultless livery, also riding a cycle, may be seen by the dozen every morning in the Bois. The Parisian woman-riders are in proportion to the

men as about one to four. Sometimes they ride in pairs, with but one groom following, and always in a short skirt, reaching only to the knees, knee-trousers, and buttoned cloth leggings to the knee. The skirt is sometimes divided at the bottom and gathered to two hands below the knees, like the gymnasium dresses worn by athletic women here. But prettier than these are the accordion-plaited skirts of black over black tights, with jaunty Bolero jackets of velvet, also black, and bright silk waists. It looks a bit odd just at first to see a lady and gentleman walking along together and suddenly have the lady slip off her long skirt, hand it to the gentleman, who wraps it up in a little bundle, straps it on the back of his machine, and the lady, in her short petticoat, mounts her wheel and rides as rapidly and easily as her escort. You rather like it when you get accustomed to it. Short dresses appear in the windows of the shops, and though many of them are designed for hunting, most of them are worn for cycling. The dress should be as light as possible, entirely of woollen materials, and worn without corsets. Riders recommend that all the undergarments be made of the same material as the dress, for it is impossible to fall off from a bicycle gracefully, and the girl in frills and lace, when she takes a header, is apt to look like an upset laundry basket. The tricycle is preferred by the more conservative English dames and demoiselles. Princess Mary Adelaide has prevailed upon the queen to order two machines for her granddaughters, the Princesses Irene and Alix of Hesse. The Princess of Wales bought another for a birthday present for one of her daughters, and the Princesses of Lorne and Beatrice both cycled bravely through the grounds at Balmoral."

There is apparently an undiminished interest in the fact that the Earl of Dunraven speaks without what is generally known here as an English accent. It is natural enough for us to look confidently for certain ear-marks in distinguished visitors, because we have been taught for many years that British noblemen say "duntcherknow," wear clothes of a checked pattern, hobnailed boots, single glasses, heavy canes, and are wont to make a grewsome and amazing dialect out of the queen's English. It is so in fiction and on the stage. Those New York swells who go to England every year for three months always return with an accent that is as fearful and murderous as that of a drunken costermonger. "I have talked," says a writer in *New York Truth*, "with many men of lofty title in England, when it was necessary to interview them in a business way for the papers, but I have never yet found one who was addicted to the use of English as our swells ape it." Indeed, their talk does not vary in any degree from that of traveled American gentlemen. Nor does one see checked clothes, heavy canes, and hobnailed boots in London, except where the vulgar dwell.

The emancipated young woman is one of the most decided features of our *fin-de-siècle* civilization. She is not what is commonly known as a "strong-minded female." She is generally a dainty, feminine creature, clothed in the most irreproachable of French toilets. She gives delightful little dinners and other entertainments, is perfectly conventional, offends none of the proprieties, and yet is, withal, absolutely independent in her method of life. She lives either alone or with some friend of like disposition, traveling in Europe or in this country whenever the mood takes her. She is a woman of the world, cosmopolitan in her tastes, charming in her ways, broad in her views, and she ranks almost as a married woman in society by virtue of her fashionable independence. It goes without saying (remarks the *New York Tribune*) that those who assume, or rather who are given this position by society, are well endowed with this world's goods, so well endowed, generally, in substantial as well as mental and physical attractions, that it is for no lack of suitors that they prefer this state of existence. The days when it was thought necessary to be married *quand même* are over, and a woman hachelor, if such a term may be used instead of the undignified appellation of old maid, is now almost as accepted a social feature as the unmarried clubman, and her position seems as free from care and as enviable as that of her masculine prototype. Like him, later on she is apt to marry, but never in her first youth. When she does elect to give up her state of single blessedness, she is apt to select the future companion of her existence with the calm judgment of an older person, taking into consideration congeniality of disposition and position in her world, together with the many other qualifications which go to make up a "good marriage."

Villa settlements of city folk and the country clubs that are connected with many of them are among the distinctive features of social life and social progress of the times. The tendency of families to live altogether in the country during all or nearly all of each year seems (writes Julian Ralph in the *Providence Journal*) to indicate an intense and general interest in the study of health. At all events, one great effect of the country life of our city folks is already observable in the greatly improved physical tone of the well-to-do and the people of comfortable incomes. Particularly is this noticeable in their children. A city child used to be betrayed by his physical appearance. A great many of the successful professional

and business men still show the ill-effects of bad air, and artificial light, and too close application to affairs, but not so the women and the children of their families. These are to-day the finest women and children in America—these once derided "city punks." Their standard has altered wonderfully as to their height, and breadth, and weight. It is the habit of guarding and studying their health that has done this, and of spending eight months of their time in the country. Too many of the women may send their children off to boarding-schools in order to be free of them and at liberty for tennis, golf, riding, driving, dancing, and the rest—but even then the children are also in the country. The great private schools that once were features of New York have all but disappeared. A few for girls remain, but they are nothing like so numerous or important as they were. And while the boys and girls are at school, they, like their parents at home, are all intent upon making muscle and getting as much outdoor air as possible, by means of the many forms of sport and exercise which are the fashion.

The popular literature of to-day contains (according to the *New York Press*) too many love-stories of a certain sort. The mutual attraction of the sexes is the sole theme of a large majority of the books that come from our printing presses. The books referred to are not those which are distinctly immoral in tone and impure in suggestion. They are novels in which the love of men for women and women for men is treated as though it constituted the only element of interest in human life. The average love-story, although it may not contain an immoral line in the ordinary sense of the term, is a pernicious distortion of the life it professes to portray. The men of this country are not divided into two grand classes of heroes and villains. Masculine Americans are not perpetually on the lookout for opportunities to rescue heauteous damsels from dire peril, because they are hard at work earning an honorable livelihood for themselves and their families. They make the best husbands in the world, and they reverence womanhood as it deserves to be revered, but they are brought into too close contact with prosaic realities to take many excursions into the rose-tinted domain of romance. There can be no objection to the portrayal of love between the sexes when it is done with reasonable fidelity to the facts. But the novels that disregard the wide diversity of elements which go to make up human life, and dwell on love and marriage alone, fill the minds of young girls with a set of false ideals that frequently do infinite harm in later life.

There is much talk in clubdom over a decided innovation in club entertainments recently inaugurated by the Union League Club of Brooklyn. The Union League Club is a politicians' organization, made up in part of staid citizens. They frequently give "receptions," at which an entertainment committee provides supper and amusement. There had never been anything more elaborate than clog-dancing in the terpsichorean line at these receptions, but the committee engaged Miss Jeannette du Pré to do a "butterfly dance" at one of their Saturday night entertainments recently. The assembly-room was packed when the performance began. The room was darkened just before the appearance of Miss du Pré. Somebody turned on the calcium lights, and pretty soon a vision of shapeliness and gauze appeared from behind the scenes and threw kisses in all directions, while the members of the club applauded vigorously in the darkness. Miss du Pré's legs were incased in flesh-colored silken tights which met above the knees, a pair of gauzy silk transparent trousers, which were held about her waist by a belt of some soft material. Above this she wore a bodice, which one man says he is sure it did not take more than half a yard of silk to make. On her arms were attached the butterfly wings, and these completed the costume. The dance itself was hardly anything more than a succession of graceful motions made by an exceedingly shapely body, and the good cluhmen enjoyed it so much that they insisted on Miss du Pré's repeating it several times. Now there is much grumbling from certain members who do not wish their club to be turned into a variety show, and a very pretty fight is on.

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SOCIETY.

The Fechteler-Morrow Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Maud Morrow, daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, and Lieutenant Augustus F. Fechteler, U. S. N., took place last Monday at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in San Rafael, and was attended by many friends of the young couple. The chancel was handsomely decorated with flowers and foliage. The ceremony was performed at half past twelve o'clock. Miss Ruger acted as maid of honor, Miss Belle McKenna and Miss May Hoffman were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frank Fechteler, of New York, was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and a delicious *dinner* was served. A large number of costly wedding gifts were received. In the evening Lieutenant and Mrs. Fechteler left to make a tour of the Eastern States.

The Arnold-Wangenheim Wedding.

The first wedding ever held in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel took place there last Wednesday evening, when Miss Bertha Wangenheim and Mr. Benjamin Arnold were united in the bonds of matrimony. The affair was a brilliant one, and had several interesting features. The bride, a handsome demi-blonde, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wangenheim, and is very popular in a large circle of friends. The groom has for several years been the cashier of the Alaska Commercial Company. He is a prominent member of the San Francisco Verein, having at one time been its vice-president.

About two hundred relatives and intimate friends were invited to the wedding, and they were assembled in the reception-room at one o'clock, when the bridal party entered to the strains of the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," which was played by a string orchestra. First came two little flower-bearers, Miss Sadie Stern and Miss Babette Newmam, attired in gowns of white India silk. They wore wreaths of orange-blossoms and long veils of white tulle, and carried baskets of fair blossoms. Theo came Master Newton Stern escorting Miss Mary Newtoo, who wore a becoming gown of white silk. Mr. and Mrs. H. Arnold, the brother and sister-in-law of the groom, were next. Mrs. Arnold wore a beautiful costume of gray and white striped silk, en demitain. Then came the groom with the bride's mother, who was attired in a rich robe of sapphire blue velours de Lyons, beautifully brocaded and trimmed with point de Venise lace. Next in the cortege was the maid of honor, Miss Rose Newman, whose gown was of pink crêpe de Chine, trimmed with point lace. Last of all were the bride and her father. Her toilet is described as follows:

It was a stylish and elegant robe of lustrous white satin, made with a very long court train and trimmed with Duchesse and point d'Alençon lace. The skirt was perfectly plain. The corsage was cut square and filled in daintily with crêpe lace. The sleeves were bouffant and extended to the elbows, where they met her gloves of white undressed kid. There was a spray of orange-blossoms in her coiffure, and from it fell a long veil of white moline that rippled gracefully to the end of the train. Her hand-bouquet was of jasmine; no other ornaments were worn.

Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of the Temple Emanuel, performed the marriage ceremony, prefacing it with an address of advice and instruction. At the conclusion of the ceremony congratulations were extended to the happy young couple, the orchestra meanwhile giving forth melodious selections. The beautiful Marble Room was canvassed for dancing, and, after the bridal lancers, dancing became general until eleven o'clock, when the grand march was formed and the party proceeded to the Maple Room, where the supper was served. The tables were arranged in the form of a horseshoe. An elaborate menu of twelve courses, with appropriate wines, was served. Several toasts were given and responded to, the response to the future of the bride and groom, by Dr. Voorsanger, being especially notable.

A feature of the affair that was certainly unique occurred during the progress of the supper. Each guest was given a copy of an eight-page newspaper, which was dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold and edited by Mr. Hugo Waldeck. It was filled with verses on the virtues and foibles of the newly wedded couple and their friends and quotations from the poets, descriptive of the married state. Among them was "A Bridal Song," set to music by Mr. William Hinz and sung by Mr. Uhlfelder; another, entitled "A Fish Story," was sung by a double quartet to the melody of "After the Ball." The paper created much merriment. After supper dancing was resumed until three o'clock in the morning, when adieux were said to the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold left on Thursday to pass a couple of weeks at Del Monte. When they return, they will reside at the Palace Hotel, and will receive on Mondays. The wedding-presents were very handsome.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent "Concert and Dance Music." This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Deulist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. N. K. Masten has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Georgiana Martha Masten, and Mr. William Fawcett Perkins, which will take place at his residence, 2218 Clay Street, on Tuesday evening, October 31st.

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska will receive their friends next Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue.

The members of the Deutscher Verein will give a ball this evening at their rooms to the Pioneer Building.

Through the courtesy of General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., the Woman's Exchange announces that it has secured the use of Black Point for next Saturday afternoon, and will give a high tea there. The military band and the Hungarian Orchestra will be present to play concert and dance-music. The tickets of admission will be one dollar each. Those who wish to attend can reach Fort Mason by the carriage road or will be taken there free of charge on tugboats, which will make regular trips from the city front. The indications are that it will be a success financially, also.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie will deliver a lecture at the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, November 9th, for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters. The subject will be "Side-Lights of Travel."

In our last issue we published an account of the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Hulbert, of New York, and Mr. Frederick Page Cutting, son of Mr. Francis Cutting, of Oakland, which was supposed to have taken place at the home of the bride's parents on Monday evening, October 2d. Since then, information has been received that the wedding was decidedly out of the ordinary. It seems that the groom was stricken with typhoid fever the day previous to the wedding and was not expected to live. Invitations had been issued to several hundred friends for the wedding and reception, and it was almost impossible to countermand them at such short notice. However, the bride insisted that the wedding should take place, and the ceremony was performed as she knelt beside the bedside of the groom in his room at the Hotel Beresford. After the ceremony the bride returned to the home of her parents and received the wedding guests. Mr. Cutting is improving in health, and possibly by this time has entirely recovered.

What with Mr. Rosebaum, Mr. Roseborn, and Mr. Rosenfeld, the New York Casino has been quite a bed of roses lately—only in name, however. Sydney Rosenfeld wanted to produce his comic opera, "The Rainmakers of Syria," and Mr. Roseborn assumed the rôle of "aogel"—*angel*, financial backer of the enterprise. But after he had sunk some twenty-eight thousand dollars in the cocero, Mr. Roseborn called in Lawyer Rosebaum to get him out of it without further loss of time or money. Then principals, chorus, and musicians began to pester Mr. Rosenfeld for their money, and the show had to close down. One of the last episodes of this merry war was a pitched battle, in which Mr. Rosenfeld was cheerfully and dexterously "tumped" by Mr. Charley Hopper, the genial comedian of the show. This made the third personal encounter Mr. Rosenfeld had been drawn into by "The Rainmakers," the other two being with his burly stage-manager, Max Freeman, and a reporter for the New York Times.

During the past week there has been an exhibition at Vickery's Art Gallery, 224 Post Street, of the recent sketches and paintings by Miss Eva Withrow, who recently returned from Europe. The display has attracted so much attention that Mr. Vickery has decided to continue it another week.

A Beautiful Display.

A visit to the large establishment of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street, will be most interesting to all lovers of the artistic, and especially to those who are furnishing their homes. They have now on exhibition the finest line of paintings, engravings, etchings, and photographs ever seen in this city, and are selling them at prices that are marvelously low. They are both framed and unframed, so that customers may suit their own tastes, and, if desired, may have frames made to order of any design at short notice. The *rococo* style, which is now all the rage in fashionable society circles in Europe, is seen at its best in the new designs that the Messrs. Gump have just received from Berlin, for such articles as bric-à-brac and music-cabinets, casels, sideboards, screens, brackets, mirrors, tables, and pedestals. These are now being made on special orders in a manner that fully equals the best productions made abroad. The styles that were in vogue during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth are also in great demand, and can be made to order in gold or any shade that may be desired, to match draperies and furniture.

—LADIES WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE LATEST styles of cloaks for this fall and winter season, will find it to their advantage to call at the California Cloak Co., 105 Post Street, first floor up, where they will receive the best of attention. Chas. Mayer, Jr., & Co., Proprietors.

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—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Saturday Popular Concert.

The thirtieth Saturday Popular Concert was given at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon, and attracted the usual fashionable audience. The executives were Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Mr. Otto Bendix, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Hotber Wisner, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Louis Heine, who presented the following excellent programme:

String quartet, op. 18, No. 5, Beethoven, (1) allegro, (2) minuetto, (3) andante cantabile, (4) allegro, Messrs. Beel, Wisner, Jaulus, and Heine; "Carnaval," op. 9, Schumann, Prémabule, Pierrot, Harlequin, Valse Noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette Replique, Papillons (A. S. C. H.—S. C. H. A. Lettres Dansantes), Charlini, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Avea, Promenade, Pause, Marche des Davids-bündler contre les Philistins, Mr. Otto Bendix; (a) adagio, Bargiel, (b) tarantella, Moszkowski, Mr. Louis Heine; sonata for piano and violin, op. 13, 1. Paderewski (by desire), (2) allegro con fantasia, (3) intermezzo, (4) finale allegro molto, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel.

Mr. Adolph Bauer will give his next symphony concert at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, November 3d. A notable feature will be the wonderful child pianist, Miss Augusta S. Cottlow. The programme in general will be up to the usual standard.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Josephine Cone is visiting her sister in Chicago. Miss Minnie Houghton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, in Hartford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, and Mr. J. B. Lincoln have been in Boston during the past week.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker will return from New York late in November.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman will remain East most of the winter.

Mr. Charles K. Macintosh will return from Chicago in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes have removed to 1523 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Folis and Miss Folis have returned from an extended visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard will pass the winter in San Rafael.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are in Chicago viewing the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is expected to return from the East to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are passing a few weeks at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse P. Meehan left last Sunday on a prolonged Eastern trip.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from an extended visit to the Eastern States.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trimbo are visiting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgarriff have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and family are occupying their new residence, 255 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoberg have been in Washington, D. C., during the past week. They will remain East until late in December.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs have departed to visit the Columbian Exposition, and make a prolonged Eastern tour.

Miss Mollie Wethered and her brother, Mr. Woodworth Wethered, left last Saturday for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, were visiting San José early in the week.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt were in Paris when last heard from.

Hon. and Mrs. E. D. Murphy, Mrs. H. Ward Wright, Miss Evelyn Murphy, and Miss Taaffe, of San José, arrived in Chicago last Tuesday.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is visiting Mrs. George Start, at San José. She will pass the winter at Coronado Beach.

Miss Eleanor Dimond is visiting in New York City, and will remain there about a month longer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Tobin, Miss Deming, and Mr. Richard Tobin, who have been viewing the Columbian Exposition, are expected here next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, nee Curtis, will leave to-day for New York, en route for Genoa, Italy, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Florence Lockwood are at the Windsor Hotel in New York city, where they will remain until December 1st.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg will return from Chicago on Monday.

Mr. Harry Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook will leave Chicago on Monday to visit the Eastern States, and will be away a month.

Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San José, left on Friday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin returned to Oroville last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Mr. Richard Hotaling left last Monday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. James A. Robinson will receive her friends at her residence, 1411 Hyde street, on Tuesdays, in November and January.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton left last Monday to join Mrs. John F. Swift, in Chicago. After viewing the Columbian Exposition they will go to Washington, D. C., and will return here early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. J. Leo Lilienthal, Miss Lilienthal, Mr. Louis Greenbaum, Mrs. D. Walter, and Miss Flora Walter are at the Hotel Savoy, in New York city.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein has gone to Chicago to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. Nat. T. Messer left last Tuesday to visit the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. E. A. Denicke is in New York city, and is staying at the Hotel Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition. Mrs. Wells passed the summer in Philadelphia and Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. Webster Jones

are visiting Chicago and the Eastern States, and will be away about five weeks.

Mrs. Alfred E. Ford has returned to the city, and will receive during the winter on Wednesday at her residence, 1620 Broadway.

Mrs. G. R. Rossiter and Miss Bertha Welch are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mrs. W. V. Huntington, who is in New York city, is staying at the Gilsey House.

Mr. William H. Keith left Chicago last Tuesday for this city, and will reside at 338 Eddy Street.

Mr. Irving M. Scott and Mr. Lawrence Irving Scott are staying at the Holland House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch, nee Well, will receive their friends at their residence on Monday evening, October 23d, and will leave next Saturday on a six months' trip to South America.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marie Graham, daughter of Colonel William M. Graham, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., commanding officer at the Presidio, to Ensign Guy H. Burridge, U. S. N., who is on duty on the Monterey.

Captain James R. Richards, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Richard C. Croxon, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Captain F. H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on recruiting duty at Davis Island, N. Y.

Captain and Mrs. Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, will soon leave on an Eastern trip.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. M. C., have returned to Mare Island, after a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Alfred C. Girard, wife of Major Girard, U. S. A., has returned to Benicia Barracks, after a journey to Tucson, A. T., where she was called owing to the death of her only brother.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has gone East, on a four months' leave of absence.

Commander W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the command of the *Alliance*, now at Corinto, on the arrival there of Commander T. A. Lyons, U. S. N., who will assume command. Commander Whiting has been granted one month's leave of absence, and it is generally supposed that his marriage to Miss Along, of Honolulu, will take place then.

Mrs. Joseph H. Dorst, wife of Captain Dorst, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone East, and will soon be joined by Captain Dorst, who has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Captain Abram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to New York for medical treatment, and will be away about three months.

Mrs. H. L. Howison, wife of Captain Howison, U. S. N., left last Saturday on an Eastern trip.

A hop was given at the Presidio, by the officers and ladies stationed there, on Thursday evening, October 12th. It was well attended and pleasurable in every way.

Just as the Spaniards worship their little king, so the Dutch follow with the liveliest interest the life of the little Queen Wilhelmina, now in her fourteenth year. Says the *Sketch*:

"Her portrait has the place of honor in most drawing-rooms of the better classes, not only because she is the queen, but because the well-grown, tall figure, with the blonde hair and soft expression of countenance, constitutes the nation's idea of female beauty. Her majesty is being educated directly under her mother's supervision, but she has an English governess and several expert teachers. One day her English governess had occasion to scold her, and her majesty decided to have her revenge; so, when the lesson in geography came round, and she was instructed to draw a map of Europe, the mischievous little lady drew England with the smallest dimensions, but Holland half the size of Europe. Queen Wilhelmina now speaks excellent English and French, but she has little taste for German. All her spare time is spent in the park or neighborhood of Het Loo, accompanied by her handsome terrier, Swell, riding, driving, boating, etc. But her majesty's greatest penchant is still her dolls."

Ellen Terry is much worried because the fates are about to thrust upon her an honor that Mme. Bernhardt revels in—that of being a grandmother. This she owes to her son, Gordon Craig, who married, about a year ago, against the wishes of his mother. An Australian paper prints a letter, said to have been written by Miss Terry, which concludes as follows:

"The newspapers will write interviews about me in the light of a grandmother. I am painfully conscious that I am no longer young enough to be the leading heroine of the Lyceum Company; but this is no reason why you, for whom I have done so much, should make the fact patent to all the world."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How strangely Putter acts! Isn't he a little off?" "No, but the market is."—*Boston Transcript*.

Wills—"How did Bangem happen to make such a wreck of you?" "Broken up"—"I didn't know he was loaded."—*Puck*.

"Did Brown leave the country for good?" "I reckon so; it's been doin' purty well ever since."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Do you know much about that horse you bought from the deacon?" "I know more about the deacon than I did."—*Life*.

"I infer that Jaysmith is very familiar with history." "How did you acquire that inference?" "I heard him speak of Charlemagne as Charlie."—*Judge*.

Tessie—"Tell me a fairy tale, mamma." Mamma—"I don't know any, dear. Wait till your father comes home to-night, about midnight; he'll tell one."—*Judge*.

Saidso—"Mrs. Medders reminds me of the old hen who sat on ducks' eggs." Herds—"How?" Saidso—"Her children are all in the swim, and she isn't."—*Puck*.

Mr. B.—"Why didn't you put on your gloves before we started out? I'd as soon see you put on your stockings in the street." Mrs. B.—"Most men would."—*Truth*.

Justice Stuffy—"What is the charge against this coon?" "O' Toole—"Violation of the game laws, yer honor." Justice Stuffy—"What has he been shooting?" "O Toole—"Crap."—*Puck*.

Cholly—"This is my grandmother's portrait, and I am thought to have some of her features." His adored—Yes, I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrow and your moustache."—*Life*.

A personal reflection: "What has become of the handsome young woman who used to be here?" inquired the regular customer at the dairy lunch establishment. "Which handsome young woman?" asked the blonde maiden behind the counter, haughtily.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Look out for thieves! Hands on your pocket-books!" sung out a little man in the crowd. "That chap with the velvet vest carries his wad in his left hip-pocket, Gabe," he added in an undertone a moment later, speaking to an innocent-looking man standing by his side.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The heavenly twins: "But they are so exactly alike. How does Fitz know which of them he is engaged to?" "He keeps a long auburn hair—another girl's hair—which he sometimes puts upon his coat-sleeve. The future Mrs. Fitz goes for it at once, and so the problem is solved!"—*The Sketch*.

Donald (an Americanized Scotchman to his cousin Sandy, newly arrived)—"Sandy, me boy, and what will ye have for your breakfast the morning?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"And what for dinner?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"But what for supper?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"And what else will you have beside oatmeal?" Sandy—"Losh! I'm alive, is there anything else?"—*Boston Courier*.

Rosalie—"Have you seen Mr. Barlow lately?" May—"Yes; he calls now about twice a week, and he's awfully convenient." Rosalie—"Why, May Flower, how can you stand him? He's so big and clumsy, and always haggard about his weight." May—"Oh, yes, that's just it. I've been collecting autumn leaves to press, and Mr. Barlow has been very kind about them. All the time he's making his call, he sits on the book for me, and the leaves are getting pressed just beautifully."—*Basar*.

Struck it Rich.

The firm of Groom & Nash, hatters, 942 Market Street, under Baldwin Hotel, has the sole agency of the celebrated Youmans' New York hats. Groom & Nash have established a splendid reputation for the most stylish hats and at reasonable prices. Styles are placed on sale in their store as soon as introduced in New York.

A recent paragraph has this to say of Rosa Bonheur:

"Rosa Bonheur is still painting in her quaint studio near Fontainebleau. She is now an old woman, small, sun-burned, and wrinkled as a peasant. The gray hair is cut short, and is still thick. As she wears a blouse, she dons a cloth cap. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor is pinned on her breast. It was given to her by the Empress Eugénie. The accent of Bordeaux hangs on her tongue, but she has no Gascon loquacity. Her eye is 'attentive,' and is still bright. Of her masculine habits she says: 'In my situation they were the most convenient and decent. I should have missed all chances of success had I to bear the weight of the skirt fashion thirty years ago.' The accomplished woman has two studios. One is like a stable, lighted from the roof. 'I can be here,' she says, 'avec mes bonnes bêtes.' She is fond of her cows, her horses, her gazelles, but does not like carnivores."

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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With agonizing Eczemas, and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the greatest skin cure.

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GUMP'S LIQUIDATION SALE STILL CONTINUES.

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

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If you want the Best Food,
Royal Baking Powder
is indispensable.

DILATORY DINNERS.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa."

SCENE.—The grounds of a certain exhibition. On this particular evening there has been a slight hitch in the culinary arrangements, and the relations between the chef and the waiters are apparently strained. Enter an EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON, followed by a meek and youthful GUEST.

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON [concluding an harangue]—Well, all I've got to say is, I've been here half an hour—with a bitter sense of the anomaly of the situation—waiting about for you! [They seat themselves at one of the little tables under the veranda.] Oh, you're going to sit that side, are you? It's all the same to me, except that there's a confounded draught here which—well, you're young, and these things don't affect you—or oughtn't to. [They exchange sides.] We shall have to hurry our dinner now, if we mean to hear anything of the music. That was the reason I expressly told you seven sharp. Here, waiter! [WAITER presents a carte, and stands by with a proud humility.] Now, what are you going to have? [TO GUEST.] You don't mind? I hate to hear a man say he doesn't care what he eats—he ought to care, he must care. What do you say to this: "Potage bisque d'écrevisses; saumon sauce Hollandaise; brimborions de veau farcis à l'imprévu; ducklings and green peas; new potatoes; salad?" Simple and—ah—satisfying. [TO WAITER.] Let us have that as quick as you can; do you hear?

WAITER—Quick? Yes, I dell zem. [He hurries off.]

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—Hang the fellow, he's forgotten the wine! [TO GUEST.] What will you drink?

THE GUEST [thinks it will look greedy if he suggests champagne]—Oh—er—whatever you're going to drink.

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—Well, I'm going to have a glass of champagne myself. I want it after all this worry. But if you prefer beer [considerately], say so. [THE GUEST, in a spirit of competition, prefers beer.] Well, we could have managed a bottle of champagne between us, and it's never so good to my mind in the pints—but please yourself, of course.

[THE GUEST feels that his moderation has missed fire, but dares not retract; they sit in silence for some time, without anything of importance happening, except that a strange waiter swoops down and carries away their bread-basket.]

A MEER MAN [at an adjoining table, who, probably for family reasons, is entertaining his sister-in-law, a lady with an aquiline nose and remarkably thick eyebrows]—You know, Horatia, I call this sort of thing very jolly, having dinner like this in the fresh air, eh? [He rubs his hands under the table.]

HORATIA [acidly]—It may be so, Augustus, when we do have it. At present we have been sitting here fifteen minutes, and had nothing but fresh air and flies, and, as I don't pretend to be a chameleon myself, why— [She fans herself vigorously.]

AUGUSTUS—Well, you know, my dear, we were warned that the trout en papillotes might take some little time. I suppose [with mild jocularity] it's a fashionable fish—wants to come in with a "little head sunning over with curls," as the poet says.

HORATIA—Please don't make jokes of that sort—unless you wish to destroy the little appetite I have left!

AUGUSTUS [penitently]—Never mind—I won't do it again. Here's our waiter at last. Now we're all right!

[THE WAITER puts a dish down upon another table, and advances with the air of a family friend who brings bad tidings.]

HORATIA—Will you kindly let us have that trout at once?

THE WAITER [bending down to AUGUSTUS with pity and sympathy]—Ferysory to dell you, especially after keebin' you so long waitin', but [thinks how he can break it most gently] ve haf zo many people hier to-day, and zey haf shust dolt me in ze gitchen zere is no more drou. Zis hotte vedder ze drou he vill nod shtay!

AUGUSTUS [mildly]—No, of course not—well, let me see, now, what can you—

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—Here, you Kell-ner, come here, can't you? What the—

WAITER [to AUGUSTUS]—Von minute. I gom back bresently. [TO EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON] You vant your pill, sir, yes?

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON [exploding]—My hill! Confound it! I want something to eat first. When is that bisque coming?

WAITER—Ach, peg your bardon; ve haf peen so pusy all day. Your bisque vill pe retty dirlgly. I go to vetch him. [He goes.]

HORATIA—Now we're farther off from getting any food than ever! I suppose you mean to do some thing, Augustus?

AUGUSTUS—Of course—certainly. I shall speak very strongly. [Bleating.] Waiter!

HORATIA [with scorn]—Do you imagine they will pay the least attention to a noise like a sixpenny toy? Let them see you insist upon being obeyed.

AUGUSTUS—I am—I mean, I will—I am very much annoyed. [Fiercely.] Waiter!

A STERN WAITER [appearing suddenly]—You vant somsing, sir?

AUGUSTUS [apologetically]—Yes; we should—er—like something to eat—anything—so long as you can bring it at once, if you don't mind. We—this lady is rather in a hurry, and we've waited some little time already, you see.

THE WAITER—Peg your bardon, zis is nod my dapple. I send your waiter. [He vanishes.]

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—Scandalous! Over twenty minutes we've been here! Hal! at last! [A WAITER appears with a tureen, which he uncovers.] Here, what do you call this?

WAITER—Groûte au Bot—you order him, yes? No? I dake him away! [He whisks it away to the chagrin of the GUEST, who thought it smelled nice.]

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—I ordered bisque—where is it? And I want some wine, too—a pint of champagne and a small lager. If they're not here very soon, I'll—

THE GUEST [trying to make the best of things]—Nothing for that but patience. I suppose.

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON [with intention]—I had very little of that left before I sat down, I can tell you!

A SARCASTIC AND SOLITARY DINER—Waiter, could you spare me one moment of your valuable time? [The WAITER halts irresolutely.] It is so long since I had the pleasure of speaking to you, that you may possibly have forgotten that about three-quarters of an hour ago I ventured to express a preference for an *entrecôte aux pommes de terre*, with a half-bottle of Braune. Could you give me any idea how much longer those rare dainties may take in preparing, and, in the meantime, enable me to support the pangs of starvation by procuring me the favor of a Vienna roll, if I am not trespassing too much upon your good-nature?

[The WAITER, in a state of extreme mystification and alarm, departs to inform the MANAGER.]

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON'S WAITER [reappearing, with a small plated bowl, champagne-bottle, and glass of lager]—I regret fery much to haf to dell you zat zere is only shust enough bisque for von berson. [He bows with well bred concern.]

THE EGOTISTIC AMPHITRYON—Confound it all! [TO GUEST.] Here, you'd better take this, now it's here. Afraid of it, eh? Well, bisque is apt to disagree with some people. [TO WAITER.] Give it to me, and bring this gentleman some gravy soup, or whatever else you have ready. [He busies himself with his bisque, while the GUEST, in pure absence of mind, drinks the champagne with which the WAITER has filled his glass.] Here, what are you doing? I didn't order lager. [Perceives the mistake.] Oh, you've changed your mind, have you? [TO GUEST.] All right, of course, only it's a pity you couldn't say so at once. [TO WAITER.] Another pint of champagne, and take this lager stuff away. [Exit WAITER; the unfortunate GUEST, in attempting to pass the bottle, contrives to decant it into his host's soup.] Hullo, what the—there—[controlling himself] You might have left me the soup, at all events! Well—well—it's no use saying any more about it. I suppose I shall get something to eat some day.

[General tumult from several tables; appeals to the WAITERS, who lose their heads and upbraid one another in their own tongue; HORATIA threatens bitterly to go in search of buns and tea at a "doiry" lunch place. Sudden and timely appearance of energetic manager; explanations, apologies, promises. Magic and instantaneous production of everybody's dinner. Appetite and anger appeased, as scene closes in.]

Mr. Spoonamore's Suggestion.

The father of the family was acting temporarily and unexpectedly as host to the young man who was waiting for Miss Gertrude to come down.

"I see the tariff question is likely to come up in Congress this session in spite of everything," said the elderly party, with a praiseworthy effort to put the young man at his ease.

"V-yes, sir."

"And there's likely to be some trouble when they come to tea and coffee."

"Yes, sir."

"As to sugars," pursued the father of the family, warming to his subject, "I am not so sure. In the case of refined sugar, of course, it is not so hard to see what ought to be done. The trouble will come when they take up raw sugars. What is your idea, Mr. Spoonamore, as to raw sugars?"

"I—I think they ought to be cooked," ventured the young man.—Chicago Tribune.

For Indigestion

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

If your dinner distresses you, try it. It aids digestion.

An anxious inquirer writes to the New York Sun: "I have lately noticed a new fad among young girls. They ask a young gentleman of their acquaintance to let them hold his hand, whereupon they seize one of his rings, mumbling some mysterious words over it, and then turn it around on his finger." The anxious inquirer has found this mysterious fad so widespread that he wants to know what it means.

Ripans Tahules move the bowels. Pleasant to take and contain nothing injurious.

THE YACHTING LIAR.

The First Step.

"I have begun to plan my yacht,"
Said Chollie Ferguson;
"I've worked so hard I've really got
The wine list nearly done."—Life.

The Yacht Sharp's Murther Gouse Melody.

Sing a song of cutter-boats
Coming here to sail
With a crew of Britishers
On the weather rail;
See 'em reaching, tacking, and
Running with the wind,
Oh, Johnnie gets the trophy cup—
Gets it in his mind.—Evening Sun.

Nnt a Mermaid.

"I love the sea," the maiden said,
"And like to watch the flying frim."
But suddenly she heaved her head
And gasped, "I wish that I were dead,
Or safe on land—oh, take me home!"
—New York Journal.

A Barnacle's Snng of the Cup.

Ole Johnnie Bull came o'er the sea
Upon a heavy cutter,
The way he thought that she'd sail
War jes tew fast tew utter.
Johnnie, you'r a sailor bold,
Only Yanks are better.
You done noble fer the cup,
But you didn't get her.
—New York Sun.

A Glass to Her.

Pennant of the seas accord her,
Dautless Yankee centre-boarder,
Knocked the Briton out of order,
Flabbergasted, smashed her, floored her,
As the whistles greeting, roared her,
Let the multitudes applaud her!
Let us fondly "look toward her,"
Feeless Yankee centre-boarder!
—New York Sun.

Brought Him to Time.

"I think the way Blanche Biggerstaff brought her young man to time was a little ahead of anything I ever heard before," said Mamie Stivets to a heavy of girls.

"Oh, has she landed him at last?" replied one.

"Tell us about it," demanded the rest.

"You know he's been going to see her for years?"

"Yes, ages."

"And they are dead in love with each other?"

"No doubt about that."

"He was too bashful to propose, and at the same time he was crazy to get married."

"Yes; go on with the story."

"Well, the other evening he was at the Biggerstaffs', as usual, when Blanche remarked:

"The girls are all wearing guards to their engagement-rings now."

"Indeed?" replied Mr. Linger.

"Yes; and you have never given me a guard for mine, Charlie," says Blanche.

"Why," stammered Charlie, "I never gave you an engagement-ring, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Blanche, as meek as Moses.

"Well, what then?" demanded the girls, impatiently.

"Oh, he took her an engagement-ring, and a guard, too, the very next evening."—Bazar.

The Visinn.

Uncle Abner Grayneck and his excellent wife were driving toward with decorous slowness, unaware of the fact that this was the afternoon upon which Mlle. Nymphet Fewclothes, the daring Queen of the Air, was to make her thrilling halloon ascension and parachute jump. Happening to raise his eyes, Uncle Abner was not a little startled to behold the aeronaut's trim figure, dwarfed by the distance, but clearly outlined against the sky, dropping earthward like a plummet, nearly a quarter of a mile away to the right.

"Great Tunkett, Polly!" he ejaculated, in an excited voice; "the—the end of the world must surely be at hand. There is an angel fallin' straight down from heaven!"

"Angel!" snorted Aunt Polly, scornfully, after gazing at the apparition for an instant; "it is nothing in the world but one of them nasty cigarette pictures fallin' down from somewhere. You whip up them horses, Abner! I'm ashamed of you, sir, and at your time of life, too!"—Life.

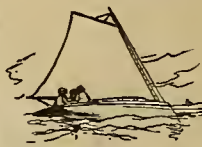
Generals Sickles and Butterfield are the defendants in a singular suit for damages. At the recent reunion at Gettysburg a photographer attempted to take a picture of a group in which the two generals were standing. They objected, the photographer persisted, and finally some one kicked over the camera and kicked the photographer himself off the field. He now sues for damages done his camera, his person, and his feelings.

Fortify Weak Nerves.

This can easily be done. First, use the finest nerve and tonic in existence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Next, give up opiates and mineral sedatives, which ruin the stomach, and soon cease to have an effect, except in dangerously large doses. Dyspepsia is the parent of insomnia and nerve weakness. The Bitters remedies indigestion and the two symptoms named. It also cures malarial, liver, and kidney complaints.

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Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.



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Peruvian Bark, Iron and
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Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of
ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPE.

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Iron and Quina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Hilliard, of Georgia, former Minister to Belgium, rushed up to President Lincoln shortly after the war, seized his hand, and "hoped his pardon would not be delayed." The President quietly remarked to the gentleman that "hope was the reward of the righteous," and vouchsafed no other reply.

At Highland, New York, the body of a drowned woman was taken out of the river recently. A jury, regularly constituted for the holding of an inquest, is reported to have rendered the following verdict: "We do say upon oath that the deceased came to her death by being found in the Hudson River, cause of death unknown."

A Scotch minister is said to have rebuked his wife for sleeping during his sermon, in this fashion: "Susan," he exclaimed from the pulpit, in a voice that awakened her, as it did all the other sleepers—"Susan, I didna marry ye for yer wealth, sin ye had nooe. And I didna marry ye for yer beauty—that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae na grace, I hae made a sair bargain in ye, indeed."

A man was being wheeled away with the dead, at the time of an epidemic. The victim suddenly raised his head and demanded of the man who was taking him along the street where he was taking him to. "To the dead-house," was the reply. "But I am not dead," said the poor man. "Oh, you be quiet," said the man who was pushing him along; "I guess the doctor knows more about this than you do, and he says you are dead."

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, while holding the post of port admiral, was coming out of the dockyard one evening, in plain clothes, when he was roughly jostled by a sailor in liquor.irate at an apology being offered, Sir Henry stopped the man and asked him if he knew whom he was running against. "No; nor I don't care," replied Jack. "I'm Sir Henry Keppel; I'm port admiral." "Ah," said the drunken one, "damned nice billet you've got," and staggered on.

Louis Napoleon, when a mere adventurer in London, lived for a time on terms of considerable intimacy with the Grotes. When he was President of the French Republic, Mrs. Grote happened to be in Paris, but he ignored her. One day, however, when the Bois de Boulogne was crowded, their carriages came so close together that he could not avoid speaking to her. "Ah, madame, you are here?" said he; "do you remain long in Paris?" "Not long, sir; and you?" The coup d'état shortly followed.

Edmund Gosse was lecturing on Hans Andersen. Part of the subject was devoted to the early life of the great story-writer. In pathetic terms, Mr. Gosse described the straggle ambition of the little lad to become an opera-dancer—how, at length, he found himself in the drawing-room of a famous danseuse, whom he had called upon to aid him in his saltatorial career. Hans was most anxious to show the lady what he could do with his twinkling feet, so to dance the more lightly he took off his boots. Said Mr. Gosse: "The lady immediately left the room." The lecturer had only finished this sentence when a solemn-looking gentleman remarked, in a loud-telling whisper: "I ain't at all surprised at her. I've been in Denmark myself, and knows what they're like."

Champ Clark, of Missouri, had a brisk passage to the House with Wilson, of Washington, recently. Wilson has a voice which is best compared to the remarks of a buzz-saw arguing with a hemlock log. Champ Clark talks as if he had five thousand Missourians in front of him, all hard of hearing. Higher and higher rose Wilsoo's voice, louder and louder swelled Clark's response, and when Wilsoo's voice could not get any higher, Clark had to stop to give the echoes a chance to catch up with his cooversation. Then said Clark to Wilson: "You talk like the whirr of a machine. I can't understand what you say." Mr. Wilson—"You do a great deal of whirring yourself." Mr. Clark—"If I do, I am whirring in my own time." Wilsoo backed his saw off for repairs.

School had opened after the summer vacation (says the *Spy*), and the teacher was questioning the little boys and girls about what they had been doing in the way of recreation. Suddenly Johnny Jones said: "My mamma and papa went to the World's

Fair." "What did they bring you home, Johnny?" queried the teacher. "A souvenir spoon, marm." "Did it have any words on it?" "Yes'm; 'For a Good Boy.'" Susie Greengage was not to be outdone. "My ma and pa went, too," said she. "And what did they bring you, Susie?" "A spoon, and it had on it 'Souvenir of the Fair.'" Teacher looked over the smiling faces and observed Sammy Klepto, evidently waiting his turn. "Did your mother and father go to the fair, Sammy?" she asked. "Yes, marm; they brought me a big silver spoon." "What words were on yours?" "Palmer House, marm."

Tennyson's wonderful poem, "The Revenge," was first published in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication, Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his house in Eaton Square, in order that he might recite this patriotic piece to them. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines—

"And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island of Ouessant,
To be lost evermore in the main—"

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added, without the slightest pause and without the least change of tone in his voice, "and the beggars only gave me three hundred pounds for it, when it was worth at least five hundred pounds or more."

During the war (says *Harper's Young People*), two single-gun batteries were having an extended duel, until finally one of the gunners got annoyed. They were some distance apart, and only the ugly black muzzles of the guns could be seen when they came to shoot. "Lieutenant," cried the aggrieved gunner at length, "I'll settle that fellow if you'll stand on this platform with your glass and inform me of their movements." So the lieutenant took his glass and noted. "They're ramming her!" he cried, after a moment; "now they are running her out; the gunner has taken his stand; he has hold of the lanyard; he is about to—" Bang! went the cannon at his side, and the lieutenant almost fell from his perch, but recovered his balance in time to see the other gun knocked over and over by the well-directed ball. The next day the lieutenant and his soldiers were in possession of the enemy's camp, and looked up the disabled cannon. It had been knocked endways, for just as the gunner had pulled the lanyard the ball from the lieutenant's gun had struck the cannon squarely in the muzzle and wedged itself there, causing the gun to burst by its own explosion. It was really a most wonderful shot.

Early last summer there came over here a well-born and scholarly Scotchwoman, who, wishing to stay and study thoroughly the beauties of the White City, secured the place of manager of one of the State buildings. A weary woman came into the parlors of the building one day recently (says the *New York Times*) and, sitting down upon a handsome sofa, first rested against its cushions, then turned and put her feet up to secure a recumbent posture. The Scotchwoman approached and objected. "But I am tired," said the other woman, "and I wish to rest." "It is, however, against the rules," replied the manager. "Why, I am from—" mentioning the State which the building represented; "this place is created just for us, and why shouldn't we be comfortable?" "I can't argue that with you. I am here to enforce the rules, and must obey my instructions." "Madam," exclaimed the other woman, drawing herself up, "it is time that I let you know who I am; I am a second cousin of the Duke of Argyll." The Scotchwoman's eyes gleamed. "That settles it," she replied instantly and decisively; "I am a Graham of Claverhouse, and between your family and mine is a feud of five hundred years' standing. No Argyll trespasses here while a Graham is in charge." And no Argyll did.

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| LEAVE | From Oct. 1, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Stockton and Alton..... | 8:45 P. |
| 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6:15 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6:15 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yuba City), and Fresno..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Moine and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | San José, Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2:45 P. |
| 7:30 A. | San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Principal Way Stations..... | 8:33 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| 9:30 A. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 2:27 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:05 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7:26 P. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7:00 8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30
2:00 3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—6:00 *7:00
8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:30 2:00
3:00 4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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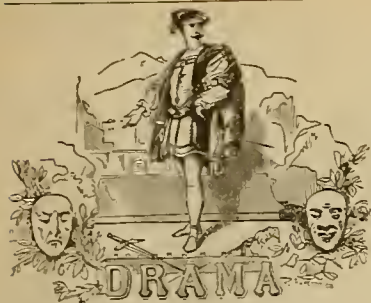
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Tommaso Salvini, in his autobiography now appearing in the *Century*, makes some flattering remarks on the taste of the American theatre-going public. He says that sometimes a cultivated understanding and always an intelligent interest in the drama is to be found even in small American towns and villages, and the foreign actor who thinks he will be judged by the horny-headed backwoodsman is apt to be quickly undeceived.

It is in Boston that the great Italian finds American dramatic taste reaches its highest cultivation. There the critic and the auditor bring to bear on the drama, not the fagged or unintelligent interest of the ordinary play-goer, but the trained and thoughtful understanding of the student of the drama. Next in Boston, Salvini found the keenest discrimination in matters theatrical in Washington. He thought, possibly, that this was due to the predominance there of the educated over the commonplace element. Washington being a city of politics rather than of shop-keeping, the fine spirits congregated there for the ruling of the nation gave the tone in the capital's dramatic taste.

On the subject of New York the Italian tragedian has not much to say, probably on the principle that when you have nothing pleasant to say the best thing to do is to keep still. New York, which calmly arrogates to itself the right to set itself first in all matters of taste and cultivation, never can quite get over its jealousy of Boston as the acknowledged possessor of the most discriminating dramatic judgment. It even goes so far as to refuse to bow to Boston's gods, or, rather, goddesses, and only accords a sort of politely condescending homage to Julia Marlowe and Emma Eames, who are Boston's two adored stars.

An enterprising New York paper has compiled the year's record of the stage in Gotham, and from this one ought to be able to test pretty well the theatrical likes and dislikes of the dwellers on Manhattan Island, and, in fact, the likes and dislikes of the dwellers in the rest of the continent from Dan to Beersheba—Dan being Boston and Beersheba Sao Francisco, both of which have a dramatic taste all of their own and quite outside the pale.

Looking over this record one is forced to admit that it is very difficult to say exactly what class of play the Gothamites like or does not like, for there seem to have been success and failure in all classes alike. Almost the only type of drama which seems to have met with a general frost is the old, familiar, weeping, well-dressed, French melodrama—the play which is the apotheosis of the adventuress and the modiste. Three translations of Dumas's "Demi-Monde" were put on the stage last year—one by the irrepressible Mrs. Frank Leslie, one by a Mrs. Sheridan, one by Miss Guiney, a cultivated and highly intellectual Bostonian. All three failed, notwithstanding the fact that the costumes were superb, and one at least of the adaptations was clever. At about the same time, Mrs. Bernard Beere, an English emotional actress, with some talent, a great many good clothes, and a good deal of English success to advertise her, made a signal failure in Phillips's "Lena Despard," the play in which Mrs. Langtry once made quite a hit. The houses she played to were so poor that at one performance the audience represented only thirty dollars.

These four failures of the emotional French drama were offset by Mme. Duse's success in just this line of plays. It may be said, however, that Eleonora Duse, a great actress, and, still more, a great novelty, would have drawn in any plays she had attempted. The New York theatre-going public, while it is not so fickle as the San Francisco theatre-going public, loves a novelty as Mad Tom loved a lord. It is also not above being attracted by sensationalism, which may account for the fact that Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellows's dramatization of "Therese Raquin" drew for a time, and, being severely criticised by many papers, received a good deal of gratuitous advertising thereby. That the days of the emotional French drama seem numbered, unless its moribund body has the vital spark breathed into it by such actresses as Mme. Duse and Sara Bernhardt, is one of the inferences to be drawn from this resumé of the dramatic year.

On the contrary, melodrama, pure and simple, seems more alive than it has been for some years. The stage has never taken very kindly to naturalism and realism. The spectators seem to crave romance, seem to demand that the theatre shall furnish them with that element of color, picturesqueness, and glamour of adventure in which their own prosaic lives are so gloomily deficient.

Two melodramas were almost the greatest successes of the season. One of these was "The Fugitive Daughter," an English sporting play, full of movement, excitement, and color. The other

was "The Span of Life," at the People's Theatre, a drama which met with such intense appreciation from the gods that it had long runs at several of the play-houses. It would seem that the public, despite the voice of artistic criticism and the warning tones of the proprietors of Theatres of Arts and Letters, can not overcome its love for this class of plays. The man who can write a melodrama like "The Silver King" and "The Two Orphans" carries a fortune about in his head. He is Daudet's Mao with the Golde Brains. This type of play is bound to be popular in our advanced century and especially in this country, where, in the prosaic environment of a life that is almost entirely commercial, the occasional longing for romance and adventure must find its outlet in the mimic life of the stage.

The fate of what might be called the high-class variety performances has been fluctuating. Evidently there is some unexpressed standard for this type of entertainment, which, not being achieved, the entertainment falls with a more or less sickening thud. At the Casino, an attempt was made to give a performance modeled on those to be seen at the English music-halls, only of a somewhat more elegant and lofty kind. This attempt was so dismal a failure that the music-hall was forced to end its brilliant but blighted career in a short time, and comic opera returned to its old home. On the other hand, that triumphantly idiotic play, "The Black Crook," ran successfully for the whole season, while the high-class papers violently abused it and the low-class papers suog its praises with the choicest adjectives to be found in a Thesaurus.

This, with the success of the Hendersoo spectacular performances, forces one to the melancholy conclusion that the spectacular extravaganza has a long life before it. For many more years we shall continue to be persecuted with these deadly shows, which are without sense, wit, or beauty; where the singers never sing, and the dancers never dance, and the funny man is always a bore. But a great mass of the people appear to derive intense pleasure from them. They are almost up to the melodramas in popular favor. Was it while meditating on the British taste for spectacular extravaganza that Carlyle made his famous remark about England having a population of twenty million people, mostly fools?

A step above the extravaganza is the farcical burlesque, or the musical farce—or whatever it is called—which Hoyt produces. "The Trip to Chinatown" ran all the past season at the Madison Square Theatre, playing in capital houses. "The Trip to Chinatown," like all Hoyt's plays, has a great deal of wit in it and is irredeemably vulgar. The humor of this particular piece, too, is not so pleasant, not so healthy, as the humor of his other comedies. There is a touch in "The Trip to Chinatown" which is coarse and low, a fault not usually found in his plays. Yet this is quoted as one of the successes of the New York season, was played at a good theatre, well situated and having a more or less refined clientele. Who will hereafter dare to cite the taste of the New York theatre-going public as at all superior to that of San Francisco?—one might almost say Chicago, but that would be a little too severe.

Those plays which, roughly speaking, come under the head of modern plays of society have, also, met with a more or less varied fate. "Aristocracy," which we would once of, was a fair success, and the "New South" a marked success. "Lady Windermere's Fan," the Loodoo sensation, was less than a fair success without being a positive failure. "Captain Lettarblair" was one of the great successes of the year, and Barrie's "Professor's Love Story" met with tremendous favor. These fluctuations in taste would seem to point to the fact that the public, in their dramas which depict modern life, want the truthful side of the picture, not the florid, or the gorgeous, or the overstrained. The style of Oscar Wilde, with its perpetual pyrotechnics of small-smartness, is not so well met as the genuine and simple style of Barrie, or the feeling and warm-hearted style of Miss Merigton.

The demonstrations of favor and disfavor as seen in the reception of these plays show the improvement in the popular taste. The success of "The Black Crook" and of "A Trip to Chinatown" need not discourage the patriotic and ambitious American, for he has the downright failure of "The Froth of Society" and the small appreciation awarded to "Lady Windermere's Fan" to sustain him. At the same time, this resumé of the past year's dramatic history does not place the taste of New York at any conspicuous height. Salvini would not put it above Boston or Washington, if he were here. It is not a proud record for the Empire City. It is not much better than San Francisco's record. The blots upon San Francisco's scutcheon in the failure of Julia Marlowe and "Captain Lettarblair" are quite offset by the success in New York of Hoyt's "Chinatown" and the time-honored and mossy "Black Crook." A city where Blanche Walsh is approved as a rising genius, and an old extravaganza of the middle ages has still power to pack a large theatre, cannot afford to give itself airs.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 23d: Rosina Vokes in three comedies at the Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in "Long Branch" at the Alcazar; the stock company in "A Trip to Africa" at the Tivoli Opera House; "Friends," and "Maine and Georgia."

STAGE GOSSIP.

The next opera at the Tivoli to follow "A Trip to Africa" will be "A Night in Venice."

Joseph Jefferson has been elected president of the Players' Club, in New York, to succeed the late Edwio Booth, who founded the club and was its first president.

Felix Morris is playing the title-role in "The Major," which turns out to be nothing but the old farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings," with the rôle of Major de Boots expanded into a star part.

Here is the list of plays the Coquelin-Hading company gave during their last week in Chicago: "La Joie Fait Peur," "Gringoire" and "Les Precieuses Ridicules," "Le Maître des Forges," "Frou-Frou," and "La Dame aux Camélias."

Manager Hayman has changed his mind, and will not have the Hiorichs Opera Company at the Grand Opera House in January. He surely will not leave the place closed while so many visitors to the Midwinter Fair are in town, but he has not announced the attraction to take its place.

Somebody remarks, and apparently with reason, that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau are making all the money that is being made in theatricals this year. They are playing Irving and Terry, Coquelin and Hading, and "America" in Chicago just now, and the latter took in sixty thousand dollars in twelve performances recently.

The cable brings word that Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," died at his home, near Paris, on Wednesday last. The *Argonaut* printed an unusually interesting article about him in the issue of October 9th, in which our Paris correspondent told the story of his life, detailed the list of his compositions, and described his late home.

The rôle of the heavy villain in "The Spao of Life" has been taken here by the manager of the company, Walter Eyttinge, who had been engaged for the part, proving too ill to appear on the first night. He was taken down with typhoid fever that morning, and sank rapidly, dying within a few days. He was related to Rose Eyttinge.

At the Tivoli, on Monday, October 23d, Vnn Suppé's opera, in three acts, entitled "A Trip to Africa," will be produced with the following cast:

Antarsid, Robert Dunbar (his first appearance in this city); Miradillo, Philip Branson; Fanfani Pasha, M. Cornell; Pericles, George Olmi; Nakid, Thomas C. Leary; Hosh, Edward Torpi; A. Muezzin, G. Napoleoni; Tania Fanfani, Tillie Salinger; Tessa, Gracie Plasted; Buccanetta, Carrie Roma; Scibi, Irene Mull; Rhodis, Morrow Tucker.

"Sinbad," in a new dress, was produced in Chicago last week, and scored a big hit. "Ali Baba" has been running to country cousins and World's Fair visitors for several weeks, but the regular army of admirers of Hendersoo's spectacles turned out to greet the new version of "Sinbad," and seemed to be well paid for their pains. The show will be seen here in a few weeks.

Olive Logan's play, "Long Branch," brought up to date and provided with several sensational scenes, will be given by the stock company at the Alcazar on Monday night and throughout the week. One of the scenes will represent the beach at Long Branch, with several fair bathers disporting themselves on the beach in bathing costume. A new American melodrama, entitled "The Mascot of Montauk," and depicting life in the North-West, is announced for early production at the Alcazar.

Annie Russell, a charming actress who was for some years to A. M. Palmer's company, has just returned from Italy, where she has been slowly recovering from an illness that compelled her to leave the stage three years ago. She is to have a benefit soon, and the esteem in which she is held by her fellow-actors and actresses is shown by the tender of Palmer's Theatre by Mr. Palmer and of the Empire by Charles Fehman, as well as requests to be allowed to appear, if only to carry a spear, from Henry Miller, Alexander Salvini, E. J. Heoley, May Robson, and hosts of others.

The stock company that is to play at the Baldwin during and for two months after the holidays has at last been determined on and engaged by Mr. Hayman. It is the Palmer Stock Company, and comprises some of the best actors and actresses in the United States, among them being Wilton Lackaye, J. H. Stoddard, E. M. Holland, Frederick S. Robinson, E. J. Henley, E. M. Bell, Walden Ramsay, Julia Arthur, May Brookyn, Virginia Harned, Mary Hampton, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers. The season will begin on Saturday evening, December 23d, and a new play will be produced every week or two during the season. Among the new plays in the repertoire will be "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Dancing Girl," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Counselor's Wife," and "Woman's Revenge."

George W. Cable, the famous Southern novelist, has given three readings from his own works during the past week. On Wednesday night he read six extracts from an unpublished novel. Perhaps because it was the first reading, the attendance was not so numerous as the occasion deserved. The extracts were interesting, and Mr. Cable's delivery brought out the humor and pathos of the scenes admirably.

However, the audience was larger to hear "The Taxidermist," on Thursday night, and there was a promising advance sale for Friday night, when extracts from "The Grandissimes" were read.

Rosina Vokes changed her bill in the middle of the week, and will present "Dream Faces," "My Milliner's Bill," and "Crocodile Tears"—the first and last are new to San Francisco—this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. What she will appear in next week is not yet announced, but the bills should comprise her best rôles, for her engagement at the Baldwin concludes next Saturday night, and she has said she is going to retire from the stage after this season. There are few women whom the theatre-going world could less readily spare, for not only is Rosina Vokes a charming actress, but she is an admirable manager, and has practically originated a refined form of entertainment that is now unique and in all probability will disappear with her from the stage.

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"UTOPIA (LIMITED)."

Bits from Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera.

"Utopia (Limited); or, Flowers of Progress" is the title of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, which was presented at the Savoy, in London, on Saturday evening, October 7th. It was the first work they had produced together since their quarrel, some three years ago. It will be remembered that after the first few months of "The Gondoliers," Mr. Gilbert began to exercise such rigid economy—to use no harsher term—in the staging of the opera, that Sir Arthur thought the performance was being ruined, and a breach ensued that has only recently been bridged over.

During the interim, each has produced an opera in collaboration with a new partner. Gilbert wrote a thoroughly Gilbertian libretto for an opera composed by Alfred Cellier—it was incomplete at the time of the latter's death, and was finished by another hand—and Sullivan composed the score of "Haddon Hall" to Sydney Grundy's libretto. But neither was more than a *succes d'estime*. They ran for a few months in London and may have ventured into the English provinces; but neither was ever brought across the water.

But "Utopia (Limited)" is a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and the cable reports it a worthy successor to the long line that runs from "The Sorcerer" or "Trial by Jury" to "The Gondoliers." Indeed, it is predicted by the London critics that "Utopia (Limited)" will be as popular as "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Pirates," and "The Mikado."

The scene (the cable tells us) is laid in the South Pacific Islands. There are two acts. The first reveals a palm-grove in the gardens of King Paramount, and the second, the palace throne-room, a magnificent piece of staging which evoked cordial applause.

The plot, in its main features, is simple, but is made doubly interesting by numerous subordinate harmonious incidents. Zara, the king's eldest daughter, has been to Gorton, where she received English ideas of civilization which she persuades her father to adopt. She has brought with her six typical Englishmen, described as "Flowers of Progress," namely, a British lord chamberlain, a captain of the Life Guards, a naval captain, a company promoter, a member of Parliament, and a county councillor. The king makes these his cabinet council, and by their advice Utopia is converted into a Limited Liability Company run on joint-stock principles.

Naturally the women show more readiness to adopt the faults than the virtues of the English model, but the new arrangement answers so well for the general welfare that the military, naval, medical, and legal interests, which have now little employment, stir up an insurrection. Revolution is averted by the discovery of Zara that one thing has been omitted. Zara's speech is a good example of the satire which abounds in the opera:

"Government by party! Introduce that great and glorious element, at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness, and all will be well. No political measures will endure, because one party will assuredly undo all that the other party has done. Inexperienced civilians will govern your army and navy. No social reforms will be attempted, because out of vice, squalor, and drunkenness no political capital is to be made; and, while grouse are to be shot and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the army and navy, and unexampled prosperity."

With the topsy-turvydom characterizing the Gilbertian opera, this advice is accepted, and peace is restored.

The opera comes nearer to being a politico-social satire than the others of Gilbert. The European thrones are not spared. One character declares in song that:

"The spotless King and Prince
All disappeared some ages since."

The company promoters are ruthlessly assailed. Their method is declared to be, to have as small a capital as possible, since that is the legal measure of their personal liability. Having started the concern,

"They then proceed to trade with all who'll trust 'em,
Quite irrespective of their capital;
It's shady, but it's sanctified by custom,
Bank, railway loan, or Panama Canal."

"You can't embark on trading too tremendous,
It's strictly fair and based on common sense.
If you succeed, your profits are tremendous,
And if you fail, you go your eighteen pence."

Despite the satire running through the opera, it is bright and genial. The greatest comic hit is the cabinet council, which discusses affairs of state and burlesques a negro-minstrel troupe.

There is in the opera more than a suggestion of the opera of "Pinafore." The naval Flower of Progress is our old friend Captain Corcoran, K. C. B.

"Though we are no longer hearts of oak,
Yet we can steer and we can stoke;
And thanks to coal and thanks to coke,
We never run a ship ashore."

The astonished courtiers exclaim:

"What, never?"

Corcoran replies, "Hardly ever." Then follows a hearty chorus:

"Then give three cheers and three cheers more
For the tar who never runs his ship ashore."

The sentimental gems are numerous. In a beautiful duet between the tenor and soprano, the soprano sings:

"Words of love too loudly spoken
Ring their own untimely knell;
Noisy vows are rudely broken,
Soft the song of Philomel.
Whisper sweetly, whisper lowly,
Hour by hour and day by day;
Sweet and low as accents holy,
Are the notes of lovers' lay."

One fine unaccompanied chorus runs:

"Eagle eye in cloudland soaring,
Sparrow twittering on a reed,
Tiger in the jungle roaring,
Frightened fawn in grassy mead.
Let the eagle, not the sparrow,
Be the object of your arrow;
Fix the tiger with your eye,
Pass the fawn in pity by;
Glory then will crown the day,
Glory, glory, any way."

The first night was, of course, an occasion of great importance in the social and artistic world of London. Every seat, almost, had been hespoken long before the evening; indeed, four ladies took up their stand at the pit door at ten o'clock in the morning, with the intention of waiting ten hours to get in.

The house was packed when Sir Arthur Sullivan took his seat in the conductor's chair, and long-continued applause greeted him. Encores were frequent throughout the piece, and all the leading players were called before the curtain. The joint authors were also called out, and shook hands most feelingly, but no speeches were made.

The rôle of Zara, by the way, was taken by a young American prima donna, Miss Nancy Macintosh, the occasion being her début on the operatic stage. She was born in Cleveland, O., but has lived most of her life in Pittsburgh. Her father was president of the fishing club that indirectly caused the terrible Johnstone disaster in 1839, and the memory of it was so dreadful to him that he soon went abroad, taking his daughter with him. Miss Macintosh took this opportunity to improve her voice, and in time made her début in concert at a Saturday "Pop." Later she sang at Mr. Henschel's symphony concerts, and, two or three months ago, Mr. Gilbert heard her sing at a private house. He was so pleased with her voice and appearance that he had her sing to Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the result was that they offered her the creation of the leading female rôle in their new opera. The offer was accepted, and her début has been particularly successful. Miss Macintosh is a pretty girl, accomplished in a number of outdoor sports and mistress of four languages. She is only twenty years of age.

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"Johnson's new drama is a play within a play, and there's a stage within a stage." "What's the plot?"

"The hero is an actor, who, in a play, jumps into the river to commit suicide, when the river takes fire and nearly burns him to death."—Puck.

STRIKING BACK.

FRANK V. McDONALD on the Pacific Bank Decision.

THE PACIFIC BANK MATTER.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you please permit me to say through your paper that the charges made against me by the Bank Commissioners, in the injunction suit of last Saturday, are untrue in every essential particular, as will fully appear in court, and I now propose to hold them and their bondsmen responsible for such deliberate, unscrupulous, sensational, and malicious misrepresentations.

Things have, indeed, come to a pretty pass when public officers, in order to justify their mistaken policy and numerous misdeeds, and to gratify personal spite, can try to gain temporary notoriety and advantage by using their official position to mislead the court and to help wreck an institution, and then to misrepresent the acts of its officers in order to throw its liquidation into the hands of personal friends, who can only be interested in what can be made out of the winding up in commissions, deals, and questionable profits. The present bank officers and their friends are large stockholders, with great liabilities hanging over them, and are all interested in seeing the depositors paid in full and in saving what is possible for themselves and their business associates. They are anxious to come to some just and friendly and mutually satisfactory understanding with their creditors, and open up the institution, and go on with their business as soon as the courts will indicate to them what is the proper course to pursue, but the present move of the commissioners and attorney-general means only disaster to the interests of all, as any fair-minded person, on a little reflection, will see, and the motive that underlies this scheming is anything but disinterested, and should not in any way mislead the bank's creditors, and, when it comes to trial, the attitude of the commissioners and of the attorney-general in these matters will be shown up in a very disgraceful light.

This is the first hearing we have had in court, and the public will be surprised when the acts of these Bank Commissioners pass under review, and it will be made clear even from their own muddled showing that about the last men in the world to be entrusted with the winding up of this institution are those who have sworn to such a clumsy and garbled string of absurd and false statements.

FRANK V. McDONALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 19, 1893.

DCCXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 22, 1893.

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Cantaloupe.
Baked Shad.
Smothered Beefsteak. Roasted Sliced Sweet Potatoes.
Stuffed Bell Peppers. Green Peas.
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Carrot Salad.
Chocolate Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.
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SMOTHERED BEEFSTEAK.—Prepare a seasoning of bread crumbs, as for any stuffing. A little onion may be added if desired. Spread it on the steak, roll it up and tie it firmly. Put it in a saucepan, with a slice of pork and half a pint of water, and stew until tender. This may be baked in the oven.

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G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box 385.

"I never have any kind of luck," said Mawson.
"That's luck enough," said Dawson, who had been having nothing but had luck.—Judge.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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On the floor of the United States Senate, on Tuesday, October 17, 1893, the following words were uttered by one of the oldest, wisest, and most respected of the senators:

"Let us come to a vote upon this question of repealing the silver-purchase clause. If we vote for repeal, we shall gladden the hearts of millions of laboring men who are now being deprived of employment; we shall relieve the husiness cares of thousands of men whose whole fortunes are embarked in trade; we shall relieve the farmer, and facilitate the transportation of his products to foreign countries, which transportation is now clogged by the want of money. There is no money to pay for cotton, and corn, and wheat, to export for foreign consumption. Break down this barrier now maintained by the Senate; break up this obstruction to the will of the majority; give the Senate force and power to pass this bill, and ten days after it is passed the skies will brighten, business will resume its ordinary course, and all the clouds, which lowered upon our house shall be in the deep bosom of the ocean hurried."

Earnestly do we wish that Senator Sherman was right

when he uttered these words. But we fear that the silver-haired senator from Ohio was tinged with the silver frenzy which has attacked the East.

However much men may differ about the silver question, we think that the assumption by the press and people of the East that a cessation of silver purchases will be an immediate panacea for the present disastrous condition of the country, is the height of midsummer madness. Silver has been made a veritable scapegoat; if this thing continues, Eastern mothers will terrify their babes by crying "Silver!" as their prototypes did in ages gone with the name of the Asiatic terror. The entire business community east of the Mississippi River seems to think that the moment the repeal bill is passed the pall which has rested upon the United States for the last seven months will be lifted. When so sagacious a man as Senator Sherman speaks in the Senate, and makes such prophecies, whose non-realization, if they are not carried out, will be at once apparent, it shows to what a pitch this silver madness has been carried.

The repeal of the purchasing clause is a good thing. We think it is the best thing that could happen for the white metal. It will result eventually in financial legislation by this country which will give silver a fixed place in the currency, and not alternately elevate and discredit it. As this journal has repeatedly said, it would be unconstitutional for the United States to retire silver. Let our statesmen devote themselves to retiring paper, and let them accustom the people of the East to the handling of a certain amount of hard money. There is need for silver in this country, as there is need for gold. In the Eastern States, both metals as money are rapidly becoming memories.

But the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause will not strike at the root of the present depression. It lies deeper than that. Repeal will cause a transitory boom on the New York Stock Exchange; the brokers have been on short commons for a number of months, and are waiting for a chance. Other stock exchanges will sympathize, and for a time there will be a slight fever in share-trading. But that is all. Stock-jobbing is not yet the business of this country. And it is the business of the country which is sick almost unto death.

Let us cast a glance at the condition of the trade of the country, in order to see what a field there is for this repeal panacea to work upon. These brief notes are taken from the sheets issued by the mercantile agencies of Dun & Co. and Bradstreet, under date of October 14th:

Boston—Business shows no improvement.
Philadelphia—Marked shrinkage of sales; collections generally slow.
Baltimore—Collections only fair.
Cincinnati—Manufacturing industries are inactive.
Cleveland—General trade inactive, light, and unsatisfactory.
Fort Wayne—Business unchanged and collections slow.
Indianapolis—Manufactories on part time; outlook for fall and winter not flattering.
Detroit—Business without change; jobbing trade moderate; collections only fair.
Chicago—Retail trade good, patronage of visitors being large, but general movement of merchandise smaller; merchants disposed to buy only for immediate needs.
Milwaukee—No change in trade; collections quiet.
Duluth—Banks report some improvement, but collections and general business unchanged.
Minneapolis—Trade quiet; collections slow.
Kansas City—Collections do not improve.
St. Louis—Trade fairly active; collections fair.
Denver—Business improving, but collections slow.
San Francisco—Money easier, and accumulating in banks; wheat dull and lower; wool low and dull, and dealers discouraged.
Louisville—General trade shows no improvement.
Knoxville—Trade does not improve.
New Orleans—General trade only fair; collections slow.
Pittsburg—Stagnation not less than heretofore.

Here there is abundant room for improvement. In this article we have avoided the manufacturing districts of New England for other business centres; our statistics on the closing of the cotton and woolen-mills there seemed to depress our Democratic contemporaries. As will be seen from the foregoing colorless and non-partisan statement of the mercantile agencies, business all over the country is in a most depressed condition, despite the roseate reports about a "revival of in-

dustry" which have lately adorned the columns of the Democratic organs. If the silver bill is the cause of all these woes, then Senator Sherman is right, and in ten days after its repeal, all the cities named will again vibrate with business life.

But there are differences of opinion. Let us take the last of the cities upon that list—Pittsburg. She is the heart of the iron industry. She is suffering from "stagnation"—not less than heretofore.

Why? Is it on account of the silver bill?

Let us ask the Pittsburgers.

In the *Times* of that city for October 16th there is an article on the condition of trade there. It is not an "editorial," or a "partisan denunciation." It is merely a local article, interviewing a number of manufacturers on the state of trade. Listen to what they say.

In the city of Pittsburg one year ago there were employed by the firms interviewed twenty-five thousand hands or full time. Now and for some time past they have been employing ten thousand hands on part time. Many have been forced to reduce wages as compared with those of a year ago, and others expect to do so. It must be remembered that the firms interviewed are only a small portion of those in Pittsburg; there are hundreds of others affected in the same or even a greater degree. There are no reports at all from the great glass industry, which is crippled as compared with a year ago.

Jones & Laughlin—Are doing from fifty to sixty per cent. of the business of a year ago; there has been some reduction in wages. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Pittsburg Forge and Iron Company—About one-half as many hands as one year ago; a reduction of ten per cent. in wages. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Carnegie Steel Company—Working on about half-time; trade never so bad. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

P. H. Laufman & Co.—Half of last year's employees at work now. Men who a year ago ordered by the carload now ordered dribbles at a time. Cause ascribed—uncertainty about the tariff.

United States Iron and Tin-Plate Company—Men working on half-time. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Oliver Iron and Steel Company—One year ago had three mills running; now has but one. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Shoenberger & Co.—Less than half as many hands as one year ago. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Spang, Chalfant & Co.—One year ago had three furnaces in blast; now only one. Wages have been reduced. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Clinton Iron and Steel Company—Have one-half the number of hands of one year ago; a considerable reduction in wages. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

A. Garrison Foundry Company—About one-half the number of men they had a year ago; a slight reduction in wages. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Chauten Iron Company, Kirkpatrick & Co., Leechburg Furnace Company—Two-thirds the number of men they employed a year ago; wages the same, but a reduction expected. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Wayne Iron and Steel Works—Two-thirds of the number of men at work a year ago; a ten per cent. reduction in wages. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Canonsburg Iron and Steel Company—Working on half time; no reduction in wages yet, but one will have to be made soon. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Alex. Speer & Son, plow manufacturers—Running only three days a week. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

Marshall Foundry Works—One year ago employed five hundred hands; now one-fourth of that number. Cause ascribed—fear of tariff changes.

What a record of disaster is to be found in the statements of these Pittsburg men. It is another and a striking exhibit to add to the Democratic Calamity Calendar.

Does any man honestly believe that these silent mills, these cold furnaces, these extinct forge-fires, these thousands of idle men, are to be ascribed to the purchase of silver? The United States Government has been operating under the Sherman Silver law since 1890—nearly three years. If silver was the cause, why did not the crisis occur before? Why did a panic sweep over the land only a few months ago? Why did it begin at the time the Democratic party came into power? The government was purchasing silver one year ago (under Mr. Harrison) as it is purchasing silver to-day (under Mr. Cleveland). Why, then, did these things we have mentioned employ twenty-five thousand men

year ago (under Mr. Harrison) and only ten thousand to-day (under Mr. Cleveland)?

No: the cause of the crisis is not silver; it is the terror inspired by the Democratic free-trade heresies; it is the fear that the Democratic party will completely ruin what they have as yet only partially destroyed.

Senator Sherman says that "ten days after the repeal of the silver bill the skies will brighten and business will resume its course." We soon shall see.

Will the repeal of the silver bill rehabilitate the four great railways that have been wrecked by the Democratic free-trade panic since the fourth of March?

Will the repeal of the silver bill open the doors of the four hundred and sixty-six banks that have been suspended since the fourth of March?

Will the repeal of the silver bill set looms to spinning and wheels to whirling in the eight hundred manufactories that have been closed since the fourth of March?

Will the repeal of the silver bill set on their feet again the six thousand merchants who have been forced into bankruptcy since the fourth of March?

Will the repeal of the silver bill give work to the three millions of idle men who have been thrown into beggary by the Democratic free-trade panic since the fourth of March?

If all these things be true, then God speed the repeal of the silver bill. But behind the silvery lining of the silver repeal bill there are piled up the black and menacing clouds of free trade. They portend evil for this country, but most of all for the Democratic party. For when the lightning has shot forth from their black depths, and the storm is past, there will be no American trade left, it is true, but there will be no Democratic party.

More and more clearly the melancholy conclusion is obtruding itself that the labors of those who are toiling for the right of Woman to stand alone, with nothing to lean on save her own capital "W," will not end with the closing of the World's Fair. To the shining eye of the emancipated, it is evident that a gigantic, world-wide conspiracy has been entered into by Man—and by women with small "w's"—to depreciate Woman's work at the exposition, and to uphold the exploded and insulting doctrine that a female has female characteristics and can not transform herself into a male. The press of the East seems to have enlisted for the war, since its pages are disfigured by many columns of cold facts presented with a cruel and most ungentlemanly plainness. Here is the New York *Sun*, for example, whose accomplished editor has long enjoyed a high reputation for good sense (manifestly undeserved), asserting that Woman's opportunity at the fair has resulted in failure, and that the failure ought to be an object-lesson to the sex for the increase of its modesty. Says the *Sun*, with a malignant enjoyment that it strives in vain to conceal:

"For the first time in the history of the commonwealth woman was recognized by Congress, in exposition matters, as a separate institution. She had exactly what she has waited for centuries—her own pocket-book and the freedom to spend its contents without the fear or favor of man. The result is the most convincing proof that she should have been allowed to have this privilege years ago, so that she might know better how to live up to it. Her committees argued themselves into such a hopeless tangle that the authorities were obliged to disband them. Her building is inartistic in architecture, poorly lighted, badly arranged, unattractive in its interior, while the best exhibits of woman's work in fine and liberal arts and in mechanical invention are everywhere at the fair except in the Woman's Building."

In the building, according to the ungallant *Sun*, confusion reigns. No fewer than three catalogues have been prepared, and the final one is a feminine triumph. "It is orderly, beautifully arranged, prettily bound; there is only one thing wrong with it—the numbers on the articles do not correspond with the numbers in the catalogue." It is also deliberately affirmed that in the distinctively feminine arts women have not advanced a step.

"The most exquisite laces are the priceless heirlooms sent over by the Queen of Italy and made centuries ago by women who never heard of evolution or Hsien. The most rare and wonderful embroideries are the work of Mexican women who never dream of the higher education."

As for the department which exhibits Woman's achievements as an inventor in competition with the opposite sex, these intolerable calumnies are uttered:

"If some good angel guardian of woman's fame could have nailed up the door of that wretched little room, it would have been better for woman's standing in the eyes of men. There is little to be seen save shoddy inventions of how to make a bed, and wardrobe, and washstand out of the same packing-case, with a curtain of gorgeous hue hung across the front to give the whole thing a decorative air. The poor inventors have patented these things, just as if their very uselessness were not the best kind of protection against their being duplicated."

The Woman's Building, moreover, is alleged to be the most unclean and the worst in point of sanitation to be found on the fair grounds.

Of course a man wrote all these things. No Woman would have done it who is abreast of the best thought of the time and in warm sympathy with every movement for uplifting

woman to the joys of a deeper, a higher, a rounder and squarer existence. Nevertheless, there are some women who do not disdain to forget what is due the interests of the sex, and join Mr. Dana and others in the congenial toil of rolling boulders of truth into the pathway of Progress. There is Mrs. French-Sheldon, now, that creature who went meandering through Africa in a palanquin in search of adventure without a chaperon. "The whole thing was a mistake," she says; "there should never have been a Woman's Building nor a Woman's Board—the Board of Lady Damagers. Men and women should not be partitioned off in that fashion. They should stand together." This slanderous critic, we may depend upon it, will be shown up in her true colors, as one of those traitresses who seek to make themselves charming to fatuous men by ridiculing the really able, if less beautiful, of their own sex. Hear her:

"The sessions of that Board of Lady Managers would disgrace a bar-garden. Imagine women yowling, hissing, miauling, and poking each other with their umbrellas. Women must learn to amplify their natures so that matters of parliamentary rulings are not to be considered as personalities. In this respect women are totally different from men. . . . One thing which the fair has demonstrated is that this is a very un-republican nation. The women were wild to get invitations to that famous reception to the Princess Eulalie. I am quite proud of the fact that I was the only woman in Chicago who declined an invitation. I have been in Spain and know all about the princess."

The blindness of these scoffers to the true cause of the defects which Woman has exhibited at Chicago is shameful if willful, pitiable if real. But the scales will be removed from their eyes whether they wish it or not. There are few women that have had a share in the World's Fair who do not write, and already they recognize that the closing of the gates of Jackson Park will but mark the beginning of their work for Woman. Thousands of gifted pens will employ themselves in blazoning the truth that but for Man, Woman would have won a splendid, unclouded triumph at the exposition. It is his tyranny, lasting through unnumbered centuries, which has pressed upon Woman's intellect and robbed her of her courage to do and dare and be a man. If these critics flatter themselves that Woman will consent to be held blamable for her faults or to be denied entire credit for her merits, they are imperfectly acquainted with the sex—densely unappreciative of that delicate modesty which enables her always to drape the nakedness of her incapacity with the mantle of man's culpability.

Republicans are not enamored of Senator Hill, of New York. He represents the worst wing of the Democratic party in New York State, and that is strong language. But even stalwart Republicans metaphorically patted Hill on the back when in the Senate last week he did up that wordy person, Morgan, of Alabama. The Alabama man had been lasbing himself into a fury over the possible passage of a rule imposing a limit on debate. "I defy you," said Mr. Morgan, looking at Hill, "to pass a closure rule here. I am not going to surrender my constitutional rights in response to howling, rampant demands of concessions to the national banks. Throughout my life I have been faithful to the constitution. If I must die here, I will die like an honorable man at my post."

After Mr. Morgan had ceased bubbling, and the foam had been wiped from his lips, Senator Hill arose to reply. He began by referring to a decision of the Supreme Court involving the counting of a quorum by the Speaker of the House, at which decision Morgan had sneered. He told the anecdote of a lawyer pleading before a country justice of the peace, and reading a page of Blackstone, not for the purpose, he said, of convincing the justice, but merely to show "what a fool Blackstone was." So he had cited the Supreme Court decision—not to show that Mr. Morgan was wrong, "for that senator," remarked Hill, "was always right, but merely to show what a fool the Supreme Court had made of itself." Mr. Hill then went on to speak of the "politicians of New York," as Mr. Morgan called them. He admitted freely that there were politicians in the North. He had heard there were none in the South. Where Mr. Morgan came from they were all "statesmen."

"The senator speaks," continued Hill, "of his life-long devotion to the Constitution of the United States. I may be in error, but I had supposed that the gentleman from Alabama was for a brief period engaged in life-long devotion to another constitution." Hill's handling of the Alabama senator was received with much laughter from both Senate and galleries. Even the "statesmen" from the South must have been moved to mirth at the discomfiture of their colleague.

The war is over. The rebels are reconstructed—that is, some of the rebels; and those who seem "reconstructed" are probably only partially so. But while we have a good many of these semi-reconstructed rebels on the floor of the Federal Congress, it behooves them not to boast too much of their "life-long devotion to the constitution," lest they

should be called down as Hill, of New York, called down Morgan, of Alabama.

The interior press is unanimous that something must be done to abate the tramp nuisance. The country is overrun with able-bodied men who will not work, yet who insist on eating. This State is being attacked at its northern and southern extremities by bands of tramps, who are like the *Langbechts* of the middle ages. A Chico paper says they are arriving in squads of from ten to forty per day, and maintaining themselves by begging, stealing, and robbing orchards and melon-patches till they move south. They enjoy free transportation; the railroad finds it cheaper to move them on platforms and freight-cars than to run the risk of their wrecking trains. In Kern, Tulare, Kings, and Stanislaus Counties, the papers say they are overrun with the same class of paupers, who utterly refuse to accept ranch work. We have a few specimens of the same class here—fellows who draw regular rations from the Salvation Army on the sand-lot and display no alacrity to go to work when work is offered them.

It is obvious that here is an evil which requires treatment. The vagrancy laws empower county authorities to imprison tramps who have no means of livelihood and no local habitation; and these county authorities have the power to divide their prisoners into chain-gangs and to set them at work on the roads. This has been done in Fresno and Kings Counties, and the example will probably be followed in Kern and Tulare, and perhaps in some northern counties. The chain-gang is required to work eight hours a day at road-mending. It would seem that this plan, if adopted by all the counties, would have a tendency to cure the tramp nuisance, and would, at the same time, provide the State with what it sorely needs—good roads.

Work is antipathetic to the tramp. He would rather go on half-rations than toil six hours a day. Therefore, the adoption of a plan by which tramps were compelled to work would be followed by an exodus of tramps from the county where the rule was in force. That county would not only be depleted of tramps for the time, but they would not return to it another season. They would shift their depredations to another county. But if every county adopted the same plan, the tramps would have to leave the State.

There are in every country a given proportion of the people who, from some radical defect, are unwilling to work for their living. The question has been studied by law-makers, and the only conclusion to which they have come is that such people should be jailed. That was the doctrine of the common law, and in most States it has been affirmed by statutory enactments. But it has the effect of giving the tramp precisely what he wants—food and shelter without work—and it imposes an unwarranted burden on the community. If, in addition to imprisonment, forced labor were the penalty of vagrancy, tramps would abandon their vocation, and society would save the money which is now spent to support them in idleness.

Section 647 of the Penal Code of California says:

"Every person (except a California Indian) without visible means of living, who has the physical ability to work, and who does not for the space of ten days seek employment, nor labor when employment is offered him; every healthy beggar who solicits alms as a business; every person who roams about from place to place without any lawful business . . . is a vagrant, and punishable by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding ninety days."

This statute is sweeping enough. But it is not penal enough. The legislature should amend it, specifying the conditions on which paupers who will not work can be made to labor for the benefit of the county. While the subject is under consideration, the legislature will probably consider whether vagrancy might not be expanded so as to embrace speakers and listeners at meetings designed to foment disorder and to incite disturbance. There would be no violation of freedom of speech in closing the mouths of the mischievous demagogues who for many years past have made the sand-lot the scene of obscene, blasphemous, and insensate gabble. No wrong would be done to any if these persons were taught by a few weeks of hard labor a lesson of decency which there seems to be no other way of inculcating. They have too long made San Francisco a by-word.

It would be an error to suppose that all the immigrants who have entered the State this fall are tramps. Many of them are honest workmen, seeking employment, and prepared to give a fair day's work for a reasonable wage. These persons should be encouraged in every way, and should be helped until they find a place in which they can fit; for not only are they sorely needed to develop the resources of the State, but they are an army which will emancipate the State from the dominating despotism of the labor unions. Every honest mechanic who comes here in search of work drives a nail into the coffin of the monopolists of labor. Every new workman who comes here with a pair of hands and a willing mind does his share toward making labor free. Such men should be taken by the hand

and helped along. Where room can be made for them by taking jobs away from the enemies of industry, it should be done. How much California has been hindered by labor monopolies no pen can describe. Every leading industry, from iron manufactures to shoe factories and woolen factories, has been crippled by edicts emanating from conciliabules of ignorant demagogues, taking the control of business out of the hands of its owners, and denying to young men the right to learn a trade. These monopolies and conciliabules are being broken up by the advent of newcomers. The increased supply of labor is defeating attempts to corner it.

Archbishop Ireland's "Faribault plan" for the amalgamation of the parochial with the public school has proved a failure at its birth-place. Considering the world-wide attention which the birth of the experiment drew, the death of the scheme has been kept suspiciously obscure. The contrast is readily accounted for. At the beginning, the now dominant ecclesiastical wing of the Roman Catholic Church was interested in the success of the attempt, while at the end its interest is found in saying as little as possible about the disastrous result.

The experiment deserved to fail. Only those non-Catholics who believed that the effort at compromise was sincere and enlightened hoped for its success. Pretending to be a sensible and generous effort to extricate the Roman Catholic Church from its traditional position of hostility to popular secular education, it was in reality but another move in the old campaign, under a craftier guise than common. Instead of the Roman Catholics of Faribault being willing, as was represented, to join with their fellow-citizens in maintaining public schools, they were merely willing that the general public should turn over the education of the children of the community to the Roman Catholic nuns and assume the burden of supporting parochial instead of common schools. The church rented its school-houses to the municipality, the nuns were retained as teachers and placed upon the town's pay-roll. These nuns, while serving as American public functionaries, wore the garb of their Roman Catholic order, and no doubt did their best to advance the interests of their church among their scholars covertly when it was not deemed judicious to instill "doctrine" openly. After regular school hours the Roman Catholic pupils were required to remain for "instruction in the catechism," and other children were "welcome to participate." The necessary effect upon young minds of attendance on a school in charge of Roman Catholic teachers, in Roman Catholic uniform and aflame with Roman Catholic zeal, was, of course, at once apparent. The non-Catholic people of Faribault rebelled, and at the first opportunity elected, by a great majority, a school board pledged to the employment of other than nuns as teachers. The "pull" of the church was strong enough, however, to induce the trustees to break their pledge and continue the nuns in their places. But it is the Faribault church itself which has finally abandoned the "mixed" schools, so called. And why? Because two Protestant teachers were appointed by the school board!

Fortunately for the public-school system of the country, Roman Catholic bigotry is incapable of even temporary compromise as a means of gaining ultimately the end which it desires—the suppression of our "godless" schools. The range of front on the part of the Vatican, induced by the representations of Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, and other leaders of the relatively liberal and Americanized element of the church, backed by Papal Delegate Satolli, is not overcome life-long prejudices and induce the main body of Roman Catholics to adopt the policy of concession—pretend to be satisfied with half a loaf while retaining the secret and inflexible purpose of eventually seizing the whole. The new tone of such of the clergy as are able to write or the general public is amusing in its bland ignoring of historical and existing facts, and its gentle assurances to the pretentious majority of the United States that the Roman Catholic Church is moved by only the most innocent motives in desiring to get its clutches on the public-school fund. Mr. Ducey, of New York, does the thing admirably. In a recent elaborate communication to the *Herald* he chides some Catholics "for their dislike and distrust of the State's schools, as menacing the souls of their children, and assures Protestants that they are all wrong in supposing that such the opinion or spirit of Mother Church. For example:

"It seems to me that all thoughtful American citizens, viewing the vision of Leo the Thirteenth in support of their right to maintain public schools, and in support of Catholics who take advantage of their great power as educators for their children, and in particular the American non-Catholics, need have no fear from the Catholic Church denouncing or opposing the public educational system of the country."

That sounds large, and wise, and temperate. But:

"Eventually, if the State legislatures should be made to feel by best statistics that the Catholic schools now in existence give as perfect an education as the most advanced of the public schools, and in addition to all this, by deep religious teaching, appeal to the heart of the child, instructing it in the highest patriotism and love of our institu-

tions, much of the prejudice now existing against Catholics individually and as a body will disappear."

And, of course, the State legislatures would be persuaded to open the State treasuries to the schools which, "by deep religious teaching, appeal to the heart of the child, instructing it," etc.

The prudence of fearing the Greeks bringing gifts needs to be remembered now that the Roman Catholic plan of siege has been altered. No matter what the utterances of Messrs. Satolli, and Ireland, and Gibbons, and Ducey may be, oil and water can not be made to mix. The thing for the American Arah in the educational tent to do is to hit the head of the Catholic camel whenever it introduces itself, however broad and ingratiating its smile. Behind every persuasive offer of compromise is the temper of the true Roman Catholics of Faribault, which broke out when the school board of an American town had the hardihood to appoint Protestant teachers in an American common school. In its real attitude toward State education in this republic, the Roman Catholic Church has no rights which are entitled to respect. The schools are free to all. In them a purely secular education is given. If any class of citizens do not choose to avail themselves of the schools' privileges, that is their own lookout. If we were to make concessions to the Roman Catholic Church, then every other church might properly demand like concessions, and in the outcome there would be no public-school system.

During the campaign of 1892, the curious celebration of the Democratic grape-growers in this State inspired in the minds of philosophic spectators a feeling of profound and unrestrained wonder. A certain amount of altruism is probably a good thing; but that a man should vote away his livelihood is, to say the least, peculiar. Yet there was apparently no other inference to be drawn when men, earning their living and supporting their families by raising wine and raisin grapes, deliberately voted for a Democratic free-trade tariff which would infallibly ruin the grape industries of California. That ruin for which these gentlemen voted will not be long in coming. But in advance of it comes a rumor that the desperate Democracy, struggling to raise revenue, intend to put an internal revenue tax on domestic wines! Good news this for the free-trade Democratic grape-growers of California. All of them, although happy, victorious, triumphant, and Democratic, are also broke. It is as if a garroter should hold up the peaceful wayfarer, and then sand-bag him for having no money.

The controversy between Mrs. Kendal and the New York critics under the lead of Elizabeth Marbury, over Pinero's new play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is very entertaining. The story is simple and not new. Mr. Tanqueray, who is a widower of forty-three, marries a lady with whom he has been intimate during his wife's life-time. The question is—shall society receive her or cast the stone at her? The American manager who produces the play is so good as to inform us that the piece is the most precious addition of modern times to the English stage. The New York critics rather doubt whether it is proper to take the young person to see it.

Taking up the cudgels for the play, Mrs. Kendal inquires whether American society does not understand the meaning of the word "mistress," and whether in this country men never marry their mistresses. She intends to be ironical, and is in reality matter-of-fact. It is not usual in American families, where there are young ladies, to use the word "mistress" in the sense in which Mrs. Kendal employs it; it is certainly very unusual for an American to marry his mistress; and it is also certain that a man in this country who openly keeps a mistress is not admitted to decent society. These things may be different in England; we are not passing sentence on the manners and customs of the English people. We merely note what manners and customs prevail here, and, with due respect to Mrs. Kendal, it may easily be understood how people brought up with the American view of the phase of life depicted in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" should resent very strongly the presentation of that life at a theatre which is frequented by their daughters and sisters.

Mrs. Kendal sneeringly wonders "if it is always so sweet and child-like and beautiful in America; if the men are all so lovely—rosehuds just bursting into bloom and knowing no evil." She means to ask whether there is no such thing as social vice in this country, and whether all our young men could pass an examination for admission to a young lady's boarding-school. Both inquiries must be answered in the negative. Perhaps as large a proportion of young Americans lead loose lives as young Englishmen. But there is this distinction. In this country young men do not conduct their intrigues with a brass band. They may not be moral, but at all events they are decent. In England (according to Mrs. Kendal), neither morality nor decency seem to be expected of a man.

Mrs. Kendal, who is a lady of unblemished morals and of

the highest principles, rather plumes herself on having taken repentant Magdalens into her carriage in London in open day. That is a mere matter of taste. Her example would not be followed in this country. American ladies not infrequently undertake to reclaim lost girls, but they do not take them into their carriages nor do they admit them to their receptions. It is not believed here that any good would be attained by such coerced assimilation. If, after a suitable period of reformation, Perdita proves herself worthy of being taken by the hand, she can find doors open to her. But they are hardly the doors of houses where young girls are being brought up.

With bitter irony, Mrs. Kendal adds that the reason why Americans do not like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is because their "fresh young country is too good to need it. Their men are all noble, their women pure, they need no lessons in morality." Here, again, our English critic is matter-of-fact, intending to be sarcastic. All American men are not noble, nor are all American women pure, but there is so much nobility among the men, and so much purity among the women, that both sexes revolt at the idea of a commingling of Lucretia with Aspasia. In England, it seems, the pair can meet on the same plane, in the same drawing-room—at least, Mrs. Kendal says so; they certainly cannot in this country. No man in his senses would take his mistress to a house where she would meet the wife of his friend. If he did, his nose would be pulled, and he would be kicked down stairs. Not that the standard of male nobility or female purity is abnormally high in the United States. It is simply that American men pay to American women a measure of respect which Englishmen (according to Mrs. Kendal) grudge to the ladies of their own families.

There is just a possibility that Mrs. Kendal has not done justice to her countrymen and countrywomen. There is more strait-lacing in England than she is perhaps willing to admit. There is a society in London—artistic, literary, Bohemian—of which the rules are lax. Gentlemen of rank, title, and fame figure in it without regard to their social relations, and ladies are admitted without having to show a certificate of marriage. But that society is not, by any means, good English society. No lady whose fair repute hears the least taint can go to court. No gentleman who has figured in a sexual scandal is received at good houses. See how effectually Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke committed *hari-kari*. It is at least doubtful whether Mrs. Kendal did not exaggerate the digestive capacity of her countrywomen when she described them as hungering and thirsting for the high moral lessons which are taught by the play of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." However this may be, the American digestion seems to be unequal to the task. American men respect their wives, their sisters, and their daughters too profoundly.

The female anarchist, Emma Goldman, has been sentenced by Judge Martine, of New York, to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island. When she was taken from the Tombs to court to be sentenced, she affected defiance and indifference. In sentencing her, the judge said:

"You are a woman above the average of intelligence. You must have known the effect of the incendiary language you uttered. You have said that you did not believe in our institutions. You, and those who entertain the same ideas, should be met at the portals of this country and not allowed to enter here. We are proud of our institutions. Much money and much blood have been poured out to build them up. We do not propose that any person, man or woman, shall undertake to tear them down. I look upon you as a dangerous woman. I have no hope of doing any good for you. I am satisfied that you are defiant, and have no respect for the law. The sentence of the court is that you be confined in the penitentiary for the full term allowed by law—one year."

Most of us can not help regretting that such justice and such judges are not found in California. When a lot of venomous vagabonds in San Francisco were threatening to burn the houses over our heads, and were arrested for their incendiary language, superserviceable attorneys drew up and an obsequious legislature passed what is known as the "anti-tag law." The right of incendiary speech is thus encouraged in California. In New York they look at it with different eyes. We congratulate Judge Martine on his decision. We congratulate New York on the fact that Miss Emma Goldman is now doing hard labor on Blackwell's Island instead of speechifying in Union Square.

The Democrats in Congress are not a very harmonious body, but the Democrats in California are flying at each other's throats. Cleveland, with his evident animus against the Chinese bill, is a heavy load to carry, in California, and the Federal bread-and-butter brigade are groaning and sweating under their weary load. There are now two wings to the party here—the Chino-Cleveland wing and the anti-Chinese wing. Taking one consideration with another, the Democrats are not a happy lot.

THE UNDOING OF JOHANNA.

A Temperance Story—after a Fashion.

Their neighbors always said that the Leightons spoiled Delia shamefully. She was being unfitted, they said, not only for service, but for potential matrimony. To this the Leightons were wont to reply, with that laughing Leighton nonchalance which their neighbors found so trying, that Delia was by no means spoiled for their service, and this they meant that she should not leave, unless for the other state mentioned, in which case—well, the man in question would have to take the consequences. They—the Leightons—were not training young women for wives, but for maid-servants; and they were quite content with the result of their system in this instance.

Still, on the principle of that hackneyed old adage about the dropping of water, they now and then told themselves and each other that their meddling advisers were in a measure right and that they were—well, fatuous and imprudent. They would certainly, one of these days, manifest toward Delia a salutary severity which should "teach her what her place was in reality."

This little waiting-maid of the Leightons was not unmannerly, fast, nor bumptious. She was a little arch and roguish, a little bit self-centred and important, a trifle too confident of the necessity of her presence to the Leighton family. But these traits resulted, as their neighbors justly claimed, from the over-indulgence shown her by the Leightons. She had been in the house since she was ten years old, and her treatment had been, in many things, that of a young lady of the family, rather than a domestic.

The first set-back to her comfort and confidence was when Mrs. Leighton's nieces came on from California with the girl-friend whom they had invited to be their guest for the winter. Finding that their aunt was short one bedroom for their separate accommodation, the independent young women were bent on taking a flat and setting up housekeeping on their own account. They had always had separate bedrooms; they had invited Edith to be their guest for the winter; Aunt Sirlida had not sufficient house-room for the quartet; flats were to be had a-plenty; the money was theirs to procure a flat. Such was their easy, breezy, swift Western mode of argument. In the expansion of their souls, they averred that they would take unto themselves a chaperon to practicalize and legitimate their project in the eyes of the pragmatical and suspicious Easterners—they had the address of a former teacher, emigrated to these parts and not flourishing, who would be glad to matronize them. But separate bedrooms and Edith they would have, though the world should cease its spinning.

Their ultimatum dismayed Mrs. Leighton. What! renounce the company, the cordial, the personal delight, the social attraction that lay in the presence of three real girl-nieces? She who had so long hankered and hungered for young companionship, and whose one young companion had been Delia! Why, there it was! 'twas Delia's room was lacking! That wide, airy, north-east chamber—the best chamber in the house for a fact. Now here was a way to save the domestic dilemma, and at the same time inaugurate the discipline of Delia. So that same day the effects of the pretty maid-servant were transferred to a large room traditionally given over to the cook of the Leighton establishment, and paperers, painters, and upholsterers set about renovating and preparing the north-east chamber for the use and occupancy of the eldest niece, Sibylla.

A fortnight later, the *ménage* was organized on the new basis, and Delia was far from happy. Not only in the matter of lodging had her prestige and privilege been diminished. She who had been the centre and mainspring of the household had now become a very minor, insignificant bit of its mechanism. Aside from her domestic duties, she had held a close personal relation to her elderly employers, to whom she rendered in many ways the attentions of a daughter. But now Miss Sibylla performed all the functions of a housekeeper—buying, hiring, ordering, choosing the elements needful for the family use and comfort. Miss Rosie wrote Mrs. Leighton's notes and letters, and read the old lady's daily ration of current literature and ecclesiastic fulmination. Miss Eleanor and the visiting friend, Miss Edith, had arbitrarily altered the arrangement of the furniture and bric-à-brac all over the house, and they assumed the care of it. Delia's heart was empanged every time she saw them wielding the china-hellows which she had regarded as a dainty instrument of distinction, or grouping the flowers in bowls and vases after fashions that she deemed infinitely less satisfactory and less artistic than her own disposing.

But, still, the grievance that most did rankle was the profaned privacy of her chamber.

It was, although had, not so intolerably hard just at first, for the cook had been in the house before Delia came there, and she had always petted and mothered the girl. In the present crisis her affectionate partisanship was not an unmixed comfort; for she not only "poored" Delia to the degree of aggravating her sense of injury and adding to her mortification, but she also saw fit, ignoring her many obligations to their employers, to inveigh against and condemn the Leightons vigorously; and this made Delia feel that, though her lacerated feelings would not allow her to dissent from the proposition, she was yet guilty of ingratitude and disloyalty in listening to and seeming to concur in the tirades.

Still, Dorothy was a companion and a sympathizer, and her departure additionally bereft Miss Delia. Dorothy's married daughter had offered her mother a permanent home, which circumstance probably went far toward emboldening the cook to such independent speech. It was Miss Sibylla who engaged the new cook, whose application was the result of an advertisement in a metropolitan journal.

"For," said Miss Sibylla, "it is, for many reasons, expedient to supply our *ménage* independently of personal

recommendations. It is a hazardous and a delicate experiment to take a domestic upon a friend's credentials. There is no knowing what complications may arise from doing this."

Accordingly she selected from a rather numerous list of applicants the individual who most attracted her approbation. It was another instance of Miss Sibylla's decision and self-reliance that the candidate she favored chanced to be absolutely destitute of recommendatory papers from former employers. But that, said Miss Sibylla, was a difficulty which might arise with any person who should have met with such a misfortune as that which had befallen Johanna. For the worthy woman had explained, with brief matter-of-factness, that she had been one of the steerage passengers on a steamer whose wreck had been one of the tragic episodes of that winter. The loss of all her luggage was a great inconvenience, no doubt, admitted Johanna, but not one over which she should repine, when she remembered that she had escaped with her life from a catastrophe wherein many fellow-creatures had perished. There was no sanctimonious gush nor cant in the manner or the tone of Johanna when she made these observations; only a straightforward, practical acceptance of the facts.

"So sensible of her," said Miss Sibylla; "and so self-respecting! Not the least attempt to make capital out of her misfortune. Now, some women—our sex is so deplorably weak, and so censoriously stagey—would have posed as a martyr *ad nauseam*. Oh! yes, we must have Johanna, if only for her sound common sense."

Miss Sibylla had constancy as well as courage in her opinions—and the former is by far the rarer trait in all humanity, even in women. When a few days of trial had proved Johanna to be a cook of skill above the average, and a person, moreover, eminently respectful and retiring of demeanor, Miss Sibylla felt justified in celebrating the exactness of her discernment by presenting to Johanna an assortment of garments, some second-hand, of her own and her sisters, some new, to supplement the evidently limited supply with which the cook had replaced the wardrobe lost in the shipwreck. She also carried her condescension so far as to offer to assist Johanna in fitting the new and remodeling the old apparel.

"She blushed as red as fire," declared Miss Sibylla, relating the occurrence to the other ladies of the family—"blushed, oh, furiously! and stumbled over her own tongue in her haste to tell me that she always fitted herself. Some of these foreign people have so much more personal delicacy than we have. I remember to have read that Italian ladies of rank resent it as an offense if their most intimate woman friend but lay her hand upon them."

"But there is considerable difference," quoth old Mrs. Leighton, "between an Italian lady of rank and a German kitchen-woman."

Miss Sibylla hereupon felt repressed. Mrs. Leighton, though old and much over-niced of late, was quite capable of demonstrating her knowledge of the world and her own usually excellent judgment.

Delia never liked Johanna. She had discretion enough, however, to keep silence ament her antipathy, for Johanna's behavior toward her was faultless. Never familiar, but always kindly; ready to assume many a little duty disagreeable to Delia; and delicate! well, much as she hated Miss Sibylla, Delia agreed with her on that one point, that Johanna's refinement of instinct was very far above her station. The daughter of a hundred princes could not have shown to her chief friend greater consideration than this brawny Alsatian woman showed to Delia. And Johanna carried out, too, in every detail that nice personal reserve which had so impressed Miss Sibylla. She must have learned of Delia's feeling as to the violation of privacy involved in sharing the room; for one of Johanna's first acts in the house was the purchase of an extra thick and ample curtain with which she screened off the inner, smaller end of the apartment. No matter what her haste, she never traversed the space allotted to Delia without a timely call of warning. In every particular her delicacy was consistent and continual.

Hitherto Delia had been so well satisfied with her environments at home that she had not yearned for, indeed she had even disdained, the festivities and social intercourse of the village. But after some months of the changed conditions, she formed certain friendships in the little community, to whose solace and relaxation she betook herself in all her hours of leisure. In one of the households she visited, she met one Robert Young, a quiet young man from the city, who came here now and then as the agent of a firm of wholesale grocers. His visits after he had met Delia became more frequent and extended.

Although Mr. Young was a person of considerable education and experience, he was not above a sincere interest in his fellows. Although so quiet himself, he liked to hear others talk—above all, about the individuality, characteristics, and conditions of their neighbors. He would only once in a while throw in a question or an observation, but the little he did say brought out trenchantly the salient points of the matters in question.

When his rural friends would compliment him upon the perspicacity of his insight, Mr. Young would modestly admit that he gave a good deal of time to the analysis of character, indeed, that he hardly knew if he could live apart from the study of humanity.

One night about a year after the hegira of Dorothy from the Leighton continent, Mr. Robert Young escorted pretty Delia home from a visit to their mutual friends in the village. There had been some dancing, and it was after midnight; Miss Sibylla had objected to the allowing of so much latitude to Delia, but Mrs. Leighton had felt that some indulgence was due to the girl's discretion and her sense of injury.

Although he was such a grave young man, Mr. Young was only human, and he was guilty of the weakness of always waiting, after Delia had slipped in at the rear door by which she always entered, until he saw her light shine forth from her chamber window.

On this occasion he had loitered but a pair of moments or so when a long shriek tore out of the dark house, and then several more in rapid succession—it certainly was the voice of the beloved Delia.

Mr. Young threw himself upon the nearest door, then upon all the others near at hand; but they were all too strong and too well fastened to be kicked in off-hand.

He shouted to his lady-love to come and open, that he was there to save her if he could but find admittance. Meanwhile, in other parts of the house, lights had been kindled and cries of alarm and wonder were ringing; and when at last Delia rallied her panicked senses to the degree of obeying her lover, it was at the same moment that various members of the household, in varying states of toilet disarray, came hastening upon the scene.

Delia clutched the shoulder-seams of Mr. Young's overcoat, and burrowed her head into the fabric in the region of his cravat. "It's a man!" she wailed; "no!" in indignant rejection of some nervous soul's ill-timed facetiousness—"no! not 'a live man'! It's a dead man! I stumbled over him. Oh! there!—there in the passage!"

The rescue party flocked to the open door of the entry upon which gave the kitchen stairway. The eager feminine van surged back again with assenting gurgles of horror. The one man of the party—a gentleman who with his wife was visiting the Leightons—pushed forward with Robert Young. Delia's sweetheart was in the house for the first time; hitherto they had met only in the village. Sure enough, rolled against the lowest stair lay a body in a spread of complete abandon.

But—"This is a woman!" cried the men, pulling off the wide circular cape flared over her.

"Oh, it is Johanna! Is she dead? how was she killed? what can have happened her?"—the feminine chorus quavered. And Miss Sibylla hazarded the belief that the faithful cook had been hastening to warn the household of intended depredation when she was set upon by the marauders.

"She is not dead, for sure," averred Mr. Young, as a stertorous snore rattled comfortably upon the awe-struck silence; "she is not dead, but sleeping. No, she is not even dead drunk, although she is mighty near that."

And even the least sophisticated of the ladies could but recognize the potent bouquet of Johanna's breath as the men rolled her over. The maiden element retreated with a precipitancy more speedful than sympathetic. The enthusiastic Sibylla set the example. They invited Delia to go with them; she could not possibly spend the night, they said, in a room with a drunken woman. The situation had produced such a revulsion of feeling that they were ready to ascribe to Delia all the merits and claims of martyrdom that might have been hers had Johanna been a subject of nightly *delirium tremens* all these months, instead of the sober, reticent, unobtrusive body that she had been. Mrs. Leighton and the visiting matron followed the men with their senseless burden. No doubt it was bad that Johanna was drunk, but common decency and humanity demanded for her feminine ministration. Mr. Young, who held the cook's heavy shoulders, gave a sharp cry of something more than surprise as her chin and cheek grazed his hand in laying her down. He caught the lamp from Mrs. Leighton and rapidly, but closely, scrutinized the face, the hair, the neck, the wrists of the prostrate woman. Then, drawing the gentleman aside, he retired from the room, to be rejoined by the guest after that gentleman had repeated to his wife and his hostess Mr. Robert Young's observations.

The ladies presently emerged, wild-eyed. As a result of their report Mr. Young sent to the Leighton mansion certain local functionaries, who undertook to watch over Johanna's slumbers during Mr. Young's absence in the city, in quest of documentary evidence to confirm his suspicions.

When Johanna awakened, late the next day, it was to see a neat array of her luggage spread out upon the chamber floor, the central and most conspicuous object being an unlocked shaving-case, stocked with superfine razors, and draped with an artistic, dark wig, the precise counterpart of which was crumpled beneath Johanna's close-clipped blonde head, upon the pillow. The two local functionaries, Mr. Robert Young, a metropolitan deputy-sheriff, the Leightons' male guest, and one or two gentlemen of the neighborhood, composed an interested audience.

"The jig is up, John Hesselman," said Robert Young, "and you are unarmed. You may as well go with us quietly. But you might have stayed on for twenty years—aye! and died here in safety—if you hadn't been so fond of liquor."

"I am not fond of liquor," said Johanna, sitting up on the bed and clasping a pair of very trembly hands around a pair of temples whose ache was actually perceptible externally; "how did you learn I was here, Bob?"

"I didn't," said Mr. Young; "that is just what I am saying. It was your swig that caught you. I have been down here off and on the last four months after some gentry operating on houses in the neighborhood—oh! I know you had nothing to do with that! We've got them!—and I would as soon have expected to find a Fiji Islander as you here. No, sir! as long as you lay low, this was the safest possible retreat for a gentleman in your situation. But you lifted the elbow too often, and the chapter of accidents ran me across you. You're a block-letter text for the total abstainers, Hesselman."

"I don't care at all for drink," reiterated Johanna; "you may have heard that a severe shock often destroys certain of the appetites and passions. Mine for wine and women died with premonitory suddenness when I—did what you know of yonder. I only got drunk last night because I had to do something. Even recapture is better than the dullness of my death-in-life here. Well, get me a pair of trousers. I suppose you don't expect to take me back in this shape"—flouting the petticoats.

Several ladies in the vicinity took to their beds for some days, stricken with nervous prostration, on learning that the Leightons' cook was the man who had, not a week before his appearance there, killed a woman who had loved

him—killed her with so much druokeo fury that the whole country had rung with the murder.

Miss Sihylla marshaled her sisters and returned unto the house of her father; Delia was reinstated in the north-east chamber and her factotumship. But, nevertheless, she felt that gratitude need not withhold her—and it did not—from taking the central position in a very pretty little wedding some months later.

The occasion revived the talk about the Leightons' cook, and one dame, with that sweet and lofty charity which characterizes woman's dealings toward women, made an observation which was not pretty, concerning Delia's long and close contact with the criminal. The husband of this noble-minded individual, who had been present at the murderer's capture, looked at his wife with a meaning which should have seared her soul.

"I don't suppose that you can grasp it," he observed, "but I will tell you what Hesselman said." He did, and then he added on his own account: "I, as a man, can understand how the gallows-rope made a boundary between him and Delia. Yes, and more! how, in his spirit, he saw the livid, bleeding face of his murdered mistress resting upon the young girl's pillow. Talk about men being one-ideal in their attitude toward women! The narrow-mindedness of women in judging men stumps me completely. Cherish your notions yourself, if you must have them—but, for heaven's sake, don't discredit your sex and yourself by giving them publicity."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1893.

The following interesting telegrams were recently exchanged between the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck:

GUNS, September 19th.

TO PRINCE BISMARCK, KISSINGEN: I have, to my great regret, only now learned that your highness has lately gone through a somewhat serious illness. As I have at the same time, thank God, received news of a continued progressive improvement, I beg to express my warmest satisfaction on this account. Being anxious to assist in thoroughly completing your recovery and reestablishing your health, I beg your highness, in view of the unfavorable climatic situation of Varzin and Friedrichsruh, to take up your quarters for the winter in one of my castles in central Germany. After conferring with my court marshal I will communicate to your highness the name of the castle which may be most suitable.

WILLIAM.

Prince Bismarck replied as follows:

KISSINGEN, September 19th.

TO HIS MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR: With the deepest respect I thank your majesty for your gracious expression of sympathy in my illness and satisfaction at the recent improvement in my health, and so less for your majesty's gracious desire to assist in furthering my recovery by providing for me a residence under the most favorable climatic conditions. My respectful gratitude for your majesty's gracious intentions is in no way diminished by the conviction that, should it be God's will that I should recover, that recovery may most probably be looked for in the domestic circle and surroundings to which I have so long been accustomed. My complaint being of a nervous character, I share the opinion of my doctor, that if I pass the winter in the midst of my accustomed surroundings and occupations, it will be the most likely means of promoting my recovery, and that the disturbance of my nervous system which might result from a sojourn in fresh, and to me strange, surroundings and associations, necessitated by the realization of your majesty's gracious wishes, is, in view of my advanced age, to be avoided. Professor Schweninger will take the earliest opportunity of placing this conviction, which I also share, in writing.

BISMARCK.

A constant exchange of telegrams, it is reported, is being carried on between Prince Bismarck and the emperor. The prince sent his majesty ten telegrams on a recent Sunday, and the emperor receives hourly reports respecting the illustrious patient's condition. It is now rumored that the emperor will visit the ex-chancellor later on at Friedrichsruh.

One hundred and fifteen miles south of Wichita, Kan., in the most fertile and picturesque portion of the Cherokee Strip, lies the city of Perry, built in a day. In three weeks (says a *Sun* correspondent), the improvements have been wonderful. Thousands of tents and rough-board buildings are scattered along the broad streets and avenues. Every one is used for business. The town, which is the capital of the strip, has a population at the present time of fifteen thousand. It had almost twice that number ten days ago, but many have left for their claims for some other town in the strip. Lawyers, whose success in the East or more populated Western towns was not the best, are there in droves, waiting patiently to relieve contesting claimants of their dollars. Saloons and gambling joints are in full sway. Of the former there are just sixty in the town, and all are doing a rushing business. Murders are of nightly occurrence, for human life is not considered in this mad fight for land. Perry has six daily newspapers and two weeklies. There is every indication that Perry will continue to boom for a year to come. Few of those there really know much about the resources of the strip. That there are good deposits of coal close to Perry is evident.

It is not likely that any more hazing outrages will be perpetrated by the students of Princeton College. All cases of the kind are hereafter to be brought before the criminal courts of New Jersey. Justice Abhatt, in charging the grand jury of Mercer County concerning them, has given instructions that will secure the trial of the recent violent cases. He told the grand jury that hazing had become of a brutal character at Princeton that human life was endangered by it, that the guilty parties must be arrested and punished in the interest of public peace, and that the grand jurors whom he addressed must do their duty in regard to the indictment of the accused.

Twenty live elk, from Laramie, Wyo., were shipped on the White Star steamship *Runic*, which sailed from New York recently. They were consigned to Sir Peter Walker, who will place them in the deer-park on his estate, which is not far from London.

The fifteen millions of dollars in gold borrowed during the Baring crisis, in 1890, from the Bank of France, was returned by the Bank of England, a few months later, in the form of keys in which it came.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Australian Dukite Snake.

Well, mate, you've asked me about a fellow You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack, Or with some such hurden, strapped to his back. Did you meet him square? No, you passed him by? Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye, You'd have felt for your irons then and there; For the light in his eye is a madman's glare. His story is strange as ever you heard Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

That man who goes

Through the hush with the pack and the coovict's clothes Has been mad for years; but he does oo harm, And our lonely settlers feel no alarm When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane Was a settler once, and a friend of my own. Some eight years back, in the spring of the year, Dave came from Scotland, and settled here. A splendid young fellow he was just then, And one of the bravest and truest of meo. Not evoe a convict met with his scorn, For Dave Sloane was a gentleman born.

He lived with me here for a while, and learned The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid In the wallaby track, how traps were made, How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed; And when that was learned, I helped him to build From mahogany slabs a good bush hut. And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut. From the morning light till the light expired He was always working—he never tired; Till at length I began to think his will Was too much settled oo wealth, and still When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie. But one day—for he read my mind—he laid His haad oo my shoulder. "Don't be afraid," Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf. I work hard, frieod; but 'tis not for myself."

And he told me then, in his quiet tone, Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own— His wife—'twas for her; 'twas all he could say, And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away. After that he told me the simple tale: They had married for love, and she was to sail For Australia wheo he wrote home and told The oft-watched-for story of findiog gold. To a year he wrote, and his news was good: He had bought some cattle and sold his wood. He said: "Darling, I've only a hut—but come," Frieod, a husband's heart is a true wife's home; And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand To make neat the house, and prepare the land For his crops and vices; and he made that place Put on such a smiling and home-like face, That when she came, and he showed her round His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground, And spoke of the future, they cried for joy. The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy. Frieod, there isn't much more of the tale to tell; I was talking of angels a while since. Well, Now I'll chage to a devil—aye, to a devil! You needn't start; if a spirit of evil Ever came to this world its hate to slake On mankind, it came as a dukite snake.

Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin, A long red snake—as if what was within Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin. And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell And come back to your fellows here and tell What the fire was like, you could find no thing Here below on the earth, or up in the sky, To compare it to hut a dukite's eye! Now, mark you, these dukites don't go alone; There's another near when you see hut one; And beware you of killing that one you see Without finding the other; for you may see More than twenty miles from the spot that night, When camped, hut you're tracked by the lone dukite, That will follow your trail like death or fate, And kill you as sure as you killed its mate! Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here Three months—'twas just this time of the year. He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse, And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass A long red snake. He had never been told Of the dukite's ways. He jumped to the road, And smashed his flat head with the bullock-goad! He was proud of the red skin, so he tied Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed The hush on the path he followed that night. He was early home, and the dead dukite Was flung at the door to be skinned next day. At sunrise next morning he started away To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride And joy in his heart. He jumped from his horse And entered—to look on his young wife's corpse, And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head Of the terrible dukite, as if it said:

"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had." And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad! I rode to his hut just by chance that night, And there on the threshold the clear moonlight Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door With an awful feeling of coming woe; The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor, The man held the hand of his wife—his pride, His poor life's treasure—and crunched by her side. O God! I sank with the weight of the blow. I touched and called him; he heeded me not, So I dug her grave in a quiet spot, And lifted them both—her boy on her breast—And laid them down in the shade to rest. Then I tried to take my poor friend away, But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay 'Till she comes again!" that I had no heart To try to persuade him then to part. From all that was left to him here—her grave; So I stayed by his side that night, and gave One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound—O God! that wail, like the wail of a hood! Since that fearful night no one has heard Poor David Sloane utter sound or word. You have seen to-day how he always goes; He's been given that suit of convict's clothes By some prison officer. On his back You noticed a load like a peddler's pack? Well, that's what he lives for; when reason went, Still memory lived, for his days are spent In searching for dukites; and year by year That hundle of skins is growiog. 'Tis clear That the Lord out of evil some good still takes, For he's clearing this hush of the dukite snakes.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

SOCIETY AND THE GOULDS.

New York is Discussing their Entrance into the Four Hundred.

Despite the financial panic of the past summer, the coming winter is going to see a splendid season. In the first place, Mrs. Astor—who was in retirement last year—will reappear with a number of dinner-dances and receptions. Her leading rival, as it happens, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was also mourning last winter; she will entertain profusely this winter. The Elbridge Gerrys will also come to the front after a somewhat prolonged *villgiature*. Another lady who has been missed of late years, hut who will receive this season, is Mrs. Robert Goelet. Mrs. Paron Stevens will entertain more gorgeously than ever, and simultaneously the hospitable doors of Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, which have been so long closed, will be re-opened. Minor members of the élite—Mrs. Sufferm Tailer, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Clement C. Moore, and a heavy of young matrons—will give what the Marquis of Farintosh called "one or two things" during the winter, at which the lover of young beauty will be enabled to admire the charms of Miss Birdie Fair, Miss Elsie Clews, Miss Pauline Whitney, Miss Kowloon, and the Misses Shepard, Sloane, Kip, Barhey, Delafield, Minturn, Satterlee, Sands, and others who have been seoo before.

The chief excitement in social circles has been roused by a rumor that the Goulds are going to eoter society. It has long been known that both Miss Helen Gould and the two Mrs. Gould preferred the delights of home to the fascinations of the gay world. Miss Gould is devoted to good works. Mrs. George Gould, *née* Kiogdon, prefers her babies to the Patriarchs. Mrs. Eddie Gould, *née* Shradly, has never cared to "go out." But gossip now states that the two young matrons have decided to take the place in the social world to which the eminence of their husbands in high finance entitles them. On this, two cooundrums have been suggested. First, is it likely that George and Edward Gould, who have always lived by themselves and for themselves, will now enter a field in which they will be liable to play second fiddle to men who would not be admitted to their private offices? And next, are the two Mrs. Gould likely to surrender the small principalities they now govern to become members of the court of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt? Assuming that both these questions are answered in the affirmative, will society admit the Goulds, whose sole claim to social fitness is their wealth?

As to the last of these queries, a social leader replied: "My dear fellow, the question is not whether society will adopt the Goulds, hut whether the Goulds will adopt society. As a matter of fact, no one with ample wealth and social proclivities was ever kept out of society if he wanted to get in. Mrs. Merdle, whose knowledge of society was profound, was clear that, with his money and his influence on 'Change, Mr. Merdle could get into any society, if he would only not let the shop sit on him. It is to be presumed that after business hours the young Goulds do not talk shop. Their wives are known to be beautiful, refined, accomplished, and kindly gentlewomen. Why should they not enter society if they are prepared to dine it, and wine it, and flower it, and saturate it with music and dance?" Hence, when Mr. and Mrs. George Gould visited Newport in their yacht *Alalanta*, and entertained in the saloon of that beautiful vessel Mrs. Paron Stevens and the Marquis of Chasseloup Louhat at dinner, the fly-gobblers shook their heads and said that the election of George Gould to the Patriarchs was an accomplished fact.

And yet it is not certain. The Goulds have a great deal of money, but they have not been noted for spending it extravagantly. Now, for a man in George Gould's station to enter society the tax would come high. He would have to buy a new house—his present house is not large enough. This would cost a million. Another million would go for the indispensable "cottage" at Newport. A couple of hundred thousand would have to be expended in a summer villa at Tuxedo, and another villa at another minor watering-place. Such a personage would have to spend not less than one hundred thousand dollars on halls, dinners, dinner-dances, and other entertainments, and the annual dresses and jewelry of his women-folk would come easily to a hundred thousand more. Thus Mr. Gould's first year in society would deplete his purse to the tune of very nearly two millions and a half. Subsequent years would not cost him over a quarter of a million each. But the fixed investment in glory and fashion would not fall short of the sum I have named.

For this he would gain admission to a circle whose performances can hardly be interesting or satisfying to a hard-headed man like George Gould, or pleasing to a lady like Mrs. George Gould, who faithfully discharges her duty as a mother, and who makes it a rule to keep in touch with the literary, artistic, and theatrical movement. People who go much into society in New York have no time for anything else. They can not read books, or keep track of new music, new pictures, and new plays. It is always one thing or the other. Society, like the Jewish deity, is a jealous god. It brooks no rivals. When a debutante takes the plunge at eighteen, she is often a well-informed and well-read girl. After she has been out two years, she is ignorant of everything that has happened in the way of culture during that period. Intellectual meo, with souls above a dinner-dance, find her very heavy lifting. Those who have the honor of Mrs. George Gould's acquaintance or of that of her sister-in-law, Miss Helen Gould, will be surprised if they surrender the substantial pleasures of their present life for the empty honor of belonging to the Four Hundred. Still they are women.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 21, 1893.

There are now four hundred and sixty students on the rolls of Vassar College. In the new class of '97 there are four daughters of alumnæ. The society of the graduates of the college now consists of six members.

Thirty-four suicides in a hundred are caused by insanity.

THE LADY WITH THE YELLOW HAIR.

A Fair Unknown Creates a Sensation at a London Ball.

On one of Lady George Athol's "first Thursdays" her rooms were filling to overflow. Barn Street was blocked with carriages. Lady George stood on the big square landing at the top of the stairs, and gave her hand so often that, after a time, it seemed no longer her own. The people thronged up and up. The current appeared unending, and she felt almost as if the circle must be complete, and the string of guests must be revolving, as in a child's toy the figures that are gummed on to a tape and go up to the mill move in endless succession up, and up, and up.

Her tongue was tired, too, and so was her smile, but each was kept in active work. "How do you do?" "How do you do?" "How do you do?" "Your son not with you? No? I am sorry." "What lovely flowers!" "How do you do?" "How do you do?" "No, almost cold." "How do you do?" "Yes, stifling." "Ah, Mrs. Keith—I scarcely thought you would get away. Dull—was it? What, none of the right people? Didn't suppose for an instant there would be."

"Let me stand here for one moment. I want so much to know who some one is who came in just before us. A beautiful woman. Quite too lovely."

"Mrs. Venables, probably. Not Mrs. Venables? Fair? Lady Fleet? No? Miss Adair? No? Then I can't tell you till I see her."

"She is coming up now. There, with the fair hair. No—in front of the Brahazons." Lady George had the mischance to drop her houquet, and in the momentary confusion a name was lost.

The lady who advanced behind the unheard name was fair to whiteness almost. Her hair was of a peculiar shade of yellow, like pale sulphur. Her eyes were of the lightest gray.

Lady George gave her hand and said: "How do you do?" The Brahazons occupied her with some elaborate explanation as to why they had been unable to dine in Barn Street, and in the meantime the lady, with a murmured word, had passed on. Lady George looked after her. She was bowing to some one. She was bowing again—and now again. Apparently she had many friends in the room.

Mr. Brahazon was talking to Mrs. Keith, who, as soon as he had moved away, turned to her hostess.

"She is handsome. I hope your flowers were not spoiled. I didn't catch the name." The lady was lost in the smart crowd.

"Neither did I," said Lady George, blandly, "and I don't know her from Adam. She must be some friend of the girls. Joan or Maud must have sent her a card—my memory is so bad. I can't leave this; if you come across either of my daughters, will you send her to me, Mrs. Keith? Oh, here is my husband. George—George—go into the room and tell me who the striking woman with the yellow hair is."

"There are dozens of 'em. Which?"

"I'll show you," said Mrs. Keith. She was interested.

The two moved away; but, like the raven from the ark, they did not return.

Lady George, after ten minutes or so, felt that she had done her duty, and she left the top of the stairs. She forgot the unknown lady, and it was half an hour before she came across one of her daughters.

"Maud, I had something to ask you and I forgot what. Oh, yes. Who is—I can't see her now—yes, there she is—that woman with the yellow hair standing by the mantel-piece?"

"In white? I don't know."

"But neither do I. I thought you would be able to tell me. Find Joan and send her to me."

It was twenty minutes before Lady George's second daughter appeared before her. By that time the lady had moved her place.

"I know the one you mean," said Joan, "but I don't know who she is. She has very curious hair and she is in white."

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know."

Mrs. Keith came up.

"Lord George doesn't know," she said.

"I can easily find out," said Joan; "she has been talking to Charlie Vincent for the last ten minutes; I'll ask him." She moved away as she spoke.

Young Vincent was leaning against a pillar and laughing heartily. He was the butt for the moment of the chaff of two of his friends. Joan heard a few of their remarks.

"He didn't mind, don't you know—awfully pretty woman like that. Neither would you."

"Said she met him at Nice, and dear old Charlie's never been out of the country in his life."

Vincent caught Miss Athol's eye.

"You are going to let me take you down to supper?" he said to her.

"I will see later on," said Joan. "Just now I want you to tell me something. What is the name of the lady you were talking to a few minutes ago?"

He began to laugh.

"At what?" said Joan.

"Well, the whole thing. Those two chaps have been chaffing me like anything, as it is. You mean the handsome woman with the fair hair?"

"Yes."

"I was standing near her when she turned round and put out her hand. She said, 'Mr. Vincent, isn't it I?' and I said yes, and then she said that she hadn't seen me for ever so long, and I didn't like to pretend that I did not know her, so I said that it was rather a long time; and then we talked for a bit."

"And you don't know who she is?"

"Never saw her before in my life. Who is she?"

"Where did she think she had met you?" said Joan, without answering his question.

"Well, you see, that didn't come out till quite the end. She said it must be two years since the days at Nice, and by that time I was so steeped in deception and I had allowed my reminiscences of our former acquaintance to go such lengths in order to coincide with hers, that I had not the face to tell her that I had never been at Nice in my life. She mistook me for some one else; I knew that after the first half-dozen words; but you see I had woven such a tangled web that I couldn't get out of it, even if I had wanted to, and those two chaps say I didn't."

Joan laughed.

"She is very handsome," she said; "but I am not quite sure that she is good style."

Miss Athol went back to her mother. On the way, she passed the fair unknown talking to Mr. Brahazon.

"I watched that," Mrs. Keith was saying; "she dropped her fan. Well, Joan, what had Mr. Vincent to tell you?"

"Nothing," said Miss Athol; "the mystery remains a mystery. She mistook him for some one else."

"She howed to Lady Beckenham, I think. Here is Lady Beckenham. I will ask her."

"Not to me," said Lady Beckenham.

Lady George explained the situation.

"If I were in your case, I should go to her myself," said Lady Beckenham.

"I must, I think," said Lady George, and she sought her unknown guest.

"You will pardon me," she said; "but I did not hear your name, and—my memory is had. I do not recall your face."

"I am Mrs. Darbshire," said the lady; "I was so sorry not to return your call on Monday. It was good of you to come and see me so soon."

"Darbshire! Call!"

Lady George looked at her vacantly. The lady caught something of her hostess's expression.

"Can there be any mistake?" she said; "I don't know you, of course, because I did not see you when you called. You heard from my dear friends, the Van Lindens, of New York, and you came to see me and asked me to your party."

Lady George looked more vacant.

"You are Mrs. Sefton, surely," said the lady.

"There is some mistake," said Lady George; "I am Lady George Athol."

Mrs. Darbshire started to her feet.

"How can I sufficiently apologize?" she said; "I am a stranger in London, and I arrived from New York only last week. I had an introduction to Mrs. Sefton. I do not know her personally, so I did not discover my mistake. I came in a hansom, and I suppose the driver mistook my directions."

Lady George smiled graciously.

"The mistake is easily explained if Mrs.—Mrs. Sefton lives in Barn Square."

"That is it, I think," said Mrs. Darbshire.

"And this is Barn Street."

"I am so distressed this should have happened," said Mrs. Darbshire.

"Not at all," said Lady George; "you found some friends here, I hope, and it has given us the pleasure of your company."

The lady, with reiterated apologies, bowed and took her departure.

A man who passed her on the stairs looked at her fixedly and buried up to his hostess.

"Will you tell me that lady's name?" he said.

"Five minutes ago I might have asked you, Colonel Weston. She is a Mrs. Darbshire, I believe. Her cabman mistook Barn Street for Barn Square."

"You know nothing about her?"

"Nothing."

"Then excuse me."

Colonel Weston hurried down to the hall. Mrs. Darbshire was coming from the cloak-room.

"Mlle. Lestocq will permit me to see her to her hotel?" he said, quietly.

The lady started, then smiled and bowed.

"Monsieur est bien aimable," she said.

He followed her to the hansom and got in. He spoke up through the trap.

"Drive slowly to the end of the street and I will direct you."

He turned then to his companion.

"We meet again, mademoiselle."

"Oui, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle has, perhaps, few friends in London."

"Not many, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle, however, starts well under such a wing as that of Lady George Athol."

"Without doubt, monsieur."

"A more softly feathered wing than that of the law, mademoiselle. You should know."

"Monsieur is facetious."

"I should like to see what you have in your pocket, mademoiselle."

"My handkerchief, monsieur."

"What else?"

"A meagre purse."

"What else?"

"That is all."

"That figure clad in dark blue is a policeman. What else, mademoiselle?"

"Only this," said Mrs. Darbshire. She handed him a small diamond brooch as she spoke.

"Only that?"

"That is all, monsieur. I have had no luck."

"You are sure that is all. A word to my friend in blue—"

"Save yourself the trouble, monsieur. That is all."

"Good-night, mademoiselle. Good-night for the old sake's sake."

"Good-night," said Mrs. Darbshire.

Colonel Weston called another cab and drove back to Barn Street.

"A chance likeness, perhaps, to some one I met in Paris," he said to Lady George; "one is easily mistaken. I have just picked this up," he added, placing the brooch in her hand; "do you know whose it is?"

"Some one is sure to claim it," said Lady George.

A few days later, it chanced that Lady George Athol and Mrs. Sefton met.

"I suppose you heard from your friend Mrs. Darbshire of her coming to my crush in mistake for yours," said Lady George.

"Mrs. Darbshire!" said Mrs. Sefton; "but she came to me the night before last for you. Her cabman mistook—"

Lady George opened her eyes.

"When did that happen?"

"On Wednesday. I have good reason to remember the day, for I lost an emerald bracelet." RICHARD PRYCE.

Looking back on Chicago day, the most wonderful thing about it is seen to be the handling of the money at the World's Fair gates. As the crowds pushed up to the ticket-sellers' hoots all day long, the money kept accumulating on the little shelves in the tiny hoots until it rose in wavering, unsteady piles of greenbacks and pyramids of silver coins. As the day wore on, the ticket-sellers fought to keep the money on the shelves; but they needed more hands than they were possessed of, for it took two hands to take in the money, make the change, and pass out the tickets. Presently the silver began to slide upon the floor in each booth, and the greenbacks refused to keep in their heaps. Then the men were forced to do a strange thing. They swept the paper and coin off the shelves and down upon the floor. Word of all this was sent to the treasurer of the fair. The news came simultaneously with the knowledge that he would that day be able to wipe out the indebtedness of the great corporation, to pay the bondholders, and to start upon a career of profit with a venture that had cost, all told, more than twenty-five millions of dollars—seventeen millions and a half being the cost exclusive of the State and foreign nation buildings. The treasurer had to abandon his discipline just as completely as the ticket-sellers had disregarded their habits of care and accuracy. Instead of demanding a careful comparison of moneys taken in with tickets given out and an instantaneous closing of accounts between each man and the fair, he simply sent around a lot of wagons and men to scoop in the money and bring it to head-quarters. The wagons carried gunny-bags, and into these the men shoveled the money, higgledy-piggledy, coins and bills together—scooping it up by the shovelful, and then scraping the rest off the boards around and from under the men's feet. Thus more than three hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred dollars were loaded into the wagons, as if they were the sweepings and débris of the fair-grounds put into hags for convenience in carrying them away.

Too often international congresses have had their ludicrous aspects. M. Edouard Rod tells of his own experiences at a Peace Congress held at Berne a few years ago. First they had some general and eloquent remarks on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, and then they took up the practical question of "neutralizing" various countries so as to withdraw them from the possible range of a "general war in Europe." Egypt was satisfactorily neutralized by acclamation, and Tunis by resolution. So was Roumania by a good majority, and Norway and Sweden by a close vote. After that, affairs grew critical, and the Peace Congress was in danger of becoming a general scrimmage, being saved from such a painful ending only by a strategic motion to adjourn.

A belligerent Briton thus writes to an Eastern paper about the recent yacht-race:

"SIR: I have the honor to remark that I don't see where you blasted Yankees and Irish-Americans (Irish first here, but not in England, thank God) find a basis for your blowing and crowing over the defeat of England in the recent yacht-races. The *Valkyrie* is owned by an Irish lord, whose family name is Quin, who has not a drop of English blood in his bloody veins. It was designed by a Scotchman named Watson. These are representatives of the subordinate, conquered races which go to make up the world-wide English Empire, composed of three hundred and fifty millions of human beings. To look after all these fellows, and keep them in their proper places, leaves genuine Englishmen little time for frivolous yacht-racing with upstart Yankee dudes. England still remains 'cock of creation's walk.'"
"A. E. HORNER-SMYTHE."

During the recent trip in which she broke the transatlantic record, the *Lucania's* longest run from noon to noon, the longest ever made, was five hundred and sixty miles. Allowing the time actually elapsed in thus chasing the sun westward to have been twenty-four hours and fifty minutes, a little figuring credits the ship with the speed of nearly twenty-three knots an hour—say, twenty-two and three-quarters, or, as we would say when ashore, nearly twenty-seven miles, such as measure the speed of express trains.

The most novel train ever run over the New York Central and Hudson River Railway was a recent special train of locomotive, haggage-car, and four ordinary cars, the latter being filled with one hundred and fifty insane persons—seventy-two men and seventy-eight women—all from Willard Asylum. It was a transfer from the asylum named to the Hudson River State Hospital.

Orders have been sent by the Navy Department to send out the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* on the unique and hazardous duty of blowing up fourteen derelict vessels that endanger navigation. All the derelict vessels were wrecked during the recent hurricane on the Atlantic coast, and nearly all are adjacent to the Jersey shore.

"MADAME SATAN."

Our Paris Correspondent discusses a New Piece that is Making Paris Laugh—The Adventures of the Devil and his Wife in the Gay French Capital.

The theatres are very dead in Paris just now. The popular fancy seems to be all for music-halls, and the regular theatres are generally empty. This is due in a measure to the fact that the fashionables are not back from their autumn shooting yet, and in consequence the theatres are not offering anything new. The only novelty is Blum and Toch's new play, "Madame Satan," which is something between an extravaganza and a vaudeville. The story is as old as the hills. The Devil wants to have a good time, and so he comes to Paris. Asmodeine—his better half—comes, too; he would gladly dispense with her company, for things have not gone very smoothly lately in the satanic ménage—madame has been quarrelsome and jealous with reason, for monsieur often deserts the conjugal roof to go off on a spree, and, moreover, she has discovered a hatch of compromising letters, which proves that he has been going it ever since the days of Mother Eve. (There is a charming mixture of mythology and biblical lore about "Madame Satan.") The worst of the matter—from the heroine's point of view—is that her liege lord can go about his frolics without any fear of her turning the tables upon him, for her part of the punishment meted out to the fallen angels consists in being condemned to everlasting fidelity to her lord. Should she give way to flirting propensities, the co-respondent is immediately attacked with mental and physical paralysis—a situation which she considers decidedly irksome. But, latterly, while fumbling among Satan's old love-letters, she has come across a document that he has carefully withheld—an old missive of the Shepherd Paris addressed to Asmodeine, and in which he announces that, touched by his prayers joined to those of Venus, Jupiter has consented to allow her one hour every two hundred years, during which she may love and be beloved. The letter has lain hid for several centuries, but the date shows the delighted *diablosse* that the halcyon moment is at hand when she will be free to punish her husband for his many infidelities. So, when Satan manifests his intention of taking a holiday, she determines to take one, too, all the more readily that her spouse, having forgotten his magic eye-glass, she is enabled to conjure up the scene wherein he happens at that moment to be playing an important part—namely, the hodoir of the fair and frail Parisian, Mlle. Rosalinde.

When Satan begins to visit earth, he comes in the guise of a nobleman, with ample means at his command, and is known to "Tout Paris" as the Baron Sathaniel des Hautes-Chaudières, and is well received in the best society. Mme. Satan is rather more *bourgeoise* in her tastes; she has singled out from the throng a young assistant at the Louvre, so the second scene is laid in that well-known emporium. It is admirably managed—the distant perspective, the crowded galleries, customers coming and going, assistants exhibiting their goods and pressing ladies to buy. Célestin, the handsome young fellow whose lot in life is cast in the glove department, and whose business includes the putting on as well as the selling of gloves, responds very kindly to Mme. Satan's advances. Mlle. Rosalinde passes, hanging on the arm of the Baron des Hautes-Chaudières, whose familiar, the faithful John Styx, keeps him posted about the doings of his worthy spouse. A cynic, of course, perhaps the Prince of Darkness might be inclined to wink at his wife's flirtation with Célestin, were it not that her infidelity would entail his own disgrace and fall from power. Therefore, henceforth all his satanic shrewdness must be brought to bear on one object—to keep Asmodeine and her lover apart.

I can not follow the farce scene by scene; it would be tedious. As act follows act, the fun becomes faster and more furious. Mme. Satan appears at a ball given by Mlle. Rosalinde, disguised as a Japanese sorceress, and, with the help of her talisman, she outwits the Devil himself, conjuring him from one end of the stage to the other. When he turns up in one of the boxes, the joy of the spectators is at its height. But he gets his revenge, and, in the uniform of a Paris policeman, with the help of John Styx similarly dressed, drags Célestin to the station-house. Here the dialogue is the wittiest and most amusing possible. Reference to late events is made, of course. Each shaft launched against the police tells.

Some social philosophers insist that in real life it is the unexpected that always happens. But on the stage this is not the case. And we are hardly prepared to find the bright, vivacious, apparently unscrupulous Asmodeine foregoing her revenge and giving up her lover, and thereby dooming herself to a couple of centuries of severe virtue. Nevertheless, this is what happens. Everything is prepared for the reception of the impatient swain. Madame Satan, in her most killing morning-gown, is seated in her boudoir—a miraculous chamber, where all is animated, from the doves on the cornice to the groups in the pictures, made as suggestive as possible with Parisian propriety. Through the open window you see pairs hilling and cooing; even the cat on the balcony seems bent on conquest. Then unto her comes Satan—the Devil will have his own—plausible, eloquent, irresistible, and madame allows the fatal hour to pass. She forgets Célestin, impatiently waiting outside. The morality of the *dénouement* comes strangely at the end of a piece that is spicy to an excess and full of the broadest jokes. It is not without piquancy.

The venturesome authors, indeed, would have gone further and read modern dramatists a lesson on the subject of infidelity, of which they are so fond, but the manager questioned whether the audience would stomach any more moralizing. So two scenes were cut out. But we had the whole thing in full at the dress-rehearsal—Venus grown old and hideous and Paris transformed into a brutal *souteneur*, the denizens of a filthy garret. Some of the *belles dames* in the

balcony looked blue, and the manager thought it would be better not to risk hurting any one's feelings. For my own part, I mostly regret the quadrille revived from "Orphée aux Enfers," in which this superannuated Venus and degenerate son of Priam danced the mad dance with Mme. Satan and John Styx. Its philosophy may have been of the rough-and-ready order, but it was telling and decidedly novel.

PARIS, October 6, 1893.

PARISINA.

Zola in London.

When Zola's novels came to town,
No word of welcome was addressed them;
But, rising with a moral frown,
The law without delay suppressed them,
And, not content the books to brand,
When in its wrath it had arisen,
It struck with still more heavy hand,
And sent their publisher to prison.

But when M. Zola was our guest,
The author of the works in question,
That he should also be suppressed
There was no sign of a suggestion.
Nay, when in London he arrived,
Sir Edward Lawson went to meet him;
And almost every one contrived
Effusively to hail and greet him.

The papers praised him day by day,
Addresses were presented gayly,
And no one spoke of Holloway,
Or hinted at the Ancient Bailey.
Nay, London's own Chief Magistrate,
That stern conservator of our morals,
Received him in official state,
And crowned him, so to speak, with laurels.

Here, surely, is a contrast odd;
For, having ostracized his novels,
London of Zola made a god,
And even now before him grovels.
It buried his books, and stopped their sale,
Made it a crime to even quote them,
Consigned their publisher to jail,
And glorified the man who wrote them!

—London Truth.

During the first week of the current month, the position of the Italian Government was so uncertain that a Berlin syndicate hesitated to advance the eight millions of dollars necessary for the payment of the January coupons. French intrigue, doubtless incited by the Carnot Government, had suddenly placed the Italian treasury in an awkward predicament. The Paris bankers with whom Italian rentes were mortgaged for a loan of nine millions of dollars demanded immediate payment. About the same time the Italian treasury, although canvassing every financial centre of Europe for a rente loan of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, issued an order making the payment of coupons in gold abroad subject to sworn affidavits and other formalities, evidently designed to delay the delivery of the coin. The Berlin syndicate, which had been in negotiation with the Italian Government, at once drew back and declined to make the desired advance. Everywhere in Europe the rente loan was refused, regardless of terms. The financial deadlock was assuming serious political import, when the German Government intervened to enable Italy to get enough from Berlin bankers for the payment of the next coupons.

The good men of Britain are becoming alarmed over the influx of destitute foreigners which it is believed will follow the closing of the World's Fair. There appears to be no law in England by which paupers can be prevented from landing, nor can they be refused admission into the poor-houses. Already at Southampton, where several destitute Germans recently landed and have since been supported in the poor-house at the cost of the local tax-payers, the German consul, on being appealed to, declared that he had no funds to send paupers home, and the German ambassador and consul-general in London made a similar answer. Englishmen are generally beginning to doubt the wisdom of slavish adherence to the old formula of "the sacred right of asylum."

Amid the honors bestowed upon Zola during his stay in England, a good deal of comment has been excited by his reply to a young woman who asked him point blank if he would recommend her to read his books. The novelist sent this reply: "MADEMOISELLE—As long as a young lady is unmarried, she is under the care of her parents. When she marries she will do well to consult her husband. My view is that you may read my books provided your parents or your husband give you leave." The critics want to know whether Zola is still so deep in the slough of mediævalism as to think that a woman who may take the responsibility of marriage may not choose the literature which she will read.

On a recent afternoon, while the big crowd in the Senate gallery was waiting for the fun to begin by listening to the Missouri senator's speech, a long-haired evangelist over in the public corner arose and sung: "Silver, silver, you're my joy; Cockrell, Cockrell, you're my boy." A dozen door-keepers, sbocked almost into insensibility at this insult to senatorial decorum, immediately laid hands upon the unfortunate enthusiast and escorted him to the outer air.

A whistle that will make itself heard for twenty-five miles, the manufacturer says, has just been finished by John Bowman, of Reading, Pa., and it will adorn the car-shops at Third and Berks Streets, Philadelphia. This fearful trumpet is four feet two inches long, and the cylinder is eighteen inches in diameter. In the morning, it will not only awaken all Philadelphia, but Camden, Chester, Norristown, and half a dozen other neighboring towns.

Many of the senators, preparing for the ordeal of a continuous session, underwent a regular system of training similar to that employed by college boys during the foot-ball season or pugilists preparatory to a slugging match.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Speaker Reed gains three to four thousand dollars a year by his pen outside his salary as congressman. He commands practically his own price.

Emperor William has taken steps to have the milk produced on his farms at Potsdam sold at Berlin. Carts bearing his name may be seen in the streets of the capital, the drivers of which retail the fluid to any one.

Algernon Sartoris, Mrs. U. S. Grant's grandson, who is now in this country with his mother, says that he intends to graduate at Oxford and then to study law, after which he intends to come to America to live. The young man resembles the late general strongly.

The real name of William Terriss, the actor now supporting Henry Irving, is William Lewin. He is a nephew of Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian of Greece. She was a highly cultivated but most eccentric person, famous in London society for nearly half a century.

Attorney-General Olney's sole exercise in Washington is tennis for an hour or two every afternoon. Another athletic statesman is Senator Gorman, who is greatly devoted to base-ball. Only a few years ago he was considered one of the best players in the country, and he still plays with his son nearly every day in the yard of his residence.

Ismail Pasha—whose had luck is traced by many Egyptians to his act, while Kbedive, in letting Cleopatra's Needle come to this country—is not permitted to leave Constantinople without the surveillance of a medical man, who is also a diplomatic spy. His condition is not so precarious as that of the creditors who advanced him twenty millions.

Ex-Senator Ingalls had a remarkable way of preparing his speeches, according to Frederick Haig, formerly his private secretary. He first dictated a speech very rapidly. Then he dictated another and altogether new speech on the same subject, and taking the type-written copies of both speeches, he would cut, paste, erase, and interline until he had made one symmetrical and harmonious address out of the two.

David L. Carpenter, who died recently in Philadelphia, is probably the only dancing-master who ever received a column obituary notice in a metropolitan paper. Mr. Carpenter began life as a blacksmith, and lived to be called "a Chesterfield and Grandison in one." He devoted his life to teaching the fashionable youth of the Quaker City how to dance, and most of the older generation learned their steps from him. He was eighty-six years old.

Nat Herreshoff, who designed the victorious yacht *Vigilant*, comes of a famous yacht-building family. John Herreshoff, the head of the family, is totally blind, but a man of remarkable energy and vigor. Lewis, Julien, and Sally are all designers, but Nat is the boat-builder and boat-handler *par excellence*—the educated engineer and the man who has in the main designed and worked out the ideas that have put the Herreshoffs in the first rank of naval architects.

William Vincent Allen, the United States Senator from Nebraska, who suddenly acquired fame by the delivery of a speech fourteen hours in length against the unconditional repeal of the silver purchase law, was born in Ohio a little more than forty-six years ago, and became a citizen of Nebraska in 1884. He is a lawyer by profession and has served as judge on the bench in Nebraska. He was a boy soldier in the Union army, where he won shoulder-straps. He was for several years the manager of a base-ball club in Lincoln.

It is interesting at the present crisis to recall the "Martyr of Republicanism," as Joaquin José da Silva Xavier, nicknamed "Tira-dentes" (the tooth-drawer), is called in Brazil. By profession a dentist—isn't it curious how doctors come to play the parts they do in the South American republics?—he became an ensign of militia, and as such led the revolution of 1789, when an attempt was made to throw off Portuguese rule. The conspiracy was nipped in the bud, and Xavier was hanged for his trouble. The Brazilians regard him as a saint, and a photograph of him is to be found hung up in private houses, much the same as a crucifix or picture of the Virgin would be.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, is the oldest senator—83. Next comes Mr. Palmer, of Illinois, who is 76. Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, is 75. Mr. Pugh, of Alabama, is 73, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Hunton, of Virginia, are each 71 years old. The average age is about 58 years and 6 months. Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, is the oldest member of the House of Representatives—74. William Lilly, congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, is 72, and his colleague, Charles O'Neill, representative from one of the Philadelphia districts, is a few months older than he. Mr. O'Neill has served in Congress uninterruptedly for more than a quarter of a century, and is now in his fifteenth term. The fourth septuagenarian is William S. Holman, of Indiana, who is also serving his fifteenth term in Congress, and is 71 years of age.

Mr. George C. Foulk, whose death near Miyanosita, Japan, has been reported, is one of the few Americans who have helped to make Corea known to the world. As one of the junior officers of the United States Navy, he became, while on the Japan station, fluent in the language of Nipon, and gained some knowledge of Corean. Accompanying the Corean embassy to this country in 1883, he acted as interpreter, and, on returning, was naval attaché to the United States Legation at Seoul. For several months he was in sole charge. The results of his studies of the military and political systems of the recently hermit kingdom are to be found in a masterly series of papers in the "United States Foreign Relations for 1885." In the outbreak of 1884, while in the interior, he barely escaped with his life. Resigning from the navy and marrying a Japanese wife, he settled in Kioto, as professor of mathematics in the Doshi University.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

VANITY FAIR.

Apropos of the alleged impending marriage between Prince Isenburg-Birstein and Miss Florence Pullman, *Vogue* says: "It might be well for her father to bear in mind that the prince belongs to one of the once-reigning German families, now known as 'mediatized,' and that consequently the bride will not be permitted to bear the title nor to assume the rank of her husband, in Germany. Any marriage which the prince may contract here must, according to the statutes of his family and to the requirements of the Prussian and Austrian courts, to which he is related, be considered in the light of a morganatic union. It is probable that either the Emperor of Germany or the Emperor of Austria might confer upon the prince's American bride the title of baroness—possibly even of countess—in her own right, but she would not be permitted to bear that of princess, nor would she enjoy any of the precedence, privileges, or honors accorded to her husband. Moreover, her children would be debarred from succeeding to any of their father's entailed estates. They would bear not his name or title, but hers, and, were the prince so minded, he might, without infringing any ecclesiastical or civil law of Germany or Austria, contract another marriage with a princess of birth equal to his own, and that without even taking the trouble of securing a divorce from his American wife. Indeed, at the time when Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein married Queen Victoria's third daughter, Helena, he had a morganatic wife and family living near Frankfurt, and yet nobody ever dreamed of accusing him of being guilty of bigamy. The only cases in which an exception might be made, and the prince's American bride be accorded a rank similar to his own, would be if all the agnates, or male relatives of his family, as well as the Emperor of Germany, were to consent thereto. But this, in view of the fact that Mr. Pullman is of humble German parentage, is exceedingly unlikely."

One of the blessings that we may possibly derive from the fiscal inconveniences from which we are suffering, is a modification of our scale of living. For the last fifteen years (says *Life*) we have gone on building bigger and finer houses, and spending more and more money in their maintenance and in our pleasures. All sorts of novel luxuries have become necessary to us, until now, when a squeeze has come, there is a general wail over the inadequacy of reduced incomes to meet our fixed expenses. We learn no more of the scarcity of house-servants. For the first time in years, the supply exceeds the demand. Horses of good character and respectable antecedents are eagerly offered at such prices that impoverished owners are wondering if there is any real objection to turning horse-flesh into beef. Families that find themselves too poor to stay at home are planning to go abroad, and doubtless we shall presently see American families, now abroad, returning home to avail themselves of low rents in the United States. It is not a state of matters to glory in, but its immediate effect will be to simplify our habits, and that will be good for us in the end, even though the process is uncomfortable.

The occasional dame who has an exceptional gift for platonic friendships can be the attached and devoted wife of one husband, and yet find room in her mind and heart for a shifting squad of other gentlemen, in whom her interest is as lively and cordial as it is innocent. She is a highly useful and commendable sort of woman, who makes her home attractive, and whose husband usually understands and appreciates her. But the common run of her feminine coevals either can not or will not understand her, and are too prone to talk about her endlessly as a fine to her own sex and a snare to the other. Cases have been known where women of this sort were so guiltless of evil design and so unaware of imprudent conduct as never to suspect that they were talked about. Women, on the other hand, who have talked a good deal themselves about other women, are especially chary about getting at the object end of the social glass, and make the most grotesque efforts sometimes to avoid even a whisper of criticism. It is stated as a fact (*Harper's Weekly* declares) that a woman of a careful Boston family, who was confident that she knew what proper conduct was, was spending the summer in a cottage in the White Mountains, when one day, while her husband was away fishing, a friend came to visit him. She kept the visitor to dinner; but her husband's return being delayed by a storm, she sat up all night with the poor gentleman in the parlor rather than go to bed unchaperoned with a strange man in the house. Alas! she defeated her own ends, since, instead of being lauded as a woman who knew what was right, she exposed herself to the mortifying suggestion that there must have been some thrice harrowing experiences back of so unconscionable a distrust in male mankind.

The enterprise and skill of American silk-hosiery manufacturers has, it is represented, very nearly driven the foreign lisle-thread stocking out of the market. The moment the manufacturers of the United States could produce a "plated" silk stocking (which is a cotton stocking with a silk face) at a lower price than that obtained for a brilliant lisle

thread, there was no longer any call for lisle thread. Merchants have long since discovered that the fabrics that create the highest exhibition of value, however specious their worth, have the best prospect of pecuniary success. The woman of fashion does not purchase her gossamer-like hosiery of pure silk for wear, but because they please her eye, and her less wealthy sisters usually imitate her. There are few stockings costing over a dollar a pair sold now, except those of silk and of American manufacture. Next in price to the silk-faced hosiery or "plated" silk stocking, which sells at from sixty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a pair, is the spun-silk article. This is a durable fabric, but not so strong as one of bright silk, which can be purchased at the same figure, and it is not so popular.

About the change of English sentiment toward the Americans in England, *Truth* says: "It is only a year ago that it seemed sufficient to claim American citizenship for a section of London society to offer effusive welcome to even the most outrageous adventurers from the United States. The tide has turned. The American colony appears to be in as much disfavor at present as it was the reverse only a little while ago." But American girls are not left without hope. There are fine fields for enterprise in Malta and Italy. Malta is a small place, not very dressy; the best sort of army and navy company is to be met out there, and a few good letters of introduction and a little money will go a great way. It seems that some American girls have found this out for themselves, and already there is a rustling in the British dove-cotes there. In Italy, the Americans have it all their own way. The Romanist families allude to the Quirinal as the Americans' court. The best places are filled by Americans. Queen Marguerite, in speaking English, chooses American expressions. It is said that a son of the Duke of Aosta has fallen in love with an American convent-bred girl, and wants to marry her. Altogether, it seems that the career of the American girl as a dashing matrimonial buccaneer is not to be cut short.

Francis Galton has collected some interesting facts in regard to the effect of athletics and improved physical conditions during the last forty years on the physique of the middle classes. When he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, from 1849 to 1854, although but five feet nine and three-quarter inches in height, he was taller than the majority of his fellows. In 1893 he no longer possesses this advantage. Altered social conditions, in his opinion, have helped to improve the bodily powers and address of this class; such conditions, for instance, as more wholesome and abundant food, better cooking, warmer clothing, moderation in the use of alcohol, better ventilated sleeping-rooms, more change through vacations, and, lastly, the healthy lives led by women in their girlhood. One of the most striking sights in the city of London is the number of tall women who are to be found in the fashionable parks during the season. It is more particularly among the women of the upper classes that the improved conditions of the last two generations have left their mark. Women of five feet six inches and five feet eight inches are common, and it is not a very unusual occurrence to meet a woman of five feet ten inches, and even six feet. A gentleman well known in London society states that when he became of age, twenty-two years ago, his sister, a tall and handsome girl, was the tallest girl among the visiting acquaintances of the family, and now she is over-topped by nearly every one of her younger lady acquaintances.

Quite a sensation has recently been made in Boston by the successful application of wool-fat, or agnate, to the skin, for the removal of wrinkles. When applied with rubbing, it passes directly through the skin, and acts as a nutrient to the fatty tissues beneath. An ancient dame has succeeded in removing nearly all the crow's-feet from around her temples, and the remedy is fast becoming very popular.

A certain high-class ladies' club in London is in danger of disruption over the cigarette question. A large majority of the members smoke, and, therefore, a smoking-room is provided; but ladies who do not smoke object to this room and are agitating for its abolition. If they succeed, the smokers will probably leave the club, and the secession will be serious. According to one account, a non-smoking lady, disliking the atmosphere of the place, is deterred from entering the room, and, being conscious that it is the coziest and most gossipy room in the club, is very unwilling to be shut out from the interesting talk. Her natural course would be to take to cigarettes also, and brave the criticisms of home; but instead of raising the domestic question, she raises the club question, and wants the smoking-room done away with. The lady smokers, however, are strong in numbers, and, being in possession of a comfortable privilege, do not see why they should forego it. If the smoke is disagreeable to the non-smoker, they say the non-smoker can stay out.

Ward McAllister, who conjured up the Four Hundred some years ago and thereby created a figment whose awesome spell has not yet lost its hold on some social aspirants, has been writing articles for the New York *World* on "How to Get into Society,"

in which he robs his idol of much of its mystery. It is of the erstwhile sacred Four Hundred that he says:

"I have never known an instance in New York society where a young man, be he in as humble a position as possible, who desired to get into society and had good manners, a pleasing address, and was capable of making himself acceptable, that he was not in the end taken by the hand and brought into society. I know an instance of a young man of humble parentage, born in a country town, coming to the city as a law student, being a bright, intelligent, affable and agreeable, entering a law office, being taken up by the wife of the head of the law firm, who became interested in his advancement in life, and through her efforts that young man married one of the handsomest and most brilliant young women in our country, and was sent to represent us in a foreign land as our minister. I remember another instance of a young man who was an object of interest to a fashionable woman, who introduced him into society, lending him her husband's dress-coat to wear at the balls he attended for an entire winter. He was a great favorite in society, and ended in becoming one of New York's most prominent society men. He married a lady of large fortune."

It would be interesting to know just to whom Mr. McAllister refers here.

This may read to some like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." But not only does Mr. McAllister say, with Pooh Bah, "I have known it done," but he explains the *modus operandi* in this wise:

"We would advise a young man to seek the support of a woman in society if he wishes to be a social success, getting her to take an interest in him, be himself cultivating social qualities and making himself a good conversationalist, seeking the society of well-educated, well-brought-up girls; carefully avoiding the 'Bohemian set' and all excesses, joining a first-class club and there seeking the society of older men than himself, to avail of their experience. Avoid gambling as he would the plague. Take his wine like a gentleman, being able to boast that he has never had much under its influence, as not to know what he was doing. Further, when he enters a ball-room, he should not hang around the door and converse with men, but go into action at once. Select the most brilliant women for his partners. He should then make an ally of a fashionable married woman, making himself agreeable to her, when he will find that she will at once take him up and sound his praises. She will do half the necessary work for him."

McAllister's study of woman, by the way, has been productive of the wisdom of the serpent, as witness this bit:

"When he converses with a woman let him lose sight wholly of self, and feel at that moment that there is but one human being in the world for him to admire and think of, and make her feel the truth of this. From the hour she receives this impression her work is done. She may feel that he is a bore, insufferable, etc., but, in spite of all this, she will say to herself: 'Poor, dear thing. He is, after all, so fond of me. There must be some good in him.'"

But to return to our aspiring young man:

"When other women," Mr. McAllister says, "see that a bright, clever woman will put up with him in a ball-room, they will, in turn, willingly accept his attentions. Never let him play the dude or the *blat* man, for such men are a walking species of ornamentation, to be brought in at entertainments for decoration solely. He should remember that American women are as well educated as he is, and that if he talks well to them, they will listen and appreciate him; but besides all this, let him be a good listener. A man who makes himself a good listener is on the sure road to social success. But when he does talk, he must not be too pedantic or too shoppy. He should learn to appreciate a handsome hall and a good dinner, and study the *modus operandi* of giving a good dinner. As a young man, he is not called on to entertain at all; but if he does entertain, let him do it well and give the best wines he can lay his hands on. Never over-indulge in wine. Get the best talent to get up his dinner, and, above all, when he gives it, let him call from society the most brilliant bouquet of hot-house plants that he can get together. I have known one such dinner (given under the direction of a fashionable woman) secure a man a wife and fortune among the Knickerbockers!"

Finally, Mr. McAllister concludes his advice to the young man in these adjurations:

"He should scrupulously observe what we may term the 'lex mercatoria' of society—i. e., its customs. If he dines out, he should punctiliously make his *visites de digestion*, or dinner calls, a day or two after the dinner which he has attended. If he proposes accepting an invitation to a dinner, his note of acceptance should be sent the day after the note is received. When he dines out, let him sip his wine, and linger over it, for this would evidence that he appreciated it. At summer resorts, even as a perfect stranger, acquaintance is easily made with some of the best people in the land, which, if the young man makes himself acceptable, soon ripens into intimacy. To acquire such an intimacy in a great city like New York would take him a lifetime. If a young man is taken by the hand by a person in society who is interested in him, he is at once led into the charmed circle, and then his correct perception of what should or should not be done must do the rest. If you want to be fashionable, be as much as possible in the company of fashionable people. It is well to be in with the 'nobs,' who are born to their position, but the support of the 'swells' is more advantageous, for society is sustained and carried on by the 'swells,' the 'nobs' looking quietly on and accepting their position, feeling they are there by divine right, but they do not make fashionable society nor carry it on."

"A Maidenhead Mystery" is the alliterative newspaper title attached to the story of a young Dutchman, who, in June, married a young woman from Maidenhead, and, in August, wedded a Dutch girl in London. Both women have disappeared.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Georgiana Martha Masten and Mr. William Fawcett Perkins will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. N. K. Masten, at 2218 Clay Street. About fifty relatives and intimate friends have been invited. There will be no attendants save Misses Alice and Jennie Masten and Miss Isabella Kendall, who will act as the bridesmaids. Rev. Floyd J. Myrard, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, will officiate.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elida Wilbur and Mr. James C. Dunphy, son of the late William Dunphy. The wedding will take place next spring.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, of Ross Valley, Marin County, to Mr. John MacTaggart, of Glasgow, Scotland.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Kaime, of St. Louis, and Mr. Elisha Cook, of this city. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride, 3717 Delmar Boulevard, in St. Louis, at six o'clock on Thursday evening, November 2d.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Tilden, daughter of the late Joseph Tilden, to Mr. George L. Riddell. The wedding will take place late in November.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Isabel Weir, daughter of Mrs. J. D. Weir, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. William H. Davis, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a dancing-party last Friday evening at their residence on California Street. About eighty of their friends were invited and passed the evening in dancing and the enjoyment of an elaborate supper.

Mrs. Llynd Tevis gave a lunch-party on Tuesday, at her residence on Taylor Street, complimentary to Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon. The others present were: Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Miss Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, and Miss Lena Blanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant gave a dinner-party at their residence on Bush Street, last Tuesday evening, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill. A few friends were invited to meet them and to pass the evening.

Miss Ethel Cohen gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at her home, Fernside, in Alameda. Covers were laid for twelve. Those present were: Mrs. Cohen, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Fannie Grant, the Misses Cohen, Mr. Frank Van Ness, Mr. Leonard Chenery, Mr. Arthur Allen, Mr. William Collier, Mr. Redick Duperu, and Mr. William Cohen.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a tugboat-party on the *Fearless* last Thursday. About one hundred of his friends were invited. They witnessed the launching of the *Oregon* and then sailed around the bay for a couple of hours. An elaborate luncheon was served on the vessel.

The monthly reception given by the young ladies at Ziska Institute last Tuesday evening was more than usually interesting, owing to the fact that an excellent musical programme was offered. Miss Seiler and Miss Ramirez played piano solos, Miss Tibbey whistled an aria, and both Mrs. Abbey and Miss Connell sang. Piano solos were given by Mr. Lesley Martin and Mr. Cruells, and a solo on the violin was played by Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and, at midnight, the affair came to an end.

A match game of base-ball, for the cause of sweet charity, will be played next Saturday afternoon at the Haight Street grounds, in aid of the San Francisco Polyclinic and the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. Game will be called at three o'clock sharp, weather permitting. The contestants will be two nines selected from members of the University Club and the Bohemian Club, who have been in active practice for some time past. The former contests between the nines from the Pacific Union and the Bohemian Clubs were fraught with interest, and the coming contest will certainly not be devoid of excitement. Coaches and tickets may be procured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store and from the following ladies: Mrs. W. B. Harrington, 899 Pine Street; Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, 500 Sutter Street; Mrs. F. A. Frank, 2001 Van Ness Avenue; Mrs. T. G. W. W. Smith, 2201 Buchanan Street.

A charity ball for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage will be given at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday evening, November 7th, under the auspices of Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Louis B. Parritt, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Jr., Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Jr., and Mrs. J. D. Fry. Tickets may be procured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, from October 30th to November 7th. The price of admission will be five dollars for gentlemen and three dollars for ladies.

The members of the Deutscher Verein gave their annual ball at their rooms in the Pioneer Building last Saturday evening. There was a large attendance and the affair was pleasurable in every way. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played the latest

dance music, and an elaborate supper was served by Ludwig.

An earnest statement has appeared in the daily press during the past week, in the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle gave a reception last Monday evening at their home on Bush Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch. Mr. and Mrs. Castle are in deep mourning, and consequently are not entertaining at present.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will give a quail dinner and a dance this evening at the clubhouse in Sausalim.

WOMEN AT THE FAIR.

Funny Scenes in Trains, Hotels, and the Plaisance.

Later, the Chicago Fair has become almost a woman's show—not a show by women, but a show for women. The women outnumber the men there during these closing weeks of the exposition and four to one. The parlor and sleeping-cars going to and coming from the exposition are so full of women that the darkey porters must begin to feel like lady's-maids. In all the cars the women so greatly outnumber the men that the atmosphere is perfumed and the interiors are gay with bonnets and wraps. The scenes in the cars are thus described in the *New York Sun*:

"Lemonade and apollinaris, tea and cakes, are constantly taken into the sleeping-cars, and, at meal-times, the women are very apt to produce their own edibles, tempting enough, but carried in shoe-boxes and in baskets, and shared so liberally with the people who do not bring them that there is a constant distribution of fruits, and cakes, and sandwiches—the bewildered porters being made to act as distributors. As the majority of the women are not so used to tipping as the men, and as they are more careful of what money they have, it may be confidently asserted that the darkey porters are not happy. They have to bring pillows. They are called on to help the women up into the upper berths and down again in the morning. They have to assist them out of the cars whenever there is a ten-minute stop anywhere. They have to make eternal and copious kettles of tea in the buffet-cars. They have to lace the shoes of the stout ones. They have to buy perpetual letter-paper, postage-stamps, and envelopes—for, apparently, all men are poor writers, and write letters on the cars. They have to answer questions from all sides—about every stop, and river, and mountain, and thing on the road. They have to put up with the pestering of the little girls. They have next door to a parrot-and-canary time of it the whole way to and from the fair."

On Chicago day the women suffered every sort of discomfort. The same correspondent continues:

"The crowds were so great and were so compressed at the railway station and fair-ground gates that nothing but trousers were fitted for participation in the crush. It was destruction to gowns. They got caught here and there, and were almost pulled off when the crowds rushed forward. They got wrapped around valves, and caught in turnstiles, and twisted between men's legs, and pinned down under farmers' boot-heels, and it seemed as though always at such a moment the crowds lurched forward and only the stoutest cloth gowns endured the strain. The waits for tickets were so long, so many hours in one place, that women sat right down on the ground, and even played out with fatigue, before they got on the cars to go to the fair. This was the case at the foot of Jackson Street, where the biggest crowds took the steam-cars for the exposition. The big desert waste of cinders and coal-dust through which the Illinois Central runs its cars is the dirtiest place in all Chicago; but many a woman in silks and jewels gave out and plumped down in the dirt, while her husband, or brother, or daughter stayed in the line to buy tickets at the gates. The street-cars were literally packed all day long, and women accustomed to their own carriages at home were forced to huddle on the platform rails, with just room for their toes on the whirling platforms."

One New York woman staggered into the Lake Shore depot at nine o'clock on the night of Chicago day and asked the ticket-agent if there was a berth on the next train for New York.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "I have one that was taken, but has been surrendered."

"Thank God!" said the woman.

The agent stared amazedly.

"But it's an upper," said he, when he caught his breath.

"I don't care what it is so long as I can get out of this horrid city," said she.

On the train she told her story. It was merely one of thousands that women are telling of their experiences on that amazing occasion. She said:

"I came to Chicago to see the fair, and I went to a hotel to which I was recommended. They had no room, or bed, or cot, left. It was early morning. I was hopeful. I started out to find a room. I was in the new up-town hotel region, beside the fair. The hotels were blocks apart—and such blocks! No New Yorker who has not been there knows what those blocks are. There were plenty of hotels that had failed and were shut up, and the sight of them exasperated me. Every street-car was jammed on roof and platform, as well as inside. I had to walk. I walked to nine hotels. Each was crowded. My money was no use to me. There was no place that would take me in. I reached the end of the State Street carline, and got a chance to stand up on the platform of a cable-car bound for the heart of the city. I was certain that the big hotels in the city could not also be so crowded. I went to the Palmer House, where my husband was well known. I told him I was, but it was only to meet the same answer: 'We cannot build a bedroom for you. We have rented everything.' Night fell, and I began the rounds of the city hotels. In one I managed to get supper—the only meal I had during the day. My only chance to rest my body and my aching feet was to get a berth in a sleeper and go straight back home. I got the only berth there was—one that had been ordered three days ahead by some one else. I did not see the fair, and yet I never was more glad to leave a place than I was to leave that city."

The number of countrywomen and of right-down ignorant, awkward, backwoods women that new crowd the fair ground is a thing to wonder at. They are so numerous that, after a day at the fair, one New York woman asked a Chicago friend: "Don't any nice people come to the fair?" The correspondent says:

"These women, from way back, fall over every one's trains, and even fall over their own feet. They do not know how to navigate in a crowd. They keep to the left and butt into all who are walking as the law directs. They never open their mouths except to launch a new variety of bad grammar and ignorant comment. It has been well said that a visit to the fair is a liberal education; but in the daily crowds are tens of thousands of women who can look at a beautiful, quaint Japanese temple and say that they see nothing uncommon about it, and who are so ignorant as to stare at a crowd of women from Iava, and ask one another: 'What kind of niggers are those?'"

Three buxom Tyrolean singers, in their national Swiss dress, passed along the Plaisance one day. They wore

pretty conical felt hats, bound with narrow ribbons, and they had on short dresses without sleeves and reaching only to the knees. The average school-girl of thirteen would have known at once that they were the women whose figures she had seen in every Alpine picture that ever passed under her eyes. The crowds looked on as the picturesque figures strode by, and suddenly one of these way-back women said, aloud:

"The shameless hussies! They oughtn't to be allowed to dress that way. They wouldn't dare to show themselves like that if they was in home."

"One of these women sent her husband to a reporter, who happened to be in the Fine Arts Palace, to ask how she could tell 'which were the men's galleries and which were the women's.' She had got into a men's gallery by mistake and had seen a horrible picture of a naked woman. The poor frightened husband was advised to take his wife right out of the building, as there were other shocking pictures on every wall in every room in the place."

One thing that all women—wise and ignorant alike—will bear testimony to, is the sobriety and gallantry of the sight-seeing men at Chicago. In quite the same correspondent:

"Among the multitudes of women at the fair are thousands who have been related at times, and have had to make their way through the grounds and back to their hotels without escort. In no case that has been reported have any such women been molested or insulted. The women practically run the town and the exposition, and the loafers, if there are any, are mindful of the fact. Quite a jarring note is struck by the solitary fakir who has a Bowery sign in a tiny booth, close by the railroad tracks at the Sixtieth Street entrance to the fair grounds. He keeps a hand-organ and a colored girl in the doorway. The girl sits on a chair on a high pedestal, in very much abbreviated skirts and very large, well-filled stockings, and fondles a lap full of young admirers. Over the door is the sign: 'This sign is for men only.' Feminine curiosity is naturally so excited by this mysterious sight and this sight of the pretty mulatto girl that they gather in crowds before the show—absolutely the only exhibit in or around the fair that is not open to the dominant white half of creation. As the crowds of petticoated on-lookers gather there, the manager grows more and more angry, and, at last, he shouts: 'For God's sake, ladies, don't block up the sidewalk. Can't you read the sign, *This show for men only*?'"

"One forceful-looking country woman made an excellent retort: 'Yes, said she, 'and you're a big goose to have it so. The women would all pay double to see what you've got.'"

The *danse du ventre* shows that lioe the Midway Plaisance are altogether too much for the curiosity of these women, and their comments on them are worth repeating. The correspondent says:

"The numerous Oriental dancing-girls are altogether too much for most women's curiosity. These *danse du ventre* shows are strung all along the Plaisance. The women who have no male escorts gather in front of each show, afraid to venture in when they see only men pouring in the doorway; but when the exhibition of a four-headed calf or a double-bodied baby. Few women see the dance in either light; the fewest of all see anything immoral in it. Thousands take the memory of it to their homes and imitate it, to show stay-at-home mothers, cousins, and aunts what it is and how it is done. One of the most novel comments was by a wise woman who thinks for herself:

"Did you notice what healthy, well-formed women those hip-dancers are?" she asked. "Well, it is that dance that makes them such. It is a form of athletics, and a good form—one that every woman can practice with advantage. It would be a grand thing if a modification of the *danse du ventre* could be taught in every seminary and girls' college in the land. No woman could do it in corsets, and it would soon demolish all liking for the malformation of the sex by tight lacing."

This wise woman's proposition is certainly novel, but we doubt that the *danse du ventre* will soon be incorporated in the curriculum of seminaries for American young ladies.

By the will of the late George C. Shreve, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate consists of an interest in the firm of George C. Shreve & Co., value unknown; the family residence at 1117 Pine Street, valued at \$15,000; four lots on Clement Avenue, valued at \$3,000; and 50 acres of land, near Mountain View, in Santa Clara County, valued at \$15,000. The entire value of the estate is said to be about \$50,000. Testator bequeathed to his children, Mr. George Robert Shreve and Miss Bessie Lawton Shreve, \$5,000 each. The residue is bequeathed to his widow, Mrs. Rebecca R. Shreve, during her life and then to the children named, share and share alike. A clause in the will declares the entire estate to be community property of which the widow, if she desires, can take one-half, to which she is entitled by law, in lieu of the bequest made in the will. Should she elect to do so, the remaining one-half is to go in equal shares to the two children. The will was executed July 15, 1882, and appoints Mr. W. W. Montague and Mr. Henry L. Dodge to serve as executors without bonds.

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SOCIETY.

Charity Tea at Fort Masoo.

The managers of the Woman's Exchange have arranged, through the courtesy of General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., to give a matinee tea this afternoon at Fort Mason, and from what is known the attendance will be very large. The Presidio Band and the Hungarian Orchestra will be in attendance to discourse concert and dance music. The tickets of admission are one dollar each. A visit to this beautiful military post will be one of pleasure to all who attend, and they will also have the gratification of benefiting a most worthy charity.

Tug-boats will leave Clay Street Wharf for Fort Mason at two, half-past two, and three o'clock, returning at five o'clock. There will be dancing in General Ruger's residence and refreshments will be on sale. Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. Charles Keeney, and the Misses Hughes will preside at the punch-table. Miss Fanny Crocker will have charge of the coffee, with the assistance of Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Alice McCutchen, and Miss Bates. Miss Laura McKinstry will make tea, which will be served by Miss Ella Hohart and Miss Jessie Bowie. Candy and flowers will be sold by Miss Mamie Burling, Mrs. G. H. F. Martinez, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Isabelle McKenna, Miss Alice Hohart, Miss Josephine Scott, and Miss Barringer. Iced cream, sandwiches, and cake will also be on sale.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Tobin, Miss Deming, and Mr. Richard Tohin have returned from their visit to the Columbian Exposition. Mr. George Crocker is visiting New York city. Mrs. Adam Grant and Mrs. C. V. Gummer have returned from their Eastern trip. Mrs. Pendar Sather has returned to her home in Oakland, after a prolonged visit to the exposition at Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. Alexander Eadlam left last Sunday to be present at the closing of the Columbian Exposition.

Hon. Paul Shirley and Mrs. Shirley Page, of Martinez, were visitors recently at Paso Robles.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde and his sister, Mrs. David Bider, left last Sunday to visit the Columbian Exposition. They will also go further East, and will be away several weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg returned last Sunday from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson, who went to Chicago a couple of weeks ago to see the exposition, has been confined to her room ever since her arrival there by an attack of la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Eglew, Miss Eglew, and Miss Wheeler returned from Chicago last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. W. H. Patton, Miss Ethel Patton, and Mrs. F. S. Wildes are in New York city.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander will return from Chicago next week.

Mr. Colin M. Smith returned to the city last Monday, after a two years' absence in the East and Europe.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Anna Hunt are visiting New York city, after an inspection of the Columbian Exposition.

Major Frank A. Vail has returned from a two weeks' visit to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, *nee* Masten, are en route home after a visit to Chicago, New York, and other points in the East.

Mr. George H. Roe has been in New York city during the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland will remain East about three weeks longer.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing, who have been passing several months in the East and Europe, will return to the city about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from Portland, Or., where they have been for the past two weeks. Mr. Pease will, in the future, have to make frequent trips to Portland to attend to the interests of the Goodyear Rubber Company there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Seligman and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal have been at the Columbian Exposition during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Celia and Belle O'Connor have been passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. Frank L. Owen returned from his Eastern trip last Wednesday.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Miss Jennie Cheesman, and Mr. George Cheesman have been in Chicago during the past fortnight.

Mrs. A. C. Morse, Miss Kate Morse, and Mrs. Van Higgins have returned from San Rafael and will pass the winter in Oakland.

Miss Anita Dibblee, who has been visiting friends at Staten Island, N. Y., is now in Boston. She will return home early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Haviland have been visiting at Paso Robles during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander are passing the season at the Hotel Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster have returned from their visit to Chicago.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has returned from Los Angeles com-

pletely restored to health, and will pass the winter in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Smith were at Paso Robles last week. Mrs. Austin Sperry has returned to the city after passing a year and a half abroad.

Mrs. Henry Dutard and Miss E. Estrada have been visiting Paso Robles for a fortnight.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald left last Sunday for Chicago, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. James Irvine and Mr. J. William Byrne have returned from the East.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers are viewing the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell will return from the East in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Miss Nellie Hillyer are in Chicago.

Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, will return from New York early in December.

Misses Ella and Aileen Goad are visiting friends in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Ethel Smith, who has been visiting friends in New York, is in the city, and will return home in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Addison Mizner is inspecting the Columbian Exposition after a visit to New York. He is expected here soon.

Mrs. F. Hahernicht, Mrs. N. Van Bergen, and Mr. George Van Bergen, who have been visiting the Columbian Exposition, are returning to the city of the Eastern States, and will be away fully a month more.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen will return to the city next Wednesday, after passing the season in Sausalito.

Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman, who has been in England for a couple of months, is expected to arrive here next Saturday.

Mr. R. H. Donaldson has been paying an extended visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foote are visiting New York city. General John T. Cutting has been officially notified that he has been elected a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, and Mr. J. B. Casserly will return from Chicago next week.

Mr. Charles K. MacIntosh has returned from a month's visit to Chicago and the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren have returned to the city after passing several months in Sausalito, and have leased a residence on Webster street for the winter.

Mrs. H. G. Kennedy, of St. Catherine's, Canada, arrived in Oakland last Sunday, and will pass the winter there with her husband, Mr. J. H. Sharpe. Mrs. Kennedy was accompanied by Miss E. Binn, also of St. Catherine's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth are occupying their new residence, 2510 Washington street.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall will return from her Eastern trip next Friday.

Mrs. James Appleton Maguire has returned from the East and is residing at 1403 Pine street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Martin have returned from their villa in Mill Valley, and will pass the winter at 2933 Clay street.

Mrs. Henry W. Gardner and Miss May Hélène Bacon have returned from a visit to Miss Grace Goodyear, at Benicia.

Sir Thomas Hesketh and Mr. George Wright, arrived here last Thursday from New York, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch will leave to-day for Central America, where they will travel for several months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emily G. Britton and Lieutenant John Howard, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., son of General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Draper and Mr. J. Chauncey McKeever, youngest son of Mr. J. Lawrence McKeever and nephew of General Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A.

Major Michael Cooney, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at Fort Walla Walla, Wash., has returned to his proper station, Boise Barracks, Ida.

Captain A. E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fichtler, U. S. N., *nee* Morrow, are in Chicago, viewing the Columbian Exposition.

The *Mohican*, *Boston*, *Ranger*, and *Alert* are now at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, Captain Charles Morris, Fifth Artillery, Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, Captain Benjamin K. Roberts, Fifth Artillery, Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, First Lieutenant Luigi Loma, Fifth Artillery, First Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, Second Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, Fifth Artillery, Second Lieutenant William W. Smedberg, Fourth Cavalry, and First Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, judge advocate, have been serving on the general court-martial that was convened at the Presidio last Monday.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, Medical Department, U. S. A., has been ordered detached from duty in this department and transferred to Governor's Island, New York harbor. He will assume his duties on December 1st. His successor will be Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartsuff, Deputy Surgeon-General, who has been stationed at Omaha, Neb.

Captain Henry Clay Cochrane, U. S. M. C., has been restored to duty at the Mare Island marine barracks, by order of the Secretary of the Navy.

Paymaster John Clyde Sullivan, U. S. N., has been detached from the receiving-ships at Mare Island and ordered to repair to his home under arrest, where he will be served with orders of the President dismissing him from the service of the United States. He was found guilty before a general court-martial of falsifying his accounts.

Colonel George H. Burton, Inspector-General's Department, U. S. A., has secured a residence on K street, next to the Hotel Corcoran, in Washington, D. C., and is occupying it with his family.

Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence S. Babbitt, U. S. A., have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are at Benicia Barracks.

Captain Fred Wheeler, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed professor of military science and tactics at St. John's College, Fordham, New York city.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Miss Hester Kimball, daughter of Mrs. H. Kimball, of Chicago, were united in marriage last Wednesday, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. George L. Dunlop, 228 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago. Lieutenant Nolan is well known here, having been attached to Troop 1, Fourth Cavalry, at the Presidio.

Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A., left Wawona last Sunday morning, in command of Troop 1, Fourth Cavalry, to return to the Presidio, after duty at the Yosemite National Park. They expect to reach here next Sunday.

The Palace Hotel has issued a handsome new souvenir which redounds greatly to the credit of the famous hostelry. It consists of several artistic pictures, with descriptive text, and is bound in tinted cardboard, with the name and monogram of the hotel embossed on the cover.

Services will be held in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker at the Old People's Home, corner of Pine and Pierce Streets, at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, October 29th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his fourth ballad concert of the second season last Thursday evening before a fashionable audience. The following programme was presented:

Quartet, "The Gypsies," Schumann, the Eschscholtzia Quartet; song, Mr. J. C. Hughes; trio, No. 3, op. 59, (two movements), Jadasohn, Miss Cameron, Messrs. Wisner and Lada; (a) arietta, "Le Rossignol," Léo Delibes, (b) ballad, "Love is Coming Down the Lane" (first time), Ada Weigel, Miss Elizabeth Gill; romance, "Celeste Aida," Verdi, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; quartet, "Spring Song," C. Moderati, the Eschscholtzia Quartet; duetto, "Tardi si fa! Addio" ("Faust"), Gounod, Miss Gill and Mr. Wilkie; song, "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark," Sir H. R. Bishop, (with flute obligato), Miss Luella Wagon; (a) "cello solo," "Gondoliera," George Goltermann, (b) "Scene De Bal," W. H. Squire, Mr. Adolph Lada; ballad, "My Pretty Jane," Sir H. R. Bishop, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; duet, "Flow Gently, Deva," Parry, Messrs. Wilkie and Hughes.

News has just been received that Harry Samuels, the gifted pupil of Henry Heyman, has been admitted as a pupil of the "Hochschule" in Berlin. The examinations were competitive, no less than forty-two violinists had applied for admission, but out of this number only ten were accepted. Young Samuels, ranking among the very best, was placed in Joachim's class and highly complimented by the great master. This is a great triumph, it being customary, especially for foreign pupils, to study with private teachers in Berlin before they can be accepted at the "Hochschule."

The thirty-first Saturday Popular Concert will take place this afternoon at Golden Gate Hall. Among the selections will be a quintet for clarinet and strings, by Weber; Gade's "Fantasie Stucke," by Mr. Joseph Wrba; Scharwenka's sonata for piano and cello, by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine; and some songs by Mr. Robert Lloyd.

Mme. Julie Rosewald has resigned her position as cantor at the Temple Emanu-El, to accept the professorship of vocal music at Mills College.

It is the custom among "plain people" to "sniff" at "society." The so-called "society" circles are alluded to as though they were necessarily "empty-minded, shallow-hearted, and idle." But (says the New York Times) he who has the self-possession of the true society man has a weapon for the world's battle which one is a fool to scorn. The self-poise which permits the free handling of his own faculties in the presence of a throng is one of the most important qualifications for success which a man can obtain. Many an average man having himself well in hand is able to outshine those who in natural capacity are infinitely beyond him. The man of good outward manners possesses a gift which makes him an enduring companion, and this is something which can not always be said of the most brilliantly intellectual. "Good breeding is the only thing that can make a fool agreeable," said Josh Billings; but that certainly does go a long way. A certain excellent citizen, having been brought up to despise the "soft ways" of good breeding, considers it perfectly scriptural and proper to make a hear of himself in the privacy of the family circle—a most elegant family circle in everything but manners. The wife of his next-door neighbor, a miserable drunkard, who had, however, been brought up to observe every conventionality, once remarked: "I know that I have a good many trials which Mrs. M— does not have; but my husband, with all his faults, never fails, even in his worst condition, to treat me like the perfect gentleman that he is." Good manners in this case served to alleviate the most disgusting of crimes.

SANBORN, VAIL, & CO. ARE NOW MANUFACTURING some of the handsomest picture-frames ever seen here, and their variety and cheapness is something surprising. They have the only factory on the coast for this class of work, and, as their facilities are unrivaled, they possess advantages that no other firm has, and consequently have no rivals when the question of price arises. They recently received some very attractive fac-similes of well-known pastels, which they have mounted in five-inch cream-and-gold frames, and are selling them at the extremely low price of \$2.50 each. A visit to their large establishment, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, will well repay any one in need of pictures or frames.

The joint Congressional Committee to inquire into the status of the law organizing the executive departments, etc., has made a report showing that there are 6,128 more persons employed therein than are specifically appropriated for, and that of 17,599 employees 5,610 have from one to nine relatives each in the government service at Washington.

Ten Thousand Heads.

The Argonaut is pleased to announce that Groom & Nash, hatters, 942 Market Street, under Baldwin Hotel, want ten thousand men to wear hats.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—DO YOU WISH TO LEARN FRENCH, GERMAN, or Spanish, go to Larcher School of Languages, Flood Building.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER at Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

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Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczema, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. FORTY-THREE AND CHEM. CO., Boston. 25—All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

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Is the Original Hungarian Orchestra and includes the original soloists brought out from Hungary six years ago by E. M. Rosner. It has played with great success at the Friday Night Cottillon Club, the California Hotel, and the Hotel Rafael. It furnishes only first-class music at the lowest rates, as Messrs. Rosner and Jaulns give to persons recommending them NO COMMISSION. Address Sherman, Clay & Co.

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LADY OF FRENCH PARENTAGE, Educated in Germany and with many years experience in teaching the Languages, History, Literature, and Art, would like a position in a family to teach or her companion and chaperon to one or two young girls. The country preferred. References exchanged. Address "X," Argonaut Office.

GUMP'S LIQUIDATION SALE STILL CONTINUES.

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
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THE OYSTER-LOAF.

Why Foxy Husbands Call It the Peace-Maker.

Once upon a time, the good wives of the Crescent City assembled in solemn council and declared that there must be a reform in the matter of late husbands. Such resolution being unanimously adopted and individually enforced, the oppressed husbands held a meeting on their part, and offered a case of wine to the man who should first discover a means to nip this petticoat tyranny in the bud. Midnight offerings of gloves, French opera-boxes, bonbons—even jewels—were tried, purchased with cool malice aforethought during the day, and presented with artless blandishments of Tootsy Woosy's angelic goodness in staying awake for a poor, tired, overworked husband. But Tootsy Woosy was awake, suspiciously as well as physically, and absolutely implacable.

At last, one night, a poor, doomed fellow, who had stayed out past his latest hour of grace, was consoling and fortifying himself with a hot oyster supper. It occurred to him that surely Tootsy Woosy, with all her superiorities and "instincts," must have at least a tiny hy-path to her heart through gastronomical avenues. He would try her on hot fried oysters. But how to get them to her hot—that was the question.

That an all-wise Providence was directing this Moses, who was to deliver the sons of men from caudle bondage, was plainly indicated in the result of his experiment.

He ordered a loaf of French bread, which he cut in two longitudinally and scooped out the soft part within. The two outer shells were then buttered plentifully and set in the oven to brown, and the bits of fresh crumb toasted crisp and dainty.

Meanwhile the oysters were being fried. Then into the red-hot receptacle the equally red-hot bivalves were piled, interspersed with slices of lemon, and just a suspicion of Worcestershire sauce, and the two half-loaves put together and wrapped closely in thick brown paper. The whole, in a pasteboard box with some sliced cucumber pickle completed the offering, with which and a buoyant and prophetic soul the inventor started for home.

Tootsy Woosy was awake—oh, yes!

There was the familiar little frown between her two front curl-papers, and that "if-I-wasn't-so-proud-I'd-go-home-to-mamma" droop at the corners of her mouth.

Moses said nothing, but began to unroll the votive offering.

"You needn't be getting out any old chocolates, nor gloves, nor bracelets, nor anything!" she sobbed. "I won't have—"

Then she looked up, and began to sniff.

Moses took advantage of the armistice.

"Come," he said, drawing up the table and unfolding the two caskets. "See what I waited all this time to have fixed for you!"

Tootsy took one of the oysters gingerly with the tips of her finger and thumb, then a bit of pickle, then a bit of the toasted crumb.

"It's awfully good!" she said, smiling through her tears. "What is it?"

Moses sighed. Not his responsible progenitor on Horeb's dizzy heights, in sight of the promised land, experienced such deep and soul-satisfying relief. In solemn procession, with uncovered heads, filed the masculine census-list of New Orleans before his mind's eye, bearing aloft his case of wine and rending the air with praises to his most honored name and inventive genius.

"It is as yet unchristened, my love," he answered, humbly; "but henceforth and forever it shall be known as the *peacemaker*."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*.

The London Cabby.

Everybody who has lived in London has witnessed the dramatic little incidents connected with cabby's reception of his exact fare. His hirer, having alighted, stands on the pavement and feels for his purse. Cabby, meanwhile, leans over the railing of his seat with a benignant and ingratiating smile. That smile, it may be stated at once, is a fraud. It is not a genuine beam of good nature, but is one of cabby's business "props." It is a smile of much meaning, and cabby throws his whole soul into it. It is trusting and confident; it insinuates that cabby feels that he has met in you a man in whom he recognizes a peculiarly generous nature. It means that cabby has no anxiety. He knows that you are going to give him something for himself. But, as a matter of fact, if you watch cabby closely, you will see the hollowness of its professions. Cabby's eyes are very wide open, and he is scanning a great deal more carefully than his fare the little pile of silver that gentleman is turning over in his hand. Then he stretches down his hand, broad and fat, but trustingly, assured that he is about to be treated as a man should be. The fat palm ascends again, but as his fare turns to depart, the smile dies away. For a moment, as if dazed, he gazes blankly into his hand; then a look of mingled contempt and indignation passes over his expressive face. He turns fiercely on his prey. "Ere, wot's this?" "Your fare," floats back to him. "My fare!" "In a tone of scathing scorn—"my fare!" Then rapidly and with a business-like manner, as if the time for emo-

tion were passed now: "'Ere, 'old 'ard, I wants another tanner." By this time his fare, if he knows anything at all about cabinen, is well under way. Cabby, standing up, dashes the offending shilling on the ground with a gesture of ineffable loathing, as at some unclean thing. No good; his fare is disappearing, unconcerned; and cabby, convinced that the game is up, but loth to relinquish his indignation, slowly unwraps himself from the folds of his voluminous blanket, descends as slowly, picks up the innocent shilling still more slowly, mounts again, gathers up his reins with one final blighting look behind him, and drives away, his face that of a man who never till that moment had sounded the hideous depths of sordid human nature.—*The Sketch*.

PROFITABLE LOVE-LETTERS.

It was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of nine P. M. had struck, we boys were still leaning out of the open window in our night-shirts, watching the play of the cedar-branch shadows on the moonlit lawn, and planning schemes of fresh devilry for the sunshiny morrow. From below, strains of the jocund piano declared that the Olympians were enjoying themselves in their listless, impotent way; for the new curate had been bidden to dinner that night, and was at the moment unceremoniously claiming to all the world that he feared no foe. His discordant vociferations doubtless started a train of thought in Edward's mind, for the youth presently remarked, apropos of nothing that had been said before: "I believe the new curate's rather gone on Aunt Maria."

I scouted the notion. "Why, she's quite old!" I said. (She must have seen some five-and-twenty summers.)

"Of course she is," replied Edward, scornfully; "it's not her, it's her money he's after, you bet!"

"Didn't know she had any money," I observed.

"Sure to have," said my brother, with confidence. "Heaps and heaps."

Silence ensued, both our minds being busy on the same problem—how this condition of things, if it existed, could be turned to advantage.

"Bobby Ferris told me," began Edward, in due course, "that when a Fellow was sparking his sister once, they used to employ him to carry notes and messages and things between them, and he got a shilling almost every time."

"What, from each of them?" I innocently inquired.

Edward looked at me with scornful pity. "Girls never have any money," he briefly explained. "But she did his exercises, and got him out of rows, and told stories for him when he needed it—and much better ones than he could have made up for himself. Girls are useful in some ways. So he was living in clover, when unfortunately the two quarreled about something. Bobby was fairly cornered, for he had bought two ferrets on tick and promised to pay a shilling a week, thinking this happy state of things would last forever. Something had to be done, of course; so when the week was up, and he was being dunned for the shilling, he went off to the Fellow and said: 'Your heart-broken Bella implores you to meet her this evening at sundown. By the hollow oak, as of old, be it only for a moment. Do not fail!' He got all that out of a book, of course. The Fellow looked puzzled, and said: 'What hollow oak? I don't know any hollow oak.' 'Perhaps it was the Royal Oak?' said Bobby, promptly, seeing he had made a slip, through trusting too much to the book; but this didn't seem to make the Fellow any happier, for the Royal Oak, you know, is rather a low sort of house, as pubs go. At last the Fellow said: 'Well, I think I know where she means: the hollow tree in your father's paddock. It happens to be an elm, but she wouldn't know the difference. All right; say I'll be there.' Bobby hung about a bit, for he had not got his money. 'She was crying awfully,' he said. Then he got his shilling."

"And wasn't the Fellow riled," I inquired, "when he got to the place and found nothing?"

"He found Bobby," said Edward, indignantly; "young Ferris was a gentleman, every inch of him. He brought the Fellow another message from Bella: 'I dare not leave the house. My cruel parents immerse me closely. If you only knew what I suffer. Your broken-hearted Bella'—out of the same book. This made the Fellow a little suspicious, for it was the old Ferrises who had been keen about the match all through; the Fellow, you see, had tin. However, he couldn't exactly call Bella's brother a young liar, so Bobby escaped for the time. But when he was in a hole next week, over a stiff French exercise, and tried the same sort of game on his sister, she was too sharp for him and he was caught out. Somehow women seem more mistrustful than men. They're so beastly suspicious by nature, you know."

"I know," said I; "but did the two—the Fellow and the sister—make it up afterward?"

"I don't remember about that," replied Edward, indifferently; "but that doesn't make any difference anyway, you know."—*Ex.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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Furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

A CORRECT DECISION.

It so happened that several days ago a certain well-known lawyer, who, for narrative purposes, shall be nameless, came into the official presence of a learned judge, whose cognomen shall likewise be discreetly veiled.

The lawyer did not arrive alone. He was accompanied by a large number of previously encompassed drinks, and, in the language of the pave, a symphonic "brannigan" was concealed about his person.

"Mr. —," remarked the solon, "I am astonished to see you in such a condition."

"Dishun," sighed the lawyer. "Wazzer matter?"

"There is no need of explaining, sir."

"Yeshir is. You 'tack my condishun—wazzer matter wish it?"

"To be plain, Mr. —, you are very drunk."

"Y'r honor," responded the inebriate one, after a moment's pause, "I've been pra'sing here for fifteen years, un that's the first c'rect deishun I ever heard in this court."

It cost him something for contempt.—*Ex.*

In Deep Water.

Like incautious and weak swimmers are those who incur the risk of chronic rheumatism by a neglect of safety. This can be insured at the start by that live preserving medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Rheumatism may attack the heart. There is no safety then. Forestall the chronic stage of the malady by using the Bitters, which is equally efficacious in malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, and kidney disorder.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

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There is an old teetotal ballad—parody, indeed, but of a fine temperance enthusiasm—whose chorus runs:

"In our tea-cups
Are no hiccups,
Let the buttered toast go round!"

Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative. A standard remedy for constipation.

There have been ructions in the house of Félix, and their principal "cutter," Mme. Judith, has left them and gone to their rival, Worth.

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which makes the teeth as white and as radiant as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth. The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in their praises of

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"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."



"THE OWL."



"TABBY" AND HER KITTENS.



"BOW-WOW" AND LITTLE BOW-WOW.



"I HAVE THE 'TABBY CAT' AND I'M VERY FOND OF THAT."

In addition to the TABBY CAT AND KITTENS, which we are still making, we are bringing out something new for the little ones this year. The small

illustrations will show you what they are; so perfectly made that you would think they were alive. They are printed on cloth, life size, in colors, with directions for cutting out, sewing together and stuffing with cotton, using a piece of pasteboard to make them flat at the bottom. Any child that can sew can do it. For sale by your dry goods dealer. If he does not have them show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some. DO NOT SEND TO US AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL.

Arnold Print Works, North Adams, Massachusetts.

All of these figures are patented under dates of July 6th and October 4th, 1892.



"PICKANINNY."



"BUNNY."



"JOCKO."



"TATTERS."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

John Field, the pianist, was an Irishman who studied with an Italian (Cleric) and lived in Russia. He loved champagne and washed his own clothes. When he was dying, some one sent for a priest, who went to his bedside and whispered: "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" The dying man revived sufficiently to sigh out: "Neither; I am a pianist," and immediately expired.

The Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of the renowned Custer Brigade, was commanded by a gallant colonel, formerly a member of the Michigan Guard. In the early morning of the last day at Gettysburg, while his regiment, with others, was in line awaiting orders, the men grew noisy in their conversation and laughter. Turning nervously to them, the colonel roared out: "Keep silence there!" Then he added, in an apologetic tone: "Not that I care, but it will sound better."

A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought for sentence, some years ago, before Judge Quinn, who presided over a criminal court "down East." He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never! never!" exclaimed the prisoner, hurrying into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said Judge Quinn, consolingly; "you're going to be now."

A number of New York women (says the *Recorder*), touched with a literary distemper, formed a literary club, and bored each other by reading essays. When they could not stand that any longer, they decided to discuss famous authors, and Edgar Allen Poe was chosen as the first subject. "Who was Edgar Allen Poe?" asked the president of the aspiring member. "I don't know much about him," was the demure answer, "except that he played on the Princeton foot-ball team a year or two ago!" That broke up the club.

James Payn tells of a man who, traveling on business over the Berkshire Downs in his gig, dined at an inn when the conversation fell upon knights of the road, at one time often found in those parts. He had a sharp country boy traveling with him, and, after dinner, he came to his master, saying: "Please, sir, I heard those gentlemen saying among themselves as how they meant to stop you and I upon the downs to-night and frighten we a bit." "Very good," he said; "we will fill the gig with the very worst eggs we can get." And when four masked horsemen rode up to the gig side that night and demanded "Your money or your life!" of its occupants, they received, very literally, an ovation.

One day at the Leeds assizes, Justice Fitzjames Stephen reentered the court after luncheon, long before it was necessary, in order to read over his notes. A solitary jurymen was there, munching his mid-day sandwich. "A fine day, my lord," remarked this individual to his lordship, somewhat to the latter's surprise. "Yes, sir," the judge answered, with his wonted gravity, "it is a very fine day." "Has your lordship ever heard Mr. Waddy preach?" asked the irrepressible jurymen; "if not," he continued, "I shall be most happy to give your lordship a seat in my pew next Sunday." The judge's face darkened as he looked from his notes, and, in an awful voice, growled: "No sir; I have not heard Mr. Waddy preach, and, please heaven, I never will, unless conveyed thither by superior force."

At a sanatorium in New York, the utmost cordiality is shown to arriving guests. One night, just before the carriage was due from the station, a patient was rallying the "receiver" in ordinary on the lightness of her duties. "I don't think you have much to do," said she; "I'm sure I could go forward and meet people just exactly as well, and I haven't had any practice, either!" "Very well," said the other; "try it." "So I will," was the reply; "I'll try it to-night." Just then the carriage rolled up to the door, and both saw that a gentleman was seated within. The "receiver," who had been merely in jest, started forward with her usual alacrity, but the patient merrily held her back. "No," said she; "I'm going! Now watch me and see if I'm cordial enough." She hastened forward, with both hands outstretched. She threw her arms about the gentle-

man's neck. She kissed him. "Miss ———," she said, turning back to her shocked and astonished friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes, "allow me to introduce—my husband!"

One day Cuvier was a member of an Academy deputation which visited the Emperor Napoleon, at Saint Cloud. The emperor greeted him cordially. "M. Cuvier, I am delighted to see you! What did you do at the Academy last week?" "We studied the beet-sugar question." "Ah, and what is the opinion of the Institute? Does it consider that the soil of France is suited to beet culture?" Cuvier answered with a dissertation on the geological formation of the ground, the natural history of the beet, and his conclusions. When Cuvier had finished, the emperor hurriedly roused himself from a fit of abstraction into which he had fallen. "Marvellous, M. Cuvier!" he said; "but does the Institute consider the soil of France suitable for beet-culture?" Cuvier, imagining that Napoleon's attention had been distracted in some way, began his argument again, and went through with it to the end. The emperor still mused. When Cuvier had finished, he said: "I thank you very much, sir. The first time I see your colleague, Bertollet, I shall ask him if the Institute considers the soil of France suitable for beet-culture."

One day, while a gang of miners were toiling in a gulch near Shasta, a stranger, evidently ignorant of mining, came along. The miner near him took out a five-dollar nugget, and anxiety overcame the stranger's reticence. "Say," he asked, "where can I go to diggin' to find it like that?" The hardy miner stopped his work, and, giving the wink to all the boys, pointed up to the barren rocks where no gold had ever been found. "You see that rough-looking place?" "Yes," said the new hand. "Well, that is rich. Jes' you stake out a claim an' go to work, an' when we finish here we'll come up, too." The new hand thanked the miner, and the boys all grinned their appreciation of the joke. That afternoon a solitary figure was seen picking on the rocky hillside, and every time the miners looked up they roared with laughter. But the next day the new miner struck a pocket and took out several thousands of dollars in gold. Then he came and thanked the miner who had sent him up there, and went down to the city and bought houses and lots and things, while the other miners dotted that same rocky hillside for days without finding a pocket.

On the night of his arrival in London, M. Zola was recovering from the fatigue of the journey, when the door of his room in the hotel opened and a waiter entered, bearing a magnificent basket of flowers, and delivered the following message: "Mr. Oscar Woldie, sir, sends these flowers, and asks if you will receive him for a few minutes." The words were roughly translated to M. Zola, who still seemed puzzled and shook his head, exclaiming: "Oscawoile! I do not know him." "What kind of an animal is this Oscawoile, anyway?" inquired a French journalist, equally ignorant of English pronunciation. "Give him back his vegetables, and show him the door," cried another. At last the personal conductor of the party got a hearing, and explained that the unknown donor was the apostle of British æstheticism—a recommendation which failed to touch the hearts of his audience. Finally, M. Zola bethought him of looking at the gentleman's card, and at once a smile of intelligence lit up his expressive features, as he gasped out, in repentant accents: "Why, great heavens, it is M. Oscarre Veelde, the author of 'Salomé,' which we have all read and enjoyed. Let him be shown in at once." "Oscarre Veelde!" shouted all the others; "why didn't he say so in the first place?" And so the two master spirits of the age were brought into contact.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Oct. 23, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|------------|---|-----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Yuba, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| * 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Yuba, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Martinez, and San José..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2:45 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | * 8:06 A. |
| * 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | * 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| 7:15 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7:26 P. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

| | | | | | | |
|---|------|------|------------|------------|-------------|-------|
| From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)— | 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 A. M. | 12:30 |
| 2:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 P. M. | | |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— | 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 A. M. | 12:30 |
| 3:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 P. M. | | | |

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

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| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| SS. Acapulco..... | October 28th |
| SS. Colon..... | November 8th |
| SS. City of Sydney..... | November 18th |
| SS. San Juan..... | November 28th |

NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| City of New York..... | Thursday, October 26, at 3 P. M. |
| City of Peking..... | Thursday, November 9, at 3 P. M. |
| China..... | (via Honolulu). Tuesday, November 21, at 3 P. M. |
| Peru..... | Saturday, December 9, at 3 P. M. |

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

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| | |
|--------------|--|
| Steamer..... | From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1893. |
| Gaelic..... | Thursday, November 2 |
| Belgic..... | Thursday, November 30 |
| Oceanic..... | (via Honolulu). Tuesday, December 19 |
| Gaelic..... | Tuesday, January 9, 1894 |

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9 A. M., October 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and January 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and February 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21



The dramatic fancy, "Dream Faces," given at the Baldwin, on Monday, was interesting, not as a dramatic fancy, or as a curtain-raiser of any kind, but as being one of the few plays which turns on a subject that is extremely modern, intensely tragic, and is full of strong dramatic possibilities—the love of a fine woman for an utterly unworthy man, of whose unworthiness she is quite aware.

This interesting dramatic subject—not, certainly, common, but still known and seen of all men who have ever looked beyond the circle of their own little lives—is, singularly enough, very rarely made the pivot for drama or tragedy. That it has elements of both in it nobody can deny. It is one of the most piercingly pitiful of subjects, it is one of the most tragically sad, and one capable of being developed into the most tender and heroic of stories. Yet, for some unknown reason, it has inspired very few plays.

In "Dream Faces," which, *en passant*, is sentimental, flat, and rather absurd, yet has a touch of truth about it—we have the subject set before us, one might roughly say, in its bare bones. The heroine, now a woman long passed her *première jeunesse*, has loved her cousin, Robert, who, having jilted her, secretly married another woman, deserted his wife, forged a check, been tried and convicted, has throughout all been the object of the same passionate and forgiving love that he inspired in the days of his gay and harmless youth. Robert is assuredly the last extreme of his type. When his old love sees him after a lapse of many years, the sentiment that she has been secretly cherishing receives a shock that must result in its ultimate death; but it has flourished vigorously through years of ill-treatment, neglect, and selfish indifference. In "Dream Faces" we have the subject in its extreme degree. Treated by a master hand, what a fine play might be built around this central point, where devotion, heroism, cruelty, callousness, indifference, and self-renunciation are all to be found!

Yet the playwrights seem to find no attraction in it. The subject of a man, more or less fine, dragged at the chariot-wheels of an unworthy woman, has been matter for the dramatists since Shakespeare wrote his magnificent but incomplete tragedy of "Troilus and Cressida" and Webster produced "The White Devil," in which, through all these centuries of change, one may still understand the charm of Vittoria, with her fascinating plausibility, her smooth cunning, her astute assumption of pained dignity, her tender surprise at any misbelief. To paint the portrait of a nineteenth-century Vittoria has been the ambition of several playwrights—whether successfully or not, is another question. Even the poets were beguiled into treating this subject. We have to thank Browning for one of the most complete and finished pictures of a great man's unhappy infatuation for a contemptible woman, whose character he entirely understood, but who held him with a chain of iron. Some critic has said of this wonderful poem—with its tone of immeasurable, hopeless sadness and its melancholy atmosphere, like the silver-gray of twilight—that it is the most perfect picture of infatuation ever penned.

A noble woman nobly in love with a weak man, an ordinary man, an average man, is the nearest the dramatists usually come to the subject that is treated in "Dream Faces." This is often found, especially in works of the great dramatists, who, as artists, were forced to reproduce in their plays what they saw to be the case in human nature, where the finest women are usually drawn to the insignificant men. Ruskin said of Shakespeare that he had no heroes, only heroines, and that the one of the whole galaxy who was weak—Ophelia—precipitated the catastrophe of the tragedy by failing to guide and support Hamlet at the critical moment of his career. Certainly Rosalind is finer than Orlando; she would have upheld, supported, and directed him for the rest of his life. Beatrice is superior to Benedick; Hermione, Imogene, Queen Katherine, Helena, are infinitely the superiors of the men who play heroes to their heroines.

Even among the novelists we find this milder view of the subject of "Dream Faces" the only one that is often treated. The conservative English novelist, after the days of Fielding were past, could not bring himself to depict this picture of a melancholy and perpetually forgiving devotion. There is not one great modern English novel which shows the self-sacrificing and intense affection of a fine woman for a miserable man, of whose weakness and poverty of character she is well aware. Some of the great heroines of English imaginative literature have condescended to adore ordinary men, like Dorothea, in "Middlemarch," or Ethel Newcome, in "The Newcomes," or Margaret, in "The Cloister and the

Hearth"—the three noblest feminine figures in the range of modern fiction. But to adore the man of mean characteristics, of hard, cruel temper, of selfish and capricious spirit, is one of the things the Anglo-Saxon novelist will not allow his heroine to do; yet, if he would bring his best skill to bear upon such a subject, what a tragic, pathetic, dramatic, intense story he might make.

In the drama of to-day, the heroine now and then is permitted to cherish a strong devotion for an inferior man. One of the few instances of this is the wife in "The Silver King." She is made to suit an exciting, five-act melodrama, and she is the sort of woman that Mme. Sarah Grand thinks ought to be wiped from the face of the earth; but she is a fine, strong, dramatic figure, not brought in to teach a lesson, but to introduce into an absorbing story the element of tenderness and pathos without which that story would be lurid and hard. Will Denver is a hopeless drunkard. His wife—dressed resplendently in silks and satins, but these things must be in a melodrama—tries, despairingly, to reclaim him, loving him and believing in him even when the charge of murder is brought against him. Finally, after years of separation, after undergoing poverty and hardship, after being turned out of her humble home by a relentless landlord, who puts her out into the street in the middle of a raging, white-paper snow-storm, her husband is restored to her, quite cured of his inebriate habits, enormously rich, absolutely reformed, and with his hair turned white and worn in long curls, which must have been a shock to her feelings, but which she was too polite to show.

Outside the few melodramatic figures of this exaggerated type, the devoted and all-forgiving female, whom Fielding and Richardson so much admired, and whom the advanced lady novelists so deeply abhor, is not seen at all upon the boards. It remains for "Dream Faces"—a rather flat and foolish little play of one act—to bring before the public this intensely pathetic and pitiful subject on which, some day, a great drama will be built. Let us hope that some of the playwrights of to-day will turn their hands to this subject, at once so new and so old. Bronson Howard could do it, for he has strength, feeling, and insight. Henry Arthur Jones could do it. He is one of the great dramatists of the day. But it would perish, shrivel up, and turn to ashes in the hands of Oscar Wilde, and be absorbed in an overflow of sentiment if De Mille and Belasco undertook to treat it. The pathetic, like the sublime, has got to be done exactly right or not done at all. Too much sentiment, on the one hand, too much hard, self-satisfied brilliancy, on the other, underdo it or overdo it, and the delicate equality of a perfect balance is lost.

Several of the remarks made by Mrs. Merrydew, in "The Milliner's Bill," seemed to bear so directly on Miss Vokes's case that they sounded as if she were saying them as herself, not as the fictitious and fascinating Mrs. Merrydew. When she speaks of having retired unquestionably from the stage, giving as a support of her words the fact that she had never given a farewell performance, most of the listeners remembered that it is said Miss Vokes herself is to retire after her Californian engagement, and without the flourish of trumpets and general jubilee of the characteristic farewell to the stage that marks the annual retirement of such artists as the indefatigable Mme. Patti.

It is to be hoped that Miss Vokes's retirement, if it really does take place, will be of this transitory nature. This comedienne has created a place for herself on the stage that no one will be able to fill. She was clever enough to see the possibilities contained in the one-act comedy, and, in developing this class of plays, has given the public a series of dramatic entertainments of the most delicately humorous and harmoniously refined description. There is nobody to fill her place, for there is nobody with such strongly humorous talents who is modest enough to be willing to shine in such very light and trifling plays. Miss Vokes, too, has shown the sensibility of a real artist in surrounding herself with a company of admirable comedians. The extreme vaingloriousness of the star system is a thing of the past, and it is in such companies as Miss Vokes's that the new system of evenly distributed and equal talent is seen in its best form.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the actress who has done so much for the public amusement, and for the introduction of a refined and elegant form of comedy upon the stage, will not be forced permanently to leave it. We can not spare any one who in her day has roused so much good laughter and done her work of amusing the public with such a spirit of *bonhomie* and friendly gaiety. Rosina Vokes is one of the actresses who impresses her personality strongly upon her audience, and it is a personality that is rich in good-humored merriment, in good fellowship, and in warm-hearted gaiety and charm.

At the theatres during the week beginning October 30th: Fanny Davenport in "Cleopatra" at the Baldwin; Milton Royle's company in "Friends" at the California; the stock company in "A Trip to Africa" at the Tivoli Opera House; "The Three Guardsmen"; and "Long Branch."

—H. C. MASSIE, has returned, Dentist. Painless filling. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

FATE.

The following poem, which is ascribed to Jack Paden in the first act of "Friends," now being played at the California Theatre, has been as widely circulated and its authorship as frequently claimed as was the case with "What My Lover Said." It was reprinted in the *Argonaut* several years ago from some stray newspaper clipping, but the author's name had already been lost. Not long ago the *New York Critic* attempted to ascertain its authorship, and the preponderance of evidence ascribed it to Mrs. Susan Marr Spaulding.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
Yet these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross; escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step unto this end,
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So closely side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
Yet these with groping hands that never clasp,
With wistful eyes that never meet, and lips
Calling in vain on ears that never hear,
Shall wander all their weary days unknown
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate!

All the Senate committee-room buffets have recently been supplied with the favorite brands of stimulants agreeable to the individual tastes of the chairmen of the respective committees. Apple brandy or corn whisky, with apollinaris on the side, appears to be a popular tippie.

To the World's Fair.

Are you going? If so, it will be to your interest to call on or write to the undersigned before arranging for your trip. The SANTA FE ROUTE is the only line under one management from California to Chicago. The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago on the same train every day without change. Personally conducted excursions through to Boston leave every Tuesday. W. A. BISSELL, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

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Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

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At 3 P. M., October 28th,

31st CARR-BEEL

Saturday Pop Concert

MR. ROBERT LLOYD, Vocalist.

MR. JOS. WRBA, Soloist.

Admission.....50 Cents

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MARIA KIP ORPHANAGE

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Saturday and Sunday Evenings. Von Suppe's Brilliant Opera.

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Three Prima Donnas in the Cast—Salinger, Plaisted, Roma. First Appearance of Robert Dunbar.
In Preparation.....A Night in Venice
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

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Monday.....October 30, 1893

FANNY DAVENPORT

In an elaborate production of.....CLEOPATRA

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Monday.....October 30, 1893

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FRIENDS!

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45¢ Regular Prices.

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In a Brilliant Repertoire of French Plays.
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HAIGHT STREET GROUNDS.

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General Admission.....50 Cents
Reserved Seats.....50 Cents

BLACK POINT.

Saturday.....October 28, 1893.

A GARDEN PARTY

Will be given at Black Point by the Woman's Exchange, on Saturday, October 28th, the use of the grounds having been kindly tendered by General Thomas H. Ruger, U.S.A. Music by the Military and Hungarian Bands.
45¢ Tags will carry to the Point, free of charge, all who prefer the water trip.

Tickets.....\$1.00

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Young Sam Sothern, who is quite a clever young actor himself, is in the cast of "Sheridan" at the New York Lyceum, in which his brother, E. H. Sothern, has the title-role.

Evans and Hoey are to extinguish the "Parlor Match" and dissolve partnership after their present season. Evans will retire from the stage, and Hoey will star alone in a new play now being written for him by Edward Paulson.

Joseph Murphy is to follow Fanny Davenport at the Baldwin, and other notable engagements to be played later in the season are the American Extravaganza Company in "Sinbad," the new Baldwin stock company, and Warde and James.

The performances of this (Saturday) afternoon and evening at the Baldwin will probably be the last Rosina Vokes will ever give in San Francisco. The bill consists of "Crocodile Tears," Marius's pantomime "Waiting," and "The Rough Diamond."

Fanny Davenport, supported by Melbourne McDowell and a strong company, will begin an engagement at the Baldwin on Monday night. An elaborate production of Sardou's "Cleopatra" will be given during the first week, and other Sardou plays will probably follow.

Edwin Miltoo Royle, the author of "Friends," in which he himself appears, was until recently a lawyer in New York city, but his desertion of the green bag for the huskin has been so well received by the public that the courts will probably see him no more. His play has pleased large audiences during the week at the California, and the outlook for its second week is excellent.

A wedding that interested many theatre-goers, as well as people in local musical and theatrical circles, took place last Wednesday evening, when Miss Tillie Salinger was married to Phil Branson. The couple are very popular both before and behind the footlights at the Tivoli, where they have both sung for a number of months, and a great many of their friends were present to wish them joy.

A special matinee of "A Trip to Africa" will be given at the Tivoli to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon for the benefit of the Midwinter Fair. Suppe's pretty opera, with its three prima donnas, Gracie Plaisted, Tillie Salinger, and Carrie Roma, has proved a potent attraction at the Tivoli, and it will be continued for a second week, at least. "A Night in Venice" is announced to follow.

Whether or not May Yohe is now Lady Hope—and the chances are she is not—she is not going to abandon the stage. She recently scored a success in "Mlle. Nitouche," in London, and her latest move has been to go over to Paris and take lessons in *Le Chahut*, from the Moulin Rouge divinity popularly known as "La Goulue." She is going to burlesque it artistically in a new production at the Lyric.

It seems that there were two David Belascos in the dramatic profession. The other—of course everybody here knows the black-haired lad who left Sao Francisco ten years ago and has since become a leading stage-manager and playwright in New York—was an English actor who died recently. He played under the name of David James. He was the creator of the rôle of Perky Middlewick in "Our Boys."

Bronson Howard's return to New York was celebrated by a banquet given him by David Belasco, at which were present some forty members of the American Dramatic Club, of which Mr. Howard is president. During the evening a handsome silver loving-cup was presented to Mr. Howard. Among the others around the board were: Nelson Wheatcroft, Paul Potter, William Haworth, Augustus Pitou, Franklin Fyles, Charles Bradley, Gustave A. Kerker, William W. Furst, C. R. Clifford, and Alfred Thompson.

The "Old Nuremberg," which is to be exhibited at the Mechanics' Pavilion for the benefit of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union early next month, promises to be a very interesting entertainment. It is in the hands of a number of energetic ladies who have arranged to have a very realistic revival of mediæval life in a reproduction of the old German city that will be as perfect as the scene-painter's art can make it. Six hundred ladies and gentlemen in appropriate costume will participate, there will be songs, tableaux, and other performances, and a promenade concert will be given every evening. It will begin on Saturday night, November 11th, and commencing again on the following Monday night, continue through Saturday.

Manager Frohman tried a novel experiment when he produced "Charley's Aunt" in New York a few days ago. He hoomed neither the play nor the two principal actors. The play had been sufficiently advertised by the accounts of its success in London. The two leading actors, however, were practically unknown to America. One, Percy Lyodal, had played in the original London production; the other, Etienne Giradot, had been recommended to Mr. Frohman by the English actor, Penley, as the only man capable of appearing in his own rôle. Not a word did Mr. Frohman print about his new actors. The result was that when Mr. Giradot first came on

the stage, he was received in dead silence. But at the end of the first act, he was called before the curtain six times, and, later, the action of the play was delayed a full minute by applause directed to him. He is an Englishman of French extraction, and was for many years a member of Mrs. Bancroft's company.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Poet—"Why do you ask me for my autograph?" Autograph fiend—"Because you are the only one who can write it."—Truth.

"Do you pay for poetry?" asked the author. "We do," replied the editor; "each poem costs us six subscribers."—Atlanta Constitution.

In the art-gallery; or, systematic sight-seeing: He—"Now, you look up the names and numbers on the frames, and I'll check them off."—Puck.

Mrs. Younglove—"I wish I had taken more lessons in physical culture." Younglove—"Why, my love?" Mrs. Younglove—"Because cook is drunk."—Truth.

A delicate question: Cholly (bookkeeper)—"When we are married, Ethel, these delicate hands shall never know work." Ethel (type-writer)—"Whose hands?"—Judge.

Managing Editor—"I wish we could get a bright young woman to run our Women's Department." Editor-in-chief—"So do I; it would be an everlasting scoop."—Puck.

"You may think you're smart," said the tragedian, as the audience pelted him with late-lamented henfruit, "but I think you're making some pretty bad breaks."—Elmira Gazette.

Algie—"I've had to give up calling the old man 'Governor.'" Cholly—"Why so?" Algie—"So many governors have gone and made fools of themselves, that he wouldn't stand it."—Puck.

Howl Wasborne (at the church wedding)—"Oh—ah—are you an usher? Won't you please give me a front seat?" Usher—"Are you one of the family?" Howl Wasborne—"No; but I tried to be."—Puck.

Govanus Bayridge (as they pass to the banquetting hall)—"Ah, Miss Dearborn, do you—ah—wear gloves at dinner in Chicago?" Abbatoria Dearborn—"Not always; but when we have sausage, we must, of course."—Puck.

"Why do you employ that haughty English butler?" "Well, you see, dear, I cannot afford to live in London all the time, and he makes me feel just as uncomfortable as if I were moving in the most aristocratic society."—Life.

"Now," said a writer to a paragraph, "he a good little joke, and when you are old enough you shall have the honor of being ascribed by the magazines to one or another of the world's most celebrated people."—Washington Star.

Traveler (ticket-office, Boston)—"I want to go to New York. What is the fare?" Ticket-seller—"Beg your pardon; you mean you are obliged to go to New York, nobody wants to go there. The fare is five dollars."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Caller—"Miss Antioque, I have been wanting to ask you something for some time." Miss Antioque (blushing)—"You—you may ask it." Mr. Caller—"My mother wants to know if you are not the Isabel Antioque she used to go to school with."—Truth.

"Sell you a nice alligator bag for three dollars," said the gentlemanly clerk to Uncle Isom, who was trying to buy a valise. "What on airth do I want with an alligator bag?" asked the old man; "I ain't goin' to Floridy; I'm goin' to Chicago."—Indianapolis Journal.

Large-hearted man from Jayville: "If you don't look out," said the excited stranger, catching the policeman at the crossing by the arm and jerking him toward the sidewalk, "you'll get run over! You're standing right in the middle of the street!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Tom, to look at that dog you'd think he didn't know nothin', but he's worth more'n a dollar a day to me durin' crab season. He'll just go an' lay in the water an' putend that he's dead, an' when he's covered with crabs wot come to feed on him, he'll run ashore, an' I kin fill my basket in less than no time. He's lost his tail an' one o' his ears, but he sticks ter hisness."—Life.

Miss Mabel (in a tearful burst of confidence)—"Mamma, I'm so disappointed in Horace! You can't think!" Mamma—"What's the matter now, dear? Have you quarreled?" Miss Mabel—"No; but when I told him my birthday came December 25th, he said: 'Dearest, let us be married that day!' I do believe he was thinking how much money he would save in making presents if all our anniversaries came on Christmas!"—Chicago Tribune.

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Fried Smelts. Potato Croquettes.
Birds' Nests.
Lima Beans. Corn Fritters.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks, Currant-Jelly Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Charlotte Russe. Raspberries.
Fruits. Coffee.

Birds' Nests.—Clop very fine one ounce of beef suet or cold meat, half a cupful of bread-crumbs, season with chopped parsley, powdered thyme, and marjoram, a little grated rind of lemon, and half its juice, and one egg, well beaten, to bind the mixture. While you are preparing the mixture, have four eggs on the stove to boil hard—ten minutes will be sufficient. Warm half a pint of rich gravy. When the eggs are boiled hard take them from the shell, and cover them thickly with the mixture. Put a little butter in a stew-pan, fry them a light brown, dish them up, cut them in halves (first cut off the top of the white, that they may stand), and serve them hot, with the gravy poured over them.

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If you cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 60c. per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Act has passed the Senate and become a law.

The Senate has been in session since the first week in August. Nearly three months have been consumed by it in "deliberating" over this question of repeal. The Senate, like the rest of the Government, is Democratic, having a good working majority, yet, as is always the case when the Democrats have been in power, its policy has been a shifty, vacillating, and timorous one. Whatever may be the opinions of the average American citizen, whether for or against silver repeal, he can have but one opinion concerning the Senate. It is to-day a marked body. It has covered itself with contempt.

If the Democratic senators, with their working majority, believed the silver-purchase clause to be a bad thing, it was their duty immediately to repeal it; they had the power. If they believed it to be a good thing, it was their duty to maintain it; they had the power. But for three months the

members of this so-called deliberative body have wrangled and fought like a Democratic ward meeting without accomplishing anything. Cleveland was opposed to the silver-purchase law. So was a majority of the Republican minority. But the Democratic majority in the Senate could not agree either with Cleveland or with each other. They had the entire control of the matter in their hands. It was their business to agree on something. The Republicans could not originate legislation—they were in a minority. In the years gone by, Republicans have never shrunk from responsibility. Whoever a question came up that had to be decided, the Republicans did not dodge, and shuffle, and whine that they "could not agree." They agreed, in family conclave, and then decided the question by downing the Democrats handsomely. All the great laws which have figured as landmarks in American history during the past third of a century have been originated and passed by Republicans. The Democrats never originated anything, and they never will.

During the senatorial dead-lock of the last three months the responsibility for delay has rested entirely on the Democratic side of the Senate chamber. Czar Cleveland had told his Democratic satellites in the Senate what he wanted done. The Republican senators do not believe in him, do not believe in his policy, and are under no obligations to him. Yet they were counted upon to furnish two-thirds of the votes requisite to pass this "administration measure," while the Democratic majority in the Senate stood by, feebly protesting that they "could not agree." Under our system of government, a party which pleads the baby act in such a juncture is unworthy to be called a party. The Democratic majority in the Senate has covered itself and its party with contumely.

Under the rule of these men entirely great, the "courtesy of the Senate" has become a term of exquisite satire. These pseudo-senators have turned the chamber into a hear-garden, have enlivened the proceedings by allusions to each other's bodily habits and wearing apparel, and have occasionally diversified debate by invitations to "come outside and fight." The "courtesy of the Senate" has become a tradition; the dignity of that body an old-time fairy-tale. The hoary mysteries of antiquity being thus stripped from the Senate, it might as well come down to cases now, and adopt rules which permit of the transaction of business. There are but two deliberative bodies in the world which have no closure rules—the American Senate and the English House of Lords. It would be hard to say which of the two to-day is the more ridiculous in the people's eyes.

Even under the present rules, the Democratic majority in the Senate could have come to a vote long ago. If Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Democratic Vice-President of the United States, had possessed the courage and the brains, he could have forced a vote at any time. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States, or in the rules of the Senate, to prevent the Vice-President from putting a question to a vote. When Samuel J. Randall, in 1877, occupied a similar position as Speaker of the House, when it was reviewing the count of the Electoral Commission, he had the brains and the courage to rise superior to party and to partisan rules. He refused to recognize obstructionists and to put dilatory motions, and he thus prevented revolution. But Mr. Adlai Stevenson is not a Samuel Randall.

It is said that some of the ultra-Southern senators, like Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, threatened to case Vice-President Stevenson attempted to order a vote that they would "pull him from his chair." Certain it is that Senator Harris used these words to a United Press correspondent: "The reason why a vote can not be called for by the presiding officer of the Senate is because he can not call for it. No one but God can invest him with that high authority, and I question whether he could get it even from that high source. If the Vice-President were to attempt to call for or order a vote, he would not be permitted to do such a thing." With impressive gravity he added: "I do not believe he would live to accomplish it."

It is only fair to say that Senator Harris has since

attempted to qualify this language; but the words were uttered in the presence of three Washington correspondents, who agree that the United Press correspondent was substantially correct.

But, despite the vaporings of senile senators, the Democratic Senate has at last done something, after three months of squabbling. It has repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. To that act has been ascribed all the financial ills that now afflict this country. Yet it has been in force since August 11, 1890—over three years. Why did not the financial panic come before? Why did it begin about March 4, 1893, when the Democrats took possession of the government? How the possession of some six hundred and fifty millions in silver bullion and in silver dollars could come so near ruining a great and prosperous country like the United States it is difficult to understand. Yet such has been the cry of the Democratic organs. It is our firm belief that the present financial evils are due mainly to the fear of Democratic tariff-tinkering, and that silver has very little to do with it. The anti-silver cry has been raised by the Democrats in order to divert public attention from the grave dangers menacing the country through the Democratic free-trade scheme. But a very short time will serve to show the falsity of this claim. Up to date the repeal of the silver bill has not brought with it the evidences of returning prosperity. The day after the Senate took action, wheat fell heavily in Chicago, stocks slumped in New York, and silver declined to its lowest point in London.

We shall now see whether these Democratic prophets are false prophets or not. We shall now see whether the repeal of the silver bill is going to restore prosperity to a country which a Democratic administration has nearly ruined. And we shall now see what truth there is in the rose-colored vaticinations of the Democratic organs and the Republican organ-monkeys who have been pulling chestnuts out of the fire for them.

John J. Ract, of New York, is in imminent peril of damnation. Indeed, it is impossible to see how he can escape that fate, for he has deliberately incurred the hostility of a personage who is on the closest terms of professional and personal friendship with the Saints in heaven. Mr. Ract does business at No. 2 Union Square, in the American metropolis of which Archbishop Corrigan is the ruler. He deals in military, theatrical, and church goods, the latter consisting in part of relics warranted to perform miracles. This trade is obviously of a nature to advantage Mr. Ract's spiritual as well as material interests if discreetly conducted. But that is the point. Mr. Ract is not discreet. He has had the blasphemous audacity to bring suit to the courts of Alleghany, Pa., against the estate of the late Father Mollinger, of the Church of the Holy Name, there situated, for fifteen hundred dollars, and for cause of action sets forth that, in the year of our Lord 1890, he sold for that price to the priest, on credit, "a certain sacred relic, to wit, the great toe of St. Anthony, and sixteen other sacred relics of the said St. Anthony."

Father Mollinger died last year. It will be recalled by the faithful and others that Father Mollinger in life won great repute as a curer of the lame, the halt, and the blind by virtue of relics of St. Anthony, and through the mediation with God of that worthy, so sorely tried by the ladies when in the flesh. Multitudes of believers, afflicted in divers sorts of ways, made pilgrimages to Father Mollinger's shrine and went away restored, leaving their crutches, their blessings, and their donations behind them. The donations enabled St. Anthony's friend to accumulate a fortune of over one hundred thousand dollars, and also to erect a magnificent altar, blazing with jewels, in the Church of the Holy Name, on Mount Troy. So numerous and brilliant were the jewels of this altar that it was reputed to be worth, in earthly dross, not less than a quarter of a million. When Father Mollinger departed this life, however, it was found that the gems were of the theatrical kind sold by Mr. Ract, and the whole thing, including the large collection of leg-

ments of St. Anthony's person, brought only thirteen thousand dollars under the hammer.

When the performer of miracles was himself taken ill, there were fully seven thousand sick massed in and around the Church of the Holy Name, waiting to be given the privilege of viewing and kissing the curative debris of St. Anthony. Incredible as it may seem, Father Mollinger, instead of prescribing relics for himself, called in a doctor after the manner of the worldly. Whether it was that St. Anthony, incensed at this neglect of his toe, determined to administer a reuke, or whether the Alleghany doctor was not so skillful as might be, Father Mollinger died. Doubtless one who did so much for the honor and glory of Anthony has been able in celestial intimacy to plead the example of St. Peter for his lapse in faith, and make it up. It is also to be presumed that the translated Mollinger will urge upon his puissant friend the necessity of enlisting the whole calendar of the saints in a cause which represents their common interests. Consequently, no matter if Mr. Ract does recover in the Alleghany court the sum he sues for, he is not to be envied the interview which he, like the rest of us, must ultimately have with St. Peter. In the meantime the unpaid toe of St. Anthony has disappeared and is working no miracles at present.

Many of the ladies of San Francisco have received a printed appeal from "the women of California," calling upon them to aid in a movement for the purification of the newspaper press by protesting against sensationalism and personalities. The women of California say that, as matters stand, "there is too often a minuteness of detail in the reports given of crime, wickedness, and sensuality," and they contend that "spreading broadcast vicious and debasing news in our homes and among our children, and the consequent knowledge and easy familiarity with crime in all its forms, has a tendency to lower the tone of thought among the best of our people, and to strengthen the worst instincts among the morally lower classes."

Both propositions will command the assent of the intelligent. No newspaper reader will deny that most of the journals published in this city frequently contain prurient and revolting details of vice and crime which ought to exclude them from decent households; nor will it be denied that the effect of such publications is to lower the moral tone of the community and to pander to salacious appetites. It would be a happy thing for San Francisco if the ladies could band themselves together to exclude offending newspapers from their homes, and to teach them decency by cutting down their subscription lists. Such triumphs of the better class over licentious journalism have been witnessed in several communities.

But the ladies must beware of following the example of the Eastern tyrant who resented an excessive burst of hot weather by smashing his thermometer. They must remember that the chroniclers of vice and crime do not produce the vice and crime which they record. They merely describe what they find by the wayside. If they were persons of better taste and finer feelings, they would refuse to allow their sheets to become sluices for filth. But, after all, they do not generate the filth. That they find ready made to their hand. And the logical course for a social reformer would seem to be to attack the filth at its source, and not in the channels through which it trickles. If the ladies of California want to cleanse the press from vicious and debasing news, the most direct way would be to cut off their supply of material.

The daily newspapers are filled with the matter which experience teaches their editors that the public want. If the public want vicious and debasing news, there are unprincipled men in the newspaper profession who will supply it. The *Daily Scavenger* rakes the gutters for garbage because its owner has learned by experience that garbage will sell, while high morality will not. Surely the way to stop or reform that sheet is to promote a higher tone of morality among the public at large, so that the demand for rottenness shall decline, and the *Scavenger* shall cease to be a profitable enterprise.

It will be contended that "the ladies of California" can not go out into the highways and byways, seize vicious persons by the throat, and compel them to lead virtuous lives. Certainly not. But they can set them a better example than some of the "morally upper classes" do now. Few drawing-rooms contain regular issues of the papers which are exclusively devoted to police news. But how is it with the daily papers of general circulation, which, while covering the whole field of journalistic enterprise, feel bound to publish reports of trials which no gentleman could read aloud to his daughter? It is shrewdly suspected that the circulation of these sheets is not confined to the office, the bar-room, the club, the hotel-corridor, and the booth-lack-stand. Persons who mix in society find that, among the best people, the details of the scandal of the day are thoroughly known;

where could the ladies have got them except out of the columns of the sheets which the "women of California" now denounce?

Both parties to this discussion stand on very boggy ground. The only reason that newspaper proprietors can give for printing salacious, sensational, and criminal news is that "people want to read it." This means, in plain English, that they sell more papers if they make them nasty than they do if they make them clean. They thus admit that they deal in filth and nastiness because it is profitable. This is a very poor and base excuse for persons on the high and lofty plane which newspaper proprietors (theoretically) occupy. By parity of reasoning, a man engaged in book-selling would be justified in abandoning it for rum-selling; there is more money in rum than in books. By parity of reasoning, an honest woman who is keeping a boarding-house would be justified in leaving it to keep a dive; there is more money in keeping a dive. By parity of reasoning, an honest girl would be justified in abandoning domestic service for a life of shame; there is more money in a life of shame.

No: the newspaper proprietors who print sensational and salacious papers do it for money, and for no other reason. Their motives are no higher than those of other debased and degraded creatures, male and female, who ply degrading and debasing callings—also for money.

But all the responsibility does not attach to the editors and proprietors of such sheets—the readers have their responsibility, too. No one of these journals could exist a week if this community did not desire it. Many years ago, a daily paper in San Francisco was wiped out of existence in forty-eight hours, because it ran counter to the sentiment of the community. Similarly, there is no journal in this city today, no matter how rich or powerful, which could live if the people of the city desired its death. Their existence, therefore, shows plainly that they supply a want. They abound in sensationalism, they revel in criminal horrors, they delight in sexual scandals. But they thrive. It is therefore evident that San Francisco likes to read sensations, criminal horrors, and sexual scandals. And, as Lincoln said, for people who like that sort of thing, it is evident she gets very much of the sort of thing she likes.

Among the various threads which go to make up the tangled skein of European diplomacy at present is the peculiar position of the Papacy. The coolness between France and Italy has been intensified by the Franco-Russian love-feast. Italy and England have been hilling and cooing at Spezia; the Kaiser has decorated at Lorraine the Italian Crown Prince, who wore in his honor a Prussian uniform. The offensive and defensive alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy has been strengthened by the evident understanding between France and Russia. Italy and France are very hollow friends. In case the European war, which for twenty years the American newspapers have been prophesying, should break forth, what would be the position of the Papacy?

It would be a very critical one. The Roman correspondent of the London *Chronicle* telegraphs to his journal that arrangements are now under foot for investing the Papal funds outside of Italy, and transferring the Vatican treasures to a safer place. The Pope is convinced that the Italian Government is in desperate financial straits, and that war alone can save it from bankruptcy. The German money-kings who have been handling Italy's finances have become alarmed; the payments of the last month's coupons on the Italian bonds were delayed by King Humbert's Government on all sorts of technical pretexts, and it is whispered in Europe that a crash was only averted by the German Government putting the screws on the German money-lenders, through friendliness for Italy.

If a crisis should come, and France should triumph over Italy, it is believed by Italians that the victors would restore to the Pope his temporal possessions. But it is also believed by them that there would be little left to restore. In 1849, the Roman triumvirs intended to blow up all the churches and other buildings in Rome controlled by the Papacy; it is well known that one of the arches of St. Peter's was undermined with that purpose in view. What was contemplated by the Roman Republic over forty years ago is now openly threatened by the *Caffaro*, an organ of the advanced Italian Radicals. It says: "Suppose news of the loss of a pitched battle reached Rome, what would follow? Of the Vatican, not one stone would be left upon another, nor would any official force suffice to guarantee the lives of its inmates." The *Riforma*, another Radical journal, also regrets that the Roman republic of 1849 did not "simplify the Roman problem," to use its words, by blowing up all the Papal edifices before surrendering the city to the French.

The world well remembers the lethargic way in which the Italian Government took in hand the suppression of the riots at the time of the visit of the French pilgrims to Rome, not

many months ago. If it had so much difficulty in suppressing that outbreak, what could it do if the Roman populace should rise? Reverses to the Italian arms would mean advantages to the Papacy. Under these circumstances, it would be almost impossible for the Italian Government to protect the Vatican.

The murder of Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, by an assassin named Prendergast, has been assumed by the newspapers to be the act of a "crank." Since then, there has been an epidemic of "cranks." In New York city in one day eight "cranks" engaged the attention of the police, and five in Brooklyn. One "crank" demanded five thousand dollars from Edwin Gould; one shot the superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Building in New York city; one demanded one hundred thousand dollars from Superintendent Byrne, of the New York police force; while in San Francisco a dangerous "crank," after demanding money, viciously assaulted in his office W. F. Goad, a prominent attorney.

There are getting to be too many "cranks," and there is too much method in their crankiness. They all want something for nothing. They want money or they want place. Many of us who are not "cranks" have similar desires. Yet many of us are doomed to die with these desires unsatisfied.

It seems to us that the American people look with altogether too much mildness upon this vicious order of humanity. Are we retrograding to the condition of the savage tribes who look upon madmen as sacred? There is a species of flabby sentiment existing toward cranks which is gradually putting a premium upon murder. When Wesley C. Rippey was sentenced the other day for attempting to take the life of John Mackay—in which attempt he nearly succeeded—the scene in court was not a wholesome one. There were recommendations from the jury for mercy; the attorneys for the defense pleaded for mercy; the attorneys for the prosecution suggested mercy; the court-room loungers murmured of mercy; women wept and said: "Poor old man!" Stern men melted and said: "He's only a poor old crank—he easy on bim." So the poor old crank got a merely nominal sentence for attempting to murder another man.

Had the trial and sentence of Rippey taken place after the murder of Carter Harrison and the crop of cranks which followed it, it is doubtful whether such a sentimental atmosphere would have pervaded the court-room where he was tried.

The truth of the matter is that we Americans are too merciful. To take life legally seems to fill the average American with horror. A woman was executed in Berlin the other day for poisoning her husband; such a thing bere as the execution of a woman is almost unknown. In fact, a female murderess in America is almost certain to go unchained, and females intending murder know it. There are very few female murderers in Germany. The law there is no respecter of sex. So, too, with "cranks." The anarchists, socialists, dynamiters, and cranks generally of that description, have a hard time in Germany. When they murder they are executed; it is even whispered that they are sometimes tortured before they are executed, in order to unearth their fellow-murderers. This, of course, ought to be considered as horrible, but to a man who is not of the maudlin temperament termed in America "merciful," it is not without its advantages—at least in Germany.

To sum up, the gist of the matter is this: there are few human beings who are wholly irresponsible, except raving madmen. Most of the lunatics in asylums are subject to discipline; they are ruled by fear. They know that infractions of certain rules will result in bread-and-water diet, in solitary confinement, in cold-water douches, in flogging. Knowing this, they obey the rules. Correspondingly, those "cranks" who are without the walls of the asylums are ruled by fear. If swift, certain, and deadly punishment followed on the heels of assassination, there would be fewer "crank" murders. But when red-banded murderers like the Haymarket anarchists of Chicago are pardoned by men like Governor Altgeld, of Illinois—when judge, jury, and attorneys unite in asking mercy for a "poor, weak, old man" like Rippey, whose weakness seems to be murder—then is a premium put upon assassination.

This talk about mercy is all very well, but it ought to be reciprocal. What is the matter with the Rippeys and Prendergasts displaying a little mercy toward their victims? And if they fail to do so, why should any one show mercy to them?

Let us be merciful. Aye, truly. But let the cranks begin.

The founders of the republic thought they had sufficiently guarded the freedom of the press when they provided in the constitution that Congress should pass no law to abridge it. That provision secures perfect liberty to the American citizen

to write and publish what he pleases, short of urging the commission of crime; but it does not apply to the resident of America who gives his first allegiance to the foreign potentate Leo the Thirteenth, and believes that his salvation depends on obedience to the orders of the Roman Church. True, such a resident may be entitled by birth or naturalization to vote as an American citizen, but he is not one in any true sense. Under the influence of his free environment, he is occasionally prompted to fancy that he is in the enjoyment of the same liberty as his American neighbors; but should be act on that fancy, he will swiftly feel the weight of the band of repressive authority laid on his presumptuous shoulder—particularly so if he happens to be a journalist.

The Roman Catholic press of the United States is a miracle of dullness, ignorance, superstition, and timidity. It is mediæval in the abjectness of its prostration at the feet of ecclesiastical power. An American, not otherwise informed than by perusal of these prints themselves, would decide that they must disgust and mortify intelligent churchmen by their eagerness not to offend and their general slavishness of spirit and intellectual inferiority to the non-Catholic press. That is a mistake. Some of them, in order to exhibit a semblance of independence, now and again pluck up courage to criticise the ecclesiastical, the administrative, the purely earthly side of the church. Roman Catholics are forever insisting that there is nothing in their doctrines which forbids them to do this—that they are as free to criticise their clergy as are Protestants their pastors. The clergy, however, no matter what they may say about "Catholic liberty" in the magazines and secular newspapers, take an altogether different tone when addressing the field-bands on their own journalistic plantation. There has just been made public a communication recently sent to the editors of Roman Catholic journals throughout the country. At the secret meeting of the archbishops held in Chicago in September last, it was resolved by a unanimous vote to have Decrees 230 and 231 of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore recalled officially to the minds of the conductors of Roman Catholic publications. These extracts are from the decrees which have been delivered by the hierarchy to the editors as the charter of their intellectual liberty in the United States of America:

"It is a source of sadness and humiliation to us that our position forces us again and again to caution editors of Catholic newspapers that neither they themselves, nor those who assist them, should attack ecclesiastics, and, above all, bishops; nor should they constitute themselves the judges of episcopal decisions, decrees, and other such matters pertaining to the administration of a diocese, or find fault with them, nor let them think themselves privileged to examine critically what divinely appointed pastors have established. And, lest the present evil should flourish, we judge well to meet it, not by cautions and advice merely, but also by ecclesiastical penalties."

What the church does where it has power indicates what it would like to do where it has no power. Only inability to enforce its orders withholds it from issuing to the whole press of the United States the decrees which it has imposed upon the Roman Catholic part of it. Romanism is a tiger that is as yet caged in America, but its nature has not been changed by restraint. It is the same old tiger still.

Superintendent Smiley, of the San Francisco Boys and Girls' Aid Society, corroborates the statement which is found in the reports of many juvenile reformatories that boys are more easily managed than girls. Mr. Smiley goes so far as to say (according to a reporter) that he "would rather have fifty boys than one girl in his institution." Though he does not charge the girls with any specific fault beyond a propensity to flirt with the boys and to quarrel with each other, he evidently looks upon them much as the man did who thought the Almighty had been nasty when he created Eve, and that Adam would have been better off without her. It all depends on temperament. Some of us are born woman-haters, others become so.

It is surely unreasonable to blame such girls for "flirting." It is their only means of drawing male attention to their existence. The normal boy ignores girls as inferior creatures who are not worth his notice, and as to whom his only wish is that they should keep out of his way. The normal girl knows that this is a misconception, and that life would be much pleasanter if she and the boy were friends. She therefore demonstrates in light skirmishing order, and this is called "flirting." Curmudgeons condemn it as a fault, but it is a natural impulse. It is born with the female infant. It is said to survive in the grandmother. The marriages of elderly (and rich) ladies are often preceded by certain senile coquetry which is said to be analogous to that is called "flirting" in the younger human female. Flirting" is as old as the race.

We should be inclined to infer from Mr. Smiley's statements that he is not a profound student of human nature. He is in charge of the abandoned progeny of vicious and reckless parents. His congregation does not even consist of

human beings in the primeval stage, for, before they reach him, their primeval nature has been corrupted. Both boys and girls have been familiarized with wrong. They have nothing to learn in the vocabulary of the slums. Vice has few secrets from them. They have been shamed out of their wholesome impulses, while their vile impulses have been encouraged. It is rather a return to natural instincts that the female portion of this assemblage should try to make friends with boys of their own age; prim Mr. Smiley would lose nothing of his usefulness if he overcame his horror at the discovery of the girls biding love-letters in the coal-scuttle.

The late C. L. Brace, and others who were his disciples, did not believe that it was easier to manage fifty boys than one girl. Their experience had taught them that while girls have, perhaps, as many trivial weaknesses as boys, they have fewer vicious instincts. When a woman is bad, she is very bad—a sort of compendium of all vices; but there are very few such women in the world. A boy, sprung from the dregs, fatherless, motherless, guideless, homeless, will lie, steal, drink, fight, and commit any wrong within his reach; whereas, in the girl, there will generally be a limit to wrongdoing. She will be bad, probably; but she will not be altogether bad; there will be in her case redeeming features, recuperative power. A few years ago, the books of the society over which Mr. Smiley presides were examined to find out what had become of the boys and girls who had been launched into the world by the institution. It was found that, with very few exceptions, the girls had turned out well, but it was found impossible to ascertain what had become of most of the boys, and the inference was that they had broken bounds and gone wrong.

Misconception regarding the nature and proper treatment of young women was inevitable in the times when the sole destiny of a woman was to become the wife of a man for her living, and men not only made the laws, but shaped public opinion. Since girls have begun to earn their own living, to marry or not, as they please, and to become factors in the formation of opinion, much of that misconception has been removed. It has been discovered that the loquacity and scolding propensities of women are ancient fables; that men are more talkative and scold louder than women. And when we bear a man now denouncing women as "destructive, deceitful, damnable, the cause of mighty ills," we simply conclude that on some momentous occasion, when he put his fortune to the test, he was asked to call again.

Co-education has, at any rate, taught us that the influence of sex on the constitution of the mind is small, and that men and women are a good deal alike. The old Scotch dominie was of opinion that the inequality of the sexes was, on the whole, advantageous to the ladies; that was Burns's opinion, likewise. However this may be, the opinion grows that there is a good deal of affinity between the sexes; and a public teacher who declares that girls are fifty times as hard to manage as boys, should, it seems, give people a reason for the faith that is in him.

There is one striking difference pointed out by Superintendent Smiley as existing between the girls and boys. If a boy escapes, it is utterly impossible to extort from his comrades any particulars concerning his flight, his confederates, or his whereabouts. The boys "stand in" together all the time. On the other hand, the girls (says Superintendent Smiley) quarrel so incessantly, and are so treacherous to each other, that any combinations they may form are like ropes of sand.

This, to the basty observer, would seem to render them more easily governed than the boys.

During the closing days of the great Chicago Fair, people here have been talking lightly about "all the debts being paid." So they are—with the exception of a little trifle of ten millions. When the treasurer has spoken of "paying off the debt," and when last week he signed a check for \$1,500,000, which put the exposition out of debt, he did not include the capital stock. The city of Chicago subscribed as a municipality five millions of dollars to the stock of the World's Columbian Exposition, and the people of Chicago subscribed as individuals five million dollars more. There may be a slight dividend from salvage of buildings, from the admissions during the closing days of the fair, and from some other sources. But, to all intents and purposes, the capital stock is sunk. The fair has cost about thirty-five millions of dollars, and of this ten millions is lost. This vast sum must be wiped off the books.

It is, however, true that the people who gave these millions to the fair did not expect them to be returned. They were, in reality, gifts. Still, in the practical Chicago way, stock was issued for them, so that in case the fair should be a great financial success, the men who put up the money might reap the reward. They have not done so directly. Yet indirectly their gains have been large. George M. Pullman gave

one hundred thousand dollars. Marshall Field, of the leading dry-goods house of Chicago also gave one hundred thousand dollars. Both of these gentlemen have doubtless taken in tens where they paid out dollars. But they deserve none the less of credit for their far-sighted liberality. Would that there were a slight leaven of that kind of liberality in San Francisco.

The great fair is over. It was the greatest exposition the world has ever seen. It is doubtful whether such another will be seen in this generation. The colossal figures we have given above are well calculated to make any nation pause. But Chicago never faltered when once she had begun. Through good report and evil report, through the fire of vituperation and slander from the jealous New York press, she pursued her way steadily toward her goal. And toward the end of the great exposition, even the bitter, sneering New York dailies were forced to admit that it was such a success as no man had dreamed of. Admiration was wrung from them. But it was at the end, and only at the end. Millions of people at the East were deterred from visiting the exposition by the tone of the New York press.

But if the millions who did visit the fair came principally from the West, so much the better. The influence of such an exposition upon them, artistically and architecturally, will be at once apparent, and will endure. No such beautiful buildings have ever been seen since the world was born. Such effects could never have been produced in permanent materials without mortgaging a king's ransom. Architects were the most enthusiastic visitors at the fair. And even those who were not architects will long retain the recollection of the vast, white, marble-like piles, of the white vistas of distant buildings, and of the beautiful Court of Honor, its white lines tinged under the electric lights to a rosy glow.

Sylvester Pennoyer, the Populist but not popular governor of Oregon, has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation. It is a unique document. In it, after the usual prayerful and meteorological remarks, he says: "God has, indeed, been most beneficent to our State and nation, but unjust and ill-advised congressional legislation having made gold alone the legal-tender money, has so dwarfed and paralyzed business that the bounties of Providence are now denied to hundreds of thousands of people within the national domain who are not only without employment, but also without the means of procuring food, raiment, or shelter. While, therefore, the people of Oregon return thanks to God for his goodness, I do most earnestly recommend that they devoutly implore him to dispose the President and Congress of the United States to secure the restoration of silver as full legal-tender money." It has been said that in war God is always on the side of the largest armies. In legislation, if the same rule holds, Governor Pennoyer's pious proclamation would be useless. There are only about a hundred thousand people in Oregon, and there are a great many millions of pious people in the East who differ with them. If it came down to a praying tug-of-war, we fear that Pennoyer and his people would be pulled over the rope.

On October 19th, the directors of the Spring Valley Water Works advertised for bids for 7,000 shares of stock. On November 1st the bids were opened. Altogether 4,975 shares were sold at prices ranging from \$93 to \$94. All bids below \$93 were rejected. The remaining 2,095 shares were advertised, bids to close November 6th. The placing of this block of stock on the market at this time with such favorable results must be exceedingly gratifying to the directors. During the financial depression of the past summer, the stock has been remarkably steady. But the placing of this block of stock was by many looked upon as sure to knock the quotations. The result has been most assuring. It is a pretty good sign, also, of the reviving condition of the San Francisco money market. But the stock of the Spring Valley Company has always been a favorite investment here. The corporation is managed with the utmost economy and ability, and the fact that it has successfully placed this stock at a time of great financial depression shows the confidence entertained in it and its management by the moneyed men of San Francisco—who certainly ought to know.

The ladies of California, in their attempt to "purify the press," are with great gravity continuing to obtain names to a monster petition addressed to the editors of the daily newspapers. Why to the editors? The editors have not the power to purify the press, and would not exercise it if they had. Even if they were to suggest it, the proprietors would not listen to them, as the editors control no advertising. Now if the ladies were to address their petition to the dry-goods dealers, the proprietors of the newspapers would incline to it a respectful ear.

AN AMATEUR COSTUMER.

How Artist Jacques Served both his Fair Friends and Himself.

One morning, a week before the ball, Jacques found in his mail the following interesting series of letters:

From his Sister the Duchess Giselle to Jacques:

Don't you want to do me a great favor? Stop at Félix's some time to-day and let him show you the designs for costumes that I was looking at yesterday. Theo you can tell me what to select, for I can not decide for myself—everything is so bewilderingly pretty; but I have such confidence in your taste, or, rather, in your vast experience in such things, that I shall depend on you entirely. Do this like the dear little brother you always are. In haste, as ever, GISELLE.

P. S.—Above all, choose me a costume that will be becoming. I quite liked the "Mercury."

From the Marquise de Joyeuse to Jacques:

Do run into Félix's some time to-day and pick out a costume for me. Unfortunately, my ideas so rarely coincide with yours that I am liable to make a blunder. I want to enjoy myself at the ball, and, consequently, wish to avoid (as far as possible) the disagreeable things you would surely say to me, did my costume to any way offend your fastidious taste.

To an artist like you what I ask is very little, and I am certain you will execute my little commission to perfection. DIANA.

P. S.—Félix has a "Mercury" which is charming; but as you would hardly approve of showing one's ankles even at a fancy-dress ball, I don't suppose I ought to think of it.

From his Cousin Eve to Jacques:

You have always been so good to me, dear Jacques, that I know you won't mind my asking your advice on a most important subject. Tell me what my costume shall be, please. Giselle says you are going to Félix's to find something for her, and so I thought, perhaps, at the same time, you might see one that would do for me. I don't know at all, not one bit, what would be becoming to me, but you—I am quite sure you will know.

This is my first costume ball, you see, and that is why I am such a little bore. Another time, after having seen everything, I shall be able to decide for myself, as every one else does. Pick me out something very pretty; papa has given me "unlimited credit," he wants me to be very well.

I haven't seen anything that I like very much—flower-girls, French and Italian peasants, but they are so old. Then there are some mythological costumes, but they are rather short—and—well, I don't think papa would like them.

I shut my eyes and leave it all to you. Your little cousin, EVE.

P. S.—Papa says it is ridiculous to bother you with all this. But you won't think so, will you?

From the Baroness Flirt to Jacques:

Of an artist one can ask anything; he is like a confessor or a physician, is he not? Consequently, I am consulting you on a very important matter. What costume, do you think, will be most becoming to me? Short or long? Low-necked or high-necked? Answer me frankly; don't mind pointing out my imperfections to me without mercy! I ask your opinion, and I want your true one.

We women really know ourselves so little, and, as for me, I haven't the least idea as to what will suit me best. Send me a line, or better, come and give me your answer in person. OOETTE.

Come early, because at four I have my usual collection of "bores and bored."

From the Countess de Valtanant to Jacques:

CHEER MONSIEUR: May I ask your assistance in the selection of a costume? I am quite at a loss to know what would be most desirable. Félix has a Servian dress which might be becoming to me; it is of embroidered cashmere, the full veil being fastened with large silver pins, which are rather effective on my black hair. Then there is an Alsatian peasant that I quite fancy (the dress of silk, of course), and the bow and apron of foulard—tricolored foulard, I should like; for the remembrance of our unhappy Alsace should be brought to the minds of those who would forget it. Do you not agree with me?

Receive, *cher monsieur*, all my thanks and the assurance of my distinguished sentiments. COMTESSE DE VALTANANT, *née* DU HAUTOBOIS.

P. S.—There is a "Mercury" that my husband likes immensely; he says it would suit me very well. Will you see it and tell me what you think? If I decide on the Alsatian dress, I shall wear a blonde wig.

From his Aunt the Dowager Marquise to Jacques:

DEAREST JACQUES: You must find me some respectable costume with which I can cover my old shoulders without being too ridiculous.

A week ago I promised your Uncle de Lansac to take Eve to this costume ball, over dreaming for an instant that they would force an old woman like me to disguise herself entirely. I thought, of course, that powdered hair and some patches would be sufficient. But your sister tells me that those simple accessories have been ruled out. I must wear either a "complete costume," a "domino," or a "false head." A domino?—out of the question; I should smother; I, who am always stifling anyway in a ball-room. I should have a "turn." A false head? Well, really, to take Eve to her first ball, a fireman's head or a "General Boulanger" would hardly be the thing. So the only thing left is the "complete costume," and I call on you to help me out. YOUR OLD AUNT.

Who is thoroughly vexed at having to disguise herself for the first time in her life at the sedate age of fifty-five. Perfectly absurd, isn't it?

To these epistles Jacques replied severally as follows:

Jacques to his Sister the Duchess Giselle:

I have just seen your "Mercury"! Are you mad? I can't imagine how a sensible woman like you could have thought for an instant of appearing in such a costume. A waist-band, a caduils, winged heels, and a few yards of flimsy China silk. But you are so utterly blind that I can't be angry with you, and here is the proof. Listen: I spent an hour with Félix, and together we concocted a costume worthy of you. It will be superb, and so will you. It is a "Panther."

A short skirt, very tight, of heavy black molré silk, cut up a little on one side (you see I am considerate) to show your slippers, which, by the way, must be made of real paws, with onyx heels; all the fullness of the skirt must be drawn to the back and fastened by two large claws, joined, as if they were shaking hands. You understand, don't you? The waist, fitting like a glove, is to be of seal-skin; we were obliged to do this, as Félix said the panther-skin would be too stiff. Then there is a short seal-skin cape, fastened at the shoulders with diamond claws. But now comes the difficulty. You must have a panther's head, made into a little cap, to be worn well forward, your hair all flowing. Now, there is only one head in Paris which will suit our purpose. You remember that dwarf panther-skin of General Clairfont? Ask him to lend you the head; he is so fond of you, I am quite certain he will. If you succeed, send it directly to Félix. Yours always, JACQUES.

Tell the general that you will have the head sewed neatly on again after the ball, and the stitches will never be noticed. Have onyx clasps put on your gloves.

Jacques to the Marquise de Joyeuse:

I should not dream of preventing you from selecting a costume which would show off to advantage your gracefully arched instep and delicately shaped ankles. On the contrary, I shall be only too glad to have an opportunity of admiring them, as, I am sure, will a great many of your ardent adorers. Consequently, do not worry on my account,

for I should regret extremely being the cause of your choosing a costume which could by any one be called "prudish." I have just been to Félix's for my sister, where I saw the "Mercury." I know it will suit you to perfection. You had better make haste in securing it, for it is one of the greatest favorites. I kiss your hand. JACQUES.

Jacques to his Cousin Eve:

DEAR LITTLE COUSIN: I am making a design for you and will send it over to-night. Have it copied exactly by your own dressmaker, for, being accustomed to your figure, she will fit you better than any one else. So you won't have to abuse your father's unlimited credit.

The costume (a sort of Greek shepherdess) is very simple. It must be of very soft woolen stuff; if it isn't very soft and limp, get China silk.

Have your shoes made of white suede, with close-fitting buskins of silver cloth and silver heels. Don't think of the accessories, I am looking them up for you, in my collection of old silver; and as to the hat, I will order it at Viot's for you, and will let you know just how it is to be worn; or, if you like, I will come and put it on for you myself. No jewelry.

Far from bithering me, little cousin, it is a great pleasure to me to take charge of your costume, and you were entirely right in coming to your old cousin, who is really very much flattered at this proof of your confidence. JACQUES.

Jacques to the Baroness Flirt:

I must ask you to remember, baroness, that we do not question a confessor or a physician, we tell him everything—which is quite different. So that to give you my humble advice conscientiously, I must be thoroughly well informed on a great many things. An artist (thanks for the name) is not a sorcerer, and—?

I was unable to get to your house at two; but will you receive me tomorrow? We can then decide together what will be best for you in the way of a costume. I think, until I have proof to the contrary, that something very light and fluffy will be most advantageous.

Permit me, baroness, to kiss your adorable little hands and to thank you sincerely for deigning to honor me with your confidence. I am quite overwhelmed. JACQUES.

Jacques to the Countess de Valtanant:

MAOAME LA COMTESSE: I am deeply honored that you should think so highly of my taste, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I am giving you my humble opinion. I should avoid, above all, a costume of patriotic tendency. It would scarcely be the thing in our set, and furthermore, it seems to me that a ball-room would be rather an unpropitious place to try to recall the sufferings of our unfortunate Alsace.

The "Mercury" is charming, but I think, madame, that M. de Valtanant is better able than I to judge whether it would suit you. The Servian peasant is rather out. Do you not think it would be best to have a subject of the hour—a costume "Bataillon Solaire"?

Receive, Madame la Comtesse, the homage of my profound respect. LANSAC.

Jacques to his Aunt the Dowager Marquise:

MY DEAR AUNT: I am rejoiced to be of any assistance to you, a pleasure which is so rarely mine.

I have come to the conclusion that you will be stunning in a Maintenon dress. I am in earnest; there are only a few women who could stand it, and you are one of them. I should especially recommend the head-dress; it is all-important. Well carried out, it is charming; badly done, it is horrible—the costume ruined.

Receive, my dear aunt, the expression of my respectful affection. JACQUES.

JACQUES [soliloquizing, the night before the ball]—Let me see. It won't be half bad, after all. In the first place, Giselle will be stunning! It is short, clinging, décolleté; but then she has a way of wearing the most striking and conspicuous things, that sister of mine. With her aristocratic air and queenly carriage, anything would be convenient. Still I shouldn't like—

And Mme. de Joyeuse, oh! she will have her Mercury. Her heart was set on it from the first, and I wonder why? The baroness will really have very little on. If I'm not very much mistaken, after to-morrow night there will be a good many disillusioned admirers. . . . So much the better for the public! *Sapristi!* What a woman! What a bore it would be to have a woman like that for a wife. It is true, the baroness has not lately put any one in that difficult position. She rejoices in her title of widow and in her whole army of adorers. Rather sensible, too, on the whole; she evidently wishes to add my name to her list of victims. But why the deuce does she take just the time when I'm thinking of settling down?

As to that poor Valtanant: I sent her a little design, a "Bataillon Solaire," very close-fitting and décolleté. . . . I'm rather curious to know how she will look, for, in ordinary clothes, she has more the figure of a chambermaid; but still, it seems to me. . . . These proper women are funny. Here is one who is horrified at the thought of a very low-necked dress, and she thinks nothing of appearing to-morrow night, before three hundred people, in the scantiest and gauziest of costumes, simply because it is a costume. There is only one thing that worries me, and that is Eve—my dear little Eve. . . . Perhaps it is a little short, that Greek shepherdess, and rather clinging, too. . . . But if her figure is as perfect as her face, I shall marry her. Yes, I have made up my mind to it.

Dear little Eve, what a jewel of a wife she will make. I wonder what my aunt will say of the design? Suppose she finds it too. . . . or not quite. . . . Bah! No. She is a very sensible woman. I recommended Eve's own dressmaker, so there's no need of fearing any fraud; whereas Félix doesn't mind how much he makes over the figures of his fair customers. It's a good thing for some of them.

What a funny idea it was for them all to ask me to select their costumes.

Even my aunt. Oh, my aunt as "Maintenon!" She will be magnificent.

It's unfortunate that I can't be the only one to see Eve in her costume; others will appreciate just as much as I, and—bah! one notices young girls so little!

I shall, at least, have the pleasure of taking her hat to her.

I've chosen the crook and the shoulder-clasps. She will be fascinating and will owe her first success to me.

The day after the ball Jacques had another heavy mail, in which were the following:

From his Sister the Duchess Giselle to Jacques:

Thanks to you, my costume was gorgeous, and you saved me from that dreadful "Mercury." I had no idea how very—undressed it was. You know it Félix's—on one of the women—I could not judge. That

poor marquise! Now all the world knows what before was now known by a select few; she is bow-legged.

Tell me, were you not rather cool to her last night? Thanks again, dearest boy. GISELLE.

From the Marquise de Joyeuse to Jacques:

It was purposely that you let me go to that ball dressed as a ballet-girl. I see it all clearly, but I should like to know what your object was in so doing. I beg you will come at four o'clock and tell it me. MARQUISE DE JOYEUSE.

From his Cousin Eve to Jacques:

Did you hear it? They told papa and my aunt that my costume was too clinging, that I looked as if I had come out of the water, that my arms were too much exposed, that I looked positively undressed—in fact, everything that those excellent friends of auntie's could invent; for it was very pretty, my costume! Papa is angry; I see it plainly, and it worries me. I, who had such a good time last night. It was very good of you to devote so much of your time to me, when all those other women wanted you so much.

Do you think my costume was out of the way? If it had been like Mme. de Joyeuse's— But it seemed to me I was very well clad. Apropos, I heard Mme. de Joyeuse say I was ugly; is it true, tell me? Thanks, all the same, for the design; only I hope papa will forget all about it soon. Thanking you again, I am, your little cousin, EVE.

From the Baroness de Flirt to Jacques:

What do you say of my success last night? And when I think of the conditions under which we decided on my costume! Do come soon, and let me thank you; I will be "out" to every one else. OOETTE.

From the Countess de Valtanant to Jacques:

A thousand thanks, monsieur. Your design for my costume was quite an inspiration, and you were there to see for yourself the wonderful effect it produced.

Receive, *cher monsieur*, the assurance of my distinguished sentiments. COMTESSE DE VALTANANT, *née* DU HAUTOBOIS.

From his Aunt the Dowager Marquise to Jacques:

Your old aunt was delighted with her costume, my dear child, but it is your uncle who is not delighted. *Sapristi!* He thinks Eve was too much undressed! All this because she was adorable. They said a lot of disagreeable things to us about her arms, neck, ankles, etc. The truth is that she was lovely, and her little costume perfectly decent and pretty; but you know what your uncle is. My dear brother always sees things in their worst light, and this morning he is thoroughly put out. They told him Eve was almost in the costume of her name, that at seventeen it was shocking to appear in such a dress, and a lot more such rubbish that has made him very angry.

I scribble all this to you, that you may not come to see us to-day; to-morrow he will be all over it. Your affectionate AUNT.

Some of these epistles called forth responses, among which were the following:

Jacques to the Marquis de Lansac:

MY DEAR UNCLE: For several years past you have been constantly telling me that I should marry; for the sake of that praiseworthy, but tiresome, end, you have forced me to consider attentively every girl of a marriageable age in Paris, and heaven knows there are enough of them.

To-day, after due consideration, I want to announce solemnly to you the fact that I have decided to marry Eve, if you will give her to me.

You know my character, as it was you who brought me up; and as to my fortune, you know what that is, as you took charge of it until I came of age. I can not, strictly speaking, tell you that during the last five years I have been economical—still nothing is entailed. I have loved Eve for a long time, and since last night I adore her.

Receive, my dear uncle, the expression of my respectful affection. JACQUES.

Jacques to the Marquise de Joyeuse:

I had no other object in letting you wear your "Mercury" than that of breaking the relations which you seemed to regret having incurred. I have been a bore to you for some time past, is it not so? But what can you expect? I am thirty-six—quite old. I fully understand the fact that I am no longer good for anything, so I am resigning myself to matrimony. Permit me to kiss your hand most respectfully. JACQUES.

Jacques to the Baroness de Flirt:

Pardon me, baroness, for not coming to you. I am going to be married, and at that stupid moment one always has such a lot of things to attend to. I cover your pretty hands with kisses. JACQUES.

—Translated for the Argonaut by Richard Burr March from the French of the Comtesse de Martel.

Our English cousins must be very sore over the result of the international yacht race. Here is a specimen of their talk, taken from *Black and White*: "Lord Dunraven is to be congratulated on his pluck, but hardly on his discretion. In the *Valkyrie* he has probably the best sailed, best manned, best built, and fastest yacht in the world; but where was his wisdom when he took this fine vessel across the stormy Atlantic to pit her against a coasting yacht like the *Vigilant*—a mere trick boat, a little toy ship made with a centre board for pleasure-sailing in shallow inland seas? A centre board yacht is not fairly built, with a solid hull and keel made to carry men's lives in all weathers and all seas; but an ingenious mechanical plaything, with a keel that can be pulled up when the wind comes abaft, and lowered to a preposterous depth when the craft is on a wind. Any seaman, and, one would suppose, even any yachtsman must know that between an honest sea-going craft, like the *Valkyrie*, and such a sham of a ship as the *Vigilant*, a match can fairly be sailed. Lord Dunraven can not be thanked by Englishmen for giving an international character to a race which he was bound to lose."

A Brazilian naval officer has been telling an interview at Lisbon that the monarchy would now find complete favor in the eyes of the Brazilians after their three years' unfortunate experience of republican rule. "It is tacitly understood," he says, "that Prince Augustus, a member of the Saxe-Coburg family, who is now serving as an officer in the Austrian navy, would be chosen as emperor. He formerly served in the Brazilian navy, under De Mello, and gained the respect of everybody."

A special Act of Congress has been required to permit Mrs. Jean M. Lander, the retired tragedienne, to adopt her heir the little son of her third cousin. As a resident of the District of Columbia, she had to resort to this elaborate arrangement to make the adoption legal.

AUTUMN MARRIAGES.

Our New York Correspondent says that Society has given up Yachting this Year and Gone to Marrying—A Queer Four-Handed Match.

The yachting season being ended, society has taken to hunting. There are now seven hunting clubs in full blast—the Essex County, the Meadowbrook, the Genesee Valley, the Myopia Drag, the Monmouth County, the Richmond County, and the Radnor Hunt. Each of these clubs has two or three meets per week, at which society makes vigorous efforts to be present in its fall finery. Some of the clubs have fine packs imported from England; the Meadowbrook pack and the Genesee pack are especially notable. The Genesee Club was got up by the Wadsworths, who own so nearly all Genesee that the congressman could stand on his piazza and boast that every acre of land in sight was his own. His house stood on a hill, too. No one has been killed by coming a cropper this fall; that excitement has to come; it will probably not fail. Some of the most promising English hunters have been imported for the Meadowbrook and the Essex County Clubs. American hunting stock will thus be put to the test.

After hunting, society marries in October. The swell wedding of the season was that of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of Earl Dunraven, to Miss Flora Davis, which took place in Paris on the seventeenth. New York society was invited to attend just as if the marriage was to take place in Brooklyn. It was the finale of an engagement which had lasted so long that rumor had called the affair off. But his heart was true to Poll at last. Another wedding in high life took place at Boston on Tuesday. The lady was Margaret Williams, a beautiful heiress, and the gentleman, whose name is Moulton, is the son of that Mme. de Hegerman Lindencrone who is so well remembered by Americans as the wife of the Danish Minister—first at Washington, then at Rome, and lately at Stockholm. Mme. de Hegerman is a distinguished musician and a graceful writer; she shares with Jenny Lind, Christoe Nilsson, and Frederika Bremer the exclusive honor of wearing the Danish Decoration for Art and Letters. Mr. Moulton is rich, and it is supposed that the couple will live in Europe.

Other weddings which have been town-talk are those of Joseph Larocque, son of the well-known lawyer of that name, to Miss Eleanor Duer, of the old Duer family; Miss Edith Draper, the famous belle, daughter of the late auctioneer Draper, to Vaughan Clark; Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., to Miss Katherine Sands, who was one of the best *parties* in the market; the Count of Langier-Villars, ex-French Minister to Hayti, to Miss Cora Livingstone, of the Tivoli Livingstones, a lady whose means will relieve her husband of any concern respecting the housekeeping bills; Miss Hearn, daughter of the ex-Minister to Greece, to Seth Barton French, a widower, whose daughter has figured in society; Mr. George Livingston Nichols, the well-known clubman of Boston, to Mrs. Buxton, of Ar Dee House, Ireland, who was born a Chickering, being the daughter of the head of the piano firm.

Perhaps the drollest matrimonial event of the day is a double marriage which took place last week. Some years ago, Charles McAlister, of Baltimore, married Alice Gardiner, of the well-known Gardiner family, of New York and Gardiner's Bay. The young couple did not agree. Mrs. McAlister went to live in Paris. Mr. McAlister remained in Baltimore. After a few years of this voluntary separation a suit for divorce was brought by the husband, and, by the consent of the wife, a decree was entered. When the news of the decision was cabled to Mrs. McAlister she forthwith married Mr. Walter J. Wilkinson, of Baltimore, who was waiting in Paris for the event. The happy man cabled to his mother, at Baltimore, that he was prepared to receive congratulations. The old lady forthwith imparted her intelligence to the bereaved husband; and he, without losing a day, led to the altar Miss Olive Wilkinson, the sister of the man who had just married his ex-wife. It will puzzle an expert genealogist to define the relationship these various parties will henceforth bear to each other.

Another social *esclandre* is the separation of the Von Pappenheims. Von Pappenheim is another German pauper who has been living on his wife and spending the money he got from her at the gambling-house and other even less reputable resorts. He married a Wheeler, of the well-known Philadelphia Wheelers, and for a long time Mrs. Wheeler's purse was always open to her Teutonic son-in-law; but when her daughter came to her with fearful accounts of her husband's dissipation and neglect, while simultaneously a tailor presented a bill for a fine new uniform for Von Pappenheim, the cup of endurance overflowed, and the Wheelers advised their German son-in-law to retire to the paternal schloss, while his wife joined her family at the Isle of Wight. The count followed in pursuit, but could get no further than London, his means being exhausted at that point. At latest dates he was in pawn in the foreign quarter of the British metropolis.

One of the new institutions of the wioter will be the club-tea at Sherry's. A five-o'clock tea is to be established there; only members of the Tea Club are to be admitted.

Perhaps the most common subject of talk is the new Vanderbilt palace which Cornelius Vanderbilt is now finishing. The house was built for Miss Vanderbilt's debut. The ball-room in which she will be introduced into society is sixty feet square and forty feet from floor to ceiling. No outside light enters the room, which is lit by concealed electric arcs. The ceiling is a canvas, which was painted in Paris; the panels are cream color and gold. Near the ball-room is the banquet-hall for Miss Vanderbilt's friends to sup in; it is severe in tone and monstrous in size. In the day-time it is lit from a colored glass dome over the centre of the room. Was it of imperial Paris that it was said the advance of luxury presaged a new invasion of the Goths and Vandals?

NEW YORK, October 28, 1893.

FLANEUR.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Love and Music.

I gazed upon my love while music smote
The soft night air into glad harmony.
Lapt on the ripples of a silver sea
I heard the bright tones, rapturous, dance and float.
Hearing and sight were wed; each flattering note
Meaned some perfection of my love to me.
Caressed by music, it was bliss to see
Her firm, white-robed, the jewel at her throat,
Her glimmering hands, her dusky perfumed hair,
Her low clear brow, her deep proud dreaming eyes
Bent kindly upon me, her worshiper.
The dulcet, delicate sounds that shook the air,
As if love's joy rained from the starlit skies,
Seemed all sweet inarticulate thoughts of her.

—John Hay in *November Harper's*.

The Burden of Age.

—WALTER CAREY.

There is a dancing in the morning beams,
There is a rainbow sown amid the dew,
There is a glint of gold shot through the sands,
A molten sapphire in the mountains' hue,
And Hope down comes with all her singing bands.
Nay, nay, it is not so; 'twas long ago!
There was a dancing in the morning beams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

There is a glamour in the moon's white gleams,
There is the touch that charmed Endymion's eyes,
A spirit munning from the cloud and stone,
A spirit bending from the bending skies—
And Love in midst of all sets up his throne!
Nay, nay, it is not so; 'twas long ago!
There was a glamour in the moon's white gleams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

There is a wonder-light on woodland streams,
A murmur in the green overhanging bows,
A rustle in the fronded ranks of fern—
And, lo! the Muse with rapt enraptured brows,
And eyes that seen and unseen things discern!
Nay, nay, it is not so; 'twas long ago!
There was a wonder-light on woodland streams:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

Some other world, perchance, our loss redeems—
Light to dead eyes and speech to lips all dumb
Brings back—brings us and ours from banishment!
So may our dreams a living joy become;
But here all things that are, with doubt are blent,
Within the mists that blow from long ago!
Some other world, not this, our loss redeems:
Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!
—Edith M. Thomas in *November Century*.

Over the Bridge to the King's Highway.

Over the bridge to the King's highway
They throng and they jostle, young and old,
With bustle and with hurry; for 'tis market-day,
And the mist from the river riseth cold.

Over the bridge they speed, the noisy folk,
With chaises, with barnwags, and with carts;
The 'prentice in his cap, and the dame in her clank,
And the baker with his fresh-made tarts;
The friar with his book, and the jester with his bells,
The venter with red apples for his stands,
The maid who buys, and the master who sells,
And the little lass with blossoms in her hands.
Oh, the violets smile like her sweet blue eyes,
As dawn on the river stealeth down;
But nobody heeds them and nobody buys,
For 'tis market-day in yonder busy town.
Over the bridge they have sped them one and all,
She watches, and she nods, and understands;
For they are so great and she so small—
This little lass with blossoms in her hands!

Over the bridge to the King's highway
They are riding in the noontide sun,
The lords and the ladies, the courtiers gay,
A-gleaming and a-glancing, every one.

Oh, they flash, and they dart past her sweet blue eyes,
The merry, the courtly, and the sage;
She sees the lance that lights, and the feather, too, that flies,
And the lagging of the little foot-page.
Will they stop? Nay, nay! they are grand, they are great,
She nods, and she smiles, and understands;
They have no time, while the court dith yonder wait,
For a little lass with blossoms in her hands.
She knows how the page with his lagging little feet
Would fain far a wee rest stay;
They have journeyed so far, they have ridden so fleet,
The noble, the kingly, and the gay!
Then swiftly the leaves of her violets blue
Are brushing his wan, pale face—
Oh, my blithe little lass, the court hath need of you,
Of the gift, and the giver, and the grace!
Just a pause, just a smile from her bonny sweet eyes—
And the river, how it laugheth to the sands;
For the tired little page like a winged bird he flies
A-bearing dewy blossoms in his hands!

Over the bridge in the noontide bright
They have sped like an arrow from its bow;
The little lass a-shading her eyes for the sight,
The little page's plume sweeping low.

And, ah, the river sings, not of courtier or sage—
Nay, they haste while the great court commands;
'Tis a song of the lagging of a little foot-page,
And a little lass with blossoms in her hands.
—Virginia Woodward Cloud in *November St. Nicholas*.

"Sea-Wrack."

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea-wrack—me in mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.

*The wet wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.*

We laid it on the gray rocks to wither in the sun;
An' what should call my lad then to sail from Canshendon?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat—me to fall asleep.

*The dry wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.*

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp;
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an'orra one to help.
Him beneath the salt sea—me upon the shore—
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.

*The dark wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.
—Moira O'Neill in October Blackwood's.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Richard Croker, the Tammany leader, is credited with having made nearly one hundred thousand dollars through his racers this year.

Marshal MacMahon will be longest remembered for his famous words uttered before Sebastopol: "J'y suis; j'y reste"—"I am here; here I shall stay."

Sir Andrew Clark, whose career appears to have been ended by a stroke of paralysis, will be the fourth eminent physician in attendance upon the Gladstone family whom the "Grand Old Man" has survived.

James Gordon Bennett, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, has been confined to his room by the coaching accident in Paris, and is now to be taken to the Riviera, but his friends are reported as hopeless that he will ever recover.

Baron Hirsch has been unlucky on the turf this year. Last season he distributed his winnings among the London hospitals. This year he says he will give the same sum, and more if necessary, regardless of the misfortunes of his stable.

Peter Jackson, the negro pugilist, makes his headquarters in New York at the Toussaint l'Ouverture Club, an organization of well-to-do colored men, and wherever he goes he is followed by a crowd of admiring Senegambians, who regard him as the greatest man of the age.

Senator Stewart is the largest consumer of coffee in the Senate. When he is under full headway on one of his thirty-day addresses, he absorbs three cups an hour, black as your hat and strong enough to float an egg. This gives him strength, but affects his voice in a bull-froggy way.

The new Viceroy of India has two claims upon American consideration. He is an American himself, having been born in Montreal in 1849, and he is married to Lady Constance Carnegie, a distant relative of that "triumphant Democrat," Andrew Carnegie. He is the father of ten children, and a favorite of the Queen.

Among the sufferers from the hard times in Italy is General Menotti Garibaldi, son of the Italian hero. Although the general, like the other descendants of Garibaldi, has a state pension of ten thousand lire, he lost so much money recently that he was obliged to allow his furniture to be sold last month to pay back taxes. The general is a member of Parliament.

Colonel Frank Burr, the well-known correspondent, when but a child was stolen by a tribe of Indians and remained with them for several years. When the war broke out, he was a locomotive engineer. He enlisted as a private and came out of service wearing shoulder-straps. He then studied civil engineering. Becoming a newspaper correspondent, he soon became one of the most famous of the guild.

The senior surviving officer of the Confederacy is James Longstreet. Beauregard was the last of the full generals, Longstreet heading the list of lieutenant-generals. He is a very old man now, gray and deaf. He lives quietly and simply at his home in Gainesville, Ga. General U. S. Grant and Longstreet were army friends before 1861. Longstreet accepted office from Grant when the latter was President, and has since taken no part whatever in politics.

His Highness the Sultan of Johore, who is still fighting Miss Mighell's breach of promise suit in England, is very rich, and his costume, in Johore, could be pawned for at least five millions of dollars, that being about half its value. His collar, epaulets, belt, cuffs, and shoes blaze with diamonds. On his wrists are heavy gold bracelets, and his fingers are cramped with rings almost priceless in value, while the handle and scabbard of his trusty snickersnee are a solid mass of precious stones.

Fong Chung, a full-blooded Chinese, is now acting United States Consul at Amoy, China. As such he has the power to try Americans resident in Amoy for breaches of the United States law, to which alone they are subject. Fong Chung wears a queue, and dresses throughout in the Chinese fashion, but speaks English perfectly, having been educated as a boy in France and afterward at Yale. He occupies his present position on account of the resignations of the consul and vice-consul, having been himself the interpreter and secretary. Their departure left him the ranking official.

It is generally believed in Germany that the emperor's real object in making advances to Prince Bismarck is to induce the ex-chancellor to give up a number of indiscreet letters which he wrote to him during the illness of the Emperor Frederick. The present emperor then treated Prince Bismarck with unbounded confidence. The principal cause for alarm in Bismarck's present illness is the inflamed condition of his left lung, but he suffers much from sciatica and neuralgic pains in the head and face. Partly to prevent these pains and partly because of an antipathy to being shaved by any other hand than his own, the old prince is growing a beard.

Some excitement was created during the elk hunt, organized last month in Sweden by King Oscar in honor of the Emperor of Germany, by the disappearance of the United States Minister, William W. Thomas, who had been invited to participate in the sport. Late in the evening, when the party was about to break up, the American Minister reappeared, worn out, tattered, and muddy. In response to the inquiries of the emperor and the king, he explained that, having wounded a magnificent elk, he had considered it his duty to give the animal its quietus, and had accordingly pursued it through the thickets, up hill and down dale, before being able to accomplish his purpose. The elk turned out to be the finest specimen of the forty which constituted the day's bag.

A GREAT FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT.

Our Paris Correspondent writes of Victorien Sardou—His Bohemian Youth and Luxurious Present—How he Writes his Plays and What he has Written.

Victorien Sardou is a man of medium stature. He looks thin, but perhaps he is not thin. He has the appearance of being ill, but he is in perfect health; his eyes have the softness of those of a short-sighted man, and yet he is not short-sighted; his bloodless, triangular face is that of an ascetic, and yet he is fond of good cheer and his appetites are Rabelaisian. He is full of contradiction, and yet he is consistent. Strong-willed, a skeptic and a scoffer, he began by resembling Bonaparte, and he will end by resembling Voltaire.

When a young man and penniless, his southern blood gave him confidence in his destiny, and when he had no more prospect of getting a breakfast than he had of getting a dinner, he amused himself by designing the furniture of the palace which he intended to buy when he should have become rich.

Sardou was born at Paris on September 7, 1831. He studied medicine, but feeling an irresistible vocation for literature, he soon abandoned the medical career, and began to write for newspapers and reviews. At the same time, he gave lessons in all sorts of subjects in order to eke out a more than modest livelihood. Like Johnson, he became a bookseller's back, and worked on the "Encyclopedia" of Firmin-Didot. He lived on the Quai des Augustins, in a smoky garret. His landlord was a cobbler, who sublet to him one of the two rooms which formed his lodging. At the present day Sardou remembers the sickening smell of damp leather and cobbler's wax which pervaded these wretched rooms.

Woman has played, and continued to play until these later years, a great rôle in Sardou's life. Even in those times of distress, when he lodged with the cobbler, he had a mistress, a very charming young person of an easy and joyous nature, whose love of dress it was difficult to harmonize with the limited resources of the man of her choice. One morning the lady disappeared, leaving her lover a bundle of bills. While dreaming of a golden future, Sardou had to work financial miracles in order to avoid the visits of the bailiffs, and, in the midst of his troubles, he used to receive letters from his inconstant love, who had gone to Rouen in company with a young millionaire.

"Mon ami," she wrote to the forlorn Sardou, who was shivering in a room to which fire was a stranger, "the weather here is splendid, and the carnival is full of gaiety. I am amusing myself and growing fat and prettier than I have ever been. I hope you, too, are amusing yourself, and that you think sometimes of your amie."

Poor man! he thought of her on the first of every month, without fail.

All his loves, however, were not so cruel or so flighty. As soon as he had cleared off the bills of the lady we have just mentioned, he took unto himself a new one who laughed in the face of misery, and discussed the comparative merits of snipe and pheasant when her lover could only offer her two sous' worth of fried potatoes.

One day Sardou came home radiant and threw down a handful of louis on the table. His first piece, "La Taverne des Etudiants," had been received at the Odéon. He had doubled the cape of want and privation. The lady's brow grew dark as she listened to his glowing words. "So, then," she exclaimed, with a disdainful grimace, "we shall have money! No more cares! No more privations! We shall eat every day! *Merçi—je ne puis vivre ainsi.*" ("Thank you—I can not live that way.") And she packed up her clothes in a bundle and was gone, never to return.

Skeptical already, Sardou confesses to have studied and analyzed his loves with a view to the stage. He used even to provoke situations, and, although he sometimes played a terrible part in them, he nevertheless remained sufficiently master of himself to note "the effects," as he says, and to assign them a place in such and such a comedy or drama which he had in his head. But we are dwelling too long on the dramatist's youth. It suffices to say that he had his fixed idea, that of becoming famous, and, above all, of becoming rich, for that is, and always has been, his main idea in life; he worked, and suffered, and struggled, and always believed firmly in the future.

In 1854, his piece, "La Taverne des Etudiants," was played at the Odéon; it was an utter failure. The future looked even less brilliant than ever when, in 1858, his marriage with Mlle. de Brécourt brought him into close relations with the theatrical world, and especially with the celebrated actress Virginie Déjazet, who was about to open her theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, and who offered the young author the aid of her talent, which had known nothing but success.

In 1861, "Nos Intimes" was played at the Vaudeville, and Sardou's reputation was made. In some five years he had become the most popular author in France; he had seen his bust placed in the foyer of the Vaudeville before that of Théodore Barrière, while at the Gymnase his authority equaled that of Augier, George Sand, Dumas fils, or Feuillet.

Since then Sardou has produced a vast number of plays; he has amassed a fortune; and when still a young man, he has seen his career crowned by the highest dignity to which a Frenchman of letters can aspire—he was elected member of the Académie Française on June 7, 1877. There have been, we repeat, few cases of renown so rapidly and so easily acquired. Will that renown be lasting?

In order to suggest an answer to that question, we must first consider what are the qualities which distinguish Sardou's work. No man has been more persistently and more justly accused of plagiarism than Sardou. He takes the ideas of others boldly and without giving himself the trouble to pick out the owner's mark. He molds them to his purposes, and makes them live in a dialogue full of *verve* and which is

absolutely personal. Molière and Shakespeare were plagiarists in the same sense.

Ingenious in the highest degree, full of resources, subtle, familiar with all the intricacies of the stage, he knows how to prepare, with singular ability, the gradation of the scenes in order to strike the grand blow at the *dénouement*. Disdaining taste, style, or probability, he will take up with tricks and characters of worn-out melodramas; but by his wit, his good humor, his irony, and his animation, he flatters and dazzles the masses. The resources of drama, of operetta, and of burlesque are as familiar to him as those of comedy; he can move to tears as well as to laughter.

Above all, he has the instinct of the masses, the *flair* of the taste of the hour; he seizes some subject or some phase of life which is interesting at the moment, caring little whether it will be interesting six months or a year hence. The literary value of his dramatic work is his least care; its immediate and practical success his chiefest.

Hitherto, you might take up all Sardou's work and, putting it in order chronologically, you will find that he has been a faithful mirror of social and political life in France since 1860. Under the Empire, Sardou ran abreast with Augier, and sometimes a little in advance of him, in hounding the vice and the corruption of the day. In "Nos Intimes" he had merely modeled witty statuettes; in "Les Ganaches" he had shown wonderfully articulated marionettes; and in "Les Vieux Gars" ordinary personages put on the stage with marvelous ability.

But in "La Famille Bénétoin" he plunged his pitiless scalpel into the wounds of the social body, and held up to ridicule and shame the luxury and corruption that were invading the middle classes. The ladies who formed the glory of the Court of Napoleon the Third, the leaders of the society of the Third Empire who had Thérèse to sing in the salons, and who imitated and exaggerated the habits and toilets of the Quartier Bréda, refused to accept Sardou's picture of themselves. They found his characters monstrous and his moral uncalled for. Nevertheless, "La Famille Bénétoin" resuscitated a success which had already been obtained by "Le Mariage de Figaro," a kind of success more tenacious than success founded on enthusiasm and sympathy—a success of rancor.

A distinguished critic has styled Sardou "a barometric dramatic author." His works contain a faithful record of the variations and modifications of the public mind. He is in turn liberal or reactionary, as opportunity may direct. In "Les Ganaches," he applauds the demolition of old Paris, at the time when Baron Haussmann was at the pinnacle of his glory; he condemns it in "Maison Neuve," when Haussmann was approaching his fall.

What Sardou believes in, it would be hard to say. A skeptic and a mocker, he has made fun of everything. He has ridiculed the vices of the Empire; he has laughed at the Legitimist party, whom he calls "old women"; he has scoffed at the Orleanists in his "Femmes Fortes"; and in "Oncle Sam" he has directed his scathing satire against the manners of America, of which he is sublimely ignorant; and, finally, in "Rabagas" (1872), he stooped to the political pamphlet, in which he speculated on scandal, and revived hatred and wrath at a time when France had need, above all, of calm and peaceful labor. In this "anti-revolutionary and monarchical piece," as Edmond About called it, Sardou has divided the world into two camps—the rogues and the honest folk, the Republicans and the Court party. Rabagas, the odious stump-orator, half thief, half actor, is put forward as the representative of French democracy. At the end of the play he says: "I am going to the only country where people of my stamp are appreciated." "Where is that?" "To France." Thanks to this scandalous play, the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" was heard in Paris at a moment when Prussians were still at the gate, demanding of the French their money or their life.

The fact is, Sardou does not believe in anything but himself and his own genius. He writes plays in order to earn money, and he spends his money in making himself happy. Having lost his first wife, Sardou married again, about twenty years ago, the daughter of M. Eudare Soulie. She was very much younger than himself. Her father, who has since died, was the conservateur of the Palace and Museum of Versailles. He was a charming man, and they said at the time that Sardou was in love with his father-in-law and not with his wife, who was, however, very pretty, but without fortune.

Sardou spends his money chiefly in building himself handsome homes. His villa at Nice is splendid. His château at Marly-le-Roi, built by Mansard and given by Louis the Fourteenth to his first *valet de chambre*, Blouin, is a palatial residence, to which the visitor arrives by the legendary Avenue of Sphinxes. These stone colossuses, which kept guard over the tombs of the Pharaohs and the temples of Isis and Osiris, draw down upon Sardou bitter sarcasm from his neighbor, Alexandre Dumas, separated from him materially by a country road, but morally by a strong antipathy. The château is filled with antique furniture, faïences, porcelain, tapestries, and with marvels of art and industry which would require a volume to describe. As for the library, it would be easier to say what it does not contain than what it does contain.

At Paris, Sardou lives in a sumptuous *hôtel* in the Rue de Clugny, 77. This *hôtel*, like the château of Marly, is full of curiosities and objects of art. The study is a lofty room on the second floor, with three windows looking out on the street. The furniture is in the style of the First Empire, simple and severe. The broad fire-place is always well filled with blazing fuel, for Sardou is one of the most chilly of mortals; you never see him in the street except with his neck swathed with an enormous muffler.

In his study, he sits in a high-back chair at a large table, with the fire-place on his right and the window on his left. He wears tight trousers, a little gray jacket, and a Scotch cap, or a cap like that which is familiar to us in the portraits of Erasmus. He is utterly careless of his dress. On the walls of the room are a few portraits and engravings of

celebrities of the eighteenth century. The bookcase is not well filled; all the books are at Marly. We notice an encyclopedia (perhaps the one he first worked on), a few yellow-covered books that have recently appeared, and a complete illustrated edition of Dickens's works in English. Sardou is an admirer of Dickens, but he can not read a word of English.

The personal appearance of Sardou is striking. The corners of the mouth, which nature cut straight across the face, have been tormented by continuous and feverish conversation, and the right-hand corner has contracted a *ricetus*, which is daily becoming more and more like that of Voltaire. Never have we seen a more mobile face, and never have we listened to a more eloquent and fascinating talker. He knows everything, he has read everything, and he has heard everything, even the latest scandal of the Boulevard. As soon as he opens his mouth, he pours forth an abundance of erudition, philosophy, and anecdote pell-mell, with no desire to dazzle his hearer or even convince him; he is too much of a skeptic for that. He talks simply, because he is full of life, and he finds men and things full of interest.

A thorough Parisian, he never lives out of sight of that soil, of which he is a growth; nervous as the sensitive plant, robust as an oak—except in winter, when, if he has no piece in rehearsal, he takes refuge against the cold at Nice. But in the summer, when he is living at Marly, he comes to Paris once a week, goes the round of the bric-à-brac shops, collecting everything, even humorous physiognomies. Once a fortnight he sorts out his booty, puts the curiosities in a cabinet, and the notes and sketches of humanity in different drawers. In this way he has always five or six plays on the stocks, and he knows exactly what is the hour on the dial of public sentiment. His intellect is capable of anything that his ambition might dictate. He has achieved contemporary glory. Will his skepticism let him strive to make that glory lasting? DORSEY.

PARIS, October 13, 1893.

The controversy over the origin, derivation, and significance of the word *creole* began years ago, and has been in progress ever since. Until Friday, October 20th, however, the adjustment of the question was in the hands of disputing philologists. On that day it passed summarily into the hands of a Louisiana mob. A *creole* is, properly speaking, an American born of French or Spanish parents resident in the semi-tropical portions of the continent, adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico. The *creole* women have a marked characteristic of beauty and supple grace—deep black eyes, soft, smooth, delicate complexions, gentle voices, and symmetry of figure, without obesity. *Creoles* are full-blooded white persons, without any admixture whatever of negro or Indian ancestry, and they pride themselves particularly upon this fact. The general belief of many uninformed persons is that *creole* and *octoroon* are synonymous terms. This erroneous view was shared (says the New York *Sun*) by a theatrical manager who has been touring the United States with a number of *octoroons*, mulattoes, and negroes of both sexes, in a company called "La Belle Creole Minstrels." When the company reached Southern Louisiana, the home of genuine *creoles*, trouble began. At Lake Charles great indignation was shown, but no violence, and the theatre was empty. At New Iberia the situation was so threatening that there was no performance. When the company reached Lafayette, they found that a meeting had been held to denounce "their attempt to besmirch the fair name of Louisiana" by parading a crowd of quadroon women as *creoles*; and a committee, headed by the mayor, informed them that they could not play there, but had better leave at once. The mob collected around the car in which the alleged *creoles* were, and there were threats to burn it if they did not leave. So the *creole* company came North, after performing, unintentionally and at considerable loss to themselves, a public service of a literary and ethnologic character.

According to the doctors of the Salpêtrière, at Paris, the Wandering Jew was not a myth but an entity, or rather a succession of entities, some of whom exist to the present day. It seems that the Cartophilus and Abazuerus of the legend have their modern counterpart in certain Hebrew neuropaths who have passed through the Salpêtrière Hospital in the course of their ceaseless wanderings in search of relief. The photographs accompanying the report represent them as men of downcast, furrowed countenance, with long beards and strongly marked features, aged beyond their years. Their disease is that they cannot be still. Whenever they try to settle down, the uncontrollable desire to move seizes them, and on they go in obedience to the irresistible and mysterious impulse. They mostly hail from the borders of Poland and Germany, districts densely populated by the lowest class of Hebrews. It is these neuropath travelers and wanderers, ceaselessly following one another, here today and gone to-morrow, who have jointly contributed to preserve the personality and the legend of the Jerusalem cobbler who mocked Christ on his way to the cross and was condemned in consequence thereof to wander over the face of the globe without resting anywhere until the end of all eternity.

Among the historical documents comprised in the archives of the ministry of war at Paris is a long letter in cipher, addressed by King Louis the Fourteenth to his minister, Luvois, which had hitherto resisted all efforts to decipher it. Within the last fortnight, however, the problem has been solved. The letter turns out to be a command addressed by the king to Luvois to have a certain General de Builonde arrested and taken to the Fortress of Pignerol, for having raised the siege of Conti contrary to the king's orders. His majesty adds that the features of the general should be concealed under a *loup*, or black velvet mask. This apparently sets at rest the speculation with regard to the identity of the so-called "Man of the Iron Mask."

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN AGAIN.

The Production of "Utopia (Limited)" in London—How the Rehearsals were Conducted—Bits of the Dialogue, Choruses, and Lyrics.

A fortnight ago we gave a brief account, based on the cable dispatches, of the new opera, "Utopia (Limited)" or, "Flowers of Progress," by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Since then the London papers have come to band, giving further particulars, some of which will be found interesting.

The rehearsals, for example, are described at length by a writer in the London *Graphic*, as follows:

The comedy begins at a little before three o'clock, when as many ladies of the Savoy chorus as can conveniently crowd into the stage door office are sitting tea there and chattering about their dresses. Just on three a bell trills from the armory of whistles and telephones at the back of the office, the stage door-keeper says, "All ladies down, please!" and the pretty company flutters and rustles down the stairs to the stage.

The stage is brilliantly lit. High up in the flies a gleam of pale sunshine wars with the yellow glare of the floats. An electric lamp in Mr. D'Oyley Carte's box is the only spot of light in the funeral theatre, where a few of the company are gossiping in the stalls, and one or two visitors are whispering in the boxes. The piano and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are grouped upon a little platform erected over the stalls. By this device a clear stage is left for the performers. Other directors of the rehearsal, who are sitting judiciously upon the orchestra platform, are Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Cellier. Mr. Charles Harris, the stage-director, is sometimes to be found there, also; but at the present moment is at the back of the stage, engaged in the laborious occupation of keeping an eye on things in general—with special reference to the idiosyncrasies of stage-carpenters. In the blaze of light on the stage, and by the side of the barbaric gorgeousness of the scenery, the actors, dressed conventionally (and sometimes unconventionally) in the garb of every-day life, look peculiarly sombre. Mr. Barrington is rehearsing with Miss McIntosh, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert is watching the duet.

"Zarah, my daughter!" Mr. Barrington comes forward.

"Zarah, at last—" There's that seat gone again!"

The seat is replaced, and the usual arrangements having been made that it shall never again be missing, Mr. Barrington starts afresh.

"Zarah, my daughter, at last!"—er—don't you think if you were to come a little nearer down, Miss McIntosh? Yes, thanks. "Zarah, my daughter—"

"A little more deliberate, I think, Barrington, eh?" suggests Mr. Gilbert.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. 'Zarah, my—'"

"And I think, Miss McIntosh, you should show a trifle more—a little more," Mr. Gilbert waves his hand—"a trifle more expectation—yes; that's it. Thanks."

"Zarah, my daughter, at last!"

"Yes, dearest—"

"No, no," interrupts Mr. Gilbert; "that's not quite it. Look here, I know I shall make myself ridiculous in trying to show you; but this is what I mean. You see, I want you to put your hands like this—" Mr. Gilbert puts Zarah's hands into an attitude of eager inquiry—"and then you say, 'Yes, dearest, I have been—what are the words? Ah! thanks—' Yes, dearest," and so on. You see?"

In this way the action and the interpretation of the dialogue are fashioned and determined. Mr. Gilbert knows precisely what he wants and he sees that he gets it.

After the duet, a trio. Sir Arthur Sullivan sits down at the piano, plays a "lively prelude fashioning the way in which the voice must wander"; and the voices, after one break-away, slip glibly into the run of the tune. "Time has played his little joke," sings Mr. Barrington, partly to Mr. Gilbert, who sits solemnly facing him at a distance of some three feet. The sharpest contrast is obvious between the two collaborators at rehearsal—Mr. Gilbert, with his anxious appreciation and an observation as sensitive as a photographic plate; and Sir Arthur Sullivan with his appearance of having come prepared to be pleased with everything.

The last notes of the trio, gone over for the last time, tinkle into silence, when suddenly, as Mr. Rider Haggard would say, a strange thing happens. The theatre suddenly lights up, and the electric lights of the auditorium, tier above tier, begin to glow brightly, "sky cloths" begin to descend magically from the flies, palace walls are pushed forward with mysterious rapidity; and at the back of the stage a moon, which hitherto has occupied a position of decent obscurity, enters on a new phase. Mr. Harris may be heard addressing the scene-shifters in the language of emotion. The "big scene" is coming on, and Mr. Gilbert wishes to see how it would look from the stalls when the theatre is lighted up.

"I think, Mr. Harris, that we will dispense with those green lights," he observes; "spoils the effect, eh?"

Mr. Harris appears L. U. E., a little flushed after his exertions.

"Are the ladies to come at once, Mr. Gilbert?" he asks, "or are they to make themselves up?"

"Well," responds Mr. Gilbert, "I think we had better see the idea they have of 'making up.' But tell them to restrain themselves with the burnt cork; not to make buttonholes of their eyes, you know."

There is, therefore, an interval of ten minutes, which the ladies of the chorus devote to calling in Art to the aid of Nature, and in which Sir Arthur chats to his friends in the boxes.

As we left, Mr. Gilbert was engaged with a Mistress of Department in idealizing the courtesies of the ladies of the chorus. "A little lower down, and spread the train," said the Mistress of Department. "Spread each other's trains, ladies!" echoed Mr. Gilbert and we could hear Mr. Charles Harris inquiring sarcastically of some of the ladies nearest to him if they imagined they were laying a table-cloth.

"And slide the feet, ladies! Oh, slide the feet," continued Mme. X.

And now for some extracts from the play itself. The true Gilbert note is struck at once, as the following bit of dialogue, which occurs just after the opening chorus, will show:

CALYNN—Good news! Great news! His majesty's eldest daughter, Princess Zarah, who left our shores five years since to go to England—the greatest, the most powerful, the wisest country in the world—has taken a high degree at Gorton, and is on her way home again, having achieved a complete mastery over all the elements that have tended to raise that glorious country to her present preëminent position among civilized nations!

SALATA—Then, in a few months, Utopia may hope to be completely anglicized?

CALYNN—Absolutely and without a doubt.

MELENE [*lately*]—We are very well as we are. Life without a care—every want supplied by a kind and fatherly monarch, who, though despot he be, has no other thought than to make his people happy—what have we to gain by the great change that is in store for us?

SALATA—What have we to gain? English institutions, English tastes, and, oh, English fashions!

CALYNN—England has made herself what she is because, in that favored land, every one has to think for himself. Here we have no need to think, because our monarch anticipates all our wants and our political opinions are formed for us by the journals to which we subscribe. Oh, think how much more brilliant this dialogue would have been if we had been accustomed to exercise our reflective powers! They say that in England the conversation of the very meanest is a coruscation of impromptu epigram!

We subsequently ascertain, from the enraged revelations of Tarara, the public exploder, and the statements of Scaphio and Phantis, judges of the Utopian Supreme Court, how matters stand in Utopia on the eve of the Princess Zarah's return. In reply to the question, "But what is your grievance?" Tarara remarks:

This—by our constitution we are governed by a despot, who, although, in theory, absolute, is, in practice, nothing of the kind—being

watched day and night by two wise men whose duty it is, on his very first lapse from political or social propriety, to denounce him to me, the public exploder, and it then becomes my duty to blow up his majesty with dynamite—allow me [*presenting a cracker, which CALYNN pulls*] thank you—and, as some compensation to my wounded feelings, I reign in his stead.

CALYNN—Yes. After many unhappy experiments in the direction of an ideal republic, it was found that what may be described as a despotism, tempered by dynamite, provides, on the whole, the most satisfactory description of ruler—an autocrat who dares not abuse his autocratic power.

TARARA—That's the theory; but in practice, how does it act? Now, do you ever happen to see the *Palace Peeper* [*producing a "Society" paper*]? CALYNN—Never even heard of the journal.

TARARA—I'm not surprised, because his majesty's agents always buy up the whole edition; but I have an aunt in the publishing department, and she has supplied me with a copy. Well, it actually teems with circumstantially convincing details of the king's abominable immoralities. If this high-class journal may be believed, his majesty is one of the most Heliogabalian profligates that ever disgraced an autocratic throne! And *do these wise men denounce him to me?* Not a bit of it! They wink at his immoralities!

The two wise men in question sing an explanatory duet, and make further disclosure of their dark dealings thus:

SCAPHIO—Why, what have we to be anxious about? Are not all our little secret commercial ventures doing tremendously? Our time bargains, our cheap wine business, our army-clothing concern, our matrimonial agency, our exchange and mart?

PHANTIS—Hush—pray be careful! If it should ever be known that these are our speculations, and that we have compelled the king to place his royal authority and influence at our disposal for their advancement, we should be ruined!

SCAPHIO—As to our society paper—why its circulation has increased tenfold since we compelled his majesty to contribute every week a couple of columns of disreputable attacks on his own moral character! As to our theatre, why since we insisted on his writing a grossly personal comic opera, in which he is held up, nightly, to the scorn and contempt of overwhelming thousands, we have played to double prices!

Speaking with the lips of Zarah's younger sisters, two "duplex"-minded dears who have been taught manners and "finished" by an English lady, Mr. Gilbert is delightfully satirical. As thus:

Although of native maids the cream,
We're brought up on the English scheme—
The best of all,

For great and small,
Who modestly adore.

For English girls are good as gold,
Extremely modest (so we're told),
Demurely coy—divinely cold—

And we are that—and more.
To please papa, who argues thus—
All girls should mold themselves on us

Because we are,
By furlongs far,
The best of all the bunch.

We show ourselves to loud applause
From ten to four without a pause—
Which is an awkward time, because
It cuts into our lunch.

Oh, maids of high and low degree,
Whose social code is rather free,
Please look at us and you will see
What good young ladies ought to be!

The lesson in deportment and behavior proper to young ladies in receipt of attentions from men which is given by the "finishing" governess, is one of the best things in the opera. Lady Sophy, the English *gouvernante* in question, is delightfully impersonated by Miss Rosina Brandram. Gilbert piles on the humor in her case by making her austere yet fondly desirous of mating with King Paramount—or would be if he were lameless. But she has read the society *Peeper*! He, on his part, is in love with Lady Sophy.

One of the best numbers in the opera (a song corresponding of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*) is the song sung by the king. It exhibits Gilbert at his best in a semi-serious vein. The cue is: "What a farce life is to be sure!"

First you're horn—and I'll be bound you
Find a dozen strangers round you.
"Hello," cries the new-born baby,
"Where's my parents? which may they be?"
Awkward silence—no reply—
Puzzled baby wonders why!

Father rises, bows politely—
Mother smiles (hat not too brightly)—
Doctor mumbles like a dumb thing—
Nurse is busy mixing something.

Every symptom tends to show
You're decidedly *de trop*.

Time's teetotum,
If you spin it
Gives its quatum
Once a minute.
I'll go bail
You hit the nail,
And if you fail
The deuce is in it!

The arrival of the Princess Zarah, escorted by Captain Fitzhattleaxe and four troopers, all in the full uniform of the First Life Guards, begins the elaborate finale of the first act. The Princess prefaces this with the explanation:

"With a view to remodeling the political and social institutions of Utopia, I have brought with me six representatives of the principal causes that have tended to make England the powerful, happy, and blameless country which the consensus of European civilization has declared it to be. Place yourself unreservedly in the hands of these gentlemen, and they will reorganize your country on a footing that will enable you to defy your persecutors. They are all now washing their hands after their journey. Shall I introduce them?"

As examples of the author's satire may be cited two extracts, one from the introduction of the Q. C. and the other from the song of the Company Promoter. Here is the first:

A complicated gentleman allow me to present,
Of all the arts and faculties the terse embodiment,
He's a great Arithmetician who can demonstrate with ease
That two and two are three or five, or anything you please;
An eminent Logician who can make it clear to you
That black is white—when looked at from the proper point of view;
A marvelous Philologist who'll undertake to show
That "yes" is but another and a neater form of "no."

And thus the second:

Stupendous loans to foreign thrones
I've largely advocated;
In ginger-pops and peppermint-drops
I've freely speculated;
Then mines of gold, of wealth untold,
Successfully I've floated,

And sudden falls in apple-stalls
Occasionally quoted:
And soon or late I always wait
For Stock Exchange quotation—
No schemes too great and none too small
For Complication!

One of the finest songs in the opera, if not absolutely the best, is one in praise of the English girl. It is a splendid—if somewhat Chauvinistic piece of work—on the part of both writer and composer. It runs as follows:

Her soul is sweet as the ocean air,
For prudery knows no haven there;
To find mock-modesty, please apply
To the conscious blush and the downcast eye.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment healthy;
Blithe as a beautiful bird she sings,
For body and mind are hale and healthy.
Her eyes they thrill with right good-will—
Her heart is light as a floating feather—
As pure and bright as the mountain fill
That leaps and laughs in the Highland beather!
So search the world and search the sea,
Then come you home and sing with me:
There's no such gold and no such pearl
As a bright and beautiful English girl!

Here are some of the Gilbertian phrases with which the dialogue fairly coruscates:

"His majesty, in his despotism acquiescence with the emphatic wish of his people."

"When I love, it will be with the accumulated fervor of sixty-six years."

"As there is not a civilized king who is sufficiently single to realize my ideal of abstract respectability."

"Why, the fact is that in the cartoons of a comic paper the size of your nose varies inversely as the square of your popularity."

"The *St. James's Gazette's* remarks on the costumes in 'Utopia (Limited)' are worth repeating:

Modern dress, with its exaggerations and angularities, has so many enemies and would-be reformers that it is refreshing to find the Gilbertian maidens at the Savoy singing to cast away the rainbow-hued draperies of Utopia in favor of the garments wherein the soul of the modern Englishwoman takes such a perennial delight. Lovely as the first scene of 'Utopia (Limited)' is, from the costume point of view, one is fain to confess that the clothes of many colors in which the fair Utopians are clad are more suitable to a Pacific palm-grove than they would be in Piccadilly. Nor is the dress in which Princess Zarah returns to her father's ideal realm far behind them in grace and beauty. It is of frills, white and lacy, all compact, through which a faint flush of the pink silk underskirt shows at intervals. As the English duenna of surpassing respectability, Miss Rosina Brandram wears a very Victorian vesture of dark-gray satin, matching her little pupils, two Utopian princesses, in silver crepe and down-cast eyes. In the drawing-room scene we see the feminine population of Utopia in confections which rival in splendor those in which the British matron arrays herself to make her annual bow to Queen Victoria. Princess Zarah's tall, willowy figure looks to advantage in *eau de Nil* satin, exquisitely embroidered; and at her side the modest little princesses may be recognized in maiden white, mitigated with marguerites, still attended by Lady Sophy, in a chaperon-like toilet of petunia, with silver garniture. Verily, a brave show of millinery and modes, and well worth a visit for its own sweetsake.

In distinct contrast with all this magnificence behind the footlights was the scene in stalls and boxes. One observer says:

The audience on the first night was enthusiastic, but just a trifle dowdy; intelligent, but plainly dressed. This may be attributed to the season of the year. The early bird gets the first worm; but the early autumn first night does not certainly get the pick of well-dressed audiences. The solemn, black-coated, business-like critic is, indeed, always with us; but the mere frivolous, fashionable lady, whose dress and diamonds we look for on these festive occasions, is still lingering with the "guns" on the moors, or gathering the last lingering rose of late autumn in South of England gardens. Costume among the crowd at the Savoy on Saturday night resolved itself into high black dresses, and the "harmless, necessary" evening blouse.

The critics have praised the piece, both for the music and the book. The plot, they confess, is as weak as that of a spectacular burlesque, but Gilbert's wit has generally carried that defect off. Still, the *Sketch* says of the *dénouement*:

"The author had imagined a master-stroke of oversubtle humor. One man in the house on the first night began to laugh, but the awful silence checked him;" and the same critic says of the Drawing-Room scene: "If it had occurred anywhere save at the Savoy, I should have imagined it to be merely catch-penny business."

Quite Gilbertian, by the way, is this criticism from Harry Furniss:

It is a curious fact that the English people, unlike those of other nations, thoroughly enjoy a laugh at their own expense. Had Mr. Gilbert produced in New York such a satire upon the Americans, he would have been lynched between the acts; but on the opening night of the new opera, we English roared again and again at the talented author's scathing hits at our idiosyncrasies.

It seems funny to hear Mr. Furniss prating of the peculiar fact that Englishmen "thoroughly enjoy a laugh at their own expense." It is about six weeks now since a helligenter M. P. pulled Mr. Furniss's nose for caricaturing him.

William Dean Howells thus expresses himself regarding the people he saw at the World's Fair: "It was a representative Western American crowd. It impressed me as something not foreign, but peculiar. They seemed unemotional and very silent. They did not say much to each other. No one spoke to me, and I didn't know how to speak to them. Perhaps they were afraid to talk, they had heard so much of the dangers they would encounter at the fair. But it was the most orderly, courteous crowd you ever saw."

It has remained for a Boston woman to get the best of a Chicago hackman, according to the Chicago papers. She lived in a house where the boarders were accustomed to hire an omnibus to take them to the fair grounds. She negotiated with the owner of the caboose for an evening trip, beat "cabby" down twelve dollars on the price, and collected full fare from each of the party, pocketing the extra twelve dollars. She worked the scheme several times with success, finally being discovered.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly* says in its latest issue: "The intimation that the American Minister to Brazil has acquiesced in the interference of the diplomatic representatives of European governments in the conflict now in progress between the constituted government of that republic and the insurgents under Admiral Mello, has produced a most unfavorable impression in this country."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Olive Schreiner's next book, to be published this month, will be "Dream Life and Real Life." The first of the stories represents her earliest work, and the last of them her latest. The author will revert to her old pseudonym of "Ralph Iron." She has also written a longer work, the title of which probably will be "From Man to Man." It is described as a study in the comparative ethics of men's treatment of men and their treatment of women. The work may not be published until spring.

Wide Awake is the sixth magazine for young folks that *St. Nicholas* has absorbed. Before issue it bought out *The Riverside Magazine*, and it has since consolidated with itself *Our Young Folks*, of Boston; *The Sunday-School Magazine*, of Philadelphia; *The Little Corporal*, of Chicago; *The Children's Hour*, of Philadelphia; and, finally, *Wide Awake*, of Boston.

"Marian Darche: A Story without Comment," published by the Macmillans, is the title of Marion Crawford's new novel, which has been made the basis of Crawford's first play for Augustin Daly.

The death of Lady Eastlake brings to mind a curious episode in her literary career:

A bitter and powerful attack on "Jane Eyre" appeared, anonymously, of course, in the *Quarterly Review*, when Lady Eastlake was Miss Rigby. It was a very able, a very caustic, and a not too generous piece of work; it was widely talked of; and its authorship was for many years an unsolved puzzle. Almost every literary critic of standing bore the reproach of that article at one time or another; for the secret of the authorship was well preserved, and few even of the personal friends of Miss Rigby knew for certain that it had come from her pen.

Mr. George Keonao has written a story—one taken from real life and framed as a psychological study. It is called "John Henderson, Artist," and is coming out in the *Century*.

The new "Dictionary of Quotations" selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood, editor of "Nuttall's Standard Dictionary," contains thirty thousand quotations from the world's greatest thinkers and writers, and is indispensable to any reference library or writer's desk. It is published by Frederick Warne & Co.

The illustrations by Hugh Thomson in the Macmillan's edition of Miss Mitford's "Our Village" will be one hundred in number. Anne Thackeray Ritchie will write an introduction for it.

The table of contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for November is as follows:

"The Conservation of our Oyster Supply," by Robert F. Walsh; "Evolution and Ethics," 1, by Professor T. H. Huxley; "Electricity at the World's Fair," 11, by Charles M. Lungen; "The Scientific Method with Children," by Henry L. Clapp; "An Argument for Vertical Handwriting," by J. V. Witherbee; "Laplace's Plan for Perpetual Moonlight," "The Pestalozzian System," "Nature at Sea," "North and South American Aboriginal Names," "Immaterial Science," "Vegetable Diet," "Origin of the Mississippi Valley Rainfall"; "Mathematical Curiosities of the Sixteenth Century"; "Birds' Judgments of Men"; and a sketch of John Ericsson (with portrait).

The Century Company will issue by November 10th: "The Century World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls," a souvenir of the exposition in the form of a story describing the adventures of two boys at the fair. The text is by Tudor Jenks and is illustrated with two hundred and fifty pictures.

"Ouida" has written a new novel, called "Two Offenders," and this, strange to say, is to be published in book-form without any previous appearance as a serial.

Robert Louis Stevenson is only 43 years old. Of the other ovelists, Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are each 65, Mr. Besant is 55, Mr. Hardy and Miss Broughton are each 53, Mr. Buchan is 52, Grant Allen is 45, Rider Haggard is 37, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Doyle are each 33, Mr. Kipling is 29, and Mr. Quiller-Couch is 28.

Mark Twain has come back from Florence, and is domiciled for the present at the Players' Club in New York. This is his second visit within the past four months. He ran over from Italy last May, but he kept so quiet that very few knew of his presence. After finishing a lot of business and running out to Chicago for a view of the fair, he hurried back to his family in Europe. During his two years' stay over there, he has accomplished a good deal of work, much of which will appear in the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*.

Sarah Graod, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," is the daughter of a British naval officer, and is described as a "young and lovely woman." She is about thirty years old, talks as well as she writes, wears tailor-made gowns, and is a good deal of a society woman.

Macmillan & Co. have ready in the *édition de luxe* of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," edited by William Addis Wright, "The Tempest" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"; the second edition of Goldwin Smith's "The United States, 1492-1871"; a translation of Windelband's "A History of Philosophy"; "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall"; and "Aspects of Theism," by William Knight.

James Anthony Froude has practically given up literary work, and is said to devote most of his time to "yachting and abusing the Irish." He is credited with asserting that of all his contemporaries, Dickens,

Tennyson, and Carlyle will alone stand the test of time.

The table of contents of *St. Nicholas* for November—the first issue of the enlarged *St. Nicholas*, with which *Wide Awake* has been combined—is as follows:

"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," by Rudyard Kipling; "Day-Dreams on the Dike," by the author of "Hans Brinker"; "Tom Sawyer Abroad"—Chaps. I. and II. by Mark Twain; "A Member of the Harnessing Class," by Susan Coolidge; "New Orleans"—I., by George W. Cable; "Historic Dwarfs"—III., Nicholas Ferry (Bébé), by Mary Shears Roberts; "The Children of the Plaisance," by Mary Doty Bates; "In the Country," by Frank H. Sweet; "Toulette's Philip"—Chaps. XX. and XXI., by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; "Misery & Co.," by J. R. Smith; "Neil Wentworth's Famous Rush," by Ethelred Breeze Barry; verses and jingles by Oliver Herford, John E. McCann, Virginia Woodward Clough, J. K. Bangs, and others; and the departments.

It is now stated that Mr. George E. Woodberry's biography of James Russell Lowell will not be completed for a long time to come. Meanwhile, those who wish to know Lowell in his habit as he lived, will find him in the two volumes of his own delightful letters, published recently.

The eighth, ninth, and tenth volumes of the "ah-net editio" of Tennyson's poems have just been issued by Macmillan & Co., completing the list of his works.

A young German named Hauptmann, who is both poet and prose writer, is called by his admirers the modern Goethe. While deeming that he is a Goethe as yet, an English critic declares that there are "signs of true genius" in his work—that some of it is "alive with genius."

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued:

"The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye; "Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens"; Clifton Johnson's "Country School in New England," illustrated by the author; "The Art of Music," by C. Hubert H. Parry; "Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces," translated by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill; and "Mental Development in the Child," by W. Preyer.

W. T. Hornaday, chief taxidermist of the United States National Museum, is writing for *St. Nicholas* a series of papers on natural history. They are to be especially devoted to the quadrupeds of North America.

A work of tremendous size is about to be installed in the library of the British Museum. It comprises a thousand big books whereon are bound up the five thousand and twenty native volumes of the wonderful Chinese encyclopedia. This is the only perfect copy in Europe, and even in China there are not more than five copies of this edition.

The clever young Duchess of Sutherland is the real author of the little sketch, "For God's Judgment," that constitutes the principal feature of the October number of the *National Review*. The pen-name used by her in concealment of her identity is "Erskine Gower"—Erskine being her maiden name and Gower the patronymic of her husband. She has already published a volume of verses, as well as a record of her travels round the world. She has inherited much of the literary taste and genius of her accomplished father, the poet Earl of Rosslyn.

William Winter's new biography of Booth, "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," published by the Macmillans, contains, among other illustrations, twelve full-page portraits in character, reproduced by Bierstadt. An edition of two hundred and fifty copies on hand-made plate paper is issued, and of these twenty-five copies have proofs of the illustrations on Whatman paper.

The latest issues in Appleton's Town and Country Library are "A Woman of Forty," by Esmé Stuart; "Dodo," by E. F. Benson; and "Relics," by Frances McNab.

Edward Fitzgerald is buried in the little English church-yard of Boulge, in Suffolk, and at his grave, the other day, a group of literary people gathered for an interesting ceremony—the planting of a rose-tree. An account of it is as follows:

Almost ten years ago, an Englishman took a handful of hips from the rose-trees near the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur—roses planted, as one of his pupils records, in obedience to the poet's wish—"My tomb shall be a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." The handful of these hips were sent to England and planted, and after several years it was found that one little bush had

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sprung up into fairly vigorous life. Now grafted on a sturdy English stock, the rose from Omar's grave is growing above the tomb of Fitzgerald, where it was placed by his friends a few days ago. The following bit of verse was written for the occasion by Mr. Coase:

Reign here, triumphant rose from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave;
Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is sleeping
That double glory to your Master gave.
Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the rose-reviver in banishment;
Here richer crimson may its cup be keeping
Than brimmed it ere from Naishapur it went.

Of James Whitcomb Riley's new volume of verse, "Poems Here at Home," the Century Company sold two editions before the work was ready, and orders are now coming in for a third.

"Colonial Dames in their Homes" is now in preparation by Miss Ance H. Whartoo, of Philadelphia, who has already written acceptably of what was to be seen "Through Colonial Doorways."

There is a movement on foot in Auburndale, a suburb of Boston, to have Miss Louise Imogen Guioey appointed postmistress at that place.

The first English edition of Mr. Stevenson's "David Balfour" consisted of ten thousand copies. This was soon exhausted and a second edition has just appeared.

New Publications.

"Melody: The Story of a Child," by Laura E. Richards, has been published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"A Third Person," a novel by M. B. Croker, has been issued in the Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

The publication of the new book on the Columbian Exposition, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, has revived an interest in "Literary Industries," his biographical volume, which is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Thomas Nelson Page's pathetic story of the war, "Meh Lady," which roars with his "Marse Chan" as a classic of the short stories of the South, has been made the subject of numerous illustrations by C. S. Reiohart, and constitutes a very pretty holiday book. It is handsomely printed and tastefully bound. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Chances of Success" is the title of a book in which Erastus Wiman, a noted New York financier who failed recently, has recorded various episodes and observations in his career. It is an extraordinary omnium-gatherum, skipping about a wide field of topics, from penny-in-the-slot machines to the national debt, but there is some profit and of use amuse-ment to be gained by reading it. Published by the American News Company, New York.

"Our Colonial Homes," by Samuel Adams Drake, is a large book in which are shown pictures of New England houses and homes of the colonial period, from the rude farm-houses of the first settlers to the mansions of a century and a half later. The text gives contemporaneous and other descriptions of the notable houses chosen by the author as types, and there is also some historic matter in it. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$2.50.

"The Boys of Greenway Court," by Ezekiah Butterworth, is a lively historical romance for boys. Greenway Court was the old manor-house of Lord Fairfax, in Virginia, and the story tells of the achievements and experiences of George Washington, then a young surveyor in Lord Fairfax's employ, and his compatriots in the middle years of the eighteenth century. Those were troublous times for the settlers, when the long contest between the English and French for the supremacy of the continent was impending, and Mr. Butterworth has made his story both absorbing in interest and valuable as a teacher of history. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Brownies at Home" is the third book in which Palmer Cox has recorded the pranks of the merry little elves whose presentations in black and white he has made his special field. The text is a rhymed account of the brownies' achievements during the twelve months of the year, in the course of which they enjoy the snow, make valentines, go to Washington, roll hoops, visit Philadelphia and Chicago, engage in agriculture, and, finally, have a Christmas merry-making. The illustrations show Mr. Cox's inimitable brownies in all their extraordinary variety, and range from thumb-nail sketches to full-

page pictures. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "memory of the mood of a child," "The Ooe I Koew Best of All," has been completed as a magazine serial, and is now issued in book-form, with the illustrations by Reginald B. Birch. It is a record of her own childhood, not from the outside view of an older person who remembers that certain events took place in her early years, but from the child's standpoint, setting forth her impressions, sensations, and thoughts as accurately as memory will allow. In Mrs. Burnett's hands this record has been made a delightful story, told with the art that makes romance seem real and history a picturesque tale. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"Duffels," the old New York word which Edward Eggleston has given to his book of short stories, has an interesting origin. From the German town where it was originally made, the cloth the early Dutch-American traders bartered among the Indian tribes beyond the Six Nations was called "duffels," and in time came to be applied to their entire stock of gim-cracks, and to-day it survives in the term the Adirondack guides apply to their impedimenta. It is in its secondary meaning that Mr. Eggleston applies it to his book, for in it he has gathered eleven short stories which range in period from his first efforts to his latest work and differ widely in scene and theme. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Alice Morse Earle, whose book on "The Sabbath in Puritan New England" will be pleasantly remembered, has followed it with another on "Customs and Fashions in Old New England" which should repeat its predecessor's success. It is the same kind of a book—a collection of curious data on social life in New England in the early days, gathered up from histories, old documents, letters, and similar sources, and sorted and arranged into a graphic picture of pretty much the whole range of the New England Puritans' life. Among its fifteen chapters, some of the more notable are those on courtship and marriage customs, domestic service, table pleasures, old colonial drinks and drinkers, sports and diversions, books and bookmakers, artifices of handsomeness, raiment and vestures, etc. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, the novelist of New York's Four Hundred, has completed the serial publication of her new story, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," in the Century, and it is now issued in book-form. It opens with a fashionable wedding in New York, and moves on through teas, flirtations, and other incidents of society life until it almost comes to grief in a divorce; but the long-suffering wife finally wins back her husband to his allegiance, and the sweet bells are attuned to harmony again. On this frame-work are hung a minor love-theme, several clever character sketches, and a number of graphic pictures of the life led by men and women in the fashionable set of Gotham, not only in their own homes, but in London society. Among the notable passages is a spirited description of a Harvard-Yale boat-race. The illustrations by Charles Dana Gibsoo deserve a special word, for they add a little to the charm of the book. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Men of Achievement" is the generic title of a new series of biographies which are intended to place before young readers the salient characteristics that have made the great Americans of earlier generations. Two volumes have already appeared, "Statesmen," by Noah Brooks, and "Men of Business," by William O. Stoddard. In the first are given the biographies of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Beaton, Seward, Chase, Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Tilden, Blaine, Garfield, and Cleveland; and in the second the contents are: "John Jacob Astor—Romance," "Cornelius Vanderbilt—Competition," "C. L. Tiffany—Taste," "John Roach—Genius," "L. P. Morton—Development," "E. D. Morgan—Variety," "Cyrus W. Field—Teacity," "C. M. Depew—Growth," "A. T. Stewart—Perception," "P. D. Armour—Organization," "H. B. Claffin—Liberalism," "Marshall O. Roberts—Dash," "George M. Pullman—Originality," "Peter Cooper—Invention," "Marshall Field—Business Principles," and "Leland Stanford—Councilor." Both books are illustrated with portraits and other pictures. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 each.



A suggestion of Mark Twain's story, "Tom Sawyer Abroad," which begins in the November St. NICHOLAS.

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November contains contributions from GEORGE W. CABLE, SUSAN COOLIDGE, TUDOR JENKS, CLARA DOTY BATES, the author of "Hans Brinker," the author of "Lady Jane," and many other popular writers.

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"Suo-Dial Wisdom" is the title given a unique calendar for 1894, which has just been published by the Channing Auxiliary, of this city. It consists of twelve pages, bound together by a thong of soft white leather, on each of which is printed the calendar for one of the months. The calendars are made part of artistic designs by Nellie Stearns Goodloe, in each of which some ancient form of sun-dial figures, and appropriate quotations from the Latin, French, German, and English poets bearing on the flight of time. It is a very pretty calendar, and should enjoy as great a popularity as did the one put forth by the Auxiliary two years ago. For sale by all booksellers; price, \$1.00.

The mother of Marie Bashkirtseff said in a recent interview that she still had much of her daughter's diary that had not yet been published, and that the journal would not appear in its entirety until she herself was dead.

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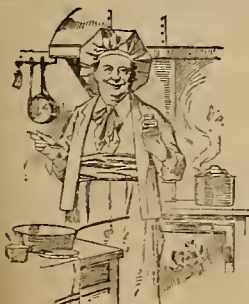
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VANITY FAIR.

Another evidence of the growing independence of women is to be seen in the fact that the higher they are in the social scale, the less generally do they accept the assistance or protection of their male escort's arm in public. Time was when milady was given the support of her cavalier's arm if she but took two steps in the public eye, and the countryman's wife, with whom the elegancies of former genteel ways survive in a rusty, faded fashion, is manually linked to her spouse whenever they appear together in public places. But in metropolitan society, there are three accepted modes of procedure: the clerk clutches his sweetheart firmly by the elbow, as if he were a policeman in the act of "ruoning her in"; the shop-keeper's wife hangs her hand upon so much of his arm as lies between his elbow and his wrist as it disappears in his sleek "Prince Albert" coat; and the man of society walks freely beside the lady he is escorting, and offers her the assistance of his arm only when her fatigue, if an elderly woman, or the exigencies of a crush of people demand it. In this, as in most of the details of social intercourse, we are following English and European custom. In strolling about the paddock at Goodwood or Longchamps, men and women of the fashionable world no longer walk arm in arm. The time may come, indeed, when matron and maid will rise in a hall-room and unescorted seek out a friend or find refreshment, instead of waiting like so many Andromedas for some black-clad Perseus to break the chains of custom that bind them.

The great Parisian dressmakers have a custom of charging a married woman more for her gowns than an unmarried woman is asked. An American lady, in Paris, recently commented upon this difference, which she had observed to the extent of fifty dollars in two dresses identically alike. "Ah!" exclaimed the great *modiste*, "why not? Madame has a husband to pay her bills, but mademoiselle's *dot* must be looked out for, so that she may get a husband." Which is not so illogical as it at first seems.

The procession of five horses and stylish equipages in New York's Central Park of an afternoon now can not be matched by any other city in the United States. The most interesting time to take in the show is in the afternoon between three and five. The wonderful pageant strikes the stranger in town even more forcibly than do the tall buildings, because it is visible and tangible evidence of the wealth, luxury, and prosperity of the metropolis. This daily procession of well-dressed people in carriages is an index (a writer in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* says) of the change that is taking place. Every one means a large income. The carriage or trap will cost from five hundred to one thousand dollars, while the value of the horses will range from five hundred to five thousand dollars apiece, and even five figures. Then, there is to be added the expense of keeping the outfit and the coachman's wages. When the driving season is at its height, thousands of persons "line up" on the sidewalk, and there examine critically and comment cynically upon the passing show. In some places the grand pageant passes between rows of sight-seers. There are crowds at the entrance along the East drive and at Riverside drive.

At one time, if a Japanese girl married a foreigner she was instantly decapitated. A Portuguese gentleman (says the *Chicago Record*) thirty years ago fell in love with a Japanese girl. Her parents warned her of the fatal consequences of marrying him. "If you agree to marry me, I will die with you," he said. "Then I will marry you, die or live," the pretty maiden said. He was a Catholic, and he had promised his parents not to marry out of his religion. So they eloped and visited the nearest priest, who advised them against their fatal marriage, but to no purpose. "She can not be baptized, confirmed, and married all in the same day," said the priest. "She must," said the lover. "I must," said she, "for we both die to-morrow morning." The priest waived a few customary rules to fit the occasion, and performed all three ceremonies at once, and then interceded for the bride's life. The Mikado decided that he could not behead the Portuguese, but the girl should die. The priest warned him, saying, "She is now a Portuguese, too, and you would better postpone the decapitation until you confer with the Portuguese Government." Time was granted. The priest persuaded. The husband pleaded. The Portuguese Government demanded. After a correspondence which lasted five years, and in which the British, American, and other consuls or representatives took much interest, the young woman was permitted to live. Mr. La Rosa, the husband, is now in business, with a family surrounding him. He, it is said, is the first European who dared to marry a Japanese.

Mr. Arlo Bates makes the statement that Paul Bourget is to be Boston's chief intellectual hero. Young women read his novels without a blush; and by January "Cruelle Enigme" or "Cosmopolis" will be discussed at every afternoon tea. The prudish and hypocritical American reader assumes that bold and intelligent discussion of the seventh commandment is immoral. However, the Boston girl (according to a writer in the *Providence Journal*) has

got beyond that stage of mental culture. From some of the conversations that take place in respectable drawing-rooms one would say that she was going quite to the other extreme, and beginning to pride herself upon saying things that are not "nice." The innocent young girl dear to sentimental romancers is decidedly out of date. She is a *rara avis* in Boston—at least in cultured and semi-fashionable Boston. The Hub's modern young woman has her eyes wide open. She prides herself upon "knowing life." And she does know it, theoretically and superficially. Of course there are Boston girls and Boston girls, but one who strikes a fair average among those whom he meets will come to the conclusion that in these days she is a decidedly "advanced" creature. She is in the full tide of revolt against her ancestral Puritanism.

An English paper records an event which may do away with waltzes and polkas forever. Flirting, when carried too far, is checked (in certain circles) by the action for breach of promise, and now the law has been called in to redress the grievance of a young lady at Newark, whose partner fell with her in a hall-room and broke her leg. She claims damages for contributory carelessness. What partner is safe? A collision, a slippery hit of floor, and a couple is down, and a broken leg, a dislocated ankle, and an action at law ensue. No prudent man will in future risk a round dance. We must go back to the *pas seul*, to the slow, stately minuet or the livelier rigadon, or, in lower spheres of life, perhaps, to the jig or the hornpipe—dances where every young lady has the sole conduct and care of her own limbs.

The magnificent diamond in the Tiffany exhibit at Chicago, which flashes like an electric light as it goes slowly around on its revolving pedestal of crimson velvet, has been bought by Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, the wife of the Chicago millionaire, for one hundred thousand dollars. As to whether Mrs. Yerkes will be safe in wearing such a jewel is a matter much discussed by her friends. "She will be perfectly safe," assert some; "much safer than you or I would be in displaying our more modest ornaments. No man would be such a fool as to attempt to steal that diamond. It has been advertised all over the world. He could neither wear it nor sell it as it is, and he could carry it to no lapidary to be changed into other forms who would not be thoroughly acquainted with its history." "But," some one objected, "might it not be seized upon by some thief too ignorant to be aware of these contingencies?" "No; for such a person would be ignorant also of the value of the stone. Mrs. Yerkes may wear her diamond with perfect impunity."

A dinner-giver has mustered courage to write to the newspapers to complain of the people who are always late for that hospitable meal. "Whatever time we fix it, and though we give them a quarter of an hour's law—putting seven-forty-five for eight, for example, on our invitations—they do not make their appearance till long afterward. The dinner is spoiled, our other guests are naturally annoyed, and yet there seems no remedy." The remedy, as James Payn points out, is of the simplest and yet most efficacious kind. Never wait. If the failure in the arrival of these belated guests is due to accident they will, of course, be pleased that you did not put back the dinner for an indefinite period; so far from being rude, you are giving them credit for the politest feelings. If they intended to be late—which is the only way some people have of impressing others with a sense of their importance—they will, on the other hand, be very possibly offended at having been deprived of the opportunity of putting their fellow-creatures to inconvenience, and the result is still more satisfactory—for they will never come again.

The Charity Ball.

A prominent event of the coming week will be the charity ball which will be given at Golden Gate Hall, next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage. It is given under the patronage of Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Jr., and Mrs. J. D. Fry. Several hundred invitations have been issued to the leading society people of this city and adjacent towns, and the attendance promises to be very large. Many of the army and naval officers stationed around the harbor will be present in their brilliant uniforms. Tickets may be obtained on presentation of invitations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store. The price of tickets is five dollars for gentlemen and three dollars for ladies.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist, Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

—LADIES OUTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AT Carmany's, 25 Kearny Street. All the latest fabrics.

SOCIETY.

The Perkins-Masteo Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Georgiana Martha Masten, daughter of Mr. N. K. Masten, and Mr. William Fawcett Perkins, private secretary of Mr. William H. Mills, took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, 2218 Clay Street. About sixty relatives and intimate friends of the young couple were invited to participate in the festivities. The parlors were handsomely decorated with a profusion of bright-colored chrysanthemums, roses, and other flowers. A special feature was the bridal bower in the bay-window, which was constructed of very tall clusters of palm shoots. At half-past eight o'clock the string orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the bridal party entered the parlors. Misses Alice and Jennie Masteo acted as bridesmaids, and the groom was unattended. Rev. Floyd J. Mynard, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony most impressively, and the bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses of the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a beautiful robe of crystalline silk, made with a long court train. The corsage was cut round and trimmed with point d'Alençon lace, and the collar was also of point lace. The bodice was adorned with a large dounce of point lace extending from the edge of the corsage to the back. The elbow sleeves were high and bouffant, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. From her coiffure fell a long veil of white silk moiré extending to the end of the train. Her hand-bouquet was of fragrant orange-blossoms.

Miss Jennie Masten wore a gown of heron-hued India silk, and the gown of her sister, Miss Alice Masten, was of bouton d'Or India silk. At the décolleté corsage of each were ruffles of chiffon, and handsome girdles encircled their waists. Their bouquets were of chrysanthemums.

After the ceremony, the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends. Mrs. H. Seymour Manning, in a rich gown of pearl-colored silk handsomely trimmed with Roman pearls, and Miss Mamie Masten, in a beautiful gown of brocade white satin, acted as hostesses. At ten o'clock an elaborate supper was served in the billiard-room, under Ludwig's direction. Rev. Dr. Mynard and Mr. William H. Mills made felicitous responses to toasts. Afterward dancing was enjoyed on the canvased floors of the parlors until an early hour in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were the recipients of a large number of beautiful wedding presents. They left on Wednesday to make a tour of Southern California, and, when they return, will occupy their new home, 2113 Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fawcett Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon will receive their wedding calls jointly at 2218 Clay Street, on the third and fourth Fridays in November.

The Donahue Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Peter Donahue gave a farewell dinner to Baron J. H. von Schröder last Wednesday evening at her residence, corner of First and Branoan Streets. Covers were laid for sixteen, and the appointments were elegant. In the centre of the table, among the array of silver and crystal ware, stood a beautiful lamp, while at either side of it were large baskets of Papa Gontier roses. The effect was very pretty. An elaborate menu was served, and several hours were passed in its enjoyment. During the dinner, Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Miss McKenna, Baron von Schröder, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

An Evening With Authors.

A most novel and interesting entertainment was given by Mrs. Clark W. Crocker at her home on Sutter Street on the evening of October 27th. The cards sent out were on "hard-times" paper, tied with twine, and having "It's come to this" stamped on the corner. The feature of the evening was the presentation, successively, of a variety of objects illustrating the names of books, the titles and authors of which the guests were expected to guess. Some of the illustrations were as follows: "The Mill and the Floss" was a small wooden coffee-mill set on floss; "Looking Backward" was a rubber donkey with its head reversed; "Pole on Whist" was a pack of whist-cards with a stick across it; "The Squirrel Inn" was a glass marble with a squirrel in it; "The Law and the Lady" was an old lady made of cotton, with the ten commandments in her hands; "Black Beauty" was a negro doll beautifully dressed; "The Prince of India" was a Hindoo doll, in a gorgeous yellow satin costume; "Gates Ajar" was a jar with two gates; "Good Things of Life" was a tray of imitation fruits and meats and a bottle of wine; "Through the Dark Continent" was a globe of the world with pencils stuck in and through it and Stanley and his officers on top; "She of the Holy Light" was the colored advertisement of a well-known brand of cigars; "Modern Painters" was two brownies, one with a palette and the other with a white wash brush; "Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder" was a round copper-colored can containing a piece of felt and a poker-hand; "The Lady and the Tiger" was a small doll on a tiger; "The Complete Angler" was a girl with a net fishing for hearts, diamonds, and coin; "Ben Hur" was two toy chariots; "The Bow of Orange

Ribbon" was a large bow of orange ribbon on a card; "Little Miss Muffit" was a small doll and a big spider; "The Morning Call" was a sheet of paper, with pictures and head-likes and a rooster on top; "The Argonaut" was a hear and the setting sun; "Heavenly Twins" was two cherubs' heads; "Black Beetles in Amher" was three beetles in amber-colored glass. The guessing caused much merriment. Afterward a delicious supper was served by Ludwig and then dancing was enjoyed until early morning.

—DO YOU WISH TO LEARN FRENCH, GERMAN, or Spanish, go to Larcher School of Languages, Flood Building.

Mrs. Youngma—"And so my baby got the prize at the baby-show? I know he would. It couldn't have been otherwise." Old bachelor (one of the judges)—"Yes, madam, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot."—*New York Weekly*.

A pure cream of tartar powder.



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Pure and Sure.

A rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder does more work and finer work than a heaping one of any other.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF
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Printed in two tint, 11x16 inches in size. Price 10 cents each, mailed to any address in tube for 15 cents.

Just the thing to mail friends in the East or Abroad.
HARTWELL & MITCHELL,
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Special rates to the trade or in quantities.

DECKER
BROTHERS'
33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK
PIANOS
New Styles Just Received
CALL AND SEE THEM.
SOLE AGENTS,
KOHLER & CHASE, 26, 28, 30 O'Farrell St.

Every one in the house tries to get bold of the paper, while the advertising pamphlet, attractive though it may be, is likely to be limited to the hands of but very few, and too generally of the least responsible members of the family. The pamphlet of thirty-two pages must be delivered at once, while, with the newspaper, it is possible to place the matter before the family in thirty-two installments of one page each. Yet notwithstanding the great difference between the cost of newspaper advertising and pamphlet distributing, there are times in which the use of the pamphlet is unquestionably good; but in nine cases out of ten newspaper service is the best.—*Artemus Ward, Advertising Manager "Sapolo."*

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company,
Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000.

Cor. Montgomery and California Sts., S. F.

J. D. FRY.....President.
HENRY WILLIAMS.....Vice-President.
J. DALZELL BROWN.....Secretary and Treasurer.

This Company is authorized by law to act as Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Receiver, or Trustee. It is a legal depository for Court and Trust Funds. Will take entire charge of Real and Personal Estates, collecting the income and profits, and attending to all such details as an individual in like capacity could do.

Acts as Registrar and Transfer Agent of all Stocks and Bonds.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposits bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its savings department, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

RENTS SAFES

Inside its burglar-proof vaults at prices from \$5 per annum upward, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

SOCIETY.

A Dinner to Mr. C. E. Warden.

The most notable and elaborate dinner-party of the season was the one given at the Pacific Union Club, last Thursday evening, to Mr. Clinton E. Warden, to commemorate his farewell to bachelorhood. His hosts, numbering about fifty, were fellow-members of the Pacific Union Club and the Country Club. The arrangements for the affair were perfect in every way, and its success was unqualified. In the banquet-room was an immense table, made especially for the occasion, its diameters being twenty by thirty-five feet, and its form oval. In the center was a bed of chrysanthemums, ten by twenty feet in size. They were of every color that this prolific bloom attains; old-gold and crushed-strawberry, bright yellow and reddish-brown, salmon-pink, and rich purple, white, crimson, orange, and bronze, all commingling in forming a picture of much beauty. Set in among this radiant field of color were two hundred little incandescent electric-light bulbs that added much to the effect. There were fully two thousand chrysanthemums on the table. At the left of Mr. Warden sat his future father-in-law, Mr. A. N. Towne, and at his right Mr. George A. Newhall; at either end of the table Mr. Henry T. Scott, president of the Pacific Union Club, and Mr. Frederick R. Webster, president of the Country Club. The dinner commenced about seven o'clock, and several hours were devoted to its enjoyment. The menu was especially elaborate. A string orchestra was in attendance and played selections at intervals. The toast of the evening, to the groom-elect, was responded to by Mr. Warden in a felicitous manner. The gentlemen present at the dinner were:

Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. James T. Boyd, Dr. H. W. Harkness, Mr. Mark L. Requa, Mr. A. W. Rose, Jr., Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Richard H. Pease, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. George D. Cooper, Mr. E. W. Newhall, Mr. E. F. Preston, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Consul Vladimir Artsmovitch, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. John de Witt Allen, Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. J. J. Moore, Colonel Edward Moale, U. S. A., Mr. Henry E. Hall, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Austin C. Tuhs, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. William S. McMurtry, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. A. Chesbrough, Mr. Charles E. Green, Mr. Arthur A. Smith, Mr. J. Frank Foster, and Mr. George A. Newhall.

Garden-Party at Fort Mason.

The garden party given at Fort Mason last Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the Women's Exchange, was a marked success, both socially and financially. The weather was not propitious for an *al fresco* entertainment, as the wind was strong, and the fog sweeping in made the air chilly. As a consequence, General Ruger's residence was thronged with pleasure-seekers, who enjoyed the music of Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra and danced to their hearts' content. The Presidio band played concert selections at intervals in the garden. Several young ladies had volunteered their services for the sale of flowers and refreshments, and were highly successful in their efforts. They were as follows:

Candy and Flower Booth.—Miss Mamie Burling, Mrs. G. H. F. Martinez, Miss Josephine Scott, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Mamie Barringer, and Miss Isabel McKenna.
Doll Booth.—Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, and Mrs. John G. Chandler.
Seeress.—Miss Nora McNell.
Tea-Table.—Mrs. Thomas H. Barry, Miss Laura McKinsty, Miss Roger, Miss Mae Diamond, Miss Ella Hobart, and Miss Jessie Bowie.
Coffee-Table.—Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Alice McCutchen.
Punch-Table.—Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. J. W. Keeney, and the Misses Hughes.
Voting Contest.—Miss Meta Graham, Miss Eleanor Wood, and Miss Jolliffe.

The ladies of the exchange are most grateful to General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., who so generously gave the use of his residence and the grounds for the affair.

Base-Ball for Charity.

Society will be well represented at the Haight-Street Grounds this afternoon, when a match game of base-ball will be played for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic and the Children's Hospital.

pital and Training-School for Nurses. The contestants will be two nines from the University Club and the Bohemian Club, who have kindly volunteered their services. They have been practicing vigorously for some time past, and are in good trim for the contest. The personnel of the two nines is as follows:

UNIVERSITY CLUB NINE:

Mr. H. J. Earl (professional).....Catcher
Mr. C. M. Belshaw.....Pitcher
Mr. Basil N. Ricketts.....First Base
Mr. Edward L. Eyre.....Second Base
Mr. P. Grant, Jr.....Third Base
Mr. Joseph S. Tobin.....Short Stop
Mr. A. H. Small.....Right Field
Mr. John Chetwood, Jr.....Left Field
Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A.....Centre Field
Mr. Gilbert Tompkins.....Substitutes
Mr. H. A. Russell

BOHEMIAN CLUB NINE.

Mr. W. A. Lange (professional).....Catcher
Mr. Frank L. Owen.....Pitcher
Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, U. S. A.....First Base
Mr. Elmer de Pue.....Second Base
Lieutenant T. F. Ruhn, U. S. N.....Third Base
Mr. Faxon D. Atherton.....Short Stop
Mr. Harry W. Dimond.....Right Field
Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A.....Left Field
Mr. Robert J. Woods.....Centre Field
Mr. E. R. Dimond.....Substitutes
Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A.....Substitutes
Mr. George T. Bromley.....Mascot
Dr. Benjamin R. Swan.....Surgeon
Game will be called at two o'clock sharp.

Notes and Gossip.

Grace Episcopal Church will be the scene next Wednesday noon of the wedding of Mrs. Evelyn Towne Shaw and Mr. Clinton E. Warden. After the ceremony a reception and breakfast will be held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne. About three hundred guests will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Haskell have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Vjera Blanche Haskell, and Mr. Clement Cronise, which will take place at their residence, 229 Van Ness Avenue, at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening. Rev. C. O. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, will officiate. Miss Leonore Butler will be the maid of honor and Mr. O. E. Von Rhein will act as best man. Dancing and an elaborate supper will follow the ceremony.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gladys May Code, daughter of Mr. Philip D. Code, to Dr. John M. Peel, son of Mrs. Thomas Morfrew. The wedding will take place some time this month.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Bailey and Mr. Harry Haight will take place next Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, in Oakland. Miss Maud Wilkinson will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Sarah Tompkins, Miss Ellen Wall, Miss Mary Dunham, Miss Watt, and Miss Phillips. Mr. L. M. Haight will act as best man and the ushers will be Mr. Gilbert Tompkins, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Harry Knowles, Arthur Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Bailey.

Dr. and Mrs. Channing H. Cook will give an informal dance this evening at their home, corner of Sixteenth Street and Hoff Avenue.

An elaborate dinner-party was given in honor of Baron J. H. von Schröder last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave a dinner-party on Friday evening of last week, at their residence, 1900 Franklin Street, in honor of Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. William S. McMurtry gave a sumptuous breakfast at the University Club last Tuesday as a farewell compliment to Baron J. H. von Schröder.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair gave a pink luncheon recently at their residence on Van Ness Avenue, and pleasantly entertained Mrs. William R. Shafter, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, and Miss Beth Sperry. The decorations were entirely of pink, and the menu was a delicious one.

The wedding of Mr. Elisha Van Slyck Cook, of this city, and Miss Gertrude Tenney Kaime took place last Thursday evening at six o'clock, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. David F. Kaime, 3717 Delmar Boulevard, in St. Louis. The ceremony was followed by a reception, which was attended by many friends of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Cook will be at home to their friends on the first and third Wednesdays in January, 1894, at their future home, south-east corner of Sixteenth Street and Hoff Avenue, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean entertained a few friends at dinner recently at their home on Pacific Avenue. Their guests were Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Taylor, Miss Moore, Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. A. Macondray.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. McMahon, on the Alameda, in San José, on Tuesday, October 24th, when her daughter, Mrs. Belle Hall, was united in marriage to Mr. Allison Clark Bonnell, manager of the Redington Drug Company, of this city. Miss Grace Breen, of Hollister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. James Bonnell was the best man. Rev. Robert Kenna officiated. The affair was very pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell are residing at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Cards have been received here announcing the marriage, on September 11th, at Foligno, Italy, of

Miss Marie Lambert McClurg, of Racine, Wis., and Count Paolano Frenfaneli Cibo, of Italy. Miss McClurg visited here several years ago, and was extensively entertained.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, who are visiting New York, are expected home in a couple of weeks.
Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Miss Amy McKee, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will pass the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan are here from Chicago on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan.
Mr. Rodney Smith, who has been in Portland, Or., during the past eight months, returned to the city a week ago. He is now paying a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, of Oakland, has returned from his Eastern trip.
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Connors have returned to their home in Oakland after a visit to the exposition at Chicago.

Miss Florence Reed has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Powers for a couple of weeks.
Misses Ella and Allison Goad returned home last Sunday, after a two months' visit to the Eastern States.

Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Raymond, of San Salvador, Central America, are visiting Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., have gone East on a prolonged visit.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon and Miss Emilie Hanlon have returned from a visit to Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle, *né* Hecht, who are now in New York city, will soon leave there, to visit Florida. They are expected here on December 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold, *né* Wangerheim, have returned from their wedding trip, and are staying at the Palace Hotel. They will receive on Monday afternoons and evenings.

Mr. Clinton Day has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen have returned to the city, after passing about six months in Sausalito.

Mr. George J. Bucknall has returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States. Baron von Schröder left last Friday for New York, en route to Germany, where he will pass the winter.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has returned to the city, and is occupying the residence at 579 Sutter Street.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has been in New York city during the past week.

Mr. Monroe Salisbury is in New York city, and is staying at the Hoffman House.

Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson has removed to 1874 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile have returned from Menlo Park, and are occupying their residence on California Street.

Mrs. W. L. Ashe and Miss Edith Findley have been passing a week in Stockton as the guests of Mrs. J. D. Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall is expected to return from Oregon to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen are now residing at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Bowen will receive on Mondays in November and December.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Hecht will receive on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at their residence, 1218 Jackson Street.

Mrs. E. L. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre returned last Thursday from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered and Mrs. G. H. F. Martinez will be at home at their residence, 2109 Pacific Avenue, on Fridays, in November.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield have returned from San José, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg have been passing the week at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer have returned to their home in San José, after a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne is en route home, after an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. P. B. Cornwall has returned from a month's visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. Camille Martin and Miss Martin will receive on Thursdays at their residence, 710 Geary Street.

Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle are at the Hotel Holland in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wieland have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff have returned from a visit to the World's Fair and the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, and Mr. Albert L. Stetson have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins, of San Luis Obispo, have been passing the week in Washington, D. C., as the guests of Senator George C. Perkins.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is in Washington, D. C., at her residence on New Hampshire Avenue.

—THE FALL SEASON IN SOCIETY CIRCLES HAS just commenced, and it behooves all people who intend entertaining to ascertain what is the proper style for invitations. Of course they must be printed from an engraved copper plate, anything else is not considered good form. Sanborn, Vail & Co. are now displaying the latest Eastern styles in the way of invitations and visiting-cards at their establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and have reduced their prices on this class of work to meet Eastern competition. They have unexcelled facilities for producing the finest copper-plate engraving, as their artists and presses are the best on the Coast.

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Fall styles now ready.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as this



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.

Receptions, Weddings, and Concerts

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA IS THE BEST IN THE CITY.

It has played at the Friday Night Cotillion Club and at the California Hotel. Address the Managers, E. M. Rosner or B. Jaulus, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The leading family hotel, located on the beach, with the finest land and marine view on the coast. Electric cars connect the hotel with the cliffs and all parts of town.

Strictly first-class. For terms address JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

GOODYEAR'S Mackintosh Coats



Latest styles. Can be worn in place of an overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE.....VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGER
577 and 579 Market Street, San Francisco.
73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

LADY OF FRENCH PARENTAGE, Educated in Germany and with many years experience in teaching the Languages, History, Literature, and Art, would like a position in a family to teach or be companion and chaperon to one or two young girls. The country preferred. References exchanged. Address "X," Argonaut Office.

GUMP'S LIQUIDATION SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

S. & C. GUMP
113 GEARY STREET



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

THE KNIGHT AND THE PILGRIM.

A Tale of Olden Time.

My ancestor was a knight and the owner of vast realms. His domains included several small towns, great forests and farms, and other gilt-edge collateral, and his vassals were numbered by hundreds.

The management of his real estate he left to an agent, who boomed it to his lord's advantage, while my ancestor spent his time in tourneying and other knightly diversions, rescuing females in distress, storming castles, and drinking wassail with the other lords when in funds.

He was a man of medium height, who wore eyeglasses and sandy whiskers; but when he was inside of his Damascus inlaid suit of chilled steel armor, he was a person of imposing appearance, and he had a deep, bass voice, which gave its hearers a lasting impression of his greatness.

In battle he was a terror; many were the infidels who bit the dust before his two-handed sword, and many were the trophies of the field stacked up in his castle. He was fond of riding unattended through his domains and feeling the public pulse, as it were, and in this manner met with many adventures well worth recording. In an old black-letter manuscript, dated 1246, there is an account of one of these adventures, which I have rendered into modern English, which goes to show how the life of a knight of old was subject to strange vicissitudes.

He was riding through a forest one day, when his steed suddenly reared and threw my ancestor to the ground with a dull thud. The knight, incumbered by his weighty armor, was unable to rise when he recovered from the shock, but he managed to crawl to the roadside and brace himself up against a tree. It was a lonely road and few people traversed it. Thus he lay two days without food or drink, unable to get out of his armor or walk home. On the morning of the third day, a man in shabby garb approached with slow, leisurely steps. Coming up to my ancestor, he halted in surprise, and then, opening the grating in the knight's visor, he said:

"Hello! Hello!"

My ancestor replied:

"Good-morrow, friend. I pray thee give me food and drink, or I perish."

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" quoth the man.

My ancestor informed him of his name and station, repeating his request for sustenance, and concluding by inquiring his saviour's name.

"I am Aimless Walker, the Pilgrim," he replied; "just from the Holy Land on foot, but I have no fodder for you. Yet methinks," he mused, "that in a distant farm-yard I espied a wheelbarrow left by some careless yokel. Hither will I hie me, and in two shakes will I return to thee and trundle thee to thy castle."

So speaking, he hied, and, in a short time, returned with the barrow. First, however, he removed the knight's helmet, and, filling it with water at a spring near by, he brought the warrior drink, which cheered him mightily. Then, placing him in the barrow, he began to trundle him along the road toward the far-distant town. They cheered the weary way by reciting their strange adventures to each other, and my ancestor has recorded in his diary that he never met a more cheerful and variegated liar in all his travels; and he was no slouch himself, it is said.

Toward noon Aimless grew fatigued, and, stopping suddenly, he said:

"What do I get out of this, anyway?"

"Why, fellow," quoth the knight, "is it not enough to know that thou art serving thy lord?"

"Lord, nothing!" said Walker; "perhaps you are not aware that I'm the inventor of the Existence-without-Labor system, and high-arch-chancellor of the Lodge of Knights of the Road. It strikes me that I'm getting it where Mark got the mumps—in the neck."

"Hurry on," replied my ancestor, "or darkness will again befall us ere we reach my castle."

"If you were out of those iron garments and did a little walking yourself, the job would be easier," said Walker; and, suiting the action to the words, he turned the knight over, and, with a monkey-wrench which the warrior wore, he began to undo his armor.

In a few minutes the knight appeared in his buckskin pajamas, and Walker was surprised to find him such a small and, in fact, insignificant person. Seeing that he outclassed him when he was out of his armor, he began to bully him, and finally he compelled my ancestor to wheel the barrow, loaded as it was with his armor and weapons.

Unaccustomed to such menial toil, the knight made such poor progress that evening found them still far from home. The pangs of hunger added to the knight's misery. But Walker disappeared in the woods, taking with him the warrior's long spear.

In less than an hour he returned with a couple of fat pullets, and a small pig, and a peck of early rose potatoes disposed about his person in a manner that would have done credit to the king's conjurer.

"And now," said he, as he laid his booty on the ground, "we will light a fire in the stove."

"What stove?" exclaimed my ancestor, in amazement.

"I'll show you," replied Aimless, "how necessity can create out of apparently the most incongruous materials a satisfactory base-burning, self-feeding,

and self-regulating Sunshine range and heater combined, warranted, likewise, to save fuel and reduce the cost of living to one-half."

Speaking thus, he took the warrior's iron hody-piece and placed it upon several stones, in an upright position. In a few minutes he had attached the arm-pieces, thus constructing a stovepipe, and, filling the contrivance with leaves and wood, in less than a quarter of an hour he had a merry fire blazing therein. Filling the helmet with water, he placed it upon the opening in the armor for the knight's neck and left it to boil, while he prepared the chickens. These he put in the pot with the potatoes to holl. Then, taking the knight's shirt of chain, he drove four stakes in the ground at equal distances, and suspended the garment in such a manner that, when he had lighted a fire beneath, it served as a gridiron to broil the porker upon.

"Now," said Aimless, as he removed the porker from the gridiron, and, placing it upon my ancestor's shield, began to carve it with his sword, "just spear them poultry and taters outen the pot, will yer, and we'll begin the banquet." My ancestor fished out the chickens and potatoes, and they fell to.

"A couple of perfectos would just finish this about right," said Aimless, with a sigh, as he lay back against a tree for awhile.

Then he filled the stove with more fire-wood and said:

"We'll keep that going all night and snooze right alongside of it," which they did.

In the morning they warmed over the remnants of the feast and proceeded on their way. As they neared my ancestor's castle, Walker began to muse, as one who meditates putting up a job; but the warrior did not perceive it, as he was busy pushing the wheelbarrow. Suddenly Walker broke out:

"Strikes me, my lord, that it were an unseemly entrance to your city that you make. Perchance 'twere wiser to resume your metallic togs and go in some style."

My ancestor assented to this, and, with the pilgrim's help, entered his armor, and Walker fastened the combination lock.

Then the hase, ignoble churl rapidly trundled the supine and hapless knight to an obscure street in the lowest and most unfashionable part of my ancestor's town, down near the river, and, opening his visor, gagged him with a piece of cloth, which he tore off the tail of his new coat-of-arms.

Chuckling with fiendish glee, he then proceeded until he came to the junk-shop of William Slathers, afterward Earl Slathers, the first of what became a noble English family, and there he sold the armor and weapons, my ancestor included, as old iron at eight cents a pound.

He then decamped. Slathers, in examining his bargain, a little later, discovered, concealed within, the person of his liege lord. Between the shock of finding him thus and realizing that he had been buncoed into buying one hundred and twenty-five pounds of my ancestor as old iron, he almost lost his mind.—*Walt McDougall in New York World.*

An aged, paralyzed woman was recently burned to death in Staffordshire, England, and it transpired that when the poor soul's house took fire and the neighbors assembled, they did not raise a finger to avert the tragedy, though the victim was already seen to be enveloped in flames. Asked the reason for this inhuman conduct, they made the astounding excuse that they believed they had no right to meddle in the matter until the arrival of the police.

For Over-Indulgence

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Think of your head in the morning after a night's hard labor, and take Horsford's Acid Phosphate for speedy relief.

Professor Williams, of Johns Hopkins University, says that the practice of hazing at colleges is an ancient one. He came across an old rule at Heidelberg University, where he studied, printed in 1430, forbidding the practice by the older students of shaving the heads of the new students and filling their ears with wax.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANK, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

The mayor of Birmingham, Ala., who is also the police magistrate of the city, seems to be a court that is always in session. A minor city employee who greeted the executive on the street with "Hello! old boss!" was fined ten dollars for contempt by the austere and punctilious mayor.

Ripans Tahules cure biliousness, dyspepsia, and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Point of View.

For all the books of prose and rhyme
With love upon their pages,
The theme remains undimmed by Time,
Immortal through the ages.
A pessimistic view may sner,
And set it down as stupid;
An optimistic too, my dear,
Will still believe in Cupid.

Now there is your papa—and yet
I caught him reading Crawford,
And so absorbed you couldn't get
A word for all you offered!
I've heard him many times give vent
To lively malediction
Because he scented sentiment
Somewhere about his fiction.

And your mamma who, after tea,
Betakes her to the rocker,
A dozen times has said to me,
"How exquisite is Lockyer!"
A dozen other times, above
A *demi-lasse* in the corner,
I've heard her christen rhymes of love—
"Thin! There is nothing thinner!"
Your parents, ah, sweet girl, they both
Pretend to few strictures:
You'll find all married persons loth
To praise a poet's lyric,
Or any novel that may show
Love's wooing and Love's winning:
They learned the lesson long ago,
But we are just beginning!—X. X. X.

Baby Dorothy.

You look so wise,
I think that you
Know some strange things beyond our view.
Your sweetest eyes,
So calm and clear,
Have neither doubt, distrust, nor fear.
You have an air
Profoundly sure
That all sweet mercies will endure;
That bright and fair
All things must be
For little baby Dorothy.

So crystal clear
Your lambent eyes,
I think that good and pure and wise
Things must appear
Beholden through
Such limpid, shining spheres of blue.
And hence the world
To your calm gaze
Is beautiful with golden days;
And all imperiled
With purity
Is life to baby Dorothy.

But stay, a tear,
A trembling lip—
What frightful storm has wrecked your ship?
What ghostly fear
Or vast distress
Has clouded o'er your comeliness?
Away, great beast
Or spectre grim!
Give place to winged seraphim
And fairy feast!
A shame on thee
To frighten baby Dorothy!
A dimpled cheek,
A laughing eye,
The dreadful grief has hurried by;
But far to seek
Is that sage air
Of saintly wisdom, calm and fair.
A sage or saint?
It seems you're not,
But just a dainty human tot—
A precious, quaint,
Sweet prodigy:
Dear, darling baby Dorothy!
—David L. Proudfit.

A Century of Fashion.

O whirligig of time, you fling us
The garments of a century gone,
But never from your limbo bring us
The soul those mandates rested on.

What care we for some special splendor
Of silk and velvet, gold and lace?
Revive for us those spirits tender
Who gave the fashions life and grace.

Bring forth with paduasoy and patten
The slender form, the courtly air,
Of her whose name was sung at matin,
As fairest of the century's fair.

Take these ephemeral fashions from us,
And bring, instead, that maiden bright
Who safely held in her leal promise
The honor of esquire and knight.

Oh, worthier far than sleeves beguiling,
On tapering arms, the scroll display
Of that fair dame who offered, smiling,
Her warriors for the battle's fray.

Then sought a leech of fame in curing
The wounds by dirk and broadsword made,
With heart kept brave by love enduring
Learned bow life's ebbing tide was stayed.

O high-heeled shoes with insteps golden,
Fit chair for a lover's lip,
What cavalier of court'sy olden
With you the minutest will trip?

Dear ladies of a century ended,
In ruff and farthingale incased,
Your garments quaint and well-commended
Another century hath embraced.

Alack for your brief day of passion!
Fair saints in effigy, adieu!
To us the fret and fray of fashion;
Long centuries of rest to you.—M. L. Rayne.

Only an Understanding.

I'm not engaged to Polly, she's not engaged to me;
She would tell you, if you asked her, we're both of us quite free;
I've never said I love her, she has never said that she,
Were I engaged to Polly, would be engaged to me!

Yet when I think of Polly, and when she thinks of me,
Sweet hopes come crowding to our hearts, and we forget that we
Are happy over nothing; for you can plainly see
I'm not engaged to Polly, she's not engaged to me!
—*November Century.* —M. C. S.

Success Follows Failure

To cure disease when, instead of the numerous palliatives of that scourge of humanity, that potent and comprehensive medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is resorted to. Improvement is rapid and relief complete when it is used in cases of liver or malarial complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, kidney weakness, or neuralgia. Debilitated people speedily gain strength when digestion is renewed by the Bitters.

A Powerful Flesh Maker.

A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion

stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partially digested before taken.

Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

DON'T

Find fault with the cook if the pastry does not exactly suit you. Nor with your wife either—perhaps she is not to

BLAME

It may be the lard she is using for shortening. Lard is indigestible you know. But if you would always have

YOUR

Cakes, pies, rolls, and bread palatable and perfectly digestible, order the new shortening, "COTTOLINE," for your

WIFE

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
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Send three cent stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottolene Cook Book, containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking.



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FOR LEAST MONEY

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SOLDIERS, WIDOWS, CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

STORVETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a small village in the south of Scotland, an elder in the parish church was one day reproving an old woman, who was rather the worse for liquor, by saying: "Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from the tempter?" Sarah (not too well pleased)—"Flee yersel!" Elder—"Oh, Sarah, I have flown." Sarah—"Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter."

Mr. Choate, having arrived at the old-sighted age, did not recognize it, or did not wish to commence the use of glasses. In pleading a cause he had difficulty in seeing his notes, and, in order properly to decipher his manuscript, kept holding his paper farther and farther off. On one occasion this so annoyed the judge that he at last burst out with: "Mr. Choate, I would advise you to get one of two things, either a pair of tongs or a pair of spectacles."

Senator Blackburn has the prejudice against being taken for an Indian which seems inherent in all native-born Kentuckians (says the *Atlanta Constitution*). While coming to Congress, several sessions ago, he was approached in the Pullman coach by a New Yorker, who, after bowing politely to him, said: "Is not this Senator Blackburn, of Indiana?" The Kentuckian sprang from his seat, and, glaring at his interlocutor, replied angrily: "No, sir, by—The reason I look so bad is, I have been sick."

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Professor Jowett, of Oxford, was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied under-graduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

Before the night session began, the Senate had adjourned (says Kate Foote), and several senators were getting their hats in the cloak-room. Mr. Stewart among them, when one of his fellow-senators said: "Stewart, you remind me of a clergyman." Mr. Stewart naturally stared, and then laughed and said: "How, pray?" "Yes, you are like a certain minister who was telling a friend that he had preached two hours and a half. 'Were you not very tired?' said the friend, sympathetically. 'No, no, I was as fresh as a rose; but you should have seen the congregation.'"

M. de Villemessant, the founder of the *Paris Figaro*, being insulted daily in a Belgian paper by a writer whose *nom de plume* was "Marco Spada," took the train to Brussels, with two friends and a pair of swords. On his arrival, he wrote to "Marco Spada" that at two P. M. sharp he should call on him to arrange an encounter. On the stroke of two, M. de Villemessant appeared at the editorial office, and asked for "Marco Spada." What was his amazement on seeing an old lady, all wrinkled and with curls about her ears, appear from behind a small window, and on hearing the reply: "I am 'Marco Spada,' sir, and am at your orders!"

In a certain church in Ireland, a young priest took for his text: "The Feeding of the Multitude." But he said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." Thereat an old Irishman said: "That's no miracle; begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard. The next Sunday, the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time—"And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?" Murphy replied: "Sure, your reverence, I could." "And how could you do it?" said the priest. "Sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party; both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation, he asked the latter: "Just tell me who is that tall officer, near the fire-place on the other side—I forget his name." "That's my brother, your excellency," was the an-

swer. A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after, the general went to another group of people, and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face. Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied: "He asked me who that officer was over there." "And what did you say?" "I said that he was my brother." The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Of a certain New York clown, the *Recorder* tells that he became desperately enamored of a charming country widow. She was not unkind of his passion, and invited him down to dine at her place. He was something of a gourmet, and as she was richly endowed with the accumulations of her first husband's trade in some patent-medicines, the suitor anticipated a delicious little dinner which should make him appear at his very best when it came to putting the momentous question. But when they were at table, and she served him only cold ham, jelly, tea, and lemonade, his heart fell. He had never made love after a dinner like that, and he could not rekindle the flame. It was no go, and he gave it up. As he was making his adieu, the widow asked, with seeming simplicity: "My dear Mr. W—, how does one get into New York society?" His opportunity had come. It was a mean advantage, but he took it, as he replied: "By not serving lemonade at dinner!" And he hurried to the station.

The girls had seen a picture of a life-saving fire corps organized by the young ladies of an English town, and (says the *Bazar*) decided to form a similar brigade. The drill consisted in getting around a large blanket and holding it to catch unfortunate who should jump from the second or third stories of burning dwellings. But the fair members of the corps wanted some real practice. After much persuasion a young man, deeply enamored of one of the members, was prevailed upon to fall into the blanket from the top of a barn. The life-savers gathered one afternoon, attired in becoming uniform, and twelve gathered around the blanket and took a firm grip. Then the accommodating young man climbed up on the roof of the building, made ready, and jumped. Each girl was gazing upward, and at the terrible sight of a man falling through the air they were all so shocked that, without thinking, twenty-four hands went up to as many eyes to shut out the view. The brave young man is still confined to his room.

Apocryphal of the ability of the fair to please every one, Richard Harding Davis writes in *Harper's Weekly*: "One young woman begged me not to miss a knight made entirely of prunes; another thought the best thing she had seen was a man who, during the illumination, walked a tight-rope, with fire-works attached to his feet and hands. A man I know spent the greater part of his time casting a fly-line for a prize, and another in studying his interior anatomy in the Anthropological Building. 'I'll bet you don't know how your liver works,' he said to me; 'you come with me and I'll show you. It's the most interesting exhibit in the place.' Some of the stories of the fair, whether true or not, are worth preserving—the one, for instance, of the girl who asked a Columbian Guard what was the meaning of the painting titled 'La Cigale,' and which shows a young woman very thinly clad and shivering in the winter's blast. The guard referred to the catalogue and said, promptly: "'La Cigale'; it's a comic opera, and that's Lillian Russell." Or that of the woman who approached a gentleman leaning over the embankment above the basin and asked him where she could see the lagoons. The gentleman pointed with his stick at the water, and the woman peered anxiously over the railing, but on finding nothing there but water, turned to him with a toss of her head, and said, scornfully: 'You think you're mighty smart, don't you?'

They Soothe. Never Irritate.

Some people have a prejudice against plasters, because, as they think, they burn and blister. That is true of many, but not of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They never irritate the skin, but always have a soothing effect. They are useful in case of any local pain, and as a rule will bring immediate relief. If they do not, it is because the trouble has been allowed to become so serious that no external remedy will reach it, and the chances are that any treatment will fail. For stiffness in the side, weakness or lameness of the back, stiffness of the joints, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been proved again and again to be not only a relief, but a cure. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are safe to take at any time.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

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| LEAVE | From Oct. 23, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8:45 P. |
| 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6:15 P. |
| 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6:15 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:15 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:45 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| 2:25 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7:26 P. |

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXIII. No. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 13, 1893.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The country has spoken. After one year of Democratic misrule the people have given their verdict. And it is the same verdict which has always been given by the people after a trial of the Democratic party:

"Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

This journal has been at some pains to point out what it believed to be the disasters due to the incumbency of the party in power. For some months it has spread before the people the long list of evils which go to make up the Democratic Calamity Calendar. So startling has been this record of disaster that we could not but believe it meant a harsh verdict from the country. But the temper of the people, as shown in Tuesday's elections, is aroused to a pitch which far exceeds our expectations. We have been

accused of sensational partisanship. But harsh as has been the indictment of the Democratic party by this and other journals, it is not so harsh as the judgment which has just been handed down from the high court of the people.

It means that the Democratic party will again be driven from power.

Rarely has so sweeping a reversal of a popular movement been recorded. It is only one year since the people of the United States placed the control of their government in the hands of the Democratic party. Yet the tidal wave which swept over the land one year ago has now been equaled in State elections and in an off year. A reflux wave has come.

In the great State of Ohio the issues were clear and sharply defined. Silver cut no figure in the fight. Local issues cut no figure in the fight. The struggle was on national issues, and on national issues alone. It was between the Republican principle of protection to American workmen and American industries, and the Democratic principle of free trade and pauper labor. The Republican candidate was William McKinley, who is the exponent of the principle of protection; the Democratic candidate was Laurence Neal, the man who inserted in the Democratic platform the plank declaring that protection was unconstitutional and a fraud upon the people. The voters of Ohio have spoken. The Republicans have swept that great State with a plurality of over eighty thousand. McKinley's majority of twenty-one thousand two years ago has been quadrupled, while Harrison's plurality of one thousand one year ago has been multiplied more than seventy-fold.

In New York, the Democrats, with their usual reckless disregard for honesty and honest men when in power, put up corrupt candidates and indorsed ring rule. Boody, the boss candidate for mayor of Brooklyn, has been defeated. Isaac H. Maynard, the dishonest judge who stole documents from the office of an election official to change the returns, was put up by the Democrats, despite his shameful record. He has been beaten by one hundred thousand votes. Boss McLaughlin and Boss Croker, the leaders of the Democracy in New York, have been shaken in their thrones. Tammany has met with a repulse. The legislature has gone Democratic. Almost the entire Republican State ticket is elected. The Democratic party in New York has met its Waterloo.

In Illinois, the entire Republican judicial ticket has been elected. The city ticket elected is largely Republican. Outside of the city, where politics are not controlled by the vicious foreigners of the Chicago slums, the Republican ticket has of course been successful. Judge Gary, the fearless jurist who sentenced the dynamite wretches of the Hay-market murders, has been bitterly opposed by Altgeld, the demagogue who disgraces Illinois by occupying her chair of State. This man recently pardoned out of the penitentiary those of the anarchists who were not hanged. His fight against Gary has been fruitless. All honest men, all who own property and possess homes, all good citizens who believe in the reign of law, will rejoice to hear that Altgeld has failed in his fight, and that Judge Gary has been elected by a sweeping majority.

But why go on with the list? Pennsylvania has gone Republican by one hundred thousand; New Jersey has gone Republican; Iowa has gone Republican by thirty thousand; Kansas has gone Republican; Nebraska has gone Republican; Colorado has gone Republican; South Dakota has

gone Republican; and Massachusetts has come back into the fold with a Republican senate, a Republican house, and a Republican governor with a plurality of thirty thousand.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. The Democrats are blind. They failed to see that the ruin they have wrought has alarmed the country. The wrecks that strew the land, the crash of falling fortunes, the silent looms, the extinct forge-fires, the ruined merchants, the vast army of idle workmen tramping the streets of silent cities—all these things should have warned them. But they are drunken with insolence and power—deaf as well as blind. They did not hear, they did not see the warnings. The ruin which they have tried to bring upon a great and prosperous nation will now come to them as a party. They are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The November election is the handwriting on the wall.

It might be inferred from the local treatment given the tramp problem that in California alone is it "pressing for solution." This notion of monopoly of concern is, of course, not restricted to the tramp question. It is merely another illustration of the habitual view taken of itself by the modest Californian fly on the national wheel. In point of fact, there is no section of the Union, with the exception of the Southern States, that does not suffer even more than the Pacific Coast from the sturdy beggar.

In the Eastern States there may be many honest workmen seeking for unemployment among the tramps. The beneficent results of the Democratic free-trade panic have certainly thrown a great many out of work. But here the chances are at least ninety-eight in a hundred that a man who is homeless and dependent upon beggary for his food is a voluntary vagrant. Whisky and love of idleness are at the bottom of nearly all destitution on the Pacific Slope. Of course there are plenty of men who are forced against their inclination in the beginning to turn tramps. Their want of thrift when employed left them with no means of support when work failed. While their sober and self-denying comrades had saved enough to bridge the gap, the self-indulgent were compelled by their immediate necessities to "go on the road." The superior ease of the life and habit keep them there.

If these facts were made as prominent as they deserve to be, mendicancy would not be encouraged as it is, and multitudes of kind-hearted people, as well as professional philanthropists and amateur political economists, would be spared much sympathetic pain and fruitless thinking. Prison labor would solve the tramp problem. That harrowing picture of the industrious husband and father deprived of employment and wandering about in vain search of work that he may keep the wolf from the door, does the mischief. The picture seldom fits the tramp of reality; but it is as its pathetic central figure that he is given unearned food and the small change of charity wherewith to buy his whisky ration. In short, the tramp is in all but a few instances an impostor.

In the November Century there is an elaborate article on tramps written by one Josiah Flynt, himself a tramp. His article hears out what we have said. Among other things, he says: In Massachusetts, tramps have to work, hence they avoid that State; in any State a tramp can get his food, and generally money also, without difficulty; in most States, he can earn from fifty cents to two dollars a day by begging, and his food besides; Iowa and the temperance States are avoided by tramps; in many Indiana towns tramps are "timbered," or beaten out of town with sticks—they avoid Indiana; in most States they look upon jail life in winter as a boon, there being no work, and nothing to do but eat; San Francisco and Denver are favorite places with them, and California is a tramps' paradise.

When Professor J. J. McCook wrote for the Forum his tramp article, the terror of Democratic free trade had not taken employment from a million and a half of men.

can workmen and added the least self-respectful and capable among them to the legion of vagabonds. He was dealing with the tramp problem in its normal form. Blanks were sent out to the police authorities of many cities, and the tramps who applied for lodgings at station-houses were required to answer the questions. The 1,349 biographies thus obtained disclosed facts of such basic significance that the professor's paper has been discussed from one end of the country to the other. "I had no illusions," says the investigator, "as to the probable trustworthiness of the tramp's testimony concerning himself; but I thought, and still think, that any evidence offered by him adverse to himself might be accepted as probably true." More than half of the 1,349 tramps admitted that they had trades; seventy-five out of a hundred were under forty, nearly all were in the prime of life, and very few complained of poor health; over ninety per cent. were able to read and write, and most of them had newspapers in their pockets which they had bought; only a little more than seven per cent. were married; sixty-eight per cent. confessed that they were intemperate, and most of those who said they were not probably lied. Professor McCook estimated the nation's force of tramps at over 45,000, "an army larger than Wellington's red-coats at Waterloo." Not counting the loss of the labor of these men, the cost of their support is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 annually. The professor's estimate is remarkably small. The professional tramps are more likely to number 100,000 than 45,000. Of the 1,349 of the McCook census, 56.1 per cent. registered as Americans, and Ireland came next with 20.3 per cent. We should, however, like to learn from the professor how many of his "American" tramps had names beginning in Mc and O' to indicate their ancestry. In religion the Roman Catholics, of course, preponderated, according to his figures. Fifty-five per cent. confessed that they had not sought work the day on which they were lodged. "On the whole," says Professor McCook, "it appears plain to me that the average tramp is in search of nothing so little as downright systematic work."

That is undoubtedly true of the bulk of the "unemployed" who are exciting so much uncalled for solicitude in California at present. Nine-tenths of the free boarders at the San Francisco soup-house are, in all probability, mere bummers. They reveal their true character when it is tested. The other day some three hundred of these vagrants determined to forsake the pleasures of city life for the relaxation of rural leisure. They marched to the ferries and demanded free transportation over the bay. When the ferry superintendent hesitated, saying he had no authority to issue passes, the tramps threatened to burn the company's buildings. Most of them had come here, as others are coming, on pretense that they expected to get work in connection with the Midwinter Fair, though, as assiduous newspaper readers, they know there is no work offering at the park. And if there were, they would not take it. The declaration of the three hundred that they were on their way to New Orleans to toil on the levees was a sham. There is no demand for such laborers in New Orleans. Only the most ignorant and least experienced of tramps will risk himself in the South. Down there in that land of fine sentiments he gets small consideration. The trains captured by hands of vagrants in California, Arizona, and New Mexico are restored to their owners in Texas. There the cars are sidetracked and the bummers marched to prison and made to work for their bread. Throughout the South that is the tramp's fate. In the eye of the chivalry he is merely a criminal, not a "sign of perturbed industrial conditions," or a "symptom of those growing social inequalities which mark the increasingly unjust distribution of wealth." Muddy philosophy and crude sentiment have a good deal to do with the persistence and prevalence of the tramp in the East and West.

At Los Angeles, hundreds of passing vagrants camp from day to day, and demand food, which is sent out to them by the authorities. Fresno has had to support a similar body of vagabonds. Elsewhere to the southward, companies of insolent, lawless loafers, under command of captains and lieutenants, are organized, the members holding tickets which entitle them to their share of the booty extorted from timid citizens. These bands are coming and going. Their favorite ground of operations is the San Joaquin Valley, where there is the least danger of finding work at this season. It has been published that two thousand laborers will soon be needed on the coast extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad from Santa Margarita to San Luis Obispo. It is to be noticed that none of the "industrious poor," the "hapless unemployed," are capturing trains to ride in that direction. Here is a bit from Professor McCook's paper that fits the situation in California:

"When as many as one hundred and fifty tramps could be found in a single night in the Hartford police-station, a mill proprietor came in and asked for half a dozen hands. With considerable difficulty they were obtained and transported to his establishment. He gave them their breakfast, set them to work, and went back for his own breakfast

When he returned, every one of them was gone. A second experiment had the same result."

We do not assert, of course, that among the mass of California's tramps there is not, now and again, an honest man reduced to penury by misfortune and anxious to find employment, but we do say that this element is not considerable enough to affect the general truth that the tramp is a loafer and a rogue. And it is as a loafer and a rogue that he should be dealt with by practical men until he proves himself an exception to the rule. The counties which are being harassed by the "unemployed"—including the county of San Francisco—ought to make short work of the nuisance. If the regular police and constabulary are too weak for the exigencies of the situation, the sheriffs should summon citizens, round up the tramps, convict them of vagrancy, and set them to work, under guard, on the roads. The country roads of California are vile, and their condition costs the farmers and others, in loss of time and wear and tear of horseflesh and vehicles, more than is paid for railroad freights. By utilizing the "unemployed" in road-construction and repair, a curse would be turned into a blessing, and a "problem" that causes an infinite quantity of needless thinking be solved at once.

The Faribault plan of compromise on the public-school question, which the Pope has been graciously pleased to tolerate, does not seem to meet with that enthusiastic approval on the part of plain, ordinary Americans that the generous Roman Catholics expected. At Faribault itself, the non-Catholic majority of the community gave irreparable offense to the faithful by asking the board of education to replace three Sisters of Charity with three secular persons as teachers. The church at once withdrew from the "compromise" when this outrage was consummated. We observe that a similar unhappy spirit of opposition to peace is shown by the non-Catholics of the thirty-fourth ward of Pittsburgh, where the Catholics have consented to waive objections of creed and adopt the Faribault system by offering four nuns as teachers in the public schools. The telegraph reports that "two committees, claiming to represent one hundred lodges of various patriotic orders, will wait upon the school superintendent and protest against the appointment of the sisters." It is evident that, so long as such manifestations of bigotry occur, the Faribault plan of reconciliation can not make much progress. It is an ingenuous, a noble plan, beautiful in its modesty and simplicity. Under it the Roman Catholic Church turns a benignant countenance upon the American public, and says, in tones of magnanimous conciliation: "Come, let us reason together. I have long been an enemy of your schools. I am now ready, on one condition, to cease my assaults. Surely you should be ready to meet me half-way. The one condition I make is merely that you turn your schools over to me."

Faribault has declined this dazzling offer. So will Pittsburgh. So will every other American community that has common sense. Why should Roman Catholics stand on different ground from Protestants, Jews, Pagans, and unbelievers where the schools are concerned? The public schools belong to the State, and the State should have but two words to say to any impudent sectarians who seek to encroach: "Hands off!"

The arrival in New York last week of five millions of dollars in gold coin from San Francisco evokes the usual exclamations of wonder. What sort of a country must that be which, whenever the government finances are straitened, can pour into the Sub-Treasury, on Wall Street, gold enough to restore the equilibrium and reestablish confidence? It must be remembered that the recent transfer is only one of many. Within fourteen months no less than thirty-two millions of dollars in gold coin have been shipped from San Francisco to New York, to relieve a money pinch. Talk of Ferdinand the Catholic and Philip the Second! It took Spain a generation to draw from the West Indies, Mexico, and Peru thirty millions, to be piled up in bags in the House of Gold.

The mutual relations of the United States and California are one-sided. They are all give on one side and all take on the other. The Federal departments in this State are more than self-supporting. None of them require checks to be drawn on the Sub-Treasury at New York. A small percentage of the receipts of the custom-house pays its expenses. The Federal courts and the Internal Revenue Bureau are supported by the proceeds of fines, forfeitures, and moieties. The land office is more than self-supporting. The post-office yields a profit which goes to Washington. The only money spent outright by the government in this State is under the biennial appropriation for rivers and harbors; this absorbs about half a million for the two years. Thus, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, the advantage of Federal connection is all on the side of the United States, and its cost is borne by California.

Texas, another State carved from Mexican territory, was

once an independent republic. Were California an independent republic, she would have a large annual surplus in her treasury of six, or eight, or ten millions.

Periodical transfers of millions of gold coin, in bags and boxes, from a point on the shore of the Pacific to a point on the shore of the Atlantic, amuse European financiers. No such wholesale transshipments of actual money were ever witnessed before. Not even in the greatest wars of the past were such enormous amounts of coin conveyed from place to place. England spent three thousand millions of dollars in the Napoleonic wars; the expenditures of Napoleon reached an equal sum; it cost us more money to suppress the rebellion. But in none of these operations was there a single instance when twenty millions of dollars in coin were transferred in bulk from one spot to another. In the War of the Rebellion large sums were sent to the army paymasters, but they were in paper. In the European wars, armies were paid, fed, and clothed through the agency of bankers and contractors. The paymaster drew a draft, which the contractor sent home for redemption, or which a local banker cashed. Thus the movement of actual money was small. Twenty-three years ago France paid Germany an indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars. The payment was effected by an actual transfer of less than twenty millions of pounds from London to Berlin. All the rest of the payment was arranged by credits and bank deposits. M. Thiers deposited so many millions in the Bank of France: against this the Bank of Germany drew as it needed the money, and the Bank of France passed the proceeds of the drafts to the credit of Germans who had bills to meet in Paris or London.

It is heresy of the darkest dye to find fault with the Sub-Treasury system, for which the country is indebted to Andrew Johnson. But, as a matter of fact, the system is clumsy and its author was a tyro in finance. His model was the country trader, who keeps his money in an old stocking in a secret hole under the hearthstone. For, when money reaches the hands of the government, it is dead, as useless and idle as if it were at the bottom of the sea. It is withdrawn from the channels of commerce, which languishes for the want of it. It can not be loaned, it can not constitute the basis of a credit. For all use that it is, it might just as well be put back into the mine from which it was taken.

Twenty years ago, at a time when the receipts from internal revenue and customs were heavy, Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to deposit moneys in certain banks, which were called United States Depositories. Whenever money becomes tight in the East, recourse is had to this law to relieve the stringency, and the object which Jackson had in founding the Sub-Treasury is evaded. He thought no bank was safe enough to hold public moneys. His successors realize that they have no right to pile up public moneys in government vaults to the ruin of the mercantile community.

It would seem that the depository system might be extended so as to avoid carting train-loads of gold across the continent. There are financial institutions here which are just as sound as those in the East; and besides, government depositories give security for their deposits. If instead of sending five millions in actual coin across the continent, the government had lodged the coin in the leading banks here, and drawn checks against it to meet their liabilities in the East, the nation would have run no risk, the coin would have been kept afloat serving the purposes of trade, and the city banks would have been so much the stronger to meet the needs of their customers.

Last week, in commenting on the assassination of Carter Harrison and the recent epidemic of cranks, we said: "There are few human beings who are wholly irresponsible, except raving madmen. Most of the lunatics in asylums are subject to discipline; they are ruled by fear. They know that infractions of certain rules will result in bread-and-water diet, in solitary confinement, in cold-water douches, in flogging. Knowing this, they obey the rules. Correspondingly, those 'cranks' who are without the walls of the asylums are ruled by fear. If swift, certain, and deadly punishment followed on the heels of assassination, there would be fewer 'crank' murders."

Since those lines were printed, the November number of the *North American Review* has come from the press, and in it is a striking article entitled "The Social Relations of the Insane." It is written by Dr. H. S. Williams, a noted alienist, and hence a man who for many years has had the care of the mentally disordered. He corroborates the views expressed in this journal concerning the responsibility of such people. He says:

"A large percentage of the patients in any asylum have a well-considered ethical sense, as any one can discover readily by asking each one if he thinks it right that he should be confined where he is. Of course the ethical standards of most of these patients are more or less perverted, but on the broad, general questions of right and wrong their ideas are clear enough, though they may not act on them.

"On several occasions a patient has said to me: 'I could kill you if

I wished, and I could not be punished, because, being in an asylum, I could introduce the plea of insanity.' And he was right, because no jury would convict a man for a crime committed while in an asylum. Yet in a strict interpretation of the law such a person could be held accountable had he executed the implied threat. In the instances where asylum physicians have been killed by patients, it has usually been by those who were able to plan the murder carefully, and who probably took into account the immunity from punishment which their asylum residence assured them. They were perfectly aware that what they did was wrong. Hence, according to the legal definition, they were responsible. But I am not aware that any one has ever thought for a moment of prosecuting them.

"A single bomb exploded in New York not many months ago resulted indirectly in the confinement of a great number of insane persons who would otherwise before this have committed a long category of crimes. The lesson cost a life, it is true, but quite possibly it saved a score of lives. The community was made to realize vividly, what every alienist knew, that the first untoward act by which the supposed harmless insane person manifested his true condition might be an irreparable crime. The lesson had been taught often enough before. Within a decade, it had been emphasized by the murder of a chief executive of our country; but memory is fleeting, and its permanent records come only with many repetitions. Another year, and, it may safely be predicted, the New York juror will have forgotten the Norcross incident, and *habeas corpus* suits for removing 'sane' persons from asylums will flourish again as of yore. A community which has witnessed without special comment the organization of a society for the prevention of the 'incarceration of sane persons in asylums' in a day and age when no such atrocity at which implied is dreamed of or could be practiced, does not yet bask very fully in the light of knowledge. It is in need of yet other lessons. Indeed, it almost seems as if no lesson would permanently suffice, and as if the 'harmless lunatic' would pass, with the 'unloaded' pistol into the category of things perennial."

Perhaps it would be well for the American people to change their point of view toward the crank. He ought to be pitied? Yes. But so ought the sane people whom he afflicts. Pity, like charity, should begin at home. Let us put the crank into confinement, where he can do no harm, and then we may fall to and pity him as much as we like.

The truth is, we of to-day have replaced the harshities of the middle ages toward lunatics with a sappy sentimentalism which does them no good and does other people harm. Our criminal courts have evolved a new form of mania, called "emotional insanity," to save the necks of murderers. People shudder at the idea of hanging murderous lunatics, as if there were something revolting about it. It is better than chaining them in dungeons, as they did in the dark ages. The lunatic in the flesh is of no use to himself or any one else; in the earth he becomes useful again in the form of phosphates.

But we are all of us very much alike—sane and insane. Fear of punishment deters the mass of mankind from crime. If there were less maudlin nonsense talked and written about "insane" murderers, there would not be so many murderously insane.

The free-trade Democracy claim that threatened tariff-tinkering was not the cause of their recent rout, inasmuch as "nothing legislative had been done." Very true—nothing has been done by the Democrats; it is rarely that they do anything in the line of legislation. But they have done a great deal in other directions. The fear of free trade has caused wholesale merchants to stop ordering goods; this has caused the mill-men to stop manufacturing goods; this has caused the railroads to stop hauling goods; this has caused the retail dealers to stop selling goods to the railroad hands, the mill hands, and the clerks and book-keepers of the merchants who stopped ordering goods. Thus the vicious circle is complete. Not a link is missing. No, the Democratic plea is correct—they have done nothing in point of legislation; but they have done a vast deal toward ruining their fellow-citizens, and they have spread their ail for a long and melancholy journey up Salt River. ion voyage!

In a recent article Mr. Ward McAllister states that he has discovered the fact that young women are not marrying; much as they did. Others had noticed the phenomenon before. For years the tendency of young ladies of fortune in New York to establish spinster homes, where they receive society and coquet with art, music, and letters in reference to becoming the wives of anybody's hosom, has been a familiar topic of conversation. Nor is the new departure peculiar to girls of fortune. Ever since the new opportunities for money-getting have been opened to women, so at the number of girls who are independent is steadily on the increase, a marked decline in feminine candidates for matrimony has been observed.

The evolution of the voluntary spinster has been gradual, it is inexorable. It springs from conditions which emanate from young women from dependence on man, and dispel the old idea that a girl must marry to get food and clothes. The rich girls in New York, of their own free choice, are rejecting the fate of Jepthah's daughter, because they owe the comforts of spinsterhood, whereas they can not reckon up the possible discomforts of matrimony, so girls in every social strata, when they find they can support them-

selves, refuse to consider the subject of marriage unless it presents itself in a very attractive aspect. Women are placing themselves on a coign of vantage which enables them to pick and choose, and, in consequence, the supply of material for wives is falling below the demand.

Mrs. Grand puts the case well in "The Heavenly Twins." Evadne lays the corner-stone of the new philosophy in the proposition that a woman has a right to expect in her husband as high a standard of purity and refinement as he expects in his wife. The standard must be identical for both sexes. If the man does not come up to the standard which he exacts in his wife, the girl is warranted in refusing him. The refusal may entail upon her an autumn of old maidism; but that is less terrible than men suppose.

Men can not do without women. As it was necessary to resort to the excision of a rib to make Adam comfortable in Paradise, and as the early settlers in the colonies preferred the women of the London and Paris workhouses to the *ennui* of bachelorhood, so at the present day men can not live without female society. If they can not get the best, they will take the worst.

It is different with the other sex. Women can live, and live agreeably, without men. The instinct which prompts the male to seek the female is not innate in the latter. It may be acquired. A woman learns to love her husband as tenderly and as passionately as he loves her. But it is generally an acquired taste. And, quite often, women who support themselves, or those whose minds are concentrated on society, or art, or letters, or business, have no opportunity of acquiring it. Such women are not naturally inclined to matrimony, unless it comes under very alluring auspices, with substantial guarantees for future happiness.

The marriage of the day is connubial association of a young, fresh, innocent, pure, and guileless maiden with a man who has too often run the gamut of vice. He seeks selfishness in his wife, when a course of club life has saturated him with selfishness. This man is commended by the girl's father as eligible, because he is rich, a gentleman, well-mannered, of a good family, and not known to be dissipated. But if his record and the record of the girl were both laid bare, and it appeared that the lady had as many peccadilloes to answer for as the gentleman; if it were shown that she had been as coarse, as gross, as selfish as he—would he take her on any terms? Why should there be one measure for the woman and another for the man, if the former need not marry for bread?

When the lives which our young men lead are considered, it is extraordinary that any girl who is possessed of means, or has the ability to do the work which her brother does, should marry at all. She must surrender her independence. Girls hug the delusion that they will not obey, and that in case of differences they will divorce. That is jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. As a rule, all wives obey simply because all disputes are finally determined by a preponderance of physical force. And obey whom? A heavy, stupid man, who shares none of her refined tastes; who is sodden with narrow prejudices and small vices; and who often, by the side of one who is Miranda to his Caliban, regrets the joys of his capricious early life. Does sapless old maidism presage keener suffering than that?

The evil of the situation contains within it the germ of its cure. In each grade of society the volume of marriageable women is about equal to the volume of marriageable men. If a given percentage of the former is withdrawn, there will be a shortage which will be sensibly felt. A corresponding percentage of men who would like to be married will have to remain single, or to marry out of their degree. The effect of this would be to coerce young men to accept Evadne's standard, and to lead lives which would not exclude them from her list of possible husbands.

A mass-meeting was held last week by the ladies who are engaged in the task of attempting to purify the press of San Francisco. The Augean stables which confronted Hercules were as nothing to the task of cleansing which these brave ladies have essayed. They have our earnest sympathy—that goes without saying. All this flame was started from a single spark—an editorial paragraph printed in the *Argonaut's* "Olla Podrida" some weeks ago. It was at the time when the dailies were devoting whole pages to sickening details of the death and mutilation of the unfortunate Addie Gilmour. Nobody expects much in the way of decency from the daily papers, but when they begin presenting you at your breakfast-table with horrible cuts of wire-wrapped human heads and other *disjecta membra*, it is really going too far. The editors of the dailies care nothing about the morals of this community, but they have no right to turn our stomachs.

From this little paragraph started the agitation which has resulted in such a widespread movement. The ladies claim that they now have thirty-five thousand names upon their petitions. This is very encouraging, indeed. The only

drawback, as we have said, is that the petitions are addressed to the editors of the dailies, who have absolutely no influence with the proprietors. If they were addressed to the advertisers, now, they might have some effect.

But while the ladies have our sympathy in their crusade, we fear that they will not accomplish much. Their ideas are not practical enough. Permit us to point out a solution to the problem which is certainly practical and may be entirely feasible.

Mr. W. T. Stead, a noted English editor, has just begun a plan for the foundation of an ideal daily newspaper in Great Britain. He has asked one hundred thousand Englishmen to subscribe twenty shillings each for a year's subscription to his projected journal. He will give to each subscriber a one-pound hand-note, hearing five per cent. interest in case he shall circulate one hundred thousand copies of his daily, and ten per. cent. in case he shall circulate two hundred thousand or more. The further details of the scheme can be found, by those who are interested, in the October number of Mr. Stead's magazine.

Now, why can not the ladies of San Francisco take a leaf from Mr. Stead's book? They say that thirty-five thousand of them have signed the petition for the purification of the press. Why do not these thirty-five thousand ladies enroll themselves as subscribers to a new and decent daily journal? Let them subscribe ten dollars apiece for one year's subscription; this makes the round sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which would be ample to start a thoroughly equipped daily newspaper. There are a number of ambitious young journalists in San Francisco who would be delighted to start a daily for the ladies under such financial conditions. They would even make it a clean daily, although such a thing would be inexpressibly revolting to the journalistic soul.

Ten dollars is not a large sum of money. Further than that, there is given for it a *quid pro quo*—to wit, a year's subscription to a clean daily newspaper. It is to be presumed that each of the thirty-five thousand ladies now takes a daily newspaper; the fact that they want a better one presupposes that they read one of those already established. The dailies here cost about seven dollars and a half per year; therefore, each subscriber would practically be paying only two dollars and a half premium toward the purification of the press.

This sum is so small that to most people who take newspapers it is a bagatelle. A woman spends more than that in a year on candies; a man spends many times that amount in a year on cigars.

Are we to believe that these earnest ladies would not back up their desire for the elevation of the press at least two and a half's worth? We are afraid they would not. At least, we should very much dislike to attempt to collect the subscriptions.

But seriously, this plan is entirely feasible. This is conclusively shown by the fact that W. T. Stead, who is an unusually successful newspaper man, is essaying it in Great Britain. But we fear it will not commend itself to the ladies. They like theoretical things. It is too practical. Then, it involves paying money out of one's own pocket—always a disagreeable thing. And, lastly, it is a great deal better, and infinitely more feminine, to theorize, memorialize, hold mass-meetings, and address petitions to sneering newspaper editors who will put them in the waste-basket.

The Congregation of the Holy Inquisition has decided that Roman Catholics may not join the Independent Order of Good Templars under penalty of mortal sin; therefore American citizens who intrust their consciences to the Roman Safe Deposit Company will withdraw from the order and resume the consumption of ardent spirits for the good of their souls. The question was, the dispatches say, first raised by Grand Chief Templar Frazier, of Wisconsin, who submitted a request to Archbishop Katzer to allow Roman Catholics to join the society, stating that the order had decided that Roman Catholic members could reveal its secrets to their confessors. A more innocuous association than the Good Templars it would be hard to conceive. Its purposes are strictly anti-alcoholic and social. Since such secrets as it has are free to the Roman Catholic clergy, it must be inferred that its objects are distasteful to the Congregation of the Holy Inquisition. Its temperance work is certainly disliked by the liquor merchants—wholesale and retail—and as these merchants in this country are mostly Irish and Catholic, perhaps their "pull" accounts for the action of the church.

The Democrats are dazed. The Democratic organs are grinding away industriously, playing soothing elegiac melodies. But there is a very tired feeling in the ranks of the Democracy, and neither sarsaparilla, nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, can medicine them to that sweet jag-like joy which yesterday they had.

SHIFTING THE CUT.

"His ways are wondrous," said the parson, as we sat together one evening in his study over our cigars and toddies.

I am a stanch churchman, and the parson and I are great friends; in fact, I am his warden and the firm advocate of his suggestions at all vestry meetings. He is a capital fellow, full of robust manhood, and possessing a very nice humor of his own. He has ritualistic tendencies, however, in which I can not heartily concur. But what if he does abstain from flesh upon Fridays? Whose pompanos are better broiled, whose salmon is served with more delicious egg-sauce or crispier cucumbers? If he has any faults, they are decidedly venial ones. As for peculiarities, he possesses but one—he has a tendency to the vernacular, which he caught on the coast when he first came out. He is aware of this, and invariably corrects immediately any inelegance of language of which he may have been guilty.

"His ways are wondrous," repeated the parson; "I never was more taken aback—ahem, more amazed—in my life than when I saw and heard what I am about to relate to you. The story is rather a long one, so, if you will kindly pass the decanter and water, I will make a little preparation before I begin." The preparations completed, he settled himself back in his chair and continued his narrative:

When I was first ordained—and that is a long time ago—I was sent out as the rector of a parish in a mining district in Nevada. The first transcontinental railway had just been completed, but my parish lay many weary miles of staging off the line. The life was new and strange, of course, and I fear I was rather fresh—ahem, lacking in knowledge of the world, and especially unacquainted with the manners and customs of my parishioners. On the whole, however, I liked the work, despite the lawlessness of the new community. I had a fairly large and very liberal congregation, composed principally of ladies. However, upon Easter Sunday and St. John's Day, the sterner sex attended in large numbers, and I had a chance to give them hot shot—ahem, to point out what I regarded as the chief sins of the locality: gaming and inebriety.

I was young at the time I am talking about and very fond of outdoor sports and amusements, especially those of the rod and gun. The game was not very plentiful in that section of the country, so I was greatly delighted, one autumn, to be invited to join a party of gentlemen who were going to Wyoming for a shooting vacation of a fortnight or three weeks' duration. We drove by stage to the railway, made a journey of a day and a half by train, and then a drive of six or seven hours brought us to a pleasant spot, where we made camp.

The party consisted, with one exception, of members of my congregation—that is, of the husbands of members; the exception was a singularly gentleman-like man, to whom, through an oversight, I was not introduced. I heard the others call him Tom and Thomas, oftener Thomas than Tom, so came to the conclusion that the former was his patronymic appellation, and I so addressed him. The party was a very jovial one and most agreeable to me, although I noticed a tendency to play practical jokes.

It was evening when we had finished making camp. We had eaten our supper and were sitting about the fire smoking and discussing plans for the sport which we expected. Mr. Thomas had withdrawn from the party and was, I fancy, indulging in a nap, when the judge remarked—the district judge was of the party—that it was a capital night for killing snipe—there was no moon, and it was quite dark.

"Killing snipe?" said I; "I was not aware that snipe were ever shot at night."

"Quite right you are, parson," said the judge. "Not shot, but bagged."

You must remember that I was very green—ahem, innocent of the ways of the country, so I was not greatly surprised when I was informed that a bright light attracted snipe, and that they could thus be decoyed into a sack.

One word brought on another, until it was proposed that we sallied forth and literally bag enough of the succulent birds for the morrow's breakfast. The proposition was hailed with enthusiasm, and—with the exception of Mr. Thomas—we all started out upon the expedition. We wandered hither and thither, up hill and down, in search of a likely hit of swale. I was quite weary and much confused as to the locality, when at last a suitable place was found. The mouth of a sack was propped open by means of a couple of sticks, and two lighted candles were placed in front of the opening.

"Now," said the judge, "let us separate, and, after moving back for a quarter of an hour, reform in a large circle, gradually closing in toward the sack, thus driving the birds toward the light."

In compliance with the directions, we were about to start off, I very weary and reluctant, when someone said: "Hold on; somebody must stay with the bag."

"You are not used to the driving, parson," said another; "you had better remain."

"Simply stand here," said the judge, "and when you see a snipe enter the bag, catch him and wring his neck."

It seemed the easiest part of the work, so I remonstrated on that account, but my scruples were overruled, and soon I was standing alone.

The ground was wet and muddy, and, attracted by the light, myriads of gnats and mosquitoes came humming about me. At first, the novelty of the situation was interesting; but, as time passed and no birds came, I grew restless and uncomfortable. Then I began to realize how unsportsman-like it was thus to decoy these innocent creatures, and I determined to point this out to my companions when they returned. But I waited and waited in vain. No snipe, no companions.

"Poor sport," thought I, as I brushed away the mosquitoes. I bent over to the light and looked at my watch. Half-past ten. I had been waiting for two hours. The moisture had penetrated my boots. I was more than un-

comfortable, and then the unpleasant reflection came—perhaps this is one of those abominable practical jokes.

"The devil take them," thought I—"ahem, the Lord forgive them; surely they would have more respect for my cloth." But, no. I realized it at last. The lights were nearly consumed. I resolved to return to the camp. The lights flickered and went out. I was angry—perhaps somewhat alarmed. I did not know which way to turn. I began to walk. I stumbled and fell. This did not serve to soften my feelings. Muddy, tired, and lost, I was truly in a sorry plight. What would have been the upshot of all these conditions, who can say? But at this juncture I heard a voice loudly calling my name, and caught sight of the rays from a lantern. I answered, and soon I could recognize the tones of Mr. Thomas.

"This is a shameful hoax, sir," he said, as he came toward me, "and I regret it very much indeed."

I had nothing to say beyond thanking him for his timely assistance. I was hurt by the treatment of my companions far more than I like to think even now. When we returned to the camp the whole party were either asleep or pretending to be. On the following morning I rose early and began making my preparations for returning home. At first, there was some attempt at banter, followed by dissuasion, and at last by a very earnest apology. I accepted the apology, and honestly forgave the offense; but I felt that I was out of place in the situation, and I insisted upon being allowed to depart. The wagon was prepared, and, after shaking hands heartily with every one, I took my place therein.

To my surprise, Mr. Thomas took his place by my side and signified that he would accompany me. I remonstrated, as did the others; but the sole reply was: "I came with this gentleman; I will return with him."

Our homeward journey was very interesting to me. Many subjects were broached and discussed, and my companion was thoroughly at home with each and every one of them. He talked entertainingly of his travels, and he seemed to have been everywhere. This led to voyages and the sea, and, from my point of view, he was a finished navigator, and soon he was beyond my ken in the realms of astronomy and pure mathematics. I must, however, do him the justice to say that so soon as he found himself ranging beyond my knowledge of a subject, he deftly lowered his conversation within the range of my understanding. I was amazed at first, but soon only lost in my interest in the many sides of the man. Suffice it that his information had a wide range, while he, unlike most jacks-of-all-trades, seemed to be the master of everything he tackled—ahem, of every subject he had investigated.

At length we reached the station, at which we took the stage-coach. There were two or three outside passengers, but my companion and myself were alone on the inside of the coach. My respect for him grew apace. It excited my wonder that, living in the same place, I had never met this extraordinary man before, and presently I asked him how it was I had never met him before—"In fact," said I, "Mr. Thomas, you seem a man of so much and such varied knowledge that I am at a loss in divining your profession. Will you tell me what occupation in life you follow?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I am a gambler."

The silence which followed was awkward. It was relieved by his remarking that, as we were ascending a steep grade, he would lighten the load by walking. He caught up his gun, which he had in the coach with him, and, without asking the driver to stop, jumped out and closed the door after him, leaving me alone to my reflections.

There was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour of swaying and pulling, the jingling of chain and the creaking of leather, before we reached the summit. Just as I could feel by the movement of the coach that the wheels were once more on level ground, I heard some sharp words of command, the stage stopped abruptly, and the door was flung open. I did not know what it meant, but I soon learned, and, raising my hands above my head, I took my place in a line, composed of the driver and the outside passengers. A masked man stood at the side of the line, holding a pistol, which was pointed toward us, while another proceeded to rifle our pockets. The express-box and mail-bags lay in a pile upon the road.

There was not much time for analyzing my sensations nor studying the situation, for suddenly a ringing voice was heard, and all eyes were turned toward a huge howler lying by the road, over the top of which could be seen the glistening of a pair of gun-barrels.

"You two road-agents throw up your hands," said the voice; "there's no use, I have the drop on you." The hands went up reluctantly. "Driver, secure their guns," continued the voice. This accomplished, Mr. Thomas stepped from behind the rock. The spoils were returned to their owners, and the mail-pouches and express-box replaced.

"Shall we tie the prisoners?" said one of the passengers.

"What prisoners?" said the hero of the occasion. "These men?" he continued, pointing to the discomfited highwaymen. "I am no sheriff. If you want them, take them."

Then, as the other passengers—who had not finished trembling—held back, turning to the twain, he added: "You fellows had better vamoose."

They followed the suggestion with alacrity.

In a few hours more our journey was at an end, and Mr. Thomas and I separated. His occupation not being conducive to our intimacy, we drifted apart; so, months after, when a sheriff's officer came to the rectory to tell me that one Short-Card Tom requested my presence at the county jail, I did not know whom he meant. Regarding it, however, as a duty, I at once accompanied him to the prison, where I was surprised to meet again my late companion—I will say my friend—Mr. Thomas.

I had read in the morning paper that Short-Card Tom had, the night before, shot one Alphonse Porvenir, the proprietor of a notorious house of amusement, and had been slightly wounded himself in the affray; but, of course, I had no idea that this man with a cant name and my acquaintance were one and the same. The prisoner soon told me his story. He had spread his lay-out—ahem, was con-

ducting his nefarious occupation in the house of the man Porvenir. Connected with the establishment was a concert-hall or theatre, one of the actresses from which was the cause of the affray. The prisoner told me that she was an innocent young girl who had been decoyed into the house. The man whom he had shot had insulted her, and she had claimed his protection, with the result I have outlined.

The girl was homeless and friendless, and his object in sending for me was to ask me, in my capacity as a clergyman, to procure for her a home where she would be safe from the evils which threatened her. It is needless to say that I at once sought the young woman and became greatly interested in her case. She had hardly blossomed into the full flower of womanhood, and was wonderfully pretty, though, perhaps, that is not material. I introduced myself to her, and offered my sympathy and assistance. The poor child burst into tears, and told me a woeful story. She was the daughter of a well-to-do widow in San Francisco. Having just been emancipated from the thralldom of school life, with nothing to do, like many young girls she became seized with a mania for theatrical life. One luckless day she saw an advertisement calling for young ladies to join a company. She answered it, and met the man Porvenir, who engaged her to perform minor parts in his theatre, and advanced to her money with which to furnish a wardrobe and to run away from home. When she joined him at his place in the mountains, she was horror-struck, and would have left him at once; but he threatened her with arrest, and insisted upon her fulfilling her engagement, to pay the debt she had contracted. Feeling that she was helpless, she endeavored to comply; but she soon found that the engagement implied a life of debauchery and shame. To this she refused to submit. Her master refused to allow her to leave the house. In her fright and despair she claimed the protection of the dignified gambler with the kindly face. It was promptly accorded to her, with the result recorded in the wounding of the two men.

It was necessary, of course, at once to remove the young woman from this shameless dive—ahem, from her licentious environment. I took her to the rectory to wait until I could find some family who would give her shelter until I could communicate with her mother. I had no doubt that such an asylum could readily be found among my charitable parishioners. Will you believe it, sir, I could not find a single woman in my parish who would harbor her? Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity! My assurances as a clergyman, my persuasions as a man, were alike unavailing. I confess that my indignation overcame my regret. I brought back with me an old charwomao, whom I had formerly employed, to take care of the rectory, and installed her as my housekeeper, and kept the young woman under my own roof.

We discussed her future, and I urged her to write to her mother that she might be forgiven and return to her home. Though she was but a child, she was a woman child, and she knew her sex, even then, far better than I, and her words convinced me. That she might return to her home was true; but the days of absence could never be explained, they left a stain upon her womanhood. Scorn would ever after be her portion.

"Mother would forgive me," said she, "but she could not forget, and others—" She said no more, but hurried her face in her hands.

As the days passed, she grew more cheerful, and I saw that the light of her dainty girlhood brightened up the lonely rectory. Silenced by her words, I still pondered over the blight which was to come over her life. I prayed for her, though she was as pure as the sun. And then a light seemed to come to me. Why not silence malignity and shield her with my own good name? Make her my wife! The more I pondered over this, the clearer seemed my duty. Then I saw the dainty face and the pure eyes, and knew that it was no sacrifice that I was making, after all; but I will wait, thought I to myself, until she knows me better—until, perhaps, she is inspired toward me with something more than gratitude. But I had determined to offer her my name.

On the following Sunday, as I stepped from the vestry-room into the chancel, I saw that the church was full, but I noted that there was not a woman in the congregation, with the exception of my charge, who, at my earnest solicitation, had conquered her shame and had taken her place in the church. I went up to her and whispered to her to retire, and, returning within the rail, faced my male audience—I use the word "audience" with deliberation. My text for the day had been "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and I had carefully prepared my sermon. When, however, I announced the text, it was "He who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." I am not given to extempore preaching, as you are aware; but on that occasion I delivered the best sermon of my life. The words were given me (here the parson glanced reverentially toward the ceiling), and I turned loose upon those gaping satyrs and gave them h—ll—ahem, I poured upon them the words of the Lord's wrath, to the aid of their salvation, I hope.

A few days later, I received a telegram from the bishop, calling me to him at once. The dispatch was the result of letters which had poured in upon him from my parishioners, complaining of what they were pleased to call my highly immoral conduct.

I told my story to my superior, and never shall I forget the kindly sympathy and advice of that good man. I returned to my parish firm and strong in the knowledge that I had his full and hearty support. I may say that I looked forward with pleasure to seeing the sweet face—sweeter for the trials of its innocent owner—which I expected to smile me a welcome home.

The parson paused and sighed. After a little space he poured out a drink from the decanter, and went on:

But she was not there. When I returned I found that the innocent creature had skipped—er, that is, eloped with Short-Card Tom.

FRANK ROBINS.
SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1893.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

Our Correspondent discusses the Novelties of the Season—Richard Mansfield as Shylock—De Koven's New Opera—Belasco's Play.

The winter season opens with a rather meagre assortment of theatrical novelties. At Herrmann's, Mr. Mansfield is giving a revival of the "Merchant of Venice" on new lines; at the Empire, Belasco has produced a new comedy entitled "The Younger Son," which is a failure; at the Grand Opera House, J. K. Emmet has brought out a play, by Sydney Rosenfeld, called "Fritz in Prosperity"; at the Academy of Music, a horse-play called "In Old Kentucky," by C. T. Dazey, is having a trial; at the Garden Theatre, Mr. de Koven's "Algerian" has been produced with fair prospects; at Abbey's Theatre, Henry Irving has produced Tennyson's "Becket," which can hardly be called a novelty; "An American Duchess" is killed for the Lyceum.

Of these the most notable is Mansfield's Shylock. This performance commends itself to approval in the first place by such a display of scenery, costumes, lights, music, and business as the grand old play has ever received. Many of the features are new. The music is new and delicate, being all made with stringed instruments and out with brass. At the beginning of the fifth act, when people have been in the habit of leaving the theatre, they are now detained by the appearance of a swarm of dancing sprites in the garden scene. Mansfield's conception of the Jew approximates more closely to that of Booth than to that of Macready and Irving; he makes him an incarnation of personal hatred and inexorable vengeance, rather than an embodiment of austere religious prejudice. In Irving's performance, Shylock is indifferent to Jessica until after her flight, when he execrates her. Mansfield's Shylock kisses her repeatedly when she leaves him, and sinks to the ground in abject misery when he hears of her desertion. The jeers of the maskers over his bereavement are also a new feature. Another novelty was the production of the three thousand ducats in actual gold in the trial scene. Shylock is surrounded by Jews, who inspect the coins; they hand them to him; he demands his bond and dashes the gold upon the floor. These innovations upon tradition strike the public favorably. Mr. Mansfield is fortunate in having secured a presentable Portia in Miss Cameron. She is rather light and girl-like for a rôle which calls for so much vigor, and in which Ellen Terry displays such luxuriance of joyous vitality. But she did very well, and got a fair meed of applause.

Those who spent an evening with Mansfield gave their next spare evening to Mr. de Koven's "Algerian." This is a comic opera of which Mr. Glen Macdonough wrote the libretto, which is rather thin and flimsy. An adventurer hits upon the idea of inducing members of a French comic-opera company to exhibit before tourists as members of an Eastern harem—that is about all. The situation affords Mr. de Koven an opportunity to introduce a good deal of oriental music, which is ingeniously interwoven with airs of a marked Viennese origin. Critics find the same fault which they have found with all of Mr. de Koven's operas—that his genius is too strongly reminiscent. But, *que diable!* there is nothing new under the sun, either in music or in anything else. The opera is droll, and makes the audience laugh; the costumes are gorgeous, the coryphées pretty in face and figure, and Miss Marie Tempest is a whole operatic troupe to herself. Her pipe is slender, but in the tambourine song she was delightful; and, indeed, whenever she appeared the difficulty was to restrain the impulse of the public to applaud. Mr. de Koven will undoubtedly score another triumph.

The horse-play—"In Old Kentucky"—is another attempt to naturalize the turf-life of Kentucky in this city. That life is all there—the sleek racers of the blue-grass country, the wild mountain scenery, the rough frontiersman, the Ku-Klux cabos, the darkey brass band, the plantation dances, and the lingering relics of the old slavery days. Much of the attraction of the piece was afforded by the muscular feats of the leading ladies. Miss Bettina Girard swings herself across a chasm to save the hero from being blown up by dynamite; she rescues a racing filly from a burning stable; she rides that filly to victory to the Ashland Oaks; while Ethel Greybrooke, mad to see the end of a race, climbs a tall tree in the presence of the audience, with just enough display of oiled ankles to charm the audience, and not enough to offend good taste. The play is hardly a work of literary merit, but it is full of movement, the characters are typical, and the songs merry. It is produced in one of the largest houses in the city; yet there are few empty seats.

The play which the Frohmans have brought out at the Empire Theatre under the name of "The Younger Son," is an adaptation by Belasco from Visscher's "Schlimme Taal," and Mr. Belasco had much better have left its enjoyment to the Teuton mind. It is the old stage story of a virtuous maiden, a licentious millionaire, an aspiring young painter who waits help to prosecute his studies, and a confiding mother. We all know, before the first act is over, that the young painter will get money from the millionaire to study at Rome, and that the boy will turn up at the ancestral home in time to defeat the designs of the libertine on the innocent young lady. From the standpoint of morality, such pieces are commendable, as teaching a wholesome lesson; but they are rarely amusing, and there is little risk in predicting the early retirement of "The Younger Son" to another and a better world.

But the Germans are a curious people in theatrical matters. At the Irving Place a German piece called "Lolo's Vater" is being played. The plot is this: A retired letter-carrier has two daughters, one of whom marries a wealthy baron, while the other becomes the wife of a workman with honest instincts and hard hands. The parents go to live with the baroness; but detecting her in a flirtation with a visitor to the house, mamma chides her on high moral grounds, whereupon the flirtatious young matron turns papa

and mamma out of her house. They take refuge with their other daughter, and—curious coincidence!—they arrive just as she presents the honest but hard-handed workman with a baby. The advent of the little stranger is celebrated in the most beautiful sentences, and it is proclaimed to be a reward of virtue, as though in the families of German workmen such accidents were unusual, and only happened when some signal exhibition of virtue called them forth.

Another half-German character—who was not in the least dull in his day—was Emmet's Fritz. It was supposed that he was dead and buried. This seems to have been a mistake. He did not die. He went to Dakota, which would be nearly as bad, but that there is escape from the one and one from the other. Mr. Rosenfeld reproduces him in a blonde wig and knee-breeches, with a consuming ardor of affection for a young thing from the prairies. The young thing has another suitor in the person of a villain with a black mustache; but after the usual jokes in dialect and the ordinary coy coquetry by the maiden, the time comes for her to say the sacramental words to the villain—"No, you don't!"—and to fall palpitating into Mr. Emmet's arms.

The play at the Lyceum—"An American Duchess"—is an adaptation from the French, by Clyde Fitch. It is said to be based on the old story of the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsch. The prince wanted money—a great deal of money; he asked Hirsch to lend it; the baron consented, on the condition that he should be asked to Sandringham. The prince agreed, but the princess refused. Hirsch was inexorable. The difficulty was arranged by inviting the Jewish banker to Sandringham, with the understanding that, during his stay, the princess should remain in her rooms; and so the prince got his money. The fun of the piece is derived from the fact that the bargain became common talk among the children, and that whoever the baron made his appearance the children fled, with cries of "Here comes the bogie man!"

NEW YORK, November 4, 1893.

LATE VERSE.

A Damascus Nightingale.

On the crimson edge of the eve,
By the Barada's flute-like flow,
Where the shadow shuttles begot to weave
And the mountain airs to blow,
With the sight of the night's first star,
As though it were dumb too long,
There burst on the ear a wondrous bar
From a spirit dowered with song.

And swift it swelled to a strain
That rippled and rose and ran
Through every chord of joy or pain
That throbs in the heart of man.
It told of love lightening life
And of sorrow's bitter breath;
It pealed a psalm of peace from strife
And of triumph over death.

And I knew it for God's own bird—
A prophetic voice in the dark;
The huddling stars in the heaven's beard,
For they could not choose but hark.
Then the worn earth hid its face
And dreamed its dream of the dawn;
The voice of man was stilled for a space,
But the bird sang on and on.

—Clinton Scollard.

The Living Track.

[It has been reported that, during a recent journey of the Czar, the inhabitants of a certain section flung themselves upon the track to stop his train; thus hoping to obtain redress for some local abuses which had gone beyond endurance. According to the account by which this poem was suggested, the guards, after having tried in vain to scatter the people, were bidden to order the train to proceed.]

The royal train raged down the track;
Before it, fled the sullen snow;
Abreast it, plot and hunger go.
The White Czar comes. Who turns him back?

The storm contests the drifting track.
Colder than Russian sleet, the wrong
Of anguish patient, sharp and long,
Gathering to meet him through the black.

Thundering, the train drives in the night.
Press steam! Gain time! Make to the town!
The Czar hath just been seen to frown—
Down brakes?—Who dared? Agast with fright,

The guards stream, armed, to the rail,
The panting engine throbs to halt.
Assassin is it? Or assault?
And whence that shrill, heart-baunting wail?

Before the wheels—a living load—
Heaped flesh and blood, behold them, then!
The people—children, women, men—
Flung prone upon the iron road.

"Give us the mercy, justice, right!
Grace to this village, or we die!
Oh, Little Father! stay thy flight,
And listen to thy children's cry!"

It was a direful sight to see.
He looked, and then he glanced again;
God knows what musings rent the brain
Whose frozen soul denied that plea.

Turn, Czar of all the Russias! Back!
Not yet, not even for thee, too late!
But, grim as gray, eternal fate,
The red wheels grind the living track.

Thy time shall come to plead: Turn back!
As vain the cry, as sure the day.
Relentless History rolls thy way,
To pin thee on her living track.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the Independent.

His Hand was Rough.

His hand was rough and His hand was hard,
For He wrought in wood, in Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street He went up and down.

His hand was rough; but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind;
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back joy to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard; but they spik'd it fast
To the splintered wood of the cursed tree;
And He hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In His shame, And the red blood trickled free.

—Archibald MacMechan.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Avelan has received over a thousand letters from French women, each of whom wants a lock of his hair.

Sir John Willoughby, who is in command of the chartered South Africa Company's forces in Mashonaland, was formerly a captain of the Royal Horse Guards and celebrated as being the smallest officer of the British army.

Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," passed his eighty-fifth birthday, a fortnight ago, at his home in Newton Centre, Mass., near Boston. He is active and alert, and feels the burden of his advanced age but little. He visited the World's Fair during the early summer.

William Dean Howells and Henry George are upon terms of pleasant friendship, and Mr. Howells is occasionally one of the little circle at Mr. George's informal Sunday nights. It may surprise some persons to know that Mr. Howells has endeavored to make Mr. George a convert to socialism.

Representative Everett, of Massachusetts, is the ablest classical scholar in Congress. He is credited with the ability to recite *Æneid* from beginning to end. Outside of the classics, the best of the congressional linguists is Senator Turpie, of Indiana, who has a colloquial familiarity with four modern languages, and can read several more.

Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, recently observed in a promiscuous company that in his opinion half of the men in Wall Street should be in State prison. Certain men of prominence in Wall Street endeavored to get from Judge Harlan a denial of the remark attributed to him, but he declined to retract his words.

Charles Belmont Davis, a son of the well-known manager-editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, Mr. L. Clarke Davis, and the brilliant writer, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, has been appointed to represent the United States as consul at Florence. He is a brother of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and has himself done good work in journalism and literature.

A Mr. Howard, of Chicago, said to be a man of wealth and prominence in the modish world, has announced his betrothal to Miss Antoinette J. Schackel, who has figured as the Queen of the Orient in the famous beauty show in the Midway Plaisance. The marriage will take place in a few days. Miss Schackel came to this country as part of the Austrian exhibit, and received much admiring attention.

Baron de Worms recently received a legacy of one million five hundred thousand dollars—left him by Mr. George Samuel, who has died a bachelor—under somewhat romantic circumstances. Mr. George Samuel's father made possession of his fortune conditional on a promise from his son that he would not marry till after his death, and then lived to be a hundred years old. It was a little too late after that for Mr. Samuel to think of marriage.

Jean Luie, one of the witnesses in the Tichborne trial, has turned up in Sydney, Australia, in connection with a lawsuit for malicious prosecution. He is now a debt-collector, and is seventy-four years old. To this day he adheres to the statement which he made on oath in London during the great trial, that he was steward of the *Osprey* at the time she picked up the survivors of the *Bella*, one of whom was Sir Roger Tichborne, who, according to his firm conviction, was identical with the claimant.

Fraoies W. Egan, eldest son of ex-United States Minister Patrick Egan, was recently married in Valparaiso to Amelia, daughter of the late Don Jorje Rojas, a member of the Chilean senate. The bride is a member of one of the oldest families in Chile, and through her mother's family, the Pradels, she is connected with well-known families in France. The Egans, it is claimed, are allied to the house of the Dukes d'Enghien, which name, in its journey across the channel, became corrupted into Egan.

Lord Salisbury sits for his photograph as if carved out of stone, and never speaks. Lord Rosebery, although he dislikes sitting, makes a good subject, but Mr. Goschen, through inability to restrain a spasmodic twitching of the lips, spoils plate after plate. Lord Randolph Churchill hates sitting, is very irritable, and tugs at his beard till the last moment. Mr. Balfour looks bored but amiable, and has a difficulty in disposing of his legs. The Duke of Devonshire has to be carefully watched. He has been known to yawn in the middle of one of his own speeches, and he carries this habit into the studio.

Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the second son of the younger daughter of the late Dom Pedro, is the only available candidate for any imperialist movement in the former dominions of his grandfather. His elder brother, who was regarded, until the tardy birth of the crown princess's son, as heir to the Brazilian crown, is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum near Vienna, while the eldest son of the crown prince is still a mere school-boy. Prince Augustus was born in Brazil, served in the Brazilian navy, and visited New York on board a Brazilian man-of-war some five years ago. His name is not included in the decree of exile pronounced against the remainder of his family.

There are some lively old people in the British nobility. The widowed Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery, has just sailed from England for the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of visiting South Africa. She is eighty-three years of age, and it was only a few weeks ago that she was thrown out of her phaeton, which she was driving. Another member of the nobility, now traveling in Natal for the purpose of recuperating for the coming parliamentary session, is the venerable Lord Ebury, now in his ninety-third year. Sir Harry Verney, who is of the same age and a brother-in-law of Florence Nightingale of nursing fame, distinguished himself by winning a foot-race a few weeks ago at the county agricultural show at Buckinghamshire, and still rides to hounds.

THE CLOCKS OF MARSEILLES.

Tradition Tells why They once Told Midnight at Eleven.

There is a tradition in Marseilles that on a particular night, many years ago, all the clocks in that city were put forward one hour—a tradition which is said to have had its origio in the following story:

There lived in the vicinity of that city a M. Valette, a gentleman of ancient family and of considerable fortune. He had married Marie Danville, daughter of the mayor of the city, and, with their two sons and two daughters, dwelt in a beautiful villa near the city—a seat which had been the favorite residence of his ancestors.

As his children grew up, however, he was induced to move to Paris, which place both he and Mme. Valette conceived to be more suited to the education of their family. The removal of M. Valette and of his family was deplored by his tenants, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as M. le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, of harsh and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris to adopt a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands for renewed remittances upon his factor; and the latter was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures to procure for his master the necessary means. The scanty vintage of the preceding year had made such demands doubly hard to obey, and Le Brun became as odious to the tenantry as Valette had been respected and beloved.

These circumstances were but little known to Valette, or he would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from his tenants almost all their hard-earned substance. One night, as he slept in Paris, the form of his factor appeared to him, covered with blood, informing him that he had been murdered by the tenantry on M. Valette's estate for rigor in collecting his revenue, and that his body had been hurried under a particular tree, which it minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun requested, moreover, that M. Valette would immediately hasten to Marseilles, and deposit his remains in the grave of his ancestors. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition at once disappeared.

The morning came to dissipate the gloom which the vision of the night had occasioned; and though he had been for some time astonished at the unusual silence of Le Brun, yet he could not help considering the whole as a mere illusion. Stories of ghosts he had always considered as fit only for the nursery. To take so long a journey on such an errand he knew would be regarded as the height of superstition; and so he made no mention of the incident.

"You are more thoughtful than usual, father," said one of his daughters to him next morning at breakfast.

"I am thinking, my dear," said M. Valette, "why I have been so long in hearing from Le Brun. I need money, and my demands have not been met."

Night came again, and about the hour of midnight, Le Brun again appeared. There was an evident frown on his countenance, and he inquired of Valette why he had delayed in fulfilling his request. Valette again promised immediate obedience, and was no longer disturbed by the unwelcome intruder. Morning came again.

"It must still be a dream," said he to himself, "though a remarkable one, certainly. To-day will probably bring me the expected letters from Le Brun."

The third night the vision appeared with a terrible frown on its countenance. It reproached Valette for his want of friendship to the man whose blood had been spilt in his cause, and for disregarding the peace of his soul.

"If you will grant me my request," said the phantom, "I promise to give you twenty-four hours' warning of the time of your own death, to arrange your affairs and to make your peace with God."

M. Valette promised in the most solemn manner that he would set off next morning for Marseilles, to execute the commission; and the apparition of Le Brun disappeared.

Valette rose early next day, and, alleging to his family that business of the most urgent necessity called him immediately to Marseilles, departed for the seat of his ancestors, after an absence of ten years. There he found that the narration of the murder of Le Brun was but too true. Under the tree that had been so minutely described to him he found the mangled remains, which he caused to be decently interred in the family vault. In vain, however, he made search for the murderers. The same causes which occasioned the death of the unfortunate Le Brun led the tenants to the most obstinate concealment of the manner of it, and Valette saw, with horror and regret, the misery they had suffered that he might be furnished with the means of extravagance.

"Had I imagined," he exclaimed, "that my unsatisfactory pleasures would have cost so dear, I would long since have retired from Paris. I shall return to my estate immediately, that my children may learn to relish its tranquil pleasures."

M. Valette no sooner returned to Paris than he communicated his resolution to his wife. Mme. Valette, having accomplished the principal object of her residence in Paris—the education of her family—assented with pleasure to a return, and in little more than a year they found themselves again in the chateau of their ancestors.

About eight years after their return from Paris, the family mansion demanding repairs, they found it necessary to remove for some time to Marseilles, where they resided in the house of M. Danville, the father of Mme. Valette.

Time had effaced the impression of his dream from the mind of Valette. Sitting one night after supper in the midst of his family, a loud and sudden knocking was heard at the gate; but when the servant went to open it, he found nobody without. After a short interval the same loud knocking was again heard, and one of Valette's sons accompanied the servant to the gate to see who demanded admittance at so unseasonable an hour. To their astonishment no one was to be seen there. A third time the knock-

ing was repeated, still louder and louder, and a sudden thought darted across the mind of Valette.

"I will go to the gate myself," said he; "I believe I know who it is that knocks."

His presentment was too truly realized. As he opened the gate Le Brun appeared, and whispered to him that next night at the same time—for it was now the twelfth hour—he must prepare himself to leave the world. Then, waving his hand, as if to bid adieu, Le Brun disappeared.

M. Valette returned, ghastly as the phantom he had seen, to the family circle; and, upon their anxious and urgent inquiries as to the cause of his uneasiness, related for the first time the incident of the dream and the promised warning he had just received. A sudden gloom and melancholy was spread over the faces of all present. Mme. Valette threw her arms round the neck of her husband and embraced him with tears. M. Danville, however, obstinately declared his incredulity, and considered the whole as one of those unaccountable illusions to which even the strongest minds are sometimes liable. He declared his son-in-law must be the victim of some delusion, and, although he could not account for his dream, said that this last vision must be mere imagination.

No sooner had M. Valette retired to his apartment than M. Danville endeavored to impress the same opinion on the family of his son-in-law. Apprehensive lest the very presentment of the event might occasion it, or at least he attended by disagreeable consequences, he thought of a device which, as mayor of the city, it was in his power easily to accomplish. This was to cause all the clocks of Marseilles to be put forward one hour, that they might strike the predicted hour of twelve next night when it should be only eleven; so that when the time set by the ghost should be believed by Valette to have passed over without any event supervening, he might be persuaded to give up the fancies with which he was so deeply impressed.

Next day the unhappy Valette made every effort to arrange his worldly affairs, had his will executed in due legal form, received the sacrament, and prepared himself for the awful event he anticipated. The evening approached. From a large open window which looked into a beautiful garden, he saw the sun go down, as he believed, for the last time.

The lamps were now lighted in the hall, and he sat in the midst of his family and partook of the last supper which, he believed, he was ever to eat upon earth. The clocks of Marseilles tolled the eleventh hour.

"My dearest Marie," said he to Mme. Valette, "I have now only one hour to live. There is but one hour betwixt me and eternity."

It approached. There was an unusual silence in the company. The twelfth hour struck, when, rising up, he exclaimed:

"Heaven have mercy on me! My time is come."

He heard the hour distinctly rung out by all the bells in Marseilles.

"The Angel of Death," said he, "delays his coming. Could all have been a delusion? No, it is impossible!"

"The ghost," said M. Danville, in a tone of irony, "has deceived you. He is a lying prophet. Are you not yet safe? The whole thing is the illusion of an unhealthy imagination. You should banish, my friend, a thought which so completely overwhelms you."

"Well," rejoined Valette, "God's will be done! I shall retire to my chamber and spend the night in grateful prayer for so signal a deliverance."

After having been nearly an hour in his chamber, M. Valette recollected that he had left unsigned in his library a document of importance to his family, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed-chamber to the library he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs, which led immediately down to the wine-cellar. At this spot he heard a faint murmur of voices below, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs to ascertain the cause. No sooner had he descended than an unseen hand stabbed him to the heart. At this moment the clocks in Marseilles struck one in the morning, or, as it really was, twelve at night—the exact time predicted by Le Brun.

The cellar of M. Danville had been broken into by robbers, who, perceiving themselves discovered, saw no other means of escape than by murdering the ill-fated Valette, by whom they had been surprised. These men were unconscious instruments in the hand of fate.

Somebody has discovered that church sleepiness is to be explained on scientific principles. It is, in fact, a condition of hypnotism, and, so far from indicating inattention to the sermon, shows rather complete absorption by it. Fixing one's mind on the voice of the minister, in the otherwise complete silence of the audience-room, produces just the conditions necessary to domination by another's mind, and the nodding head and drooping heavy eyelids are not eloquent of the preacher's dullness, but rather mute testimonials of his powerful influence.

The late census states the number of Americans from the United States residing in France to be 7,024, of whom upwards of two-thirds are domiciled in the Department of the Seine. Next in order follow the Department of the Basses-Pyrénées, with 280; Alpes-Maritimes, 255; Gironde, 219; Seine-et-Oise, 169; Bouches-du-Rhône, 157; Seine Inférieure, 140. In some of the central departments, few, if any, Americans are to be found. The proportion of sexes is 100 women to 85 men.

The street railroads of New York city had, until the introduction of the cable system, 20,000 horses in service, and the total number of horses and mules on American street railroads was not far from 400,000. Now, with 7,000 miles of trolley roads and over 1,500 of cable, there is decidedly less demand for horses and mules, and correspondingly smaller demand for hay for fodder.

FIN-DE-SIÈCLE WAYS.

The Rude and Slangy Young Men of Modern London—He Gets his Talk from the Pot-House and his Manners from the Stables.

The germ of unhappiness in marriage I believe to consist entirely in the utter laxity, not to say the brutality, of modern manners. In fact, they shine by their absence. Beyond the mechanical fact that a man lifts his hat to a lady in the street, or gets up when she leaves the room, what distressing acts of politeness is he guilty of? The smart, nineteenth-century young man thinks he confers a favor on his hostess if he accepts her invitation to dinner, generally keeping her waiting for the answer as long as he possibly can, in case something more agreeable might happen to turn up. If he goes to a dance he takes very good care not to arrive till supper-time, completely ignoring the smiling-faced, nicely-gowned young ladies who are anxiously awaiting his advent. He wisely avoids asking the plain daughters of the house to dance, as he abhors absence of beauty—looks upon it, indeed, as a kind of personal insult—selects a few of the prettiest young married women for the recipients of his favors, lounges away an hour in a sitting-out room, takes a couple of turns in a waltz, settles himself down to an excellent supper (for the smart young man never visits a house where he is not quite sure of the excellence of the cook, and the wine), and walks home jauntily in the morning air, with overcoat thrown around and hat poised at the back of the head, in the serene confidence that he has passed a well-spent evening.

Should some misguided person venture to introduce a young lady to him, however nice or attractive, he promptly, after the formality of presentation, turns on his heel and walks away.

"Such cheek!" he mutters under his breath, "to introduce a girl to me when I know such heaps of them already."

As to card-leaving after dinners or parties, he considers that an exploded relic of the past. His presence at the entertainment was honor enough, and any further acknowledgment he leaves to the struggling young man who is not yet smart enough to be uncivil. A friend of mine, a mother and a hostess herself, half-fainting with heat and fatigue, once, in her early days of chaperonage, whispered to her daughter: "Tell your partner I should like to go down to tea." To which the well-trained damsel promptly responded: "Mamma, if I were to tell him that, he would never ask me to dance again!" So the patient mother had to wait until some grizzly-bearded friend of her youth, in attendance on his own daughter, took pity on her loneliness and offered her his arm.

Many and bitter are the experiences of chaperons; they must smile and smile ever on the fastidious young men, and tempt them with good dinners and invitations to the theatre and the opera, content to be relegated into solitude and silence themselves. With the matronly robe, an elderly woman puts on an utter imperviousness to all the natural sensitiveness of a woman. If she is wise and effaces herself utterly, and is content with a distant how from the men she has so generously entertained, she may have the satisfaction of knowing that her pretty daughters dance and enjoy their halls.

At home, matters are also peculiar. With the strait-laced notions and the hoops and powder of their grandmothers, young people have discarded their genteel courtesy. The hoy lolls on a sofa, with his head buried in luxurious cushions, while his sister or his mother waits upon him, rings the bell, or puts coals on the fire. He will die at home if he can have champagne and come when he likes, or is out of an engagement. His mother would as soon ask him to go shopping with her, or to take her to a concert, or a walk in the park, as endeavor to touch the sub. The day his sisters require his services is the day he has promised to look at a horse, or die at the Bachelors', or go to a cricket match at Lord's, or to Sandown for a day's racing. The girls must wait. Waiting is the natural attitude of woe.

So, too, among young couples what a queer idea of conjugal happiness prevails! The man is out all day on business or pleasure hunt, the woman tea-drinks and shops with her bosom friend. Women always run in couples now. The newly married couple dine out or go to the theatre every night, always with another couple of about the same matrimonial standing as themselves. If by chance they stay at home, they yawn and go to bed early to recover from the fatigues of the week. When the couples are somewhat older, the husband growls and grunts because the servants are lazy or the soup bad; the children find fault, and if reproved, in their turn answer rudely and irreverently. "The old boy" or "the old lady" are the terms employed for father and mother, and the contempt of the youngsters is pretty freely displayed toward those who are more experienced or, as they are pleased to deem it, old-fashioned in their ways.

Turf expressions, language of the stables, the coarseness of the public-house, are the favorite adjuncts of youthful conversation, and if you add to this a laxity of manner and a habitual bandy of racy stories and improper illusions, it is not difficult to understand that courtesy and politeness—that true politeness which forbids the treading on other people's corns or wounding their vanity—are extinct.

Courtship, too, is very queer. The man calls the girl a "ripper," and tells her about his guns, or his horses, or his late love-affairs, occasionally, even, about his mistresses. She does not resent his casual ways, his free-and-easy talk, or the monosyllabic expression of his love. "I never was so hard hit before, don't yer know?" If language was given us to conceal our thoughts, lovers of the present should make splendid diplomats, for their vocabulary is limited and demands no strain of the imagination. A few halting words of praise, the epithets "fetching," "ripping," or "a nice little tart," a squeeze of the hand, a highly conventional kiss, and courtship is at an end. Theo come engagements rings, a trousseau, a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, and society for the rest of one's life. PICCADILLY.

VULGAR DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

A Criticism upon them by a Newspaper Man.

William Mortoo Payne has been an editorial writer on the Chicago *News*, the Chicago *Journal*, the Chicago *Dial*, and was at one time Librarian of the Chicago Public Library. The topic which is at present agitating San Francisco he discusses generally in the November *Forum*. He says: Men of intelligence everywhere are profoundly dissatisfied with the American daily newspaper; they believe it to be both vulgar and dishonest, and they find that these qualities have grown increasingly prominent of recent years. They put up with it as it is, for the newspaper is one of the necessities of civilized life; but they protest against its indecencies, and heartily wish for its reform. The question of choosing a newspaper for family reading is, in most of our large cities, that of choosing what is least objectionable—this is the form in which the question is instinctively put.

Let us briefly consider the duties incumbent upon any newspaper conducted upon a high ethical plane:

1. As a collector of news, pure and simple, its work should be done in the scientific spirit, placing accuracy of statement above all other considerations.

2. In its selection and arrangement of the news thus collected it should have regard to real rather than sensational values; and it should carefully exclude, or at least minimize to the utmost, those facts which it cannot possibly benefit the public to know, or of which the knowledge is likely to vulgarize popular taste and lower popular standards of morality.

3. In its comment upon the happenings of the day or the week it is bound to be honest, to stand for well-defined principles, to express the sincere convictions of its intellectual head and of those associated with him in the work.

The first of the foregoing considerations, to take them in the order given, is simply an insistence upon truthfulness in all the departments of a newspaper. If the ideal newspaper will not weaken its influence by partisan attachments, still less will it do so by the exhibition of personal prejudice. What is in many respects the best of the Chicago dailies allows its influence to be largely weakened by frequent vindictive displays of personal animosity. Every reader who recognizes the animus of some such display naturally puts to himself the question: "How can I, knowing the paper to be intentionally dishonest in its treatment of this subject, give it my confidence when it treats of matters of which I am ignorant and concerning which I expect its guidance in forming an intelligent opinion?"

One who is in the habit of reading many newspapers can not fail to be impressed by the ignorance that is so frequently displayed. It is evident that many subjects are discussed by writers who know nothing about them. I remember reading, several years ago, a special article about ozone, placed conspicuously in one of our large dailies. The article, although brief, contained half a dozen of the grossest errors—errors of an elementary sort, such as any boy of common-school education should be ashamed of making. Every close reader of newspapers comes across something of the sort almost daily, something which confirms him in the belief that "newspaper science" and "newspaper history" are not to be taken much more seriously than "newspaper politics." And, if the newspaper thus grossly errs on the subject with which the individual reader happens to be familiar, it is but natural that he should refuse to accept, without careful verification, its statements upon other subjects. The work of newspaper writing should be done by educated men, each one of whom should be chosen with reference to special fitness for his special work.

Most readers turn to the morning newspaper for an account, among other things, of meetings or other occurrences of the day before in which they may have taken part. How often does a reader find such accounts free from statements which he absolutely knows to be untrue? How often does he find a speaker's words reported without being perverted beyond recognition? How often does he find a programme reproduced as it was actually given, or a list of guests including only the names of people who were really present? We all know how such accounts are written, how a reporter drops in for a few minutes, gets a few facts from some bystander, guesses at a few more, and prepares what pretends to be the report of an eye-witness of the whole proceedings. The congresses held in Chicago during the past summer offered a ludicrous illustration of this sort of journalistic slop-work. Day after day the papers informed us that such and such distinguished persons made addresses and were present at social receptions, when, in point of fact, they had not been in the city at all.

Crimes and scandals must be chronicled, but they should be chronicled in the briefest possible way, and with as little display as possible. A New York paper, which is a conspicuous sinner in this matter, regaled the readers of its first page, one morning last December, with accounts of nine murders and four attempts at murder, six suicides, fourteen fatal accidents, and half a dozen miscellaneous crimes, all of these happenings being described in twenty-eight special articles, each having descriptive and occasionally jocose headlines. The ideal newspaper of the future will certainly avoid this sort of sensationalism; it will refuse to print columns minutely descriptive of the lynching of some Southern negro; it will, if some transatlantic journalist shall see fit to recount his explorations of a new "modern Babylon," refuse to receive the foul matter from the cables, to spread it broadcast over a land which it can not possibly concern.

In its accomplishment of the third of our fundamental aims, the newspaper for which we are looking will have an editorial page that will compel attention, that will really give its readers the guidance they have a right to expect. Editorials have dwindled into paragraphs, sounding the drone of the party politician or the flippant strain of the would-be humorist.

The ideal newspaper of the future will have an important editorial department devoted to the general subject of education, and particularly to local educational work. When we consider the importance of the American public-school system, and the immense sacrifices everywhere willingly made for its maintenance, it is simply amazing that the newspapers should leave it practically unnoticed.

The newspaper for which intelligent men are crying out will not be illustrated, except for a few cuts of diagrams, sketch-maps, and other necessary adjuncts to the text. The experiment of making daily picture-papers has been fairly tried, and it has proved a failure. The illustrations do not illustrate, and they are unsightly in the extreme.

To conclude: A young friend of mine, fresh from college, came to the city, bent upon journalism. He wanted to be a reporter on one of the large dailies, and I obtained for him such a position. A few weeks afterward, I asked the editor how the young man was doing. He said: "I should like to keep him, but am afraid I shall have to let him go." And he added, regretfully: "The fact is, he is too much of a gentleman, and a gentleman cannot do the work we require of a reporter." I should not cite this incident if I did not believe it to be of typical significance; and if it is, what a commentary it suggests upon American journalism!

THE FEVERISH FRENCH.

A Franco-Russian Love-Feast—Admiral Avelan Deluged with Torrents of Talk—Bearded Muscovites Kissing French Babies—Paris in a Whirl.

We had a touch of the fever two years ago, but this time we have got it very bad, indeed—in the most virulent form. The Cronstadt affair made noise enough at the time, but now we have sixty Russians to mob, cheer, feast, and generally entertain, and our delight knows no bounds.

One of its first expressions found vent in a wild eruption of yellow standards bearing the black eagle, white ensigns with St. Andrew's blue cross upon them, and the Russian arrangement of the tricolor, and an equal, if not a larger amount (charity begins at home) of red, white, and blue, after the French manner. And this eruption was not confined to the big thoroughfares. Narrow streets are so filled with flags that, when you pass underneath, little sky is visible between the double line of bunting. On the boulevards, on the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Rue de la Paix, masts with rigging have been set up at intervals, and garlands of small flags are attached from one to another, and flutter gayly in the fresh autumn breeze, dangling lanterns being added when night comes on. Now and then a triumphal arch, built of square blocks, so as to imitate Muscovite architecture, spans the roadway, and about the Place de l'Opéra colossal columns have been reared, of Babylonian effect, supporting huge globes of electric lights.

But other cities and Paris times and oft have unfurled many flags and constructed arches in honor of this one and that, the novelty and the wonder is not here. It resides in the attitude of the people themselves, in the extraordinary and unprecedented amount of enthusiasm engendered, and not only in Paris, but everywhere. No village is so small and so out of the world as not to be alive to the national movement. Old men take their staffs and hurry Parisward, mothers with suckling infants come up by excursion train, the plows are housed and the potato-crop abandoned in the fields by the young and middle-aged. To catch a glimpse of Admiral Avelan and the other officers of the Russian squadron now in Paris is the end and aim of every one's desire, and as the term of the visit draws to a close, it becomes an absolute frenzy.

Go to the Place de l'Opéra whatever hour you will between eight and two in the morning and you will find a dense crowd congregated opposite the Cercle Militaire—a gaping, wide-mouthed crowd swerving now to this side, now to that, as the chance of a passing uniform decides. The officers who have a wish to taste of Paris joys on the quiet must don some other garb than the now familiar Russian naval uniform, if they would not be stopped at every step, cheered every yard of their road, shaken by the hand until their arms ache, embraced in full view of every one by every good soul, old or young, who wants to be able to boast that she for one has saluted a Russian in right patriotic fashion. I have seen babies handed round to be kissed by bearded captains or patted on the head by subalterns, and fine ladies stay their carriages and enter into conversation in the freest way possible with these men, who are the guests and the petted idols of the nation for the nonce.

Not the least curious part of this popular demonstration is that it is not confined to any particular class. Political opinions have nothing to do with it, social conventionalities are forgotten, the fever rages in exalted circles as well as in the faubourgs, the workingman and the aristocrat are for once of one mind, the opposition and the official fraternize together in the common cause. Sprigs of nobility, who turn up their noses generally at official gatherings, are eager to obtain invitations for entertainments given by Republican councilors and cabinet ministers; duchesses curry favor with those whom they do not generally consider worthy to pick up their gloves for a seat at the *carrousel*; and I know beauties who would stand at nothing to gain admittance to the Opéra to-morrow night.

To say that the Russian guests will be fagged to death before it is all over, is putting it mildly. I do not believe Admiral Avelan will have a leg to stand on this day week. It is killing them, we are, with kindness, as Paddy would express it. There was a somewhat sickly smile on his face, I thought, this morning when I ran against him, or rather got blocked by the procession near the entrance to the Parc Monceaux. No wonder, poor man! It was near midnight when I left him listening to the ranting of Paul Mounet at the Hôtel de Ville, and between whiles he had assisted at a second concert in the offices of the *Figaro*, and, after snatching a few hours' sleep, had risen betimes to make the tour of

Paris behind a couple of carriages full of flowers, distributing smiles and bouquets along streets so densely crowded that the detachment of cuirassiers in front had a difficult task to clear the way. And the concert at the Hôtel de Ville was the wind-up of a tiring day, beginning at eight and including a grand luncheon at the foreign minister's, an afternoon, a score or so of visits, and a banquet of fifteen hundred covers, given by the municipality, at which M. Carnot presided.

Wherever the Russian officers go, there the crowd follows—dense, impenetrable, and for awhile commotion in that direction is cut off. Business is paralyzed, the ordinary pursuits rendered impossible. Omnibuses are found prowling about out of beaten tracks; if you take a *fiacre*, ten to one your coachman lands you in a block where you must remain jammed up with other rows of vehicles until the crowd has done demonstrating or the Russians have gone somewhere else. I have been caught in such a trap twice in one day. Dinner has become a movable feast; you come home when you can, you miss all your appointments, and no one keeps theirs with you, but the excuse is always ready: "I fell in with the Russians."

It is wonderful how easily Parisians take all these difficulties. Each one has his adventures, and delights in the telling. My own were last night of a somewhat startling order. I was late for the concert at the town hall, and was driving along the quays, when I suddenly found myself in the middle of a surging crowd, all pressing on to get a view of the place, with its gorgeous illuminations. The carriage I was in got separated from those in front; we could neither advance nor go back. Pale-visaged *voyous* crushed close to the panes. One fellow made some rough remarks not uncomplimentary; a woman in a cotton jacket clung on to the door, exclaiming: "Madame has a brave escort; she's more comfortable in there than I am out here," at which some of the *voyous* laughed, and others attempted to shake me by the hand. With all those poverty-stricken heings about me, I felt ashamed of my finery, ashamed of driving through them. The crowd seethed toward me, the carriage gave a horrible lurch forward, and then we were on the place, and—the most beautiful scene I had ever beheld burst upon my eyes.

Just in front rose the prow, twenty feet high, of an illuminated vessel, all shivering and shimmering with thousands of lights that glistened like rubies, sapphires, and diamonds; and from out the vessel—the Roman galley, which is the badge of Paris—came a chorus of voices. It was light as day, a stream of electric light inundated the wide Place de Grève, where so many scenes of French history have been enacted. In a few minutes I was making my way up the grand staircase between a double row of guards, breastplates gleaming and swords drawn.

All entertainments of the sort resemble each other, so I am not going to tire you with any description of the Salle des Fêtes, where the concert was held, any more than I need trouble you with the menu of the luncheon at the Foreign Office. The fact of the matter is, the best part of the fête is in the streets. Oh! I admit it will be a fine sight to-morrow at the Opéra. A gala such as has never been known has been organized by the press committee, of which the state pays the cost, and the spectators will provide the chief interest. It is to be a representative assembly of the finest and best France has in stock—not a mere official gathering of big-wigs and fine ladies. True, the very biggest wigs in the land will be there, and the finest ladies, but there will also be the bravest soldiers, the most eloquent barristers, the most learned judges, the greatest savants, the most celebrated novelists, dramatists, and poets, the most famous actors and actresses, the sweetest singers, eminent men and women of all persuasions—some women have been invited for their good looks, others because they are the chief leaders of society—the cream of cluhmen, the biggest millionaires, the largest land-owners, the senior partners of great firms—in a word, the best all in all styles. There will be specimens of the genus student, military and naval cadets, and non-commissioned officers in the pit, and men of exalted position will be set up among the gods in the gallery. A programme containing portions of the operas and ballets of the first French composers has been drawn up, and the representation is to conclude with the Russian hymn, sung by the whole company and full chorus and a grand apotheosis—France clasping in friendship the band of Russia. Admiral Avelan, of course surrounded by the sixty naval officers who accompany him, will occupy conspicuous places in the boxes. And how they will be cheered! And what a crowd will gather outside! To-morrow will, I expect, be the crisis of the fever. But if Paris has not roared and cheered itself hoarse, the great gallery of machines in the Champs de Mars will resound with more cheering from the lusty lungs of the military on Sunday, when a *carrousel*, or military tournament, has been organized to be followed by another huge banquet, more illuminations and a grand display of fireworks to wind up. On Monday, the Russians are to be taken down to Versailles and he shown the palace, and park, and the *grandes eaux*. And between this and then (how they will find time for it, I do not know), Marshal MacMahon is to be borne to his last resting-place at the Invalides. If anything had been needed to increase the popularity of Admiral Avelan, his insisting on following the body of the hero of the Malakoff would have been enough to gain for him the hearts of the French people.

PARIS, October 20, 1893.

PARISINA.

The latest instance of crime bringing its own punishment comes, on the authority of Dr. Leonard Guthrie, from Italy. An Italian woman had a husband, and the husband had the dropsy. But the dropsy did not work quickly enough. The woman put a toad into her husband's wine to poison him. But the poison which the toad's skin secretes has an active principle—phrynin—which much resembles digitalis, which is the best possible remedy for dropsy pending on heart disease. So, instead of killing her husband, she restored him to health.

READY EVERYWHERE WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER FIRST.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER.

The First Number of a New Volume.
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THE CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- A Very Timely Paper on Bismarck.** The report of a visit to Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, by a personal friend of the ex-chancellor—his conversation on American and German topics, etc. Illustrated.
- An Unpublished Poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson.** Written to Lowell on his fortieth birthday—a poem of great strength.
- Fifth Avenue.** Illustrated by Childe Hassam. A delightful paper by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, with ten large illustrations.
- Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth.** The first of two papers contributed by the nearest friend of the great actor, containing in familiar letters glimpses of Mr. Booth, the winning companion, the generous friend, the honest man. With portrait from photograph made in 1853.
- James Russell Lowell, on "Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire."** A bit of unpublished essay, the first of several to be printed by arrangement with Mr. Lowell's literary executor.
- Tramping with Tramps.** A record of most unusual adventures. A study of tramp life in America,—North, East, South, and West,—how tramps live, how they travel, how they are treated in different parts of the country; by a young man who has lived with them, disguised as a tramp. With interesting illustrations.
- George Michel, a Great French Painter.** An article on "the Painter of Montmartre," richly illustrated with reproductions of his works.
- A Story by George Kennan.** A Psychological Study from Life, entitled "John Henderson, Artist," by the famous Siberian traveler.
- "My First Lions."** An exciting story of hunting fierce game in Eastern Africa—the first of several similar papers. Illustrated.
- A Story by Charles Egbert Craddock.** First half of "The Casting Vote," by the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains." Illustrated.
- Escape of the Confederate Secretary of War.** A narrative of the adventurous experiences of General John C. Breckinridge after Appomattox, by John Taylor Wood, a member of the party. Illustrated.
- Complete Stories** by Mary Hallock Foote, Anna Eichberg King, A. W. Drake, and Richard Malcolm Johnston.
- Artists' Adventures: "The Rush to Death."** First of a group of separate papers recording notable adventures, either humorous, dangerous, or tragic in character, from the pens of well-known American artists, with illustrations by the authors. Walter Shirlaw's "Rush to Death" in this number will be followed by a humorous story of a French courier, "Bäader," by F. Hopkinson Smith, in the Christmas number.
- Taking Napoleon to St. Helena.** The second part of the diary of the Admiral's Secretary who accompanied Napoleon into exile.
- "Luvbyrd Goes a-Courting"** is one of several humorous contributions to the "Lighter Vein" department,—illustrated by C. D. Gibson.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MARK TWAIN,

which will begin in the December CENTURY, like several of Mark Twain's stories, has for its scene a steamboat town on the Mississippi River forty years ago. It is perhaps the most dramatic novel that Mark Twain has ever written. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," a hard-headed country lawyer, furnishes much

of the fun that one naturally expects to find in a story by the author of "The Innocents Abroad," but he appears in quite another light in the murder trial which forms the thrilling climax of the story. The plot introduces a novel and ingenious employment of science in the detection of crime. The story will run through six or seven numbers. Other important serials to begin soon include:

A NEW SERIES OF COLE'S ENGRAVINGS.

The publication in THE CENTURY of engravings of Old Italian Masters by Timothy Cole has made an epoch in the history of American art by the popularization of the work of the world's greatest painters. Mr. Cole is now engaged upon a supplemental series on the Old Dutch Masters, the first results of which are such as one might expect from the enthusiasm of Mr. Cole in his new work. The first of these will appear in the Christmas number.

IMPORTANT PAPERS ON MUSIC.

Following the articles already printed in THE CENTURY on musical topics by such eminent composers as Messrs. Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns, THE CENTURY will print a group of similar papers on the great composers of the past, from the pens of the most famous of living musicians. These will include a brilliant paper on Schumann by Grieg, another on Schubert by Dvořák, a third on Berlioz by Reyer, the composer of "Salammbo," and others of equal interest. A study of Grieg by William Mason will appear soon.

IMPORTANT EXPEDITIONS.

At the present time THE CENTURY is gathering, and will soon print, the results of expeditions recently completed or now being carried out in distant and little-visited parts of all the five great continents of the world.

December will be a great Christmas Number.

Four Dollars will bring you this splendid magazine for one year. Begin with the new volume, November number. THE CENTURY is always issued on the FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH. Dealers will receive subscriptions, or remittances may be made to the publishers direct by check, draft, money, or express-order, or registered letter. Single numbers 35 cents each.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist, is busy with his "History of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement," and hopes to bring out the book by the end of the year. He finds it difficult to make his reminiscences short enough, for the movement he chronicles aroused no end of interesting sentiments and criticisms among the celebrities of its time. In his manuscript Hunt describes a visit from Carlyle, and the queer talk of the Scotchman concerning the Pre-Raphaelites.

The publication in the *Century* of the diary of John R. Glover, describing Napoleon's voyage to St. Helena, has called attention to an account of the voyage written by the Admiral, Sir George Cockburn, whose secretary Glover was. Cockburn's account was published in England, in a limited edition, five years ago, and is briefer than Glover's.

Miss Lucy Cleveland, a cousin of President Cleveland, is the author of a book of poems entitled "The Lotus of the Nile," which is at present in process of publication.

The *Illustrated London News* is authority for the following:

"The most interesting item of literary gossip is that the laureateship is to be offered to Mr. Lewis Morris. Mr. Morris, it is understood, has been communicating with from a very high quarter, and it is hardly open to doubt that he will accept the offer when it is definitely made to him. Mr. Swinburne, we believe, was first approached on the subject, but his refusal is reported to have been polite, but absolute. Mr. Swinburne could not and would not accept the post of laureate, and no other person was then applied to, and no other person. The appointment will probably not be made until the new year."

Bret Harte has reached a point when literary work is impossible to him except in absolute solitude. When writing he leaves his own home for suburban lodgings, where no visitor is allowed to trouble him and where he follows a severe routine of early rising, scant diet, and steady work. It has been generally remarked that one can see this laborious regimen in his latter-day novels.

"Trilby" is the title—borrowed from the name of the heroine—of Mr. George du Maurier's new novel—the novel which is to be published serially during the coming year. It is a love-story, is full of humor, and is not without the supernatural element of "Peter Ibbetson."

"Pudd'n-Head Wilson," a tale by Mark Twain, will be begun in the December number of the *Century*.

Mr. H. O. Houghton, the head of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., was once asked why he, a rich man, went to his office every day, Saturdays included, and stayed there from breakfast to dinner, when he had apparently so much leisure while he was at the office. "To say *No*," was the reply.

A decision that affects property rights in a deceased person's biography was sent down by Judge Colt, of the United States Circuit Court, the other day, in the Boston case of Corliss *et al.* against the Walker Company. An exchange says:

"The plaintiffs were the widow and children of George H. Corliss, the inventor, and asked for an injunction restraining the defendants from publishing and selling a biography of Mr. Corliss, and from printing and selling his picture in connection with it. The judge ruled that Mr. Corliss was not a private person, but a public man, as authors or artists are public men. He held, nevertheless, that the distinction between public and private character was in this case not important, since, under our laws, one can speak and publish what he desires, provided he commits no offense against public morals or private reputation." He therefore refused the injunction as to the biography."

In the November number of the Brontë papers, which one of the magazines is printing, is told the story of what is known as the Brontë battle, an engagement fought in Ireland between Welsh Brontës and one Samuel Clark, in the presence of several thousand people. So vivid was the recollection of this combat in the neighborhood where it occurred that, for a generation, dates were commonly reckoned from it, before and after. The Appletons will soon issue their Brontë book, which will include these papers.

The author of "Alice's Adventures" has written a new book, which is a sequel or second part to "Sylvie and Bruno"—a story which had its merits, but which was not to be compared in any way with that of the charming Alice.

The table of contents of the *Century* for November is as follows:

"Fifth Avenue," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "The Yellow Globe," by Alexander W. Drake; "My First Lions," by H. W. Seton-Carr; "The Fictions of Kitwyk," by Anna Eichberg King; "The Watchman," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Artists' Adventures: The Rush to Death," by Walter Shirlaw; "The Casting Vote"—Part I, by Charles Egbert Craddock; "John Henderson, Artist," by George Kennan; "George Michel," by Virginia Vaughan; "Taking Napoleon to St. Helena,"—Part II, by John R. Glover; "Bismarck at Friedrichsruh," by Eleonora Kinnicutt; "Tramping with Tramps," by Josiah Flynt; "Escape of the Confederate Secretary of War," by John Taylor Wood; "Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire," by James Russell Lowell; "Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth," by William Bispham; "Mr. Cummin's Relinquishment," by Richard Malcolm Johnston; verses by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Clinton Scollard, Robert U. Johnson, John Hay, Florence Earle Coates, Edith M. Thomas, and others; and the departments.

An old Kierleymuir schoolfellow of J. M. Barrie's declares that, as a boy, the author of "A Window in Thrums" was a very commonplace little person. He once wrote a farce for a new-year's entertainment at the school, which was promptly sat upon as

"poor stuff." In fact, he is remembered best as a small and animated member of the foot-ball team.

In "Pomona's Travels," which is to appear as a serial in a Philadelphia magazine during the coming year, Frank R. Stockton will send the remarkable young woman who figured in "Rudder Grange" to England, where she and her husband will disport themselves among the aristocracy.

"Mental Development in the Child," by Professor Preyer, of Jena, is an interesting study which the Appletons have just issued.

Schopenhauer had a fellow-student and intimate friend named Bahr, a man who was wise enough to carefully record the conversations he held with the "preacher of despair." These talks, with an interesting collection of reminiscences, are to be published soon, the work having been left ready for the press by Dr. Bahr, who died at Dresden recently.

D. Appleton & Co. have just ready:

"Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley, from his election to the present time," compiled by Joseph P. Smith, librarian of the Ohio State Library; a monograph by Sidney Webster on the "Misuse of Legal Tender"; "A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore, in the Town and Country Library; and "Paul Jones," by Molly E. Seawell.

David Frischman, who has translated George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" into Hebrew, declares that the book was written by divine inspiration. "Who," he says, "taught this non-Jewish woman the life of the Jews? Who planted in her heart the law of truth and the spirit of prophecy?" His answer is, God.

New Publications.

"The Burden of Isabel," a novel of English life, by J. Maclaren Cobban, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Tell-Tale Watch," translated from the German of George Höcker by Meia de Vere, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" is the title given a translation of Albert Rhodes's "Ruses de Guerre," made by Stuart C. Wade and Hettie E. Miller and published in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Miniatures from Balzac" is the title of a book of small compass in which are gathered nearly five hundred epigrams, maxims, and quotable phrases from the masterpieces of Honoré de Balzac. The extracts have been translated and compiled by Samuel Palmer Griffin and Frederick T. Hill, and several pages are devoted to a brief biography and criticism of the author of the "Comédie Humaine." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

The little series of magazine papers by Thomas A. Janvier, descriptive of a tour made in Southern France by himself and his wife, has been issued in a book entitled "An Embassy to Provence." It is a pleasant record of travel in a pleasant land under exceptionally favorable circumstances, and it tells not only of the country and its historic sights, but also of its notables of the present day, such as Mistral, the Provençal poet. A portrait of Mistral serves as frontispiece. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Thomas W. Knox, whose Boy Travelers Series has won him a wide circle of enthusiastic admirers among young readers, has changed his manner in his new book, "John Boyd's Adventures," but has lost none of his power to hold a boy's interest. It is romance, pure and simple, a story of adventure on the high seas, and its hero, a new York lad of the beginning of the century, is by turns merchant sailor, man-of-war's-man, privateersman, pirate, and Algerine slave. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Story of Washington," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, has been issued in the Delights of History Series, edited by Edward Eggleston, who also provides an introduction for this volume. It is a

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popular biography, giving careful attention to Washington's military and administrative acts, and recording many details of his life and personal anecdotes that preserve to us the living man. The illustrations number more than one hundred, and are by Allegra Eggleston. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

As a further result of Paul du Chaillu's study of the early history of Sweden and Norway, which first gave us "The Viking Age" and "The Land of the Midnight Sun," he has written an historical romance which reconstructs very vividly the life of the Norsemen of the third and fourth centuries. It is entitled "Ivar, the Viking," and it is a thrilling story as well as a living picture of domestic and public life among the sea-wolves of old. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Seven essays by Barrett Wendell are contained in "Stelligeri and Other Essays Concerning America." Their subjects are "Stelligeri," meaning "they that bear the stars," suggested by the issue of the quinquennial catalogue of Harvard University in 1890; "The Four American Centuries," "Some Neglected Characteristics of the New England Puritans," "Were the Salem Witches Guiltless?" "American Literature," "John Greenleaf Whittier," and "Mr. Lowell as a Publisher." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The scene of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's new story, "The White Islander," is laid at Fort Mackinac in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and deals with the love of a young English trader, who has been rescued from hostile Indians by a Chippewa chief, for a young French girl whom the chief himself intends to marry. The fact that the girl reciprocates his affection arouses the chief's desire for vengeance, and several dramatic episodes ensue. The story is one of much literary and artistic merit. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Elizabeth Rollins Peonell is a niece of "Hans Breitmann," (Charles G. Leland) who is deeply versed in Roman lore, and from him she learned as a girl to go among the gypsies and to study their manners and tongue. The result of her studies—or, rather, of her pleasant intercourse with them—she has embodied in a book called "To Gypsyland," part of which has already appeared in the *Century*. In the opening pages Mrs. Peonell tells how her famous uncle led her to go among the gypsies, and the bulk of the volume is devoted to her travels with Mr. Peonell among the Hungarian gypsies. The illustrations, some thirty in number, are by Joseph Pennell. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price \$1.50.

"The True Story Book" is the attractive title Andrew Lang has given to his fourth volume of tales for children. But where "The Blue Fairy Book" and its red and green successors have dealt with the creations of Grimm, Dasein, and Perrault, the present volume has for its subject-matter the achievements and adventures of real men and women. Among his heroes may be cited Casanova, Grace Darling, the Spartans of Thermopylae, Prince Charlie, Kaspar Hauser, Leif Ericson, Cervantes, Baron Trenck, Caesar Borgia, and Montezuma. These annals are narrated with the grace and charm that characterize Mr. Lang's writings, and the book is copiously illustrated. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The latest volume of verses by James Whitcomb Riley is "Poems Here at Home." Just what plan was followed in making up the collection does not appear, for it comprises poems in dialect, child-poems, and more serious verse, such as "What a Dead Man Said," and not all the poems here are new in book-form. "Nothin' to Say," "The Absence of Little Wesley," "The Old Man and Jim," "Our Hired Girl," "The Raggedy Man," and a dozen other poems in dialect are contained in other books of Riley's verse. But, new or old, the Hoosier poet's rhymes are always welcome, and in this case they are made the more so by Kemble's illustrations and the handsome press-work and binding. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist who wrote "With Fire and Sword" and "After the Deluge," has been brought before the American public a third time by his translator, Jeremiah Curtin, in "Yanko, the Musician, and Other Stories." It contains five tales of even merit. Yanko is a poor little wail, a cripple, who has the soul of a great musician; "The Light-Keeper of Aspinwall" has been a wanderer, and, becoming a light-keeper, is so bewitched by the poetry of his post, that he neglects his work and is dismissed; "From the Diary of a Tutor in Poznan" is the story of a Polish lad who is killed by overstudy; "Comedy of Errors" is a sketch of life in California—Sienkiewicz spent some years in this State—detailing the quarrels of a Prussian store-keeper and his spinster rival in a "boom" town; and "Bartek the Victor" has for its hero a lad whose racial hatreds are made the spur to drive him to deeds of valor in the Napoleonic wars that result in penury for his family and imprisonment for himself. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

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VANITY FAIR.

The prophets are silent as to this winter's social season in Washington. It is well known (says an exchange) that President Cleveland endured rather than enjoyed the social functions of his last administration. He has made so many changes in the Presidential routine—omitting the tri-weekly receptions for the general public and harring out all office-seekers from his private office—that the seers predict other departures, and among them a curtailing of his social programme for the season. Mrs. Cleveland will remain at the country-house until the holidays, at least, and her cares being increased by the presence of Baby Esther, it is not believed that she will devote any more time to mechanical hand-shaking than is strictly necessary. The Vice-President and Mrs. Stevenson and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Gresham will make their homes at hotels this winter, which warns Washington society not to expect any entertainments from them. None of the other Cabinet officers have taken houses large enough to entertain on any considerable scale, and the administration set for these four years promises to be a very quiet one as compared to that of Mr. Cleveland's previous term. The diplomatic corps and the winter residents will have to keep the gay ball rolling without any official aid this year, and there is every promise of that established smart set doing so.

The number of grossly extravagant women who carry the burden of their debts about London society is enormous. Many of them are very rich, but that fact does not prevent them from outrunning the constable. One beauty acknowledged, the other day, that she owed her dressmaker fifteen thousand dollars, and that she saw no more prospect of paying her than of paying the national debt. She did not dare to mention the bill to her husband, rich though he was, and so she compromised the matter by ordering more gowns that she did not want, and allowing the dressmaker to charge anything she liked for them. And so the snowball of debts rolls merrily on, gathering size in its progress. Once a woman has got into debt she seems to lose her head. The plunger spirit seizes her. She does not care what she does. A woman in debt is generally a reckless woman, not only in money matters but in the other affairs of life, and the result of an unbridled love for finery has in many instances led to the divorce court, or, at least, long seclusion in some isolated village on the continent.

The stimulus given to the study of French by the engagement of the Coquelin-Hadard troupe at the Grand Opera House gives timeliness to the account of an admirable plan of study outlined as follows in the *Bazar*: "At a business meeting held once a year is elected a *comité exécutif*, into whose hands all the business of the club is placed. This committee has a chairman, secretary, and treasurer, who are practically the president, secretary, and treasurer of the society. A *comité d'élection*, or membership committee, has the usual duties of such a committee, while the character of the meetings in detail is determined by a *comité de programme*. The general form of the meetings is like this: The first hour, between eight and nine, is devoted to the discussion—in English—of the French language and literature, pronunciation, etc. The second hour, between nine and ten, is devoted wholly to talk in French, no English word being permitted, under a penalty of fine. The principle of this second or conversational hour is the central idea of the club. Whatever particular form may be given to the hour's talk, conversation in French is its essential feature. The membership includes several accomplished students of the language, who, having lived for long periods in France, are efficient in enunciation and inflection. To make the club interesting for the advanced students as well as for the native French members or guests, whose presence is so desirable, the conversation must be free, natural, unacademic, in its suggestions. To make the club interesting and advantageous to beginners, or to those with very little more than a reading acquaintance with French, the conversation must not be across the room in any formal sense, must not hamper the timorous wanderer in the mazes of the French verb. If the new member for a time feels unequal to the obligation of speaking at all, he is privileged to listen; and here comes the particular charm of the experiment, for this hum of French talk is precisely the training the ear needs as a preparation for the assimilation of definite knowledge as to the delivery of words and phrases. In a room full of people, some of whom are speaking an entirely Parisian brand of French, many of whom are speaking accurately, if haltingly and with deficient inflection, but all of whom are making use, with some success, of sounds distinctively French, it is impossible that the attentive student should not learn a good deal, even in an hour."

A young woman who affected masculine get-up (says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*) was invited to a dinner-party. She announced that she intended to make a sensation by her costume, and it was generally believed that she was going to appear in some very beautiful gown. Imagine the horror of the hostess when she entered the drawing-room in a black broadcloth skirt that fitted her figure closely.

With this she wore a full evening shirt, a black waistcoat, cut low to show the expanse of white linen, and a black swallow-tail. Her shirt-buttons were white enamel ones, so were the links in her cuffs, and her tie was white lawn, arranged after the fashion affected by men in the evening. After she went away, the son of the hostess said to his mother: "Never invite that girl to the house again. No woman with the least refinement would, even for a jest, appear dressed in that manner." The mother gave a sigh of relief and said: "My dear boy, I am so glad to hear you say that. She is so bright and witty, and the men all seem to admire her so much that I was afraid you would not look at her dress with the eyes of a woman." "No," he answered, "I am not looking at it with the eyes of a woman; I am looking at it with the eyes of a man, and to a man it is a thousand times more offensive than it would be to a woman."

We have it from a reliable source that brilliant society women in Europe are now scheming to obtain many of our great heiresses as fitting matches for several young European princes who they feel lack but fortune to make them the brilliant men of the future. These leaders of society in London and Paris are, proverbially, great match-makers. They hear that our young men are not mercenary, and that our heiresses fail to receive the attention their fortunes entitle them to. They have been told of these fortunes, and they are resolved to secure them for the sons of princely houses, for whom fortunes are a necessity. They have here emissaries in society to do this work for them. They are industriously studying up the relative fortunes of the young debutantes of the coming winter.

Two women respectably born and bred had a quarrel. In this one said of the other several things she would not like to swear to. The other, hearing these, went to her lawyer with the desire that he should protect her good name by bringing a suit. The lawyer was astounded that a woman of her antecedents, education, and opportunities should be willing to undergo a lawsuit, with its publicity, for such a purpose. He accordingly dissuaded his client, who relinquished her intention by his consenting to send the other woman that peculiar emissary known as a lawyer's letter. This done, the lady felt herself vindicated. But those who had the privilege of hearing the other side were entertained to find that the other woman, inasmuch as she was not subjected to the law, felt herself also vindicated. The disposition to accept as final the standards of the law in morals and manners follows logically (says the *Evening Sun*) in an age that puts bodily safety and personal honor into the hands of the law. If a man's life is threatened, he calls on the police to protect him. If his house is endangered, he turns the crank of a machine to the word "police." If an acquaintance, in a moment of passion, lifts his hand against him, he has the mao arrested. If his good name is assailed, he goes to his lawyer and brings a suit for libel. In the same manner he protects the good name of his wife and daughter. On the other hand, the man whose offense the law cannot touch is often held guiltless. Civilization has doubtless many encouraging things to say concerning the peaceable manner in which the individual and the community have accepted the decisions of the law, and have entrusted their safety and honor to such legally appointed guardians as the judge, the jury, and the police; but the arguments do not seem to be all on this side.

W. S. Gilbert has a theory that there are two ways of making progress in the theatrical profession—one, to begin at the bottom and crawl up; the other, to begin at the top and slide down.



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SOCIETY.

The Worden-Shaw Wedding.

Grace Episcopal Church was the scene last Wednesday noon of the most notable wedding that has taken place here for several seasons—in fact, since the Alexander-Crocker wedding. The contracting parties were Mrs. Evelyn Towne Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden, a well-known manufacturing chemist of this city. The bride, who is a petite and handsome brunette, has many warm friends and is very popular in society circles. Mr. Worden is a gentleman whose sterling worth is recognized by his business and social associates, and is a prominent member of the Pacific-Union Club and the Country Club.

Every seat in the church was filled with guests, and more than a hundred were obliged to stand. Admittance was by card only. The interior of the church was very beautiful. The light-union toilets and bonnets of the hundreds of ladies seated in the nave gave a brilliant touch of color to the scene, while the chapel lights and the gleaming Star of Bethlehem above the altar gave additional brightness. The noon-day sun was softly filtered through the stained-glass windows upon the floor of the chancel in the midst of a scene of tropical loveliness. At either side tall palms and ferns were arranged to represent a garden scene. The carved brass chancel-rail was robed with immense pink chrysanthemums, and on the altar was a vase of white chrysanthemums, filled to overflowing with the pink variety, whose color was duplicated in two large floral pieces of the same flower at either side. Several thousand chrysanthemums were used, pink predominating, and the contrast in color between them and the greenish shades of the foliage was most pleasing.

While the ushers were seating the guests, Mr. H. M. Bosworth, organist of the church, played several voluntaries, among them being the "Bridal Song" from the wedding music by Jensen, a grand fantasia in E minor by Lemieux, and the "Cantilene Nuptial" by Dubois. During the ceremony, "Oh! Promise Me," from De Koven's "Rohio Hood," was played pianissimo.

A few minutes before noon the clergyman, and the groom, and his best man, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, entered the chancel, and then, as the first notes of the "Bridal Chorus" were heard, the cortège marched slowly down the central aisle. Leading the way were the ushers, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Oscar Sewall, Mr. J. William Byrne, and Mr. Joseph M. Quay. Then came Master Nelson Towne Shaw and Master Elmer Newhall, who were followed by the bride and her father. Upon reaching the chancel, Rev. E. B. Spalding, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, advanced and performed the ceremony, in the procedure of which there was a slight variation from the usual routine, inasmuch as when Mr. Towne gave his daughter into the keeping of the groom, Dr. Spalding led her to the altar—the remainder of the party following—and finished the ceremony there. After the service the bridal party left the church for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Towne, corner of California and Taylor Streets.

It was there that the reception was held, to which about three hundred friends had been invited. The residence, so beautiful in itself, bore ample evidence of the skill of Miss Bates in decorative art, for the finest autumnal bloom was seen everywhere in artistic combinations. Cecil Bruner roses and fine ferns graced the reception-room, wreaths of autumn leaves and clusters of jonquils, narcissus, and Paris daisies adorned the drawing-room, violets were profusely used in another apartment, pink and white chrysanthemums gave their beauty to another, while handsome red dahlias formed the decoration of still another room. All of the arrangements were graceful, and the color effects in thorough harmony. The air was laden with the perfume from the myriad of blossoms, and admiring comments were heard on all sides.

As soon as the guests arrived they extended their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Worden, who greeted them most cordially. Mrs. Towne assisted her daughter in receiving. Their toilets are described as follows:

The bride wore a Parisian gown of iridescent moiré shaded like the tints of an opal from pale yellow to lavender and pink. The skirt was made plain and finished with a demitrain. The long, bouffant sleeves and the high corsage were trimmed exquisitely with delicate point lace applied on gold. She wore a dainty Parisian capote of lace adorned with a golden-hued butterfly and an aigrette. Mrs. A. N. Towne wore an elegant imported robe of lavender-colored satin and silver brocade combined. It was made with a long court-train and across the bottom of the skirt in front a deep flounce of antique lace. The sleeves were of a darker shade of velvet and the corsage was high at the neck. Her ornaments were superb diamonds.

During the reception Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections at intervals. At one o'clock a sumptuous breakfast was served, under the direction of Ludwig, in apartments on the lower floor. Everything was perfectly arranged, and the time passed in feasting was most enjoyable. Afterward a couple of hours were pleasantly passed with music and conversation in the drawing-rooms. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Worden left to make a six weeks' tour of the Eastern States.

The wedding gifts were exceptionally elegant, comprising gold, silver, crystal, and chinaware, jewels, pictures, and a large number of beautiful articles of vertu. Mrs. A. N. Towne gave her

daughter a magnificent bracelet formed of large solitaires, Master Nelson Shaw gave his mother a magnificent brooch of diamonds, Mr. C. P. Huntington sent a diamond sun-burst, and his son sent a diamond lizard, while thirty-five members of the Pacific-Union Club contributed a large silver and crystal punch-bowl, with a silver ladle, tray, and glasses.

The Cronise-Haskell Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Haskell, 2219 Van Ness Avenue, the contracting parties being their only daughter, Miss Vjera Blanche Haskell, and Mr. Clement Cronise, of the Selby Lead and Smelting Company. The handsome parlors were made even more attractive than usual by a floral decoration. The bride bower in the front parlor was wrought of loopy cordons of glossy smilax, adorned with clusters and wreaths of pure white chrysanthemums and true-lover's knots of white satin, forming a graceful canopy, under which the young couple were married. Throughout the room at various points of vantage, pretty effects were produced with white chrysanthemums and foliage, while the hack parlor, where Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra was stationed, was bright with golden-hued chrysanthemums. The hallway was decorated effectively with shoots of bamboo and eucalyptus and lighted by fairy lanterns of various colors.

It was half-past eight o'clock when the orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the bridal party entered the parlors and took positions beneath the floral bower. The music then merged into "Call Me Thine Own," as the Rev. C. O. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, performed the impressive ceremony. Miss Leonore Butler was the maid of honor, and Mr. O. E. Von Rhein acted as best man. The dresses of the bride, her maid of honor, and her mother are described as follows:

The bride, a petite demi-blond, with wavy nut-brown hair, wore a rich gown of lustrous white satin, made dancing length. The bouffant sleeves were long, and the corsage was high, with trimmings of stringed pearls. She wore gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a shower bouquet of white rosebuds. The customary veil was dispensed with, and no ornaments were worn.

Miss Leonore Butler appeared in a becoming gown of pink India silk, made dancing length and trimmed with point lace. The corsage was high, the sleeves wide and long, and the gloves of pink undressed kid. Her hand-bouquet was of Cecil Bruner roses.

Mrs. J. L. Haskell wore an elegant robe of black and pink brocade satin, en train. The corsage was round, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, where they met the gloves of pink undressed kid. Her corsage-bouquet was of Papa Gonder roses, and her ornaments were diamonds.

After the ceremony the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, who afterward viewed the elegant array of wedding presents. Solos were sung by Miss Austin and Mr. Batchelder, and at ten o'clock the spacious billiard-room was sought, and an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Several toasts were given and responded to, and an hour was enjoyably passed at the board. Dancing concluded the festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Cronise left on Wednesday to make a Southern trip, and will return late in November. They will reside at 2219 Van Ness Avenue, and will receive wedding calls on Thursday evening, December 7th.

The Charity Ball.

A charity hall was given at Golden Gate Hall last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, under the auspices of its board of directors. Unfortunately the sale of tickets was not large, and there were only about one hundred ladies and gentlemen in attendance. The floor of the ball-room was canvassed, and dancing was enjoyed until early morning. At midnight an elaborate supper was served by Ludwig, in the banquet-hall down stairs. It is hardly thought that the sale of tickets will show much profit for the orphanage.

The Charity Base-Ball Game.

Two nines from the University Club and the Bohemian Club met last Saturday afternoon at the Haight Street Grounds to contest for supremacy in the national game and, at the same time, to aid in increasing the funds of the San Francisco Polyclinic and the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. The attendance was not as large as was expected, and, of course, the game was not up to a professional standpoint. The University Club nine won with a score of seventeen to eight. The profits of the game were about one thousand dollars, which will be equally divided between the beneficiaries.

Miss Bolte's school, 2127 Jackson Street, held a delightful musicale last Friday afternoon. The following programme was given:

Songs: "Welcome," school; violin solo, "Il Trovatore," Miss Mable Kowalski; piano solo, "Morning Prayer," Miss Etta Wheeler; recitation, "Clown's Baby," Miss Emma Brown; piano duet, Miss Lily Adam and Mrs. Renfro; German song, "Wanderlied," Misses Bode, Brown, and Lightner; piano solo, "La Secret," Miss Gladys Myer; Delarte by six young ladies; piano solo, "Canita," Miss Emma Brown; recitation, "Saved by a Child," Miss Gladys Myer; piano solo, "Polonaise," Miss Lily Adam; song, "Once Again," Miss Edith Bode; piano solo, March, Miss Drucilla Dumble; piano solo, Gavotte, Miss Edith Muir; sonatine, Miss Lola Lightner; farce, "Train to Maurs," Misses Helen Taylor, Edith Bode, and Lola Lightner.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his fifth concert of the second season last Thursday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, and attracted a large and fashionable audience that thoroughly enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Quartet, (a) "Love's Young Dream," (b) "Believe Me if All Those Endearing," Thomas Moore, Misses Eastman and Roberts, Messrs. Wilkie and Olmi; song, "Nymphs and Fauns," Benberg, Miss Jennie Eastman; song, "Sing Sweet Bird," Ganz, Miss Albu; piano solo, violin, and cello, (dedicated to Charles P. Orr), De Konstli, Miss Meta Asher and Charles P. Orr; melodia, "Musica Proibita," Gastaldon, Mr. George Olmi; contralto solo, "God Guard Thee, Love," Nessler, Miss Xena Roberts; duet, "The Fisherman," Gabussi, Messrs. Wilkie and Olmi; ballad, "My Dearest Heart," Sullivan, Miss Rose Albu; cornet solo, "Fantasia," themes from Beethoven's sonata, arranged by Hartmann, Miss May Cook; Scotch ballad, "My Love's like the Red, Red Rose," Mr. Alfred Wilkie; duet, "Hear me, Norma," Bellini, the Misses Albu; quartet, "You Stole My Love," Macfarren, Misses Eastman and Roberts, Messrs. Wilkie and Olmi.

Mr. William H. Keith, the young baritone, who has been studying music for several years in Europe, will make his debut here in concert on Tuesday evening, November 21st. This will be Mr. Keith's only appearance in public here, as he will return to Paris to continue his studies soon after the concert. The concert is given at the request of his many friends, who are anxious to hear him before his departure, and a large audience is assured.

The fourth Bauer Symphony Concert of the winter series will take place next Friday afternoon at the Tivoli Opera House. M. L. Crepauz will be the soloist. Mr. Crepauz was formerly a hasso at the Grand Opera House in Paris. Mr. Louis Heine will play Bruch's arrangement of "Kol Nidrei," and the symphony will be one by Tschai-kowsky, the composer who died on November 5th.

The thirty-second Saturday Popular Concert will take place this afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, when an interesting programme will be presented. The executants will be Mrs. Carr, Miss Constaoce Jordan, Miss Sophie Newland, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Hotber Wismer, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Louis Heine.

Miss Anna K. Selkirk, the contralto, gave a successful concert last Thursday evening, and presented an attractive programme with the assistance of Mme. Thea Sanderini, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Miss Alice Whithy, Professor G. Sauvet, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Frederick Knell, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. F. S. Gutterson.

Signor Giulio Minetti, the Italian violinist, will give a concert at three o'clock next Saturday afternoon. His playing of the Vieuxtemp's concerto at a recent Bauer Symphony Concert attracted much attention.

The Loring Club will give its second concert of the seventeenth season on Thursday evening, November 16th, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The loves of women for children and china are well illustrated in the following extract from a London paper: "There can't be many people in this world who love children better than I do—at a distance. You may imagine, therefore, how alarmed and horrified I was when I got a letter from my strong-minded sister, Charlotte, to this effect: 'Ted will turn up at No. 10 to-morrow to spend a week; he has recovered from his scarlatina wonderfully, but is still weak, poor boy. The porter from King's Cross will leave him at your house. Don't bother about him; he can take care of himself.' He can indeed! I spent the hour before his arrival in putting all the reachable china into cupboards and hiding all the smaller *objets d'art*, for I knew Ted's reputation; he has made himself a name in the family as an *enfant terrible*. He has quite sustained his reputation here. He began by calling me Aurelia! 'Aunt Aurelia, dear,' I suggested. 'Oh, no, I won't,' he said; 'you are only a baby.' 'Who told you that?' I asked. 'Why, mother,' said the little wretch; 'she always calls you that great baby, Aurelia.' 'Does she?' 'You may kiss me, Aurelia, if you choose; you are very pretty.' He is not quite six, and the loveliest boy in the world, and the most lovable. I kissed him. I adore him already, in spite of my horror for his kind; and the servants are all his slaves; but my pug hides himself under the cabinet, the cat has not been seen for three days; and if I had not locked up my Sévres and Dresden I should be a chinaless woman at this moment—judging, at least, from his performances with lower forms of pottery."

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leonide Cook, daughter of the late Elisha Cook, to Mr. Gilbert Gurney.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Alice Mau, and Mr. Frederick H. Hood, which will take place at her residence, 2215 Broadway, on Tuesday evening, November 21st.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Barber, daughter of Mr. William Barber, of Ross Valley, Marin County, to Baron von Balveren.

The wedding of Miss Eugenia B. Chapin and Ensign Harry George will take place next February, at the residence of the sister of the bride-elect, Mrs. Russell Collins, 4200 Walnut Street, in Philadelphia. After the wedding they will come out to Mare Island, where Ensign George will be stationed. Miss Chapin is visiting friends in Cincinnati, O.

The wedding of Miss Viola Hyman and Mr. Alfred Rich will take place on Tuesday evening, November 21st, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry W. Hyman, 1946 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bonnell will give a reception at their residence, 1709 Gough Street, on Monday evening, November 13th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Allison C. Bonnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Perkins will give their first post-nuptial reception next Friday evening at the residence of Mr. N. K. Masten, 2218 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Murphy are occupying their residence, 1818 California Street, after passing the season in San Rafael, and have issued invitations for a tea next Saturday from five until seven o'clock and a dance from nine until eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker has issued invitations for a fancy-dress ball which she will give at her residence on Sutter Street, on Thursday evening, November 23d.

The Harmonie Club will give its opening ball on Saturday evening, November 25th, at its club-rooms. The members of the Concordia Club are arranging to have a high jinks at the club on Saturday evening, December 2d.

A new club of young ladies has been formed for the entertainment of their friends during the coming winter. They will meet every three weeks at the residences of the various members, and will enjoy musicales, card parties, and dances. The first affair will be a progressive-euchre party, to be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bryan, next Tuesday evening. The members of the club are: Mrs. W. V. Bryan, Mrs. John Bradbury, Miss McLaine, Miss Stump, Miss Taylor, Miss Denigan, Miss Behlow, and Miss Smith.

The ladies of the Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church are to give an entertainment in the shape of a "Columbian Tea," in the parlors of their church on Van Ness Avenue on the evening of the sixteenth of this month. It is for the benefit of the lunch-room of the Young Women's Christian Association, and ought to be well patronized, as it is a most worthy charity.

The residence of the late Dr. Samuel Merritt, on Jackson Street, in Oakland, will be the scene of two interesting entertainments next Friday and Saturday evenings for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten and the Children's Hospital of Oakland. Mrs. Benjamin Morgan, Mrs. Robert Watt, and a number of other prominent ladies of Oakland and Berkeley have the affair in charge. The Columbian Exposition buildings will be reproduced in miniature, a Midway Plaisance will be established, and all of the characters will be assumed by well-known society people. Mrs. F. M. Smith has donated all of the flowers and foliage for decorating, and Miss Lou Wall will do the designing. The house and grounds will be lighted by electricity. A large attendance and a financial success are assured in advance.

The Mizpah Club will give an "apron tea" at the New Jerusalem Church, on O'Farrell Street near Webster, next Saturday afternoon, in aid of the charity fund of the club. A musical programme will

be presented by Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. Harry Clark, Mrs. T. P. Woodward, Mrs. J. B. Brown, Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss M. L. Elliott, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. Mortimer Davis, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Louis Heine.

The festival entitled "Old Nuremberg," to be given under the auspices of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, will commence this evening at the Mechanic's Pavilion and end next Saturday evening. Elaborate preparations have been made for the affair, the interior of the pavilion having been transformed to represent notable portions of the quaint old German city. There will be over six hundred participants in the festival, and singing, dancing, and orchestral music will be special features of each evening.

Miss Mae Dimond gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at her residence. The floral decorations were exquisite, the menu was elaborate, and the affair was made pleasant in every way. Among those present were Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Pratt, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Harry Dimond, and Mr. E. G. Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on California Street. After dinner the party attended the charity ball.

Mrs. George H. Lent gave a pleasant matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, in honor of Miss Gertrude Severance, of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Franklin Street. Afterward they and their guests attended the charity ball.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a dinner-party at their residence last Saturday evening, and hospitably entertained Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Smedberg, Miss Hoffman, Miss Alice McCutchen, Dr. Whitney, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel Knight, and Mr. Burnett. The table was handsomely decorated with flowers, and Huber's string quartet played concert selections during the service of the elaborate menu.

Mr. and Mrs. Channing H. Cook gave an informal dancing-party last Saturday evening at their residence on Sixteenth Street, which was attended by about fifty of their friends. Dancing to excellent music was enjoyed throughout the evening, and a delicious supper was served.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen gave a matinee tea on Thursday at their residence, and pleasantly entertained quite a number of their friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Francis Francis is here on a brief visit, and will visit Southern California in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier arrived in Paris last week. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from his Eastern trip. Mr. Henry W. Redington is at the Albemarle House in New York city.

Mr. Richard H. Sprague is visiting New York city, and is at the Hoffman House.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis are in New York city, and are at the Hotel Waldorf.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. Webster Jones will return to-day from an extended tour of the Eastern States and a visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. A. S. Tubbs is at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. N. T. Messer are at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Arguello and Miss Ada Sullivan are staying at the Hotel Waldorf, in New York city.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are staying at the Hotel Holland during their visit to New York city.

Mrs. and Mrs. George H. Powers are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. J. B. Randol is at the Park Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Misses Ella and Aileen Goad are visiting friends in the Eastern States, and will not return until about the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig, Mr. Harry Gillig, Mr. Frank L. Unger, and Mr. Clay M. Greene sailed from Honolulu on October 14th, and arrived in Yokohama on November 1st. They remain there a couple of weeks, and then go to Hongkong. From Hongkong they sail on December 13th for Singapore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow will reside in Oakland during the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth have returned from a month's visit to the Columbian Exposition and the principal cities of the Eastern States.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay are visiting relatives in Philadelphia. They will remain away about a year.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mrs. William Alvord will receive on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at her residence, 2200 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. de Young are expected to return from Chicago on Monday.

Mr. Robert McMillan, Miss Jennie McMillan, and Mrs. Emma Wooster have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. D. E. Allison has returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mrs. A. W. Scott left by steamer last Tuesday for Southern California, to remain during the winter for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. C. T. Deane will return from her Eastern trip late in November. Dr. Louis C. Deane will probably remain in New York city during the winter, with Dr. Knapp, the oculist.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have returned from a visit to the exposition at Chicago.

Mrs. William B. Carr and Master Ralph Carr are in Louisville Ky. They will also visit Boston and New York, and are expected home in the latter part of November.

Mrs. Essie Gorham, of Gold Hill, Nev., arrived here last Monday, on a brief visit to friends.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., has returned from a month's visit to Chicago and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, of San José, have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have returned from a tour of Europe.

Miss Anita Neumann, daughter of Hon. Paul Neumann,

of Honolulu, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hasson, at her residence, 2501 Mission Street.

Dr. Edwin S. Breyfogle has returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd and Mr. H. St. Clair Boyd are in Washington, and will visit several Southern cities before their return, which will be shortly before the holidays.

Miss Anna Gray has returned from her Eastern trip, and is at her residence, 1115 Bush Street.

Mrs. George A. Crux will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at her residence, 2715 Pine Street.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt is visiting New York city, and is staying at the Hotel Waldorf.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Van Slyck Cook, nee Kaime, who were married in St. Louis on November 2d, have arrived here. They will receive their friends on the first and third Wednesdays in January, 1894, at their home, corner of Sixteenth Street and Hoff Avenue.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is passing a week at the St. James Club in Montreal, and was among the guests at the last Tuesday meet of the Montreal Hunt Club.

Mrs. Nellie Hillyer is in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Mrs. Joseph R. English and Miss Marie L. English are in New York city. They will return home late in November, and will be accompanied by Miss Butcher, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. A. Longstreet, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox are visiting New York city after inspecting the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hinckley, nee Blythe, who have been visiting the Columbian Exposition, are now in New York city.

Miss Martha P. Gibbs, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Stafford, in St. Louis, is expected home in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Mr. Albert Gallatin, Jr., have returned from a visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, nee Curtis, sailed from New York last Saturday on the steamer *Fulda* for Geneva, Italy.

Mr. James M. Wilson returned to the city last Thursday after an absence of two years in Unalaska. He will leave during the coming week to visit his parents in Belfast, Ireland, and will return here early next year.

Mr. Davis Rich and Miss Rose Rich have arrived here from New York city to attend the wedding of their brother.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann arrived here from Unalaska last Thursday after an absence of about five months.

Dr. A. O. Haselhurst has removed to 531 Sutter Street.

Miss E. S. Rockwell, the artist, has returned from a six months' trip to the Eastern States, and will receive at her studio on Tuesdays.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A. (retired), are residing at 1508 H Street, Washington, D. C. Mrs. McKeever is not in good health, and unless she improves soon the general will take her abroad for the winter.

Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartsuff, Medical Department, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Omaha, Neb., to act as medical director of the Department of California.

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed at the Presidio, has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Ensign S. S. Robison, U. S. N., and Miss Marie L. Clark, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., of Mare Island, were married at the home of the bride's parents at the navy-yard on Friday afternoon, October 27th. Rev. T. F. Burnham, of Vallejo, officiated. The affair was very quietly celebrated.

Assistant-Surgeon Charles E. B. Flagg, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are occupying their residence on New Hampshire Avenue, in Washington, D. C. Miss Miller will be their guest during the winter.

Surgeon D. O. Lewis, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Mohican*.

Surgeon M. H. Simms, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Surgeon Paul Fitzmaurice, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Torpedo Station at Newport, and ordered to Mare Island.

Captain Abram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on sick leave in New York city. His address is at the Sturtevant House.

Lieutenant Avery D. Andrews, U. S. A., late of the Fifth Artillery, has been appointed engineer officer, with the rank of major, on the staff of General Fitzgerald, First Brigade, New York State Guard.

Post Chaplain J. A. Potter, U. S. A., is now residing at 3217 Sacramento Street.

Colonel B. P. Runkle, U. S. A. (retired), has removed to Los Angeles, where he is residing at 64 Wilson Block.

Lieutenant G. D. Fitch, Engineers Corps, U. S. A., is located in Room 89, Flood Building.

Ensign W. L. Dodd, U. S. N., was married in New York on October 23d to Miss Martha W. Hanbury, of San Diego.

Captain J. R. Richards, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to his company at Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty on the general court-martial at the Presidio, to enable him to take advantage of his leave of absence, which he will pass in the Eastern States.

Captain Edmund L. Zariski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., had an article in the October number of the *Journal of the United States Artillery* on "Hadfield's Manganese Steel and Chromium Steel Projectiles."

Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Owing to the illness of Rev. Robert Mackenzie, the lecture for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters has been postponed to Tuesday evening, November 14th.

—THE WINTER STYLES IN FASHIONABLE stationery have just arrived from the East and Europe, and are being displayed by Messrs. Sanborn, Vail & Co., at their large establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. The swell tint for paper and envelopes is a very dark blue—much darker than Russian blue, that was so popular in the summer. All of the new tints are pretty, and should be seen to be appreciated.

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

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AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

SCENE.—A theatre, on stage of which that irresistibly funny farcical comedy, "Les Vivacités d'un Vrai Lapin," with the celebrated PATATRAS in the principal rôle, is in course of representation. "Les Vivacités," though comparatively unobjectionable in its main idea, contains incidents and allusions by which Anglo-Saxon propriety would be painfully scandalized in a literally translated version, but which, in their native form, do not seem somehow to outrage the susceptibilities of the highly respectable English speaking persons of both sexes and various ages who occupy all the best seats.

[ON THE STAGE: M. PATATRAS is piteously detailing the story of his domestic unhappiness to a cynical friend, interrupted by frequent merriment from the audience.]

IN THE DRESS-CIRCLE: MATRON [whose mirth is far less restrained than it would be in any other dress circle]—Oh, it is really too funny! I'm sure I don't know what it is that makes one laugh so!

[And, to do her justice, she does not in the least, the only phrase she caught being, "Et c'est toujours comme ça!" But it is so silly not to laugh when everybody else is in fits.]

PARENT [to his DAUGHTER, whom he has brought here with a view to discover how far she has profited by that year at the French boarding-school—he himself is "a little rusty in his French"]—Well, I haven't heard you laugh much yet! Thought you understood the language?

THE DAUGHTER [hurt]—I do, papa, I understand every word they say—only I don't always quite know what the jokes mean.

PARENT [indignantly]—And this is what they call education nowadays! Ah, well, I might have spared my money, it seems.

ON THE STAGE: MME. MAQUILLÉE [as "Mme. Gandinois," says to VISITOR]—"Asseyez-vous donc, je vous prie, vous nous ferez l'amitié de dîner avec nous ce soir, n'est-ce pas?" THE VISITOR—"Comment donc—mais c'est moi au contraire qui, etc."

IN THE PARQUETTE: FIRST CHAPPIE [with a smile of subtle appreciation]—Very smartly written, this dialogue, eh?—that last hit! [He chuckles wickedly.]

SECOND CHAPPIE [who has been secretly wishing they would not speak so confoundedly fast]—Full of esprit—full of esprit! We're no match for them there!

[An aside is spoken on stage, which convulses the initiated; both chappies a little late in laughing, and resolve to watch one another's face in future—result being that before end of second act each darkly suspects the other of being a humbug.]

ON THE STAGE: "L'Ami de la Maison" to "M. Gandinois": "Froide?" [Aside.] "Ah, non, par exemple!" [Roars of laughter.]

A FIANCEE [who is determined JOHN shall not think her dull; behind her handkerchief]—Isn't it killing?

JOHN [who has been beginning to think her rather too lively, with a slight stiffness]—Well, some people might find it a trifle broad—but so long as you're amused—

A FIANCEE [in extreme confusion]—Oh, I thought this piece was all right—or I wouldn't—that's the worst of French, you never know! [Wishes they had gone somewhere else.]

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

LADY IN BOX [to her friend]—Enjoying it, dear? THE FRIEND [rapturously]—Oh, so much! It's perfectly delightful! [With a sudden impulse to candor.] You know, I didn't quite follow everything they said.

FIRST LADY—Oh, but one doesn't—you get into it by degrees, you know. You'll find yourself beginning to get more accustomed to it by the time they come to the end of the last act—at least that's my experience.

IN THE ORCHESTRA: PLAIN MAN [to QUIET NEIGHBOR]—Comical kind o' piece, eh? Find you manage to catch the drift of it at all?

THE QUIET NEIGHBOR [who has spent much of his time abroad]—Oh—yes, I—a—think so.

THE PLAIN MAN—So did I, first-rate, and without knowing a single word o' French either, mind you! I manage to pick up what it's all about as I go along, and I'll lay I'm not far out. I knew at once that that old chap in the smoking-cap was put out about the way his daughter carried on—that was very good, and then his old wife, she came in, and there was a shindy—

THE QUIET NEIGHBOR—Oh, pardon me, but you're wrong there. The old lady was his mother-in-law and the girl his young wife. He has no daughter in the piece, and the idea is—

THE PLAIN MAN—Well, I made it out different myself, any way.

[He evidently prefers his own interpretation, which the QUIET NEIGHBOR does not make any further efforts to correct.]

DURING SECOND ACT.

ON THE STAGE: MME. MINAUDIERE [as the inevitable ingénue]—"Si je m'amuse ici! Figurez-vous que—"

[She says something very naïve indeed, which is received with uproarious merriment.]

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE: YOUNG WIFE [who is always meaning "to take up her French again," to her husband, who has given her to understand that he is perfectly at home in the language]—But, Harry, what was there so very funny about that?

HARRY [who has been laughing, solely to keep up his reputation]—Well, you see—it's impossible to translate these things. [Which it is, for him.] It's Parisian, you know—very Parisian!

CLOSE OF ACT: M. PATATRAS [after peering through curtains]—"Aie, aie! la dame de l'ombrelle rouge! Pincé—Cette porte!" [Opens door and shuts it sharply.] "Mme. la baronne!" [Opens another, same business.] "Le Général! lui aussi! où me fourrer? Ah, sous le canapé!" [Starting back wildly.] "Quoi? Ma femme—ici!"

[Sits down heavily on a work-basket. Other choracters rush on and form tableau as curtain falls.]

CHORUS OF ENTHUSIASTS, IN STALLS—It's all so perfectly natural, isn't it? So unlike our noisy horse-play—did you notice how neatly they do all their business? and the ensemble! How delightfully easy he was when he kicked the butler! Yes, and wasn't he deliciously funny when he came down to the footlights and told us what he meant to do! So thoroughly artistic! I shall never forget him trying to hide that photograph under his waistcoat. [And so on.]

IN THE UPPER TIERS: PORTLY GAUL [to NEIGHBOR, who is laughing industriously at everything]—"Très égayante, la pièce, n'est-ce pas?"

THE NEIGHBOR [who has a vague idea that the GAUL is apologizing for being about to pass]—Par de too, Mossoo!

THE GAUL [astonished]—Comment "pas du tout"? Et vous qui pouffez de rire!

THE NEIGHBOR—Le Buffet? c'est derrière—en dessous—I—I mean—au dehors!

THE GAUL—Ah, vous riez donc aux éclats sans avoir compris? Vous êtes un original, vous!

THE NEIGHBOR—[who feels that he may expose himself if he goes on much longer]—Wee Mossoo, vous avez raison—say sar!

[Escapes to lobby, and hears remainder of the piece from the back of the dress-circle.]

[TWO ACQUAINTANCES meeting in lobby.]

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE—Wonderful actor, Patatras! How good he was in that first scene when he was explaining that about the—you remember the part I mean? [He doesn't mean any part in particular.]

SECOND ACQUAINTANCE [quickly]—Oh, very funny, very funny! and [not to be outdone]—and then that scene with the—with the, bless my soul! where they—you know!

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE [who doesn't, of course]—Yes—yes; but it's all capital. By the way [confidentially], is there a book of the words to he got anywhere?

SECOND ACQUAINTANCE—Just what I've been looking out for.

DURING THIRD ACT.

THE PARENT [to his DAUGHTER]—What did he say then?

THE DAUGHTER—Oh, papa, I can't explain everything they say!

THE PARENT—You explain? I believe I know more about it than you!

THE DAUGHTER [demurely]—Then you can explain to me, papa.

[PARENT pretends he hasn't heard; triumph of DAUGHTER.]

AT THE CLOSE.

CRITICAL PLAY-GOER [who has understood, on an average, about one word in fifty]—I must say I was a little disappointed with the dialogue—nothing like so witty as I expected!

His FRIEND [whose average was one in a hundred]—There were one or two good things in it, though—but, of course, it's Patatras one goes to see!

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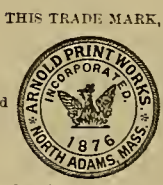
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of Dean Mansfield's quickest remarks was made apropos of reform cutlets being spelled in the menu, "reform." Some one objected, "Oh, but," said the dean, "I think it is quite right. Doesn't reform always end with an *e* mute (emeute)?"

Prince Bismarck was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father; "he speaks seven languages." "Indeed," said Bismarck, who does not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements; "what a wonderful head-waiter he would make."

Lord Justice Bowen had never sat in admiralty proceedings until the other day, and before entering upon his unaccustomed duties, he addressed a few words of explanation to the learned counsel in attendance. He explained that he was new to the situation, and asked their indulgence. "And may there," he concluded, "be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea."

One of the stories of the Midway Plaisance is of the mosque there, where prayers were said daily, at regular intervals, for the natives. A pious woman passing accosted a young Oriental and chatted with him, finishing with a nod toward his prayer-house and the remark: "I hope you go to church every Sunday, like a Christian." "No," was the quick reply; "I go every day, like a Turk."

The late Marshal MacMahon was not a good off-hand speaker. There was a colored cadet in the Saint Cyr Military Academy, and once, when the marshal reviewed the corps, the instructor suggested that he should say something to encourage the black man. "Let him stand forth," said the marshal. "So you are a darkey, are you?" he said to the cadet. "Yes, marshal." "Well, keep it up."

Old John Randolph, of Roanoke, once rose in his seat in the Senate (says *Life*) and said: "Mr. President, is it not a shame that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Calls for order came thick and fast, whereupon he, pointing his long, skinny finger at them with the utmost scorn, screamed: "Rats, did I say? Mice—mice!"

There was a Democratic congressman who failed to show up for a vote on the election bill. He was not paired, and his absence was unaccountable. He leisurely strolled into the House the next week and was at once hauled over the coals for his dereliction. "Why, I couldn't come," said he; "my health was givin' way. I had three doctors t'umpin' me chist at wanst, and they united in sayin' that me condition was alarmin', and that me whole system was reekin' with insomnia."

A New York clergyman, who was preaching in a neighboring village, astonished the congregation by saying: "I wish to return to New York by the first train, as I have a wife and five children there, and have never seen one of them." This declaration excited the most painful curiosity among the good people, which was allayed, however, when it became known that the "one" which the clergyman had never seen was one that had been born since he left home the day before.

There was a backward student at Balliol who, for failure to pass an examination in Greek, was "sent down." His mother went to see the master, Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was. "It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady; "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn." Jowett eyed her a moment and then answered: "Yes, madam; the Greek grammar. Good-morning."

Down in South Carolina (said the Hon. W. J. Talbot, of South Carolina, in a recent speech in the House), there was a man who hired a lawyer to conduct a case in court. As the lawyer was not talking exactly to suit him, he got up to make a few remarks himself. The judge, of course, made him take his seat. He got up again, and the judge made him take his seat again. A third and fourth time this

happened, and, finally, the old farmer got up and said: "Well, judge, if you won't let me talk, won't you let me think?" "Why, certainly," replied the judge. "Well, judge," he said, "I think you and all these lawyers are a set of d—d rascals."

The late Duke of Somerset, writing of Dr. Busch's book of gossip about Bismarck, relates that Busch was employed by the prince to prepare articles for the newspapers and to record his sayings. One day Busch sent to the newspapers something Crown Prince Frederick had said, upon which Bismarck sent for the doctor and expostulated. "I told you to publish what I said, not what that fool of a Crown Prince says." "Well," replied Busch, "may I publish this present saying of yours?"

Apropos of the old story: "And now," said the preacher, turning the hour-glass which in those days was placed upon the ledge before him as a reminder to be merciful, "we will have another glass together," James Payn says "his metaphor was singularly appropriate, for he was suffering from the intoxication of pulpit eloquence." And this Mr. Payn follows with a story of Robert Hall, who was asked what he thought of a certain preacher. "A remarkable man in his line, sir; soft preaching is his line; a remarkably good *she* preacher."

The late Sultan Burghash had a very savage chained lion, and, as a happy thought, offered it to Sir John Kirk, then British Consul-General at Constantinople, reminding him that the lion formed one of the supporters of the royal arms above the gate of the British Consulate, and that the presence of the real brute would, therefore, be highly appropriate. "I am sure that your highness would never make an incomplete present," he replied, "and when you are able to accompany the lion with a unicorn I shall be delighted to receive your munificent offer."

A young globe-trotter was holding forth during a dinner in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris, about the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti and the marvelous beauty of the women there. One of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to inquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with the island. Resenting the baron's inquiry, he replied: "Yes; what struck me much was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there." "Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, in no wise disconcerted; "then if you and I go there together we shall make our fortune."

Every instructor at Chautauqua is required to fill out a paper answering a number of necessary and unnecessary questions. One year there was a remarkably handsome male member of the faculty in whom all the girl students were much interested. "Is he married or unmarried?" became an all-absorbing question. Finally some of them had the courage to approach the college secretary and ask if the files might be looked over. And there the handsome professor, anticipating, perhaps, some such investigation, had recorded his matrimonial pretensions as follows: "Married or single?—Yes."

Count d'Orsay, on his first visit to England, chanced to be seated at dinner next to Lady Holland. That remarkable and many-sided woman was in one of her imperious humors. She dropped her napkin; the count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her glass, and, as often, her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and, on her dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my plate on the floor," said he; "I will finish my dinner there; it will be so much more convenient to Lady Holland."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Oct. 23, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Eureka, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 8:45 P. |
| 9:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 8:45 P. |
| 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Eureka, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, Los Angeles, and Fresno. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| 8:25 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:45 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | 10:40 A. |
| 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9:47 A. |
| 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7:26 P. |

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Oceanic...via Honolulu...Tuesday, December 19

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THREE POZZONI'S TINTS



That gloomy old barn, the Grand Opera House, which, hardly a month ago, was brightened by the presence of two great English stars, is now illuminated by two great French stars, and the advocates of the art of Britain and the art of France can, like the heathen, furiously rage together.

One might write long columns on the different arts of these different peoples and then not say all there is to be said. Fiery Gaul and phlegmatic Briton have their adherents, who can prove to you by bell, book, and candle just why their man is so much superior to your man. *Question de goût.* M. Coquelin is the greater artist, for he keeps his own personality well out of sight. Mr. Irving is the greater actor, for he makes each part live with the richly tinged vigor of his own intense personality. M. Coquelin is always the person he portrays. Mr. Irving is always himself portraying a person. Which is the better? M. Coquelin says his way is. Mr. Irving says his way is. Various critics have ranged themselves under the banners of the two disputants and taken the field for them. Why excite one's self on these matters? Are not both delightful? Take pleasure in the good acting of two great artists, and do not dissipate the joys of appreciation by wondering why you feel them. "Man that is born of woman is of few years and full of trouble," and why should he take the heart out of artistic joy by wanting to know the why and wherefore of it?

And the two lovely ladies!—*Place aux dames.* They may form two pictures forever fresh and gracious in the memory, two typical figures of the English and the French woman. The buoyant, the gay, the laughter-loving, the fleet-footed Miss Terry seems to breathe of that outdoor England where all is fragrant, fresh, simple, and happy. She is the most healthily, youthfully gay creature to be imagined. She has the clear freshness of a spring morning when the dew makes the cobwebs gray and frosty-looking and the morning-glories unfurl their little, pointed, crêpe blossoms in the early sun.

Mme. Hading suggests drawing-rooms, *grandes passions*, dim, scented boudoirs, French clothes, love-letters, perhaps a little touch of poison, and a turmoil of emotions, a trifle over-intense, but real as the emotions of ladies who have affairs of the heart to dissipate *ennui*, and arrange *grandes passions* while lying on their sofas and eating bonbons. Yet emotions are real that seem to be, and the French *femme de trente ans*, with all her trumped-up frenzies and her well-calculated effects, is as genuine a figure in the century-end gallery as the emancipated woman or the self-supporting bachelor girl. Balzac's Madame de Castries, with her red-velvet sofa and her fascinating semi-invalidism, her refinement, even more perfect in its flawless delicacy than that of Madame de Beauséant, her unagitating loves—half-simulated, half-real—her delicacy of thought and tender, caressing flattery of manner, which might mean all and might mean nothing, was quite as genuine in her own way as the fiercer or more direct characters that the great novelist met on his path through the first half of the century.

Mme. Hading's art has been made by the playwrights of her country, who have sung the glories of the fiery female Gaul, who, after all, is not so fiery as she is clever, and only took to the cultivation of the emotions in the distraction of boredom, as Candide took to cultivating his garden. But the playwrights have not made her beauty, which is as radiant, as perfect, as dazzling as ever. Has a more superb creature than the Clorinde who, three hundred years ago, entered Padua and made a victim of one of its most worthy citizens, ever been seen upon any stage? How would Emile Augier have felt if he could have seen his heroine personated by this gorgeous being—this fierce-eyed beauty, this soft-footed tigress, with a voice that could melt and scorch, with eyes where the velvet glance, all beguiling tenderness, was swept away in the furious flashes of defiant rage? This fierce Clorinde, in all the sumptuous magnificence of her scarlet and gold brocade, her great, puffed sleeves, her little red skull-cap confining the waves of tawny hair that rippled back from her low brow, this sombre-eyed, golden-tongued, defiant, despairing, impassioned, remorseful woman, is one of the most superb pictures that ever graced the stage.

Clorinde is the only character in which we have seen Mme. Hading play that she plays with superlative talent. In the other parts she has essayed here, she has shown herself a well-trained actress, conscientious and careful, but without much originality or power. In the "Maitre de Forges," in which she created the part of Claire, and was considered very fine, she was entirely lacking in the distinction of the aristocrat or even the lady. She

was melodramatic and not *grande dame*. In Clorinde, she has a part that seems made for her. Her dark-eyed, romantic, and unusual beauty fitted the character of the adventuress to perfection. Her acting—always colored with a tinge of the melodramatic, intense, unconventional, at times showing her shaken by bursts of despairing passion, at times broken by moments of contrition and shame, at times giving way to insolent and malicious defiance, once or twice elevated by touches of a sort of majestic and beopless dignity—was inspired in the true spirit of classic romance. Her crouching, abject terror—wide-eyed, pallid, speechless—before the infuriated onslaught of Fabrice, and the melancholy and despairing dignity of her departure—"et maintenant je puis partir"—were fine pieces of picturesque art.

If it is true that the truest art, the real art, is that which is so perfect that it becomes nature, then M. Coquelin is the greatest of living artists. You can say of him that he acts too well. He acts so well that you do not think he is acting. Some French philosopher—D'Alembert, was it?—said, apropos of Richardson's "Pamela," that it was a good thing to follow nature, but not to the point of *ennui*. In M. Coquelin's devotion to art and nature we feel that he would follow it ruthlessly to the point of *ennui*. He sets himself to reproduce exactly, perfectly—from the minutest facial grimace to the placing of his feet—the part he is portraying. There is no infusing into it his own personality. This drops out, and is as though it were not. M. Coquelin was Don Annibal and Destournelles on Saturday and Monday evenings. Like the Marsb King's Daughter—who from sunset till sunrise was a frog—M. Coquelin, from eight till eleven, was Don Annibal, a Spanish drunkard and vagabond, and Destournelles, the *avocat* of the town of Poitiers.

Both pictures were perfect studies in *genre*, given a warmth by the irresistible sense of humor that permeates all this great artist's work. Both pictures were of an extraordinary fineness of finish and execution. It is almost miniature painting, this art of M. Coquelin, and yet, wital, it has breadth and depths. The gradual drunkenness of Don Annibal was a piece of work executed in such delicate degrees and shades that their delicacy was almost over-fine for the stage. Don Annibal's face, voice, air, changes as the fiery wine of Spain runs through his veins. His small eyes grow smaller and shine humbly. His coarse nose seems to reddens visibly. The first expression of sly, alert cunning gives way to one of maudlin good-humor, confidence, and, finally, tearful tenderness. Then the swollen, red eyelids blink down over the little eyes, out of which all the light has withdrawn and that look like bits of gray glass between the half-closed lids.

The *avocat* of Poitiers, a provincial lawyer of the first quarter of the century, is as perfect in his small, malign humorlessness as a figure out of Balzac. Here was the cunning, the narrow, sharp, self-seeking, the dry shrewdness, the petty but engrossing ambitions, the sly pleasure in small triumphs, and, wital, the prudent, humorous *bonhomie* of the country lawyer. This is a type from the provincial life of France—a type formed by that vigorously confined, painfully circumscribed existence, the uneventful narrowness of which we, in our bustling, overcrowded life, can hardly realize. The Destournelles live long, and, in their slow passage from birth to death, have time to stop and take a deliberate and conscious pleasure and attach a serious importance to those small happenings which are lost sight of, hardly seen when swept away, in the fierce-flowing life of the American century-end.

The play which revolves about the little group of people, with Destournelles as their centre figure, is a picture play. It is essentially French. We have not the art and not the patience in this country to make such plays. It must be sorrowfully admitted that if we did, they would probably not draw. When we get over the stage of regarding the theatre as a place where one goes to be amused and cheered up, instead of a place where one goes to be elevated and educated, we may then produce some plays which are tranquilly realistic and purely artistic. "Mlle. de Seiglière" is now old-fashioned. Jules Sandeau wrote it a good many years ago. It is a play of dialogue and character, of quaint and quiet humor, but, above all things, a play that is a picture.

It reproduces the life of the returned *émigré*, re-instated in the home of his ancestors. Here is one of those whose fathers, dancing over the crackling marl that hardly hid the lava-flood beneath, were content in thinking "After us, the deluge." After the ignominious and hasty retirement, and the long life in Germany, where first the exiles found some amusement in playing at poverty—as the scattered, blood-stained court had once played at being pastoral—came the triumphal return—the return of the native in all the pomp of his arrogant poverty; haughty lords and ladies, once fine and gay, now thin and withered, but aristocrats still in their unbending pride of race, imperious in their faded old brocades of a fashion now deceased, with the few old servants that fled with them, obsequious and faithful, grown gray in the varying fortunes of the patrician exiles, returning as the trusted lackeys of the banished lords—all rolling back again in their rumbling old coaches, impassive and superb, to take possession of their own.

And the peacefulness of that restored existence!

The life of a French noble in a château sounds to us something very gorgeous. If the truth were to be told, it would kill us with *ennui*. Uneventful, tranquil, almost feudal in the simplicity of its pleasures and the infrequency of its diversions, it is the life of the *grand seigneur* who royally bunted the deer in his own forests, was a powerful lord in his own lands, outside of which were the king, the court, and the unknown common world, left business and money matters to his man of affairs, lived regally as the undisputed ruler of his own demesne, and arranged a marriage between his daughter and a neighboring baron with a magnificent disregard of all but the suitability of an alliance between the sole surviving scions of two noble families.

The picture given of this relic of the life of the great *noblesse* is complete and comprehensive. It is that which impresses one most in the play. We have no plays in this country which give such a perfectly toned picture of a phase of the national life. Even the long and somewhat dragging dialogues add to the suggestion of deliberation, of luxurious ease, of quantities of time to waste, and but little to be done to interrupt the soft flowing, lazy current of existence in this life of a class and of a kind which we will never know. The purely artistic construction of this piece, the high disdain of the author for the tastes of the groundlings, the fine ambition that he shows to create a work of art that will reproduce a phase of existence as a picture does, are things that our American playwrights might do well to take to heart.

At the theatres during the week commencing November 13th: The Coquelin-Hading Company in French plays at the Grand Opera House; Fanny Davenport in "Cleopatra" and "La Tosca" at the Baldwin; the stock company in "A Night in Venice" at the Tivoli Opera House; "The Danites"; "The County Circus"; and "A Country Sport."

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Alexander Montgomery, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The value of the estate is estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. The will is dated February 3, 1893, and the codicil is of the date of October 25, 1893. Testator bequeathed to his wife, Elizabeth A. Montgomery, \$1,000 a month during the continuance of the administration of the estate for the support of herself and two minor children. The sum of \$500,000 is also bequeathed to his wife. The sum of \$1,000,000 is bequeathed to W. F. Goad and A. W. Foster in trust for his two minor children, Annie A. Montgomery and Hazel G. Montgomery, to be managed by said trustees, and to be paid to the beneficiaries when they attain the age of majority. The sum of \$50,000 is bequeathed in trust to W. F. Goad and A. W. Foster for the erection of a mausoleum and monument in the grounds of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, near San Anselmo, Marin County. Testator bequeathed to his two children his residence on Leavenworth Street and its contents. All of the remainder of the estate is bequeathed to the San Francisco Theological Seminary as an endowment fund for its support. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Montgomery was appointed guardian of the two children and W. F. Goad and A. W. Foster were appointed executors of the estate.

"Private theatricals have been all the rage for the last three weeks," writes the Paris correspondent of *Vogue*, "and from almost every château I hear of vaudevilles, operettas, and charades occupying the attention of the guests. Indeed, there is hardly a train leaving Paris which does not convey theatrical *impresarios* of one kind or another from the leading costumers and stage-fitters here. Country-houses are the only proper places for private theatricals, and there is nothing I detest so much here at Paris, where there is no time for rehearsals, and in the majority of cases insufficient accommodation both for stage and audience, resulting in everybody becoming ill-humored. In the country, on the other hand, none of these disadvantages prevail. The consequence is that the autumn, or château season, has always been regarded as the portion of the year particularly belonging to amateur theatricals."

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Next Opera.....A Night in Venice
In Preparation.....Said Pasha
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Monday, Nov. 13th, Third and Last Week of

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Supported by Melbourne MacDowell and Company.
Monday and Tuesday.....Sardou's *Cleopatra*
Remainder of the Week.....Sardou's *La Tosca*
Next Attraction, Nov. 20, *Jos. Murphy* in *Shaun Rhué*
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Tuesday, Nov. 14, *Frou-Frou*; Wednesday, Nov. 15, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*; Thursday and Saturday Evenings, *Thermidor*; Friday, Nov. 17, *Les Effrontés*; Saturday Matinée, *La Dame aux Camélias*.

Prices.....50c, \$1, \$1.50, and \$2.

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Costumes by Messrs. Goldstein & Co.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The advance sale of seats for the opening of Abbey's new theatre in New York, when Irving will play "Becket," amounted to nearly nine thousand dollars.

The French Dramatic and Operatic Company, mainly composed of native sons and daughters, will give a representation of Maillart's opera comique, "Les Dragons de Villars," at the Standard Theatre on Sunday evening, November 12th.

"Thermidor," which the French troupe will play on Thursday and Saturday nights, is Sardou's political piece, which was interdicted by the French Government. Coquelin was in the original cast in Paris, and will appear in the same rôle here.

Emile Augier's "Les Effrontés" is much like "L'Aventurière," its hero being a young man who defeats the machinations of a *déclassé* marquise. Madame Hading is, of course, the marquise, and the elder Coquelin has the rôle of a Bohemian journalist.

The Kendals put on H. J. W. Dam's nihilist play "The Silver Shell" when "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" proved such a failure in New York, and it has almost redeemed their engagement. It gives Mrs. Kendal a strong emotional rôle as the fair nihilist, but she is quite overshadowed by Mr. Kendal as a Russian officer.

Fanny Davenport, supported by Melbourne MacDowell, will appear in "Cleopatra" on Monday and Tuesday next, and another Sardou play, "La Tosca," during the remainder of the week, which will conclude her present engagement at the Baldwin Theatre. Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, will follow in "Shaul Rhue" and other plays.

"Pepita" is in its last nights at the Tivoli, and on Monday evening Johann Strauss's picturesque comic opera, "A Night in Venice," will be sung by the following cast:

Duke of Urbino, Robert Dunbar; Caramello, Phil Branson; Pappacoda, George Olmi; Delacqua, Thomas C. Leary; Testaccio, Fred Kavanagh; Barbaruccio, Ed. Torpi; Enrico, Frank Ridsdale; Centurio, Edith Woodthorpe; Annina, Tillie Salinger; Ciboletta, Fannie Liddiard; Barbara, Carrie Roma; Aquicola, Irene Mull.

"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora," as revived in Chicago last month, is said to be a great improvement on the original version, which was here a winter or so ago. New songs, new specialties, and new "gags" enliven the story, several beautiful new stage effects have been introduced, the costumes are even more gorgeous than before, and the chappies will have no cause to complain.

The Coquelin-Hading troupe will appear in "Le Maître de Forges" this (Saturday) afternoon at the Grand Opera House and in "Les Surprises du Divorce" this evening. The repertoire for next week includes "La Joie Fait Peur" and "Gringoire" on Monday, "Frou-Frou" on Tuesday, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" on Wednesday, Sardou's "Thermidor" on Thursday and Saturday evenings, "Les Effrontés" on Friday, and "La Dame aux Camélias" on Saturday afternoon.

Georges Ohnet, the author of "Le Maître de Forges," is to French literature what E. P. Roe was to American: he is regarded as a Philistine by the critics and his fellow-novelists, but his books enjoy an enormous popular success. His royalties on "Le Maître de Forges" alone—it is his most successful play and novel—have amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars. At the two-hundredth performance in Paris, he gave every member of the company a scarf-pin representing an anvil surmounted by a hammer of gold.

The Bayreuth performances of the Wagner operas will not begin next year until the middle of July, but applications for seats are already being made. The tickets, which cost about five dollars each, will not be issued until January, but the allotment will be made according to priority of application. The dates of the performances have been fixed as follows:

Thursday, July 10th, "Parsifal"; Friday, July 20th, "Lohengrin"; Sunday, July 22d, "Tannhäuser"; Monday, July 23d, "Parsifal"; Tuesday, July 25th, "Parsifal"; Friday, July 27th, "Lohengrin"; Sunday, July 29th, "Parsifal"; Monday, July 30th, "Tannhäuser"; Thursday, August 2d, "Parsifal"; Friday, August 3d, "Lohengrin"; Sunday, August 5th, "Parsifal"; Monday, August 6th, "Tannhäuser"; Thursday, August 9th, "Parsifal"; Friday, August 10th, "Lohengrin"; Sunday, August 12th, "Lohengrin"; Monday, August 13th, "Tannhäuser"; Wednesday, August 15th, "Parsifal"; Thursday, August 16th, "Lohengrin"; Saturday, August 18th, "Tannhäuser"; Sunday, August 19th, "Parsifal."

It may be well to add that the performances commence at 4 P. M. and terminate about 10 P. M., here being intervals of about an hour between each act. The theatre is situated within fifteen minutes' walk from the railway station, and there are two restaurants in its immediate neighborhood. After the performances, at 11 P. M., trains will run to various neighboring cities. A special committee will assist visitors in finding suitable lodgings at moderate charges. There being no lack of good accommodation in Bayreuth, applications for rooms need not be made until the tickets have been issued. Application for seats, at twenty shillings each, may be made to Alfred Schulz-Curtius, 16 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W., London, England.

The stage of a theatre, viewed from behind the scenes, is the subject of a recent cartoon in New York *Truth*—in fact, it is a standing subject. It

shows half a dozen couples of coryphées and men about town standing about and presumably indulging in the brilliant rallery popularly supposed to be the ordinary conversational pabulum of such gay butterflies and Bohemian wits. But the picture is as false to nature as the idea that actresses are all brilliant and fascinating. The supposition that dukes and men about town are allowed behind the scenes of the leading theatres during the performance of the plays sometimes called "leg-shows," is erroneous. It would be utterly impossible for an outsider to gain admittance behind the scenes during, say, a Kiralfy show. The company often numbers as many as one to two hundred persons—in which case they are each provided with a ticket, without which they will not be admitted—and it is hard enough to get the scenes set in the short time between the acts with the necessary people running about the stage, without allowing a lot of useless spectators to stand around in everybody's way, and no stage-manager would permit the chorus-girls to have their admirers in the wings to distract them from their duties while on the stage. Occasionally a leading actor sees a person on business in his dressing-room during the performance; but the half-dozen rounders chatting with ballet-girls in *Truth's* cartoon are about as real as the gold brick the huncuncleman sells to people as credulous as those who take *Truth* for truth.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Rivals: "The last thing Fred did was to kiss me," "I should think it would be!"—*Life*.

Noah: "I don't believe that girl will ever learn to waltz." Saymuck: "Worse than that—she will never learn not to attempt it!"—*Vogue*.

George: "You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you?" Ethel: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Vogue*.

He: "I know I am not very strong, but they say it puts new life into an old man to marry." She: "Yes, I suppose that's the serious obstacle."—*Life*.

Ada: "No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal." Ida: "What sort of man is her ideal?" Ada: "A man who will propose."—*Puck*.

Judge: "Do you mean to tell me you haven't been drunk since July?" Prisoner: "Have been, your honor; have been is what I said."—*Detroit Free Press*.

And she didn't come: Mrs. Norris: "Do you mind my having a dressmaker in the house next week?" Mr. Norris (craftily): "No; not if she's pretty."—*Truth*.

Just plain envy: Parke Rowe: "What d'ye think of the suit? Election bet, you know!" Hoffman Howes: "That's too bad! How long do you have to wear it?"—*Puck*.

Pike: "I hear that a number of ballots were thrown out in my district as defective." Dyke: "What was the defect?" Pike: "Cast for the wrong candidates."—*Puck*.

"Your husband is so magnetic a man," said the visitor. "I know it," responded the wife; "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat-collar the other day."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The wife: "Yes, at first, my dear, the doctor thought that your recent sick spell had affected your brain." The husband: "He still thinks so, it seems, from the bill he sent in yesterday."—*Truth*.

Grace: "It must have been hard for poor Mr. Klauth to perform the service at May's wedding. Every one says he was dead in love with her." Ethel: "Poor dear man! I hope he received a big fee."—*Judge*.

"So you wrote her a poem?" "Yes," replied the young man, sadly. "What did she say?" "She said she admired my letter, but she didn't quite understand why every line began with a capital letter."—*Truth*.

She: "You mustn't try to kiss me at the station, for there are so many people there." He (protestingly): "But every one will think we are brother and sister." She: "And we will be, too, if you attempt it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Yes," said Mr. Snawell to one of the guests, looking at his watch and then gazing dreamily off into vacancy, "it was exactly twenty-five years ago at this moment that I led—ah, my dear, I was just observing to Mr. Spoonamore that exactly twenty-five years ago by this watch you led me to the altar."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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A bull's-eye: Marie: "I had nine proposals at the beach." Mertie: "How disagreeably persistent a summer acquaintance can be!"—*Puck*.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Secretary Gresham's report to the President on the Hawaiian affair takes the ground which intelligent Americans took when the news of the so-called revolution first arrived. The "revolution" was nothing but an *émeute* hatched by certain speculative foreigners. It chanced that the United States Minister at the time, Mr. Stevens, was an ignorant person who became a tool of the conspirators, and that the captain of the only United States vessel on the station, a gallant but not very clear-headed sailor, since dead, allowed himself to be deluded into giving them the support of his marines. In order to cover up their real designs, the conspirators affected to be eager for the annexation of the islands to the United States. There must have been some

among them who knew enough of American history and American policy to feel certain that annexation was utterly impracticable. But they formed what they called a "Provisional Government," in true revolutionary style, and sent three or four gentlemen to this country to offer the United States a piece of property which they did not possess.

They would have been overwhelmed under an avalanche of ridicule and derision had not this government seen fit to recognize them, and had not the survivors of the ancient filibusters set up a roar about carrying the flag into foreign ports. These incidents caused them to be more seriously viewed than they deserved. But a moment's reflection satisfied intelligent men that the Provisional Government had no warrant for its existence; that its members did not represent the people of Hawaii, but were a mere knot of speculators; that it was a piece of gross impudence on the part of the pilgrims from the islands to claim to represent any one but themselves. Even if all these things had been different; if the people of Hawaii had taken a plebiscite and, by a large preponderance of votes, had sought for admission to the Union, and had sent an embassy, duly chosen and empowered, to lay their request before the President and Congress, it is as certain as anything in the future can be that the appeal would have been rejected.

The reasons are plain. In the first place, we need no more territory; second, if we were coerced by stress of circumstances into extending the national domain, the American people would insist that the new territory must be contiguous, so that we should not be obliged, in the event of wars, to garrison it, to build forts on it, and to protect it with fleets of war-ships; finally, the people would require that new territory should be inhabited by races with which they could assimilate, and not by races to which Congress has refused to grant citizenship. A country which is mainly inhabited by Kanakas and Chinamen might knock till doomsday at the national door without having it opened.

The Hawaiian adventurers who thrust Queen Liliuokalani from her throne were enabled to do so by the coöperation of ex-Minister Stevens and the landing of the United States marines from the *Boston*. These overt acts created the impression among the Hawaiians that the United States sanctioned the usurpation, and was prepared to recognize the usurping government. It therefore devolved upon the government to lose no time in disavowing both the one and the other. And the disavowal could not be too explicit or too emphatic. Thus far Secretary Gresham's report will command approval.

But when the Secretary goes further, and suggests the restoration of the queen to her throne, he goes too far. It does not come within the province of the United States to say what form of government the Hawaiians choose to live under. It is none of our business. We have no more right to mix ourselves up in their affairs than we have to thrust our noses into British politics. Were we to do so, we would be duplicating the conduct of those demagogic Democratic politicians who are eternally passing the hat around in this country for the cause of Irish home rule. If the Hawaiian people want a monarchy and a queen, it is none of our business to approve or to find fault with their choice. If they prefer a republic, that, also, is their concern. We have absolutely nothing to say in the matter. And, apart from the obtrusiveness of the indorsement of the queen by Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, there is something ridiculous in the volunteer commendation of a monarchy—and a rickety monarchy at that—by the Foreign Secretary of the leading republic of the world.

It is not at all certain that the restoration of the queen would be permanent. There is no reason why the Hawaiians should not undertake to govern themselves. They are a fairly educated people, and they might limit the franchise to those who could read and write. Indeed, if the Kanakas chose to draw the color line, they would be only following the example of nations which have been accounted intelligent. It does not appear that the Creator conferred upon the Arian race a monopoly of political wisdom. There is a Black Republic on an island in the Atlantic. Why should there not

be a Brown Republic on this group of islands in the Pacific seas?

To sum up the matter: the reason why the United States can not annex the Hawaiian Islands is because the Hawaiian people have not asked us to do so. To take the islands against the will of the natives would be unworthy of this great nation. It would be stealing. This country can not sink to the position of a receiver of stolen goods. Even if the natives desired annexation, it would be highly inexpedient, for many reasons. One is, the race question. With our negroes, Indians, and Chinese, we have enough race problems now.

But while the United States should recede from its support of the Provisional Government in Honolulu, it should go no further. If that government is anything but the simulacrum of a government, it will remain in power. If it is maintained in power only by the presence of the United States ships of war, then it is not a government, and it should fall. But when it has fallen this government must not attempt to restore the queen, as Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham seem to think that they must do. Let the Hawaiians attend to that. This republic can not prop up a monarchy with its men and guns. If the present Democratic administration attempts it, Mr. Cleveland will hear from the country in unmistakable terms.

A sardonic interior journal suggests that an interesting exhibit for San Francisco to make at the Midwinter Fair would be her half-hundred of unhanged murderers. This suggestion has not been well received by the San Francisco press. But waiving the motive of its author, the suggestion is not without value.

In the first place, the exhibit would be an unusual one. Human beings in captivity are rarely placed on show. The murderers might be tastefully arranged in handsome brass cages, grouped or single. Through the bars of the cages conversation might be had with them, and they could thus have an opportunity to form valuable acquaintances—a privilege which is now necessarily restricted, owing to the conditions existing at their present abode, the county jail. Its unsanitary condition and mephitic atmosphere, and the fact that there is no elevator, tend to keep away many people who would doubtless feel a deep interest in gentlemen who have taken human life. At the fair, through the bars of their cages, weak-minded women could pass tracts, flowers, mince-pies, doughnuts, tobacco, opium, the daily papers, and other luxuries. It is even possible that some desirable matches might be made—there is a case on record in this city of a jail-haunting young woman who conceived a passion for a handsome murderer, and married him through the bars. It rather spoils the story to be obliged to add that when he got out he found her with child by another man, and, being consistent in his walks in life, attempted to murder her, too. But that is another story, as Mr. Kipling says.

Our murderers at the Midwinter Fair might classify themselves according to seniority, age, character of crime, etc. There are several woman-murderers here in jail, and there are at least two wife-murderers. Probably a man who beats his wife to death with a bludgeon takes big rank among murderers. There is such a gentleman here—if our memory does not deceive us, it is one Mr. Sullivan.

But the probabilities are that our murderers would classify themselves by seniority rather than by age or character of crime. In that case, Mr. John McNulty would take the lead without dispute. Mr. McNulty murdered another man nearly six years ago. He has been tried, and re-tried, and tried again. His case has been up to the supreme court of the State and down again. His case has been up to the Supreme Court of the United States and down again. He has been twice sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he should be dead, but he is still very much alive. No one disputes his guilt, but he has had a shrewd attorney who has saved his neck from the noose for these six long years. So when San Francisco makes this unique, this striking exhibit, John McNulty will be Senior Murderer, or Dean.

When the murderer of Carter Harrison had his p

nary examination the other day, the first legal step taken was to postpone his trial for a month. Why? Carter Harrison is dead; Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast murdered him; there are witnesses who intercepted him at the door with the smoking pistol in his hand; he has admitted his guilt, and even gloried in it. Why then postpone? Why not try, sentence, and bang Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast, and bang him now?

Why? Go to. These be foolish questions. There are a great many things to be done. In the first place, there is the postponement of a month. Then when that month rolls around, an accommodating judge will postpone the case for two. When the two months have elapsed, the attorney for Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast will have cholera morbus or some other gastric derangement, and the case will go over. When after interminable delays it comes to trial, new delays are heaped in front of the old delays like the mighty peaks which rise, range after range, in the high Sierra. By this time it will not only be doubtful whether Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast committed the crime, but it will even be doubtful in the eyes of the law whether he is Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast at all. He will have prudently occupied his prison time in going mad; he will be afflicted with emotional insanity, temporary mania, loco-motor ataxy, cerebral paralysis; senile dementia will stare him in the face. The sympathies of the people will be worked upon. The dead man's friends by that time will have forgotten him, and his relatives will be busily engaged in quarreling over his estate. There will be languor in the prosecution of the State's attorney. There will be keen activity in the defense by some ambitious lawyer who will struggle valiantly to save the prisoner's neck. It is by no means certain that Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast will be hanged. And if he is condemned, it is not impossible that one Altgeld—whom Divine Providence, for some inscrutable reason, permits to be governor of Illinois—will pardon him, as he has already pardoned the red-handed dynamite murderers of the anarchistic Haymarket plot.

Chicago is a great town. But far as she is in advance of us in other respects, she never can keep up with us in this regard. When it comes to unhang murderers, San Francisco is easily first. Considering population, Chicago could never equal us. Were we to invite competition from sister cities, San Francisco would take the prize. None could equal this unique exhibit, over which would preside Mr. John McNulty, Dean of the Corps of Murderers at San Francisco's Midwinter Fair.

The *Examiner* has an enthusiastic editorial headed "Returning Prosperity." We wish we could see the wave of prosperity of which our optimistic contemporary speaks. But we can not see it with a spy-glass. Some of the shutdown mills have opened, it is true. But more of them are closed. Concentrated efforts were made by the Eastern banks, the Eastern press, the administration with its vast power, including the United States Treasury and the entire Democratic party, for partisan reasons, to start business with a boom immediately after the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause. But business did not boom. Despite the rosy pictures drawn by the Democrats of the industrial revival after the silver matter was settled, the industrial revival does not come. As we have said all along, the Democratic party has been using the silver question as a scapegoat and a scarecrow—a scapegoat to bear off the burdens of their blunders and their sins—a scarecrow to terrify the people away from the discovery of Democratic tariff-tinkering as a potential cause of all our present financial ills.

Let us take a glance over the country where this "wave of renewed prosperity" is sweeping. Here are a few extracts from the last report of the Bradstreet Mercantile Agency:

"Far-seeing merchants interviewed admit little prospect of a revival in general trade this year. Manufacturers and a large proportion of industrial workers in Eastern and Central Western States are still idle or on greatly reduced wages. The only improvement in demand for general merchandise this week is slight, at Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa cities. The country people are economizing rigidly, and interior storekeepers, therefore, refuse to buy except for immediate needs, although stocks are light. Travelers in staple lines South and West and South-West report that seldom has trade ever been so dull; that merchants will not anticipate wants at any price. The long prevailing stagnation in iron and steel and the woolen industry shows no sign of an early change. There is a better tone for lower grades of brown cottons at Boston, but the outlook for woolen manufacturers is no better. The clothing trade is backward, but the outlook is for increased activity among shoe manufacturers. Woolen mills at Providence are still idle or running on short time. The New York stock market is dull and depressed by the heavy liquidation and realization of speculative profits which followed the passage of the silver repeal bill. The 'street' is disappointed at the failure of the buying power which that event was expected to bring in from the public both here and in Europe. Bank-clearings throughout the country this week aggregate \$1,050,000,000, which is a decline of twenty-five per cent. from last year. There are three hundred and fifty-three business failures in the United States this week—twenty-four more than last week, and as compared with two hundred and twenty-one one year ago. Bank-clearings for October aggregate \$3,983,556,000 at cities having comparisons for four years. Contrasted with October,

last year, the decrease is twenty-seven per cent., and with two preceding Octobers the falling-off is still heavier."

Following the general report come special telegrams from cities all over the United States. The tone in each is about the same—"business dull, collections slow, no material change in the financial situation."

We would like to point out to the *Examiner* some curious facts about its "wave of prosperity." One is, that there were 24 more mercantile failures last week than the week preceding; another is, that there were 353 mercantile failures last week (under the Democracy) as compared with 221 in the same week last year (under Republican rule). A third is, that the October clearances of the San Francisco banks two and three years ago were \$84,285,069 and \$83,146,979, respectively (under Mr. Harrison), and that the October clearances of the San Francisco banks for this year were \$57,469,133 (under Mr. Cleveland). This little shrinkage of about twenty-six millions of dollars in one month's business in San Francisco may, from a Democratic point of view, be a "wave of prosperity." But if so, most of us would prefer a little Republican hard times.

Professor Huxley put a great truth neatly when he said that one ugly little fact is equal to destroying the most elaborate and profound theory that can be constructed. The scientific test of experiment has been applied to the "problem of the unemployed" in San Francisco, with the result that the pathetic picture of a hapless army of honest men suffering for food and vainly seeking work in an opulent city has been ruthlessly obliterated. The honest workmen who for two months and more have been living on the charity of the community at the post-office site turn out to be shameless vagabonds, whose last wish is to give labor in exchange for their livelihood. An offer of board and lodging for a week in return for two days' work at street-sweeping was made to the "slaves of poverty" the other day. Out of the four hundred and fifty at the soup-house just eighteen accepted the offer! The rest adjourned to the United States Mint, from the steps of which the orators among them denounced the offer as a wicked scheme to "degrade American labor to the level of peonage." Of twenty men who on another day engaged to sweep, only eleven appeared. These performed just one-fifth of the sweeping they were paid to do.

Similar tests have been made at El Paso and San Antonio, where the battalions of train-capturing tramps converge and resume their tours in directions to suit. It has been found that only from three to four per cent. of the travelers will work. In El Paso "but two out of sixty-three would accept situations when offered, and when a section-boss at San Antonio applied to a gang of sixty tramps to get six section-hands, only three could be obtained." Such experiments as these ought to satisfy the most skeptical that the "problem of the unemployed," as presented by the tramp, is one whose solution requires the police-officer and not the alms of the benevolent. There is little danger that injustice would be done if every idle man who begs or joins the line at a free soup-house were arrested as a vagrant. The experienced eye can at once detect the unfortunate workman should the latter descend to the companionship of the regulation loafer. If the unfortunate workman does that, it usually takes but a little time to transform him into a professional tramp.

Society here as elsewhere has to face the fact that there had been evolved a class of men who are determined to get a living without returning an equivalent—a breed of creatures as depraved in mind and foul in life as they are loathsome physically. In their view, work is the supreme evil, and nothing but force will drive them to it. As for want, that does not exert its compulsion, since charity and petty theft furnish food. The living obtained by the gentleman of leisure at the under end of the social pyramid is not sumptuous, but it suffices. The tramp has simply reverted to savagery, and acts upon the philosophy of the Indian, who would like well enough to have the comforts and luxuries of the white man, but thinks the white man pays too high a price for them by working. Of all people whom he knows, the tramp holds in greatest scorn the mechanic and laborer. Thanks to the foolish and wicked generosity of society, the tramp gets nearly as good a living as the industrious poor. It is not only an outrage on justice that this should be so, but it is a flagrant encouragement of vagrancy, for it must occur to many who lead toilsome lives that the untoiling tramp is a cleverer fellow than themselves to be able to exist without working. If we care to undergo an experience like that of England, when the closing of the commons filled the land with sturdy beggars, or like that of Ireland in the last century, when laborers and servants on being hired had to be paid extra in compensation for sacrificing their privilege of begging, we will continue to scatter alms and open soup-houses. The abatement of the tramp must be undertaken in the interest of labor. While these hordes of worthless wretches swarm everywhere, masquerading as the "unem-

ployed," what chance has the real laborer out of employment to be treated with that consideration to which industry in misfortune is entitled?

The local duty is sharply clear. Not a cent should be given by any citizen to street-beggars, and not another contribution of money or provisions be made to the post-office-site soup-house, or any other so-called charity on like lines. The chief of police ought to order every tramp into custody. That would crowd the jail, to be sure, but its crowding would render it imperative upon the authorities to devise means for making imprisonment so unpleasant that San Francisco would become a terror to vagabonds. First of all, those miscreants, Willey and Frye, should be got behind the bars. This pair, who conducted the soup-house before it was given into the charge of the Salvation Army, are charged with having stolen large quantities of contributed provisions. It is they who make the speeches from the Mint steps and endeavor to organize the tramps into a following that will give themselves some consequence as agitators. Willey and Frye, and the whole soup-house legion, ought to be sweeping the streets, breaking rock, and mending the roads, under guard. Failing in that, there should be a tread-mill set up in the county jail for the employment of their muscles. Unfortunately, public sentiment is not yet prepared to welcome the sensible and salutary whipping-post.

Congressman Geary, of California, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, one day last week, and had a hearing which lasted two and a half hours. He made an earnest plea for the protected industries of the State of California—that is, protected at present by the Republican tariff; he urged strongly that no internal revenue tax be placed on domestic wines (one of the brilliant ideas of the whisky-drinking Democratic statesman from Bourbon County, Kentucky); he pleaded, on the other hand, that the import duty on foreign wines be increased; he asked for an increase in the duty on olive oil; and, as a Democratic Washington correspondent says, "he has insisted on a tariff on currants equal to that on raisins, he is satisfied that raisins will be protected against Zante currants, and he is hopeful that the tariff on wines and olives will be increased."

This does not sound like the Democratic free-trade orations delivered by Mr. Geary last fall. We applaud Congressman Geary for his loyalty to the interests of his State. But how about his loyalty to the free-trade principles of the Democratic party?

Here is another significant item showing how honest our Democratic friends were when they advocated free trade:

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., November 8th.—The Committee of the Commercial Club are working hard on the memorial which they will present to the Ways and Means Committee at Washington, relative to the tariff on coal and iron. They will present abundant statistics and arguments why these articles should not be put on the free-list. The memorial will be forwarded probably to-morrow. The two Alabama senators will be here next week, and an effort will be made to get every congressman in the State to come here. When they get together, facts and statistics will be presented. They will be told that free iron and coal will practically ruin this district, and an enormous petition, signed by thousands, will be presented, asking united support in keeping the tariff on coal and iron. It is believed that the Congressional delegation will go before the Ways and Means Committee in a body and endorse the memorial.

So, California Democrats want protection on California's industries. Alabama Democrats want protection on Alabama's industries. This is odd. How about the Democratic free-trade idea? But here is another straw:

WASHINGTON, November 14th.—The new Democratic tariff bill, in order to avoid wrangling and delay, will not be considered in caucus prior to its presentation to Congress. That this course will meet with criticism is evidenced by the fact that Bland, of Missouri, Culbertson, of Texas, and others have openly announced their intention of opposing free wool.

As near as we can gather from the views of these benevolent and altruistic statesmen, the Democrats in each of the various States want protection for themselves and free trade for everybody else. This is eminently Democratic, but we fear, as Mr. Ingalls might say, that it is only an iridescent dream.

If men had to rely on women's books for their information about women, the sex would be an unknown quantity. Some women have succeeded in fathoming the nature of men; but hardly one has exhibited sufficient knowledge of her own sex to draw a picture which can be recognized. Here is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who publishes a volume entitled "Men, Women, and Emotions"; she presents a series of feminine creations which call to mind the inhabitants of Mars, as evolved out of a philosopher's inner consciousness. And yet Mrs. Wilcox is quite smart in her way, and has written books which people read.

Mrs. Wilcox's woman is as sentimental after marriage as before, and likes a man to be demonstrative "before people." Where has she found such women? The mere accident of marriage will not quench sentiment, though the cares which matrimony involves are apt to divert the poten-

tial energy into other directions; but, outside of Osbkosb, where is the woman who loves to be pawed and kissed before strangers, even by her very best man? What a girl really does like is to feel that she holds the key of the heart of a cold, undemonstrative man who shows himself to be superior, mentally and physically, to his fellows, and who has too much respect for her to make her an object of contemplation by effusive addresses.

Mrs. Wilcox says that if you tell a man your sorrows and disappointments you will bore him, which is true; but she adds that in the like case the woman will sympathize and befriend you. That is not so certain. No one, male or female, cares to listen to the sad tale of a poor young man, except on La Rochefoucauld's principle that the sorrows of others are always cheering. Being more artful, and more skilled in the science of concealing their feelings than men, women will listen to a tale of woe with more seeming interest; but, in reality, the sufferer bores them, and they wish he would revert to a livelier topic. The women of a man's family may sympathize with him when he breaks his leg, or loses his job, but men who look for sympathy from other women court disappointment.

As it was the pleasure of Divine Providence to make Mrs. Wilcox a woman and not a man, she is out of her depth when she undertakes to paint ideal "men's women." She says that they "are not pruders," that they "have cogent sexual charms that catch a man's eye," that they "take men into their confidence," that they "offer the fewest conventional barriers to intimacy." Mrs. Wilcox has here depicted one kind of "men's woman," but it is not the kind that they respect. Such a woman a man likes to take to a Vaudeville Club or to invite to a late supper. She is what men call "capital company." She has what Mrs. Wilcox calls "go." This species of women is adored by a certain class of men and under a given set of circumstances. Given a man who is sentenced by decree of court to share a woman's company for a set number of consecutive hours, and he will undoubtedly prefer a girl with "go" to a girl without that attraction. This preference Mrs. Wilcox ascribes to the innate depravity of the male sex. She says that "eight men out of ten, if left alone with an unmarried girl, will attempt some degree of liberty." That is the case in France and other continental countries; but the charge has never before been brought, in plain terms, against American gentlemen. The natural feeling of an American gentleman, when left alone with an unmarried girl, is to treat her with an increased measure of respect. For so doing, a girl brought up in France might consider him a ninny; but his conduct is governed by his own sense of propriety, not by her coquettish aspirations.

Mrs. Wilcox is right when she says that the selfish siren order of woman is only continuously fascinating to the young and the crude. The growing preponderance of that order among the young women of the day is one of the causes of the decline in the marriage rate. Girls are growing up to regard themselves not as helpmeets for men, which was the purpose of their creation, but as reigning divinities to whose caprice every will must bow, and whose pleasures and enjoyments it should be the exclusive object of men to promote. The fashionable *fin-de-siècle* girl takes no interest in anything but herself and her fads. She does not even feign to concern herself about the hopes, and fears, and aims, and crosses of the man whom she expects to capture as a bushand. And she is surprised when she finds that she is not classed in male society as a man's woman.

The true man's woman is she who exhibits natural unselfishness and feminine kindness. She will really sympathize with men's tribulations. She will not grudge a friendly word of counsel. She will show that occasionally she thinks about something besides herself. Such a girl makes friends among men without effort, and is fairly entitled to be classed as a man's woman.

Among the humors of the election, not the least ludicrous thing is the consternation of the Massachusetts Mugwumps. A Democratic plurality of three thousand last year is changed into a Republican plurality of thirty-four thousand this year. Congressman O'Neill, of Massachusetts, says that the Democratic candidate for governor, Mr. Russell, did not hold his meetings at a sufficiently early hour. All the factory hands in Massachusetts (says Congressman O'Neill) go to bed betimes, in order to rise early for their labor. Several times the nine-o'clock factory-bell was rung while Mr. Russell, the Democratic candidate for governor, was in the full tide of Mugwump eloquence, and he was presented with a dissolving view of the backs of his audience as they filed out, his speech unfinished. This doubtless had an effect upon the campaign—how marked no one can tell. If all of Mr. Russell's eloquence had been digested and assimilated by the voters, it would have made a difference in the election (says Congressman O'Neill). Inasmuch as most of the factory-hands in Massachusetts have been thrown out of work by the free-trade

panic inaugurated by the party which Mr. Russell represented, it is rather surprising that they went to bed so early. They had nothing to do in the morning, and ought to have stayed up. Assistant Treasury Secretary Hamlin went from Washington to Massachusetts to vote for Candidate Russell. He had prepared an elaborate speech of congratulation, dwelling upon the succession of Democratic victories due to the Russell family in Massachusetts. But there has been a slight break in the Russell Democratic dynasty, and Assistant Treasury Secretary Hamlin has returned to Washington, bearing his speech with him undelivered. He intends to revise it, and put it away, and perhaps he can use it next year (says Congressman O'Neill).

Perhaps.

The mining stock market, which seemed to be on the point of disappearing for good, has all on a sudden been electrified into active life once more. A few weeks ago days passed in the San Francisco mining stock boards on which not a single share was bought or sold. Now transactions involving the transfer of hundreds of thousands of shares take place at nearly every session. The quoted value of the Con. Virginia mine, for example, increased by a million and a quarter of dollars within a fortnight, although the mine remains as it was—that is to say, a hole into which the assessments of stock-bolders are dumped instead of a property from which dividends are derived. The only reason that appears for the renewal of this spirit of gambling which so long cursed San Francisco is a rumor that a former foreman of the Con. Virginia knows where there is a bonanza hidden. That rumor is about as sound a basis for the investment of good money as the dream from which the colored policy-player derives the figures on which he bets in his beautiful African faith.

Of course there is no use in telling the truth over again to the infatuated people who persist in handing their savings over to the engineers of these Pine Street deals. The facts of the situation are as well known to the dabblers as to the insiders. It is the slim hope that they may get in on the boom and get out before the smash that lures the victims. They are a prey to conceit in their own cleverness. That the Comstock is a played-out fraud, considered as a dividend proposition, they are as well aware as anybody. They know that of every dollar contributed in assessments to work the mines, ninety cents stick to fingers in the passage from the San Francisco office to the shaft. That the purpose of the leviens and collectors of assessments is not honestly to apply them to development they are acutely conscious, yet they fancy themselves deft enough to despoil the despoilers—as sagacious an enterprise as an endeavor to outwit the dealer of a three-card monte game. In the losses and poverty which await them, the punters will receive their customary and entirely deserved punishment.

Every friend of legitimate mining on the Pacific Coast will regret that Pine Street has been rejuvenated, even if only for a brief season. So long as gambling in stocks after the old fashion continues, just so long will the orderly development of Nevada's enormous mineral resources be postponed. Men of sense and integrity of purpose, whose wish is for the clean profits of business and not for the dirty gains of the thieving gambler, will keep their money away from the Sagebrush while a mine is regarded there merely as a green table and a pack of cards. The Comstock will be worked to the advantage of its owners some day, but that will be when it is worked for its ores and not for the coin in the pockets of San Franciscans. Desolation reigns in Virginia City, and Eureka, and Candelaria, and Austin, and every Nevada camp, because the code of the faro-room has prevailed in the State from its earliest days. When the cylinder-head of the engine in the hoisting-works of the Yellow Jacket was taken off one day back in the '60's, and dropped down the shaft, in order to delay the uncovering of an ore body until the mine's managers could gather in the stock, a deed was performed which did no violence to the received notions of Comstock mining morality. From that day, and before it, up to this, simple larceny has ruled the lode. Companies within companies, milling rings, lumber rings, fuel rings, transportation rings, and stock conspiracies have made a few millionaires, but they have destroyed the mining industry in Nevada. The hope was cherished that they had also destroyed the stock-market, but that, it now appears, was an error. Nevertheless, its doom can not be averted for any great time. It will come more gradually than was expected, but it is certain. Companies will be evolved ultimately which will take possession of the mines of Nevada and work them on business principles, unhampered by miners' unions, or stock-operators, or other thieves, and ore will be hoisted and milled with the single object of getting the hullion from it. There are numberless veins throughout Nevada, discovered and undiscovered, which would pay well if honestly worked. When the stream of wealth which must result when mining is brought to this basis begins to flow, Nevada will emerge

from her stagnant condition, but not before. The "street" will be as deserted then as the rich Silver State now is. And California will profit immensely by the change.

Among the various other causes to which the discomfited Democrats attribute their overwhelming defeat in the recent election is the influence of the "A. P. A.," or American Protective Association. The New York *Sun* says darkly that "the hand of the A. P. A. was visible in the elections in Colorado, in Iowa, in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, and in Ohio." The A. P. A. may have had some influence, but not enough to cause the Republican tidal wave of November 7th. The order is not old enough. But it is growing. And its growth will not be checked by any such procedure as that proposed at Buffalo. There, we are informed, indictments will be preferred against seventy-five members of the A. P. A. for "conspiracy." This conspiracy consists in voting against Roman Catholic candidates who owe allegiance to a foreign potentate. If this be conspiracy, it might be well for the A. P. A. to bring charges of conspiracy against the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. It is notorious that they and their flock conspire against non-Catholic candidates, and vote for the Romanists every time. The A. P. A. might begin by indicting Bishop Corrigan, of New York; Mgr. Satolli might be interrogated by the American courts as to what his business is in this country; then the Jesuit order could be ripped up the back, and some of their dark methods brought to light. If members of a foreign church presume to charge conspiracy upon American voters for casting their ballots for Americans, that foreign church will speedily find itself in very hot water.

Last Sunday, in the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Grace, at Hohoken, New Jersey, United States of America, there was unveiled a life-size statue of Mgr. Satolli, of Italy. "It was made by Luizi, an Italian sculptor, and is said to be a good likeness." Father Corrigan, priest of the parish of Our Lady of Grace, invited his diocesan, Bishop Wigger, and a number of other sacred persons. "There was a parade of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The unveiling-cord was drawn by the venerable Dean McNulty, of Paterson, N. J. Father Malone, of Brooklyn, L. I., delivered the oration. Father Hennessey, of Jersey City, N. J., pronounced the benediction." And the money to pay for it will doubtless be drummed up at church fairs out of the pockets of the parishioners at Hohoken. What a spectacle for a church which claims that it is not foreign! Ancient Hibernians, Corrigans, McNultys, Malones, and Hennesseys erecting a statue to a living Italian priest in an American church.

The plurality of McKinley in Ohio is over 85,000—the largest known, even counting war-time majorities. About 450,000 voters cast their ballots for McKinley—nearly half a million of men. This great army voted solidly for protection and against the Democratic free-trade scheme. There were no confusing issues in the Ohio election. The lines were drawn sharp and clear. The people of Ohio were dragged in one year from a condition of the highest prosperity to the present industrial depression. They have been brought to this crisis not by the operation of Democratic free trade, but merely by the disturbed conditions caused by its anticipation. The present generation has had no experience of free trade. They know of it only theoretically. But the foretaste of its evils caused merely by its anticipation have been enough for the people of Ohio. They have profited by Mr. Cleveland's object-lesson.

Among the surprising events in the late election is the fact that the Republicans made gains in Maryland. The next legislature will have six Republican senators and twenty-three Republican representatives, a gain of eighteen. The Republicans swept the western counties, Frederick, Washington, Alleghany, and Garrett, and elected their entire ticket in Somerset County. Even in Baltimore, the home of riotous Democracy, where for years Democratic "Blood-tubs" and "Plug-uglies" have ruled the polls, the Republicans gained five seats in the city council. Republican gains in Maryland give a vivid idea of the extent of this tidal wave. There may be light in the Dark States yet.

If Mr. Cleveland should decide to restore Queen Liliuokalani to her throne, why stop half-way? If he is going to make his administration a monarchical one, why not restore the empire in Brazil? The circumstances are not exactly similar, but it can not be denied that this country was the first to recognize the republican government established by Deodoro da Fonseca when he overthrew the Brazilian empire. Had we not led the way, no European nation would have recognized the Brazilian Republic. It would seem, therefore, as if Mr. Cleveland should recognize Admiral Mello, now that he is flying the imperial flag.

THE TUBE OF MUMMY-BROWN.

Richardson picked up the soft little cylinder and looked at it again.

"What did you call it?" he asked.

"Mummy-brown," replied Knowlton, taking a brush from between his lips to speak, and touching the canvas before him with it.

"Brown is undoubtedly is," remarked his friend; "but where does the mummy come in?"

"In the tube, my boy," returned the painter, half-closing his eyes and putting his head on one side to observe the effect of his last stroke; "because it is made of pulverized Egyptian mummies, and it is one of the best colors we have."

Richardson put the tube back upon the much littered studio table, and whistled softly.

"Well," said he, "you may count me out if ever I become a painter, when it comes to using dead men's bodies to make pictures with. I'd be afraid they would come back again!"

"Nonsense," said Knowlton, laughing; "they are entirely too dead for anything of that sort, you may be sure, and if they are sensitive to feelings, they never show it. Observe how I am using this tube, for instance, upon this Frenchman's coat; do you suppose any well-meaning Egyptian would like to have himself clothing a foreigner in any such manner, if he knew it?"

"No, I suppose not. . . . The coloring is rich, too," remarked Richardson, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and surveying his friend's work with the eye of an uneducated critic, "though the same can't be said of the models, judging from appearances. And by the powers that be, Francis," he added suddenly, "you've made that fall fellow a very good likeness of you! Did you know it?"

Knowlton shrugged his shoulders. "I had an idea his face was something like mine," he answered; "but as that is a common trick of ours, I have not given it a second thought. What I am striving for is a good picture, not portraits, and I must realize something from it, too. By heavens, Richardson, it has come to be a case of dire necessity, and that's all there is to it!"

"Rent not paid?" asked his friend. "That's too bad—I've been there myself, and then it is a very uncomfortable thing to have hanging over one. As long as one can climb up and down the water-pipe, and thus avoid meeting the landlady on the stairs, life is made endurable, but with you, I suppose—"

"There isn't a water-pipe within twenty feet of my window. No, I must sell, or get out, so—the mummy-brown again, if you please!"

Richardson handed the paint to him once more, somewhat gingerly. "I can't help feeling I'm dealing with a piece of a dead body," he said, coloring at Knowlton's pitying look; "and I should think you would do the same, believing, as you say you do, in transmigration and re-incarnation, and all that sort of stuff. Suppose, for instance, that you were painting this picture with a piece of your own father's body, when he was an Egyptian, ten thousand years ago!"

"Or, better still," returned Knowlton, squeezing a fresh supply of the paint out upon his palette, "my own old-time body, say!" As he spoke, he touched the paint with the tip of one finger, and a shiver, at the same time, passed over him, leaving him strangely pale and shaken.

"Yes, but—bello, what's wrong?" exclaimed Richardson, noticing the change in his friend's face.

"Nothing—I don't know—a touch of vertigo, that's all," returned the painter, confusedly; "I—what were you saying?"

"Only that if your supposition were so, the contact of the two bodies—the new and the old—would make itself felt in the new."

"Yes!" said Knowlton, smiling again and returning to his work; "but I do not believe in transmigration to that extent, my dear fellow. There is a line, you know, that even we fanatics have to draw, and I rather imagine it is somewhere near that point in this case. But to change the subject, will you be at the Idler to-night as usual? If Mrs. McGwinn should happen to take it into her good old head to ask me to pay or skip out, I'll have to realize on some of my personal property, and as I don't know the best places in town, I want you to steer me around. Won't object, will you?"

"Not in the least. My services are always at your disposal, and I'll be at the club at half-after seven or eight. And now I must tear myself away; so, until then—"

and the end of the sentence was lost in the slight slam of the door as he went out. The artist listened until the echo of his friend's retreating footsteps had died into the murmurous silence of the great tenement in which he lived, and then going softly to the door himself, he turned the key in it. Coming back to the table, he drew his chair close up to it, and cast a furtive glance about the unhome-like room and into the deep shadows that lurked in the cobwebby corners. Then, with compressed lips and trembling hands, he drew the palette to him and gently pressed a finger into the little daub of mummy-brown still upon it.

A cold thrill shot up his arm, shaking the very nerve-centres of his body as it did so, and making him shudder again and again, even as he sank back into the chair half-unconscious. In another moment a sudden dusk filled the room, through which the familiar pieces of furniture and draperies seemed to lose their familiarity and to take new shapes and colors unto themselves. With staring eyes he strove to pierce the mist that half obscured his vision, and to shake off the weird feeling that had seized upon him; but gradually the lids drooped and closed, and to his distended nostrils there came, as he lost consciousness, a faint, sweet odor which even then he recognized—the smell of cedar-pitch and myrrh. How long the terrible dream which followed lasted he could not know; but at last he woke to life—again, and, struggling to his feet, he staggered to the window, threw it open, and let the faint breath of air stirring in the court-yard far below sweep up past him and into the

dark room behind. The dusk was just falling over the city, and far, far below him he could hear the tenement's inhabitants of the first and second floors preparing their evening meal, singing and cursing by turns as the preparation pleased or displeased them. The night air cooled his fevered face and refreshed him, however, and the great beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead were gone, as he turned back to the room again.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "and hungry, I dare say. No wonder I imagine things!" and catching up the worn soft hat that lay beside his tumbled bed, he hurried out into the hall and down the weary length of stairs to the street.

But as he closed the door, a small, heavy-bladed dirk, upon a shelf directly over the spot where he had hastily shoved the unfinished picture and its easel, jarred by his haste, whirled slowly around until it rested upon the very edge of the shelf, where it balanced to and fro and trembled in the little breeze that still puffed in at the open window.

Morgan, the favorite story-teller of the Bohemian Idler's Club, was talking as Richardson and the painter came in from their journey to the pawn-shop, and the usual audience of interested listeners was collected about him.

"It may or may not have been a humbug," he was saying, with a shrug of his shabby-genteel shoulders, "but it was devilish queer anyway you take it. I saw the man do it five times, too, and he failed but once."

"What do you call it—hypnotism?" asked a new-comer.

"I don't know; he simply says he sensitizes the water and lets you call it what you like. First he puts the tumbler of plain hydrant water into one room, and he and the subject go into another. He makes a few passes—that is where the hypnotism comes in, I suppose—and once the man is under his control, the professor walks into the other room and stands with his hands over that tumbler of water for perhaps a minute, not uttering a sound. Then he sends some of us into the room with the sleeping subject, and he stays with the rest of the witnesses. When everything is ready, he tells one of them to take his penknife and thrust the blade carefully into the water. He does so, and we hear a muffled scream from the other room, as if the hypnotized man had felt the stab. This was repeated three times, and every time the subject screamed and twisted about in his chair, as if in agony while the knife remained in the water. As soon as it was removed, the pain apparently ceased, and he rested quietly again. I was skeptical, of course," concluded the talkative Morgan, "and said it was all chicanery; but after seeing the thing half a dozen times, I felt differently, and I must say that it is extremely peculiar, if not mysterious."

"What had the subject to say for himself when he came to?" asked Richardson, who had joined the group.

"Very little, except that some one had tried to stab him, and had succeeded three times in sticking a knife into his back, he thought."

"And did he know of the tumbler of water and its bearing on his hallucination?"

"No, he had been kept in still another room when first brought to the house, and had not seen or heard of the water."

"That is rather peculiar," said Richardson, thoughtfully, "I should like to have seen it myself." As he spoke, Knowlton, who had been talking with a fellow-painter at the other side of the smoke-filled room, started across it in answer to a beckoning nod of Richardson's. He had taken only a few steps, however, before he stopped suddenly and clutched convulsively at his breast, while an inhuman shriek, shrill and piercingly loud, burst from his lips. For a second he swayed there in the silence that followed—for every man in the room had heard the scream, above the talk and laughter, and had turned to see what it meant—and then his knees bent, and he fell heavily upon the roughly-carpeted floor, an insensible mass. A young physician who had been chatting near the fire-place hurried forward as Richardson did the same, and, kneeling at the stricken man's feet, he tore open the shirt and put his hand over the heart.

"He is quite dead, gentlemen," he said in a moment, in answer to the inquiring looks of those collected about them. Then he got to his feet and brushed the dust from his trousers. But, as they picked the lifeless artist carefully up, not one among the number saw the queer, white mark, just over the heart, that came and went again like a very old scar.

The next morning, after hurried arrangements had been made for the funeral by Knowlton's Bohemian friends, Richardson had occasion to return to the studio. The door was locked, but, with a key of his own, he let himself in without disturbing the awe-stricken Mrs. McGwinn. The body lay upon the bed, beneath a sheet, and the early morning light drifted through the broken blinds and fell across it with an uncanny effect. The visitor went quietly to the bed, and, turning the sheet back from the face, looked down into the still features of his dead friend. Then he covered them again, and moved away. As he passed the easel, which still stood where Knowlton had last shoved it in his haste, he turned deathly pale, and caught at the mantel for support.

"My God!" he cried, recoiling from the painting as if it were alive, and staring down at it with horror-filled eyes. Then he hurried past it and threw open the shutters, letting a flood of light into the room. A stray bit of early sunshine fought its way through the grime-covered window and crept along the floor to where the easel stood; and, doing so, it lighted upon a bright bit of metal that caught and reflected the light into Richardson's face.

Beneath the easel, as if hiding like a common murderer from justice, was the heavy dirk, driven into the uncarpeted floor an inch. Some night wind, more boisterous than the rest, had shaken it from the shelf, and, plunging downward to the floor, it had passed directly through the painting, not an eighth of an inch from the heart of the largest figure on the canvas—the man in the brown coat.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1893.

CARTER HARRISON'S LAST SPEECH.

What he said on the Day he was Assassinated.

The day that Carter Harrison was murdered was "Mayor's Day" at the fair. It was his place to welcome the mayors of all the American cities, and he did it in a characteristic speech. Considering his curious personality and the fact that in a few hours he was to die, leaving unseen all the things he foretold, the speech is well worth reading:

"Gentlemen here of the various cities who are our guests, and you, officials of Chicago and of other cities, it is my pleasing duty to welcome you to Chicago to witness the dying scene of this exposition."

"I have sometimes said what I would do if I were President of the United States. If I were to-day Grover Cleveland, I would send a message to Congress, and would say in that message that the World's Columbian Exposition has been a success far beyond the expectation of any man living. It was fitting for us to celebrate the greatest event of the world—the discovery of two continents. Six months have been altogether too short a time for this greatest of all world's fairs. The American people should to-day make an appropriation through its Congress to preserve these buildings until next year and notify all the world to come here."

"At the end of this week we will have 22,000,000 admissions to these grounds. No doubt but many of them have been duplicated many times. There have probably been 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of Americans inside these grounds. We have in the United States 65,000,000—aye, nearly 70,000,000—inhabitants, and the Congress should declare that another year he gave us that all Americans could have an opportunity to come here. The exposition, the directory, has not the means to continue it. It is a national enterprise, and the nation should breathe new life into it and let us have a fair for another year."

"This World's Fair has been the greatest educator of the nineteenth century, the greatest this century has seen. It has been the greatest educator the world has ever known. Come out and look upon these grounds, upon this beautiful White City. The past has nothing for its model; the future will be utterly incapable of competing with it for hundreds of years to come. This great White City has sprung from the morass. Only two years ago this thousand acres which is now covered by these palaces lay but a little above water, and much beneath it. It was the home of the musk-rat."

"Look at it now! These buildings, this hall, this dream of poets of centuries, is the wild aspiration of crazy architects alone. None but a crazy architect could have supposed that this scene could be created. In two years it has sprung up from the morass and has risen, all that you see here, crystallized in staff, looking like marble. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the cities of the world, or nearly all. It has been my good fortune to have been among the ruins of the great cities of the Old World. I have stood upon the seven hills of Rome; from Capitola I have looked over and tried to repeople old Rome. I have been in Athens. Around me were ruins. I had enough imagination to rehabilitate them. I have stood among the ruins of all the old cities, but no imagination could recall any of those ruins and make them compare with this White City."

"Genius is but audacity, and the audacity of the wild and woolly West and of Chicago has chosen a star and has looked upward to it, and knows nothing that it will not attempt, and thus far has found nothing that it cannot accomplish. It was the audacity of genius that imagined this thing. It was the pluck of the people, congregated from all the cities of this union, from all the nationalities of the world, speaking all languages, drawing their inspiration from three thousand miles of territory from east to west, from yonder green lake on the north to the gulf on the south—our people who have over yet found failure."

"When the fire swept over our city and laid it in ashes in twenty-four hours, then the world said 'Chicago and her boasting are now gone forever.' But Chicago said, 'We will rebuild the city better than ever,' and she has done it. The World's Fair is a mighty object-lesson; but, my friends, come out of this white city, come out of these walls into our black city. When we get there we will find that there is an object-lesson even greater than the World's Fair itself. There is a city that was a morass when I came into the world, sixty-eight and one-half years ago. It was a village of but a few hundreds when I had attained the age of twelve years, in 1837. What is it now? The second city in America. And you people in the East, look well to your laurels. For the man is now born, and I myself have taken a new lease of life, and I believe I will see the day when Chicago will be the biggest city in America and the third city on the face of the globe. I once heard Tom Corwin tell a story of a man who was about to be put on the witness-stand, over near the eastern shore of Maryland. He was on the witness-stand, and they asked him his age. He said he was thirty-six. 'Why,' said Mr. Corwin, 'you look fifty.' 'Well,' the witness answered, 'during fourteen years of my life I lived in Maryland, and I don't count that. I do not count the past from the year 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. I intend to live for more than a half-century; and at the end of that half-century, London will be crumbling, and Chicago shall surpass her, and New York will say: 'Let it go to the metropolis of America.' It is but a little while when I expect to go on a magnificent steamer at Chicago's wharf and go to a suburb, New Orleans, the Crescent City of the globe. Mr. Mayor of Omaha will take you in as a suburb. We are not narrow-minded. Our heart is as broad as the prairies that surround us."

"Some evencious newspapers have misrepresented us. Philadelphia has always been kind to us. I recollect the maiden speech I made in Congress. It was for the Centennial appropriation at Philadelphia. We Democrats were always for the appropriation, and I, as a Chicagoan, was for Philadelphia and the appropriation. If, however, Congress should fail in its duty, then what is our position? The birth of the World's Columbian Exposition was a marvelous one. Its building was also marvelous. But in a few days something more marvelous sprang up. These buildings were filled with marvelous exhibits. Look at this hall. There are but few in the world that equal it. The New York Building has a hall that should be crystallized and covered over with glass. Brazil has a building, one that we would not think could emanate from South American genius. Japan, Sweden, Germany, England, Siam, and far-off Ceylon have buildings which are marvels of beauty, but in a few days they will be gone forever. It almost sickens me when I look at this great exposition and to think that it will be allowed to crumble into dust. In a few days the building-wrecker will take hold of it and it will be torn down, and all of this wonderful beauty will be scattered to the winds of heaven. Mr. Burnham, the architect, and partner of Mr. Root, who is really the designer of the thing—poor Root is dead, gone forever—but it is a pleasing thought that probably at the yonder side he may look down and see what has been done."

"It must be done with a feeling of great pleasure and great pride when he looks down on what he has designed. Mr. Burnham said the other day: 'Let it go. It has to go, so let it go. Let us put the torch to it and let it burn.' I believe with him. If we cannot preserve it for another year I would be in favor of putting a torch to it and burning it down, and let it go up into the bright sky to eternal heaven."

"But I am detaining you too long—I did not expect to make a speech of any length. But when I speak I never know what I shall say. There is an inspiration at this place, and I could go on talking from now until nightfall about the glories of the fair. We Chicagoans have put millions in these buildings. Chicago has five millions in them. She will get nothing back, but you won't find a Chicagoan who has come here that regrets the expenditure of that five millions. The man who says that Chicago has wasted money is a lunatic. It has not been wasted. This fair need not have a history to record it. Its beauty has gone forth among the people—the men, the women, aye, the children, have looked upon it, and they have all been well repaid for this wonderful education. No royal king ordered it, but the American people, with the greatest of pluck, with the pluck born under the freedom of those stars and stripes, made this thing possible—possible to a free people. It is an educator of the world. The world will be wiser for it. No king can ever rule the American heart. We have the Monroe doctrine. America extends an invitation to the best of the world, and her stars and stripes will wave from now on to eternity. That is one of the lessons we have taught."

THE GOURMET'S PARADISE.

Our Correspondent writes of the Restaurants of Paris—Where to Dine and What to Order—A Guide-Book for Gastronomes.

France is the Parnassus of the kitchen, and Paris the top-most peak of Parnassus. There are people who maintain that this national boast is not justified; but there are still enough people who believe in it to justify me in taking it as the text of my remarks, and to speak of Parisian restaurants in this letter as I did of Parisian cafés in a recent one.

In all countries of the earth dishes are made that are worthy to be sung by the culinary muse; in Paris alone are the muses of the kitchen united together, ready at any moment to restore to Jupiter the lost secrets of nectar and ambrosia, if ever "the cloud-compeller" should think fit to leave his exile.

The Montesquieu of the table, the much quoted Brillat-Savarin, has said that the *homme d'esprit* alone knows how to eat. The stranger who comes to Paris with a desire to taste the pleasures of the French table will do well to remember this maxim, and to give proof of his *esprit* in avoiding the inferior restaurant commonly known as a *gargote*.

Many are the counsels that I could lavish upon the stranger in Paris. First of all I will quote Baedeker, who says: "Paris is indisputably the cradle of high culinary art. As the ordinary *tables d'hôte* convey but a feeble idea of the perfection to which this art is carried, the *chefs-d'œuvre* must be sought for in first-class restaurants where, however, the connoisseur must be prepared to pay twenty to thirty francs for his dinner, exclusive of wine."

It would appear from the observations of honest Baedeker that one of the first qualities necessary to the *homme d'esprit* is to have plenty of money. It may flatter the stranger's vanity to know that if he spends his money liberally, the Parisians will inevitably attribute to him nobility. The *nobles étrangers*, of whom the Parisian speaks so glibly and so gratefully, if he be a shop-keeper, are simply foreigners who spend their money at Paris. I will suppose, then, that the stranger's purse entitles him to be considered both noble and an *homme d'esprit*. He wishes to dine or to breakfast. He sees a restaurant, and another restaurant, and yet another, elegant with gilding, and mirrors, and crystal. Shall he venture to enter one of these palaces? Yes. The luxury of decoration is not superfluous; it forms part of the dinner, as he will find in the bill. In the *établissements Duval*, in order to add an illusion to the reality which is cut up into such thin and small slices, the service is performed by buxom and smiling maidens, who render the humble and exiguous fare acceptable by the charms of their manners and the piquancy of their conversation. All Parisian restaurants are temples of taste, in all senses of the word.

When the stranger enters a restaurant, let him choose his own table, with the light falling from the left, with a view on the street and a view on the inside of the restaurant; let him avoid the neighborhood of the kitchen-door. In first-class restaurants there is often, apparently, no written menu; do not, therefore, exact it. Having seated yourself, question the waiter discreetly; choose, discuss, but do not command; let your dinner be rather the result of a compromise; remain the master and yet be obedient. Beware of your own initiative. A philosopher has said that "in dining, as in love, much confidence is necessary."

Ask for the *carte des vins*. Address the person who hands it to you as *sommelier*. Beware, above all things, of calling him *garçon*! But where are we dining? you will say. Suppose that you are dining at the Café Durand, Place de la Madeleine, and that you have with you your wife and your daughter, too, for—once more to quote the honest and prudent Baedeker—"at the large restaurants the portions are generally so ample that one portion suffices for two persons, or two portions for three. The visitor should, therefore, avoid dining alone. It is even allowable to order one portion for three persons. At the best restaurants ladies may, with perfect propriety, be of the party." The Café Durand has, too, a kind of family air about it, simple and almost patriarchal—like its name. The room is comfortable without any show of luxury; the waiters do not resemble, in any respect, the Anatoles of the night restaurants, bawled by *viveurs* and *soupeuses*, such as the Café Américain, the Helder, or Hill's—which latter curiously combines the family element and the element of disorder, with only a few *bours* interval.

At the Café Américain you may have an excellent dinner, but the room is uncomfortable—I am speaking of the large, common room down-stairs, and not of the *cabinets particuliers*, on the upper story, generally dedicated to what Parisians call *parties fines*; the Helder is crowded, military, and redolent of absinthe; at Hill's the *homme d'esprit* will prefer not to dine. At Durand's the dignified and calm appearance of the house is completed by the venerable and snowy head of the *maître d'hôtel*. The *habitudes* of Durand's have not the eccentric and "loud" air of the *habitudes* of the Maison Dorée and other restaurants of the boulevards.

A provincial and a foreigner may enter the room without distrust; he will find solid and honest food, honestly cooked, excellent wines, and faultless service. The bill will, perhaps, cause him to elevate his eyebrows, but he can not complain. All that I have said about the Café Durand may be repeated with regard to the Café Voisin, on the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue Cambon.

And now on the question of the bill, let me touch upon the disputed point of *hors d'œuvres*. Butter, radishes, anchovies, and shrimps are ridiculously dear in a first-class restaurant. The solitary diner may refuse them without scruple. In company they may be refused or accepted, according to the degree of intimacy. If a lady be of the party, they are obligatory. Fruit, too, is another trap to catch the innocent; that pile of assorted fruit, so artistically arranged on a crystal dish, conceals Cleopatra's asp; it will

sting you in the bill. If she be with you, render to Eve the apple that cost our ancestor so dear of old; gallantry requires it.

For the guidance of the solitary diner, I will say that the choice of a restaurant is largely a matter of financial vanity. For fifty francs at the Café Anglais and at Paillard's, for forty francs at the Maison Dorée and at Bignon's, for thirty francs at the Café Riche, the same dishes may be obtained, seasoned and served in the same fashion. At Brebant's, without diminution of price, you may see artistic and literary celebrities taking their food. Noël, in the Passage des Princes, will serve you no better than anybody else, under the vaults of an Alhambra; Champeaux, Place de la Bourse, offers the illusion of verdure to the speculators of the Bourse. Véfour is still solemn, good, and expensive, the sole survivor of the grand gastronomic tribe of the Palais Royal. I might, too, mention the antique Philippe, the pride of the Rue Montorgueil; Ledoyen of the Champs-Élysées; Magny, the Café Anglais of the Latin Quarter, famous for the *cabinet* where George Sand often dined and for the table where Saint-Beuve feasted on a Good Friday. I might add a score of other names, but, as a predecessor in the field of gastronomic topography has said: "I leave the stranger a chance of making some discoveries." I have indicated the light-houses, reminding the navigator that the light-houses themselves are only illuminated reefs.

For costliness and celebrity, the palm must be granted to the Café Anglais. The journalists, not excepting those who eat at Duval's or at a two-franc ordinary, have all helped to make its reputation. The dramatists and novelists have used and abused the famous private room known as *le grand seize*—from its number, sixteen—where took place, during the palmy days of the Empire, the grand orgies given by the Duke of Hamilton and the Duc de Caderousse, who died young, a victim to his dissipated life. The common room of the Café Anglais is low-roofed and all window. The tables are small and of solid mahogany. The room is distinguished from the other restaurants by its extreme simplicity and utter absence of gilding and decoration. At the Café Anglais oysters cost five francs a dozen; turtle soup, twenty francs; shrimps, four francs—the same article, by the way, may be bought at Greenwich, with tea and bread and butter at discretion, for twelve pence currency of the British realm; *saumon à la tartare*, fifteen francs; Château Latour, *retour des Indes*, forty francs; and Château Yquem of 1847 at eighty francs the bottle; cognac, old, two francs the liqueur glass. In the steeple-chase of the grand restaurants for the stranger's purse, the Café Anglais beats its rivals by two forks.

In the *bourgeois* restaurants of the second-class, the cooking is infinitely less good than at the majority of the wine-sellers—*marchands des vins*. There are even some of these last-named establishments that can rival the Lion d'Or or Bignon's, notably the famous restaurant Baratte, at the Halles (the Central Market), and near the "Fountain of the Innocents" on the place where in the long ago was the old charnel-house, so celebrated in the history of ancient Paris. This curious restaurant is especially frequented at night. On the ground-floor the wagoners and street-porters eat and drink, the latter wearing their long white blouses, their immense felt hats, and cudgels hung on their wrists by a leather strap. They are called "*les forts de la Halle*"—the strong market-men—and form an old and very curious corporation. Above there are private rooms, where, in winter, the fashionable men and women of Paris go to drink the best champagne and to eat the best *pâtés de foie gras* to be had in the city. To sup at Baratte's between two and five o'clock in the morning is an essentially Parisian spree for our *belles-dames*, either of society or of the *demi-monde*. In Paris they frequent the same places of amusement, and elbow each other wherever pleasure is to be found. It is not rare that poniard-thrusts are being exchanged down-stairs while they are flirting above, and when the swell revelers regain their carriages, at dawn, they must expect to be insulted by the "*poissardes*"—the great-granddaughters of those who went out to Versailles to dethrone Marie Antoinette—and by the vegetable-sellers of the Halles. But this is part of the programme, and considered to add spice to this *fin-de-siècle* entertainment. Nothing serious, however, happens, for the people of Paris are good-natured, and make more noise than they do harm.

Another curious restaurant worthy of being mentioned is the Tour d'Argent, situated on the left side of the Seine, behind Notre Dame and very near to the morgue—a gloomy neighborhood which, nevertheless, does not prevent one from dining excellently well within its walls, or from drinking a special and remarkably good Burgundy. This house is frequented by a very respectable set of people, and, as you are dining, you can enjoy a beautiful view of the Seine and of the picturesque old Ile St. Louis.

Strangers would do much better to take their repasts at one of these curious and purely French places than to be swindled at many of the restaurants on the fashionable boulevards, where, in order to get a good dinner, they must pay extravagant prices.

Finally, stranger with a well-filled purse, whichever be the restaurant you may choose, at the end of your dinner call for the *addition*, and not the *carte* or *note*; pay it, verify your change, leave the waiter a fee calculated at the rate of a sou for each franc of the bill, and may your digestion be easy!

PARIS, October 28, 1893.

On one occasion, during his command of the European squadron after the Civil War, Admiral Worden, the hero of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* episode, was fired upon by a Turkish fort as he was steaming by it in his flag-ship. In an instant the order was given to beat to quarters, and had the shot been repeated, a broadside from the flag-ship would have been the answer to this distant challenge of war. Fortunately, instead of the expected demonstration of hostility, an apology was received from the Turkish officials for what had been the blunder of some subordinate.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Colin Campbell has turned up in Bombay as a counselor employed to defend twenty-nine Mohammedans, implicated in the great riots.

Henry Labouchère, of London *Truth*, has an inordinate love of tobacco, an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, and an income of about fifty thousand dollars a year.

Speaker Peel, of the House of Commons, gets thirty thousand dollars a year, a magnificent private residence which is his for life, horses, carriages, and other governmental recognition of the dignity of his position.

Clarence King, formerly director of the United States Geological Survey, well known as a man of science and of letters, and conspicuous in the social and club life of New York and Newport, has become insane and has been sent to an asylum.

Rudyard Kipling passes most of his leisure time in cultivating flowers. The novelist wrote to Mrs. W. S. Dana, in regard to her book on New England wild flowers, that he disliked to transplant flowers, as in digging them up it "made the roots of the poor little things squeak!"

M. de Lesseps, though partly recovered from his recent illness, is still very weak, and will shortly be removed from his château at Chesney to Paris for better medical attention. His salary as president of the Suez Canal having been garnished by the liquidators of the Panama Canal Company, the family is said to be in straitened circumstances.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York *World*, has leased the mansion of ex-Vice-President Morton in Washington, and intends, though still almost totally blind, to show the capital that a Democratic administration is by no means all simplicity. His young and handsome wife came from one of the old Georgetown families, and has an ambition to lead in the capital's festivities.

Ex-United States Senator Edmunds has lost none of his combative energy. The first electric railway in Vermont went into operation at his home in Burlington the other day. Before the first half-dozen cars had passed his house the senator had entered suit for trespass against the company, claiming that they had no right to occupy the street for their railroad without his consent.

Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary, New York, has an income as large as that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He inherited most of his property, which is in the form of city real estate. The Hoffman House, containing the celebrated bar-room, belongs principally to this worthy clergyman, and pays twenty-five per cent. on the investment. He has given more than a million to the church.

The largest lawyer's fee on record is probably the two hundred thousand dollars paid William Cromwell Nelson, of New York city, for extricating a Wall Street firm from an eighteen-million-dollar embarrassment, which he did in a month's time. He is at present counsel for the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and will make almost as big a fee from them. His law practice is enormous and his income is princely.

Lord Aberdeen's son's first exploit in Canada was to get a sheriff after him. With a companion, he went hunting and got into some petty trouble with a guide, who had a warrant sworn out against him. The lads were scared and paddled across the St. Lawrence to the United States to escape arrest. The sheriff did not know that he was hunting Lord Haldor, the eldest son of the governor-general, and Lord Haldor's cbum, until he found their baggage.

Baron Harden-Hickey, formerly a Paris journalist, and now a resident of New York, and son-in-law of John H. Flagler, is maturing a scheme to colonize the Island of Trinidad, about seven hundred miles from the coast of Brazil, and now entirely uninhabited, although twenty-three miles long and two or three miles wide, and having abundant vegetation. The baron intends to make the colony a separate principality, unconnected with any other government.

Illustrative of the physical as well as mental energy of the late Daniel W. Dawson, the Philadelphian, the following story is told: One morning he went over to New York, to give his foreman and workmen some instructions in carrying out a contract in building a creosote factory in Harlem. In the afternoon, the Authors' Club gave him a reception, and his latest poem was the topic of discussion. Later he went to Sheephead Bay to see his steeple-chaser, Rushbrook, engage in a race there. In the evening, he lectured on "Norse Mythology" before a select literary audience, and afterward, before the New York Athletic Club, he outboxed their champion amateur middle-weight pugilist.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh recently died in Paris of paralysis. When he was about eleven years old, the second Sikh war broke out in India. After the victories of Chillianwallah and Guzerat, the British occupied the Punjab and retired Dhuleep Singh from the throne with a pension of two hundred thousand dollars a year, at the same time depriving him of the great Kohinoor diamond, which now belongs to the crown jewels of England. Dhuleep Singh bought an estate in Norfolk, where he had some splendid shooting. He ran into debt, but the English Government refused to help him. At this time it seemed probable that war would break out between Russia and England, and Dhuleep Singh betook himself at the instance of the Czar to Moscow, and would no doubt have been of great service to Russia in case of an invasion of India. But the lion and the bear patched up their quarrel, and Russia sent the Maharajah about his business. Later he made it up with Queen Victoria. His son, who was a few years ago a lion in New York society and has since died, was an officer in the English army, and very much disapproved of his father's conduct.

A NAPOLEON OF TRADE.

Some Account of William Whitely and his Great Stores in London—How he Began and How he Made his Millions—His Stores and Employees.

William Whitely, variously called the "Wizard of Bayswater," the "King of Westbourne Grove," the "Great Mogul of West London," is a Yorkshireman by birth. At the age of sixteen, William was apprenticed for four and a half years to a firm of drapers in the town of Wakefield. In the spring of 1851 a great World's Fair was opened in London, the first of its kind, and such was the impetus it gave to the world of commerce (says the *Haberdasher*) that every provincial, however humble, deemed it his duty to reach the metropolis. Young Whitely scraped a few pounds together, and betook himself thither.

By dint of hard work and thriftiness, in 1863, he had managed to save a few hundred pounds, and began to look around for a proper way of investing the amount. During his wanderings in search of a suitable location, Whitely happened to pass one day through Westbourne Grove, when his eye fell on a placard in a shop-window announcing that the place was to let.

"I stood and had a good look," he says; "I rather liked the general appearance of the place. It was three o'clock when I first took stock of the premises. I stood opposite for two hours, that is, until five o'clock, and I felt quite sure that if I had that shop and took care to have the window nicely dressed with pretty flowers, laces, ribbons, gloves, etc., and ticketed at prices commanding a sale, I had seen enough passengers and traffic go by in the two hours to insure sufficient business to pay expenses. So I walked up one side of the Grove and down the other, and was wonderfully surprised to see how far behind the age Westbourne shops were. I looked round the neighborhood and found it a good and greatly increasing quarter, and the result of a few inquiries was to put me in possession of the fact that the inhabitants were badly catered for. I then inquired about the shop from a man who had the letting of it. I found there had been two tenants in it since it had been built, and that both had failed. However, I felt that that was their own fault, and not of the shop or its situation. So I made up my mind to take it. I spent my little money on the shop, and started business on March 11, 1863, with two young ladies and an errand-boy to assist me."

At the conclusion of the first twelve months he was employing sixteen salesmen and women and two light porters, and three years later the enterprising young tradesman—he was little over thirty years of age—was able to rent the adjoining shop, which he further extended by building over the garden at the rear of the house.

His most rapid rise, however, dates from the year 1873. At that period the retail trade of the United Kingdom was suffering from a general and prolonged depression, due partly to the coming into existence of large stores conducted on the coöperative plan, with which competition became next to impossible. Thanks to the double advantage of cheapness and an ability to supply every ordinary want, from clothing down to comestibles, these stores for a while threatened to wipe out their smaller rivals throughout the metropolis. When Whitely discovered that he had this depression to encounter on one side, and the keen competition of powerful organization on the other, he decided to adopt the very methods that were bringing success to his rivals. He realized that the success of the "coöperatives" was due not to the small membership-fee exacted from every customer, but to their enormous volume of business, which enabled them to secure proportionate discounts at their base of supplies. With this end in view, he first made sure of competent help. Then he set to work with unflinching perseverance and untiring energy to extend his already well-established business until it should surpass all its rivals.

His dream has now been realized. Shop after shop has been added to the establishment, so that, at the time of writing, there are fourteen in Westbourne Grove and seven in Queen's Road, the former being brick buildings, the latter stone. A few hundred yards away we find extensive stables, accommodating four hundred horses, and, if we take the train to Craydon, another large stable. Then, again, there is the Manor Farm, at Finchley, which supplies not only large quantities of fodder, vegetables, fruits, and flowers, but meat and dairy produce for the provision department. From this farm alone sixty two-horse wagons come to London daily. One could place two "Bon Marchés" on the area occupied by Whitely's stores.

Whitely's great ambition seems to be to deserve the appellation of "Universal Provider." He aims at supplying every want of the citizen, from the moment he sees the light of day (which includes medical attendance at his birth) to the moment he shuffles off this mortal coil—and this last phase includes the coffin, the hearse, the parson, and the plot in the cemetery. Of course Whitely acts as a mere intermediary in many cases; but he will secure you medical attendance, all the same, at pretty short notice; he will build you a yacht, engage actors for you, find tutorage for your children, and so forth and so on. He will do all this for you at a discount for ready money, and having beaten down the doctor and the undertaker, the ship-builder, the actor, and the tutor, he will pocket a handsome profit. But his enterprise does not end here. He deals in the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the denizens of the deep—alive for the aviary, menagerie, and aquarium, dead for the table of the epicure. Do you require a railway ticket, or wish to arrange for a journey to any portion of the habitable globe? Whitely is your man, for through some "scalping" process he is able to accommodate you cheaper even than the renowned Cook. He will hook you at any London theatre, sell or buy your stocks and shares, attend to your mortgages and real-estate transactions, bank your money at five per cent. interest, collect your rents, and manage your property. And while he is thus occupied, he finds time to do the

largest dry-goods, clothing, and general-utility-articles business in the world. Every shop of the two dozen or so in Westbourne Grove and Queen's Road represents a different branch of industry. It is told as characteristic of him that on one occasion, when a lady asked for a certain kind of Indian chutney, not at the time in stock, she was requested to take a seat, while an employee in a fast cab drove to the heart of the city to obtain the article from the importer, which she got for less than the usual retail price.

Furthermore, Whitely is an adept at attending to the comfort of his customers. Cozy waiting-rooms are placed at the disposal of the women, provided with papers, periodicals, writing materials, and lavatories; while the men have their smoking and lounging compartments. Even the footmen are not forgotten, a room being set aside for them.

Whitely, in building up his enormous trade, has done so at the expense of dozens, nay hundreds, of smaller fry. He has mercilessly run them to the ground, and left them no alternative but to abandon the struggle. His ever increasing wealth has allowed him to conduct some departments of his business at a dead loss, in order to stifle competition, and thus at times certain goods could be purchased from him twenty-five per cent. below the cost of production. It is needless to add that the public only derived these advantages so long as the rival held out. Such methods, causing as they did untold misery in many quarters, naturally excited the bitterest animosity against the "Wizard," lending color to the latter's assertion that the conflagrations from which he has suffered during the past few years were due to incendiarism. His various fires have cost him a fortune, for, owing to the irregular construction of his buildings, no insurance company has been willing to undertake to pay him full value for his losses. The fire of 1884 alone cost him \$1,200,000 over and above the insurance money, and since that period the companies have doubled his rates.

The number of Whitely's employees varies between 5,500 and 6,500, but more often approaches the latter figure. The problem that must present itself to a man of his calibre under these circumstances is how to keep so large an army under perfect discipline at the lowest possible expense. Whitely's sole object in life is to increase his own fortune, and he has turned his emporium into a huge money-making machine, each component part of which is only suffered to exist so long as its usefulness is entirely unimpaired. Every employee is not only a source of profit to the house by reason of his ability to dispose of its wares, but *volens volens*, its customer. Whitely hoards and lodges him and supplies him with clothing, and thus practically makes money at both ends. An average of sales is expected from all salesmen and women in the establishment, and those who fall below it are very quickly made to realize the fact. The consequence is that many customers have been entreated to purchase on the ground that a failure to effect a sale would result in the discharge of the employee; and though such declarations may occasionally be false, the fact that they are made at all shows to what depths the general poverty among the London lower middle classes has caused its members to descend.

It is the very intensity of this struggle for existence in London that renders it possible for a Whitely and a Shoolbred to coop up six thousand human beings within the limits of a shop between eight in the morning and eight at night, and within those of huge penitentiary-like dwellings from ten at night until daybreak. For all the enjoyment these unfortunate beings derive from their metropolitan life they might just as well be caged in a jail, for their short term of liberty in the evening renders any social enjoyment out of the question. Their rooms are the hoarded compartments of a huge dormitory, sombre and forbidding, in which, despite all efforts to secure proper ventilation, a tainted atmosphere must necessarily predominate. Three is the usual number of occupants of one partition, but sometimes there are as many as five in a space fourteen by sixteen feet in dimensions. Whitely, however, is not stingy in the matter of food. Roast beef and mutton form the staple of his dinners, with an occasional dish of fowl or an Irish stew. He also allows each man and woman a good mug of ale. His cooks and scullions form a small army by themselves. As showing that the man is less to be blamed, perhaps, than the system he represents, it might be added that he does not altogether neglect the recreation of his assistants. During the winter as many as half a dozen balls are sometimes held under his auspices, and among the employees are established a dramatic company, a concert society, a minstrel troupe, cricket and rowing clubs, etc.

His experiences have taught him that the chances of a big business succeeding where a small one will fail are just about ten to one. "For instance," says he, "if we allow a man, say, one thousand pounds a year for his private expenses, and he has only one shop, he must make one thousand pounds net profit out of that shop to live; but if another man has ten shops, he need only to make one hundred pounds per annum out of each, and yet be as well off as the one who has only one shop; besides, the larger the trade the better the advantages in every way, the larger dealer being able to buy at first hand and save the profits of middlemen, and, in many instances, being able to become the manufacturer of what he sells." In answer to the charge of unfairness in investing in so many different businesses, Whitely says: "I believe in a man investing his money in any way that he likes, but it should be invested, and not hoarded up. He should circulate, pay rent, taxes, increase the trade in gas, coal, water, and give employment to the greatest number of people possible, and thus indirectly benefit the community at large. I do not own to any limit. The world is my parish, and I have a perfect right to do business in any or all parts of it, in as many different ways as I think proper, so that I do all honorably and lawfully." V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

A Liverpool hotel has put in some penny-in-the-slot gas-fires. This system is applied to the gas supply, so that a fire in the grate can be turned on when needed. The experiment has been tried in one bedroom for twelve months, and the machines are now to be put into every bedroom.

HOOSIER VERSE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FISHING PARTY.

Wunst we went a-fishin'—Me
An' my Pa an' Ma all three,
When they was a pic-nic, 'way
Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.

An' they was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, an' where
Little boys 'tain't big an' strong
Better have their folks along!

My Pa he ist fished an' fished!
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' Pa
Said he wished so worse'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say
Anything, er sneeze, er play,
Haint no fish, alive er dead,
Ever go'n to hite I he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got hack home; an' Ma says she,
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
An' she huyed one at the store!

Nen at supper, Pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em.—An' he pounded me
When I choked! . . . Ma, didn't he?

SCOTTY.

Scotty's dead.—Of course he is!
Jes' that same old luck of his I—
Ever sence we bent cahoots
He's be'n first, you bet yer boots!
When our schoolin' first begun,
Got two whippin's to my one:
Stoid and smoked the first cigar:
Stood up first before the bar,
Takin' whisky-straight—and me
Wastin' time on "blackberry!"
Beat me in the Army, too,
And clean on the whole way through!—
In more scrapes around the camp,
And more troubles, on the tramp:
Fought and fell there by my side
With more bullets in his hide,
And more glory in the cause—
That's the kind o' man he was!
Luck liked Scotty more'n me—
I got married; Scotty, he
Never even would apply
Fer the pension money I
Had to beg of "Uncle Sam"—
That's the kind o' cuss I am!
Scotty allus first and best—
Me the last and ornriest!
Yit fer all that said and done—
All the battles fought and won—
We hain't prospered, him nor me—
Both as pore as pore could be—
Though we've allus, up tel now,
Stuck together anyhow—
Scotty allus, as I've said,
Luckiest—and now he's dead!

A MAN BY THE NAME OF BOLUS.

A man by the name of Bolus—(all 'at we'll ever know
Of the stranger's name, I reckon—and I'm kind o' glad it's so!)—
Got off here, Christmas morning, looked round the town, and then
Kind o' sized up the folks, I guess, and—went away again!

The fac's is, this man Bolus got "run in," Christmas-day;
The town turned out to see it, and cheered, and hocked the way;
And they dragged him 'fore the Mayor—fer he couldn't er *wouldn't*
walk—
And socked him down fer trial—though he couldn't er *wouldn't* talk!

Drunk? They was no doubt of it!—W'y, the marshal of the town
Laughed and testified 'at he fell up-stairs 'stid o' down!
This man by the name of Bolus?—W'y, he even drapped his jaw
And snored on through his "hearin'"—drunk as you ever saw!

One feller spit in his boot-leg, and another 'n' drapped a small
Little chunk o' ice down his collar—but he didn't wake at all!
And they all nearly split when his Honor said, in one of his witty
ways,
To "chalk it down fer him, 'Called away—be back in thirty days!"

That's where this man named Bolus slid, kind o' like in a fit,
Flat on the floor; and—drat my ears! I hear 'em a-laughin' yit!
Somebody feiched Doc Sifers from jest across the hall—
And all Doc said was, "Morphine! We're too late!"—and that's all!

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say—
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—where is she?

You looks lots like yer mother: Purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about *livin'* here—because she couldn't stay
I'll 'most seem like you was dead—like her!—but I hain't got
nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bihle—writ yer name across the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come ol' age,
I've allus kep' 'em and gyarded 'em, huf ef yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer—how old air you? W'y, child, not "twenty!"
When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that
day?
. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'!—hut—I hain't got nothin' to
say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketcht onto yer dress there—I'll hresh it off—turn
round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

The war now going on in South Africa is a corporate affair. The debts it causes will be audited by a board of directors. The Matabeles, led by King Lo Bengula, are fighting the forces of the South Africa Chartered Company, controlled by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Labouchère says that the company is bankrupt, and that it is making a desperate attempt to conquer Matabeleland, which is as large as France and richer in gold-mines than the Transvaal. Meanwhile the slaughter of the natives by the terrible machine-guns is exciting much indignation in England, and the British Colonial Office will probably interfere.

THE VANISHING WHITE CITY.

Flotsam and Jetsam picked up at the End of the Fair.

The last grand transformation scene at Jackson Park has begun; the circle has been completed and the scenes of turmoil and confusion that marked the opening days of the Columbian Exposition are being reenacted. The work of removing the exhibits progresses. The crack of hammers, the rip of saws, the crash of lumber, and the hum of voices are everywhere present. Wagons loaded with empty cases go flying about the grounds in all directions. In the Transportation Building hundreds of workmen are actively engaged in the labor of stripping engines and cars, taking apart machines, moving out vehicles, taking down boat models, and bundling up bicycles. The public are not excluded from the Agricultural Building, and the small boy and decorative young lady create sad havoc with the decorations of grain and fruit.

In the Agricultural Building particularly, and in the other buildings, the packing of the goods is making a great dust, which causes a general ailment akin to hay fever.

The exposition is about to establish a mammoth junk-shop in the annex of the Transportation Building. It will offer for sale chairs and steam pipes, road-makers and trucks, horses and electric-light wires, fire-engines and office furniture, speaking-tubes and benches, patrol-wagons and cots, chairs and iron posts, tin cans and horse-whips, lumber and towels, drinking-cups and pitchforks, harness, ropes and bricks, carpets and flower-pots, souvenir coins, and other articles.

The Exposition Company is looking for a customer for the Macmonnies fountain. They also want to sell the golden door of the Transportation Building to some speculator, who, they assert, can make money by cutting it into chunks to be sold as souvenirs.

A rather daring theft occurred in the Manufactures Building a few days after the close of the fair. A fancy, inlaid, upright piano, valued at \$1,500, which had been packed, ready for removal, was taken out of the exhibitors' pavilion, under the noses of the guards, by thieves who presented a forged permit for it. The force of guards has been reduced too much to afford proper protection to exhibitors. Many smaller thefts have been reported since the closing day. But that the Columbian Exposition was a triumph of peace is proved by the report of the police department of the fair. Out of the 27,000,000 visitors to the fair, only 945 became so unruly, or boisterous, or lawless as to make incarceration necessary. For petty pilfering, 421 arrests were made; 148 for disturbance on the grounds, and 30 kodak fiends were arrested without permits. The total value of property stolen was \$23,113.96, and of this \$16,693.43 was restored to the owners.

The financial aspect of such an enterprise is always interesting, and now that the final balances are being made the number of admissions can be stated. The turnstiles revolved 27,529,400 times. This number includes admissions of every description. There have been 21,477,212 paid admissions, of this number 20,223,274 being adults and 1,253,938 children. The passes have reached the enormous total of 6,052,188, but from them must be subtracted 1,691,528 return-checks, making the actual number of free admissions 4,360,660. The largest attendance of any one day was on October 9th, "Chicago Day," when 716,881 people paid their way into the grounds.

The returns from the concessions have proved to be five times as great as the Congressional committee last winter estimated. The amount from the concessions audited by the bureau of collections up to date has been, in round figures, \$4,300,000.

Between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 is the estimate of the number of persons who have eaten at the tables and lunch-counters of the Wellington Catering Company during the six months of the fair. About seventy per cent. ate at the lunch counters, the remaining thirty per cent. at the restaurants.

The Columbian Intramural Railway Company proved a financial failure. The plant cost \$1,000,000, and they were bound to pay the exposition twenty-five per cent of the receipts. The number of passengers they carried in six months was 5,806,746.

This is the record of the World's Fair Steamship Company for the six months: Passengers carried, 1,758,665. If every passenger bought a round-trip ticket, the proceeds would amount only to \$439,666.25. The whaleback steamer cost the company \$300,000, and, besides this vessel, the concern had all its fleet in the service.

The electric launches were undoubtedly the favorites on the lagoons. The passengers carried in the six months were 839,757. With a fifty-cent rate for the round trip on the lagoons, the company's gross receipts amounted to \$419,878.50, almost as much as those of the World's Fair Steamship Company.

The steam launches were next in favor, but their figures fall far below those of the electric launches. The number of passengers carried in six months was 196,698. This company had also a fifty-cent rate, making their gross receipts \$98,348 for the six months, or more than \$500 a day.

The gondolas carried the smallest number of passengers on the lagoons—149,192.

The Cairo Street concession was extremely profitable. The Algerian village, which had the opportunity to do as well, came out with a loss. The most ambitious and among the most respectable of all Plaisance ventures, the German village, lost money, and so, in spite of its popularity, did Old Vienna.

But the men who will leave the World's Fair with fortunes in their pockets are Colonel Cody and his colleagues, who were told by President Higinbotham, when they opened negotiations to put the Wild West Show on the grounds, that "it was not refined enough." They leased a big tract of land just outside the fair gates and reaped a golden harvest.

It gives an impressive idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking as the Columbian Exposition to remember that the \$26,000,000, which will about represent the outlay of the Chicago corporation, stands for but one of three aggregates of expenditure equally large. The cost of transporting, installing, and caring for exhibits incurred by individuals, corporations, States, and nations, represents an outlay which the best judges place at a higher figure than even \$26,000,000, and, as has been shown, the visitors appear to have spent on food, drink, entertainment, and souvenirs a sum almost as great.

The statement of the lost and found department is:

| | | |
|---|----------|----|
| Number of articles found..... | 2,182 | 00 |
| Value..... | \$13,666 | 49 |
| Number returned to owners..... | 861 | |
| Value..... | \$11,381 | 31 |
| Number of articles turned over to auditor's department..... | 1,321 | |
| Value..... | \$ 2,285 | 18 |

The attempted stopping of the Ferris wheel by the exposition authorities on October 31st, resulted in a bloody fight. The next day the exposition authorities decided not to have any further conflict between the Columbian Guards and the Ferris men, but hit upon an easier and more effective way to stop their business. They simply shut up the Midway, fenced it in at all points, and closed it tight. Accordingly, though the Ferris Wheel still revolved at last accounts, it carried no passengers. The managers intend to allow no break in their claims for damages by letting the wheel stop.

In the meantime a crop of squaboles is springing up from seed sown during the exposition.

The commissioners for Persia at the fair have protested loud and long against the continuance of the so-called Persian Theatre on the Midway. Dr. John H. Besharian, the acting imperial commissioner, a citizen of Chicago, says the so-called Persian Theatre is not run by a Persian, nor are there any Persians connected with it, and it does not represent anything Persian. He says the disgusting scenes which have been enacted there every day since it was opened have been a serious reflection on the Persian commissioner and the national honor. The concession was granted without consulting the Persian commissioner. When loud protests went up against its continuance and an attempt was made to close it, the circuit court of Cook County granted an injunction against the exposition officials from interfering. Finding no redress could be had there, the commissioner appealed to Secretary Gresham at Washington, and received the reply that the Federal Government would communicate at once with the exposition officials, asking them to use all means to close it, and promising to instruct the United States Consul at Teheran to express to the Shah the regrets of this government. But the theatre was not closed, and the wrath of the commissioners remains unappeased.

The next difficulty arose when the Hagenbeck animal-show was transferred from the Midway Plaisance to the United States Circuit Court in the shape of a voluminous bill filed by Carl Hagenbeck against Hagenbeck's Zoological Arena Company and the World's Columbian Exposition Company. The arena company was organized to attend to the business of the animal-show, and agreed to give Hagenbeck one-half of the gross receipts after the exposition company had been paid their twenty-five per cent. for the concession. The arena company failed to pay the concession, however, and the exposition company sought to bold the trained animals as security. But the animals were ultimately released, and Hagenbeck went on his way rejoicing, leaving his lawyer to attend to the legal details.

As a side-issue of the exposition, Mr. Potter Palmer has offered to put up a building, to cost not less than \$200,000, as a permanent Woman's Memorial Building. The main part will be used as a museum for the exhibition of such articles of woman's work as shall be judged worthy. Besides the museum, there will be a large assembly hall, and several other smaller halls and rooms.

In pursuance of the original idea of preserving the Art Building, the magnificent sum of \$1,000,000 has been offered to Chicago by Mr. Marshall Field, of that city, for the establishment of a Columbian museum. It is proposed to adapt the Art Building at Jackson Park for the uses of the institution, if the conditions imposed by Mr. Field be met.

One of these conditions is that \$500,000 additional cash be raised, and another is that \$2,000,000 of exposition stock be contributed. Active steps are being taken for raising the necessary \$500,000 in cold cash, and now the finance committee of the Columbian Museum has commenced work on the stockholders of the exposition company, and already considerable progress has been made in swelling the subscription list. There are about 31,000 individual subscribers to the stock of the Columbian Exposition.

As a nucleus for the collections of the museum, the documents belonging to the State Department, having reference to Columbus's discovery of America, that have been a part of the La Rabida exhibit, will be placed in the museum.

On the question of preserving the buildings of the White City, Mr. W. T. Stead has addressed a communication to the press of Chicago. He urges, on the authority of Mr. Graham, acting director of works, that the buildings can be preserved for years at a trifling annual cost of \$10,000 to \$20,000, and that, therefore, to tear them down would be an act of vandalism.

Charles Dudley Warner says of the closing day: "And the end was beauty, simple, calm beauty, without noise and without excitement. The setting sun bathed it in color, and the daily miracle was wrought at twilight, while the chimes were rung, of transformation into an unearthly and spectral city. Then, with darkness, the lines of fire ran along the water's edge, along all the cornices and over the domes; the electric beams fell upon the grand fountain, upon the great statues, upon the towers, and the twin electric fountains began their weird and entrancing dances. So the end was in beauty, and in dignity, and in regret, and one could imagine that when at midnight the city stood alone with the night, it was itself conscious of the pathos that is in all the splendid monuments of the genius of men when they pass into history."

ARISTOCRATIC COUNTER-JUMPERS.

Our New York Correspondent tells of the Four Hundred Going into Trade—A Ruined Swell Turns Florist—Society Ladies Selling Bonnets.

The latest member of the aristocracy to embark in trade is Rawlins Cottenet, who lately lost his money through no fault of his own. In his veins runs the bluest of blood. His people have always been at the head of the social world. He is himself the type of a polished American gentleman. Among other refined tastes which he cultivated in the days of his magnificence was flower-growing; few professional florists know as much about flowers as he. When his money vanished and he had to earn his living, he bethought himself of this odd branch of knowledge; he hired a small shop in the rear of 315 Fifth Avenue, and let it be known that he was prepared to supply his friends with bouquets, table flowers, and boutonnières. His taste had such a reputation, and he is personally so popular, that the shop has been crowded ever since, and the receipts have been enormous. Thus Mrs. Cyrus Field and Mesdames Lawrence and Barnwall, milliners, are not the only members of the *haut monde* who have embarked in retail trade.

No one expresses surprise at the new departure; the wonder rather is why it had not come before. It is, indeed, astonishing that the *jeunesse dorée* should so long have neglected such an opportunity of lucrative usefulness. As our forefathers in England gave their sons the choice of the church, the army, the navy, and the law, so ever since there was an American society the "upper class" of Americans have given their sons the choice of going into a broker's or a wholesale merchant's office, or of studying law, medicine, or engineering. The son of a man who had social aspirations could not become a clerk in a retail store, nor could his father sell goods at retail without forfeiting his place in society. In such splendid retail stores as the dry-goods palace of A. T. Stewart and the grocery-store of Park & Tilford, there was not one "gentleman's" son to be found waiting behind the counter. The consequences were quite curious. The clerks at these stores were mainly recruited from what our anglomaniacs would call the lower classes, and they very often rose to be prosperous wholesale or retail merchants, while the sons of gentlemen often failed to find any suitable niche in life. At the offices of the great wholesale merchants, the applications for clerkships became so numerous that the English rule was adopted in self-defense—instead of getting a salary, the clerk paid a premium for his position. This shut out from the merchants' employ smart young men who had no money for premiums.

A large proportion of the young men who graduate at colleges in New York and New England study law, medicine, and engineering. These are excellent callings for young men of ability; but as the proportion of such men is small in comparison to the aggregate, the great bulk of the students, when they have completed their studies, become and remain lawyers without practice, doctors without patients. A considerable number of them drift into journalism. Of the graduates in engineering, the railroads and telegraphs absorb a considerable number—young engineers find work more easily than doctors or lawyers. But the percentage of all three classes of graduates which finds it impossible to earn a living is large. One often wonders how these young men pay for their food and their clothes.

All this time there is a constant demand for bright young men to wait behind counters and sell goods at retail. In two out of three of the shops in Broadway, Fourteenth, and Twenty-Third Streets the customer is waited upon by a half-educated German or Irishman, who ought to be working with his hands at some factory, or in the fields. Whether the new departure of the eclipsed lights among the Four Hundred will lead to a redistribution of employments, it is yet too soon to say. The present rush of customers to Mrs. Cyrus Field's bonnet-store and to Mr. Cottenet's florist-shop will hardly last; but, if these candidates for public favor show that they know their business better than their less well-born rivals, their example will probably be followed.

Some new distribution of loaves and fishes is inevitable. While the children of the rich are barred out from useful employments, their parents are spending money at a rate which presages a crop of insolvent estates when the old lives fall in. A reporter of a morning paper lately interviewed some leaders of society, and was told that a gentleman who was in the swim, and had a family, could not well spend less than \$50,000, and might easily spend \$75,000 a year. The items were interesting. Such a personage keeps fifteen servants, besides a lady's-maid for each lady in the family and tutors for languages and music. The wages paid to these servants must appal old New Yorkers. A lady's-maid gets \$30 to \$40; a butler, \$100 to \$150; a cook, \$150; an under-cook, \$75; a governess, \$40; a chambermaid, \$20; a coachman, \$80; a groom, \$40 to \$50; a valet, \$30. Thus the governess gets less than the under-cook and the head-cook more than most college professors. Similar curious contrasts run through the budget. The opera-box costs \$5,000 a year, the pew at church only \$500. Music comes higher than religion.

It goes without saying that no such scale of extravagance can last. The world has seen it many times, in various opulent cities, but it always broke down sooner or later from some unexplained cause. There is a silent law of nature which sets a limit to the sum which may be spent in mere luxuries; when that law is put in operation by some accident, those who were born in the purple elbow the poor man's son out of his place in the economy of the world.

NEW YORK, November 11, 1893.

FLANEUR.

Some British periodicals have lately been discussing the question whether one ever dreams of smells. It has been decided in the affirmative. Apropos, the best possible evidence a man can furnish of his familiarity with a foreign language is to dream in it.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. Birbeck Hall is said, on the authority of the *Westminster Gazette*, to have found, during his visit to the United States, the corrected proof-sheets of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," containing the passages which Boswell suppressed at the instance of his friends.

A "Sentimental Life of Horace" is coming from the pen of the old poet's Western worshiper, Eugene Field.

Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," the novel which is the latest London success, is the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His American publishers are D. Appleton & Co.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is thus described by the *Book Buyer*:

"He works in the early morning in a study high above the smoke of Boston. The books here are chiefly books of reference. This is a workshop, nothing more; but order is its first law, and all the surroundings denote the care bestowed upon the work before it receives the publisher's imprint. Neatly piled upon the window-ledge are the proofs of his latest volume, scored over and over again with corrections. He is never weary of revision; on the contrary, he believes thoroughly in that long, patient search for the best word of which the unthinking reader little dreams."

Mary Cowden Clarke, author of the Shakespeare Concordance, which she compiled as "a labor of love" so many years ago that most of its users, perhaps, suppose her dead, is living in Italy. She is eighty-five years of age.

Camille Lemonnier, a Belgian critic and novelist, was recently tried in Brussels for having committed an offense against morality in publishing a psychological study of "Jack the Ripper." Lemonnier's defense was that his motive was artistic and that his work was in the range of fine art. Several authors and critics agreed that his study of "the Ripper" showed high motives and was instructive reading. Lemonnier was acquitted.

The Century Company were obliged to postpone the issue of their "World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls" until the fifteenth of November, as they were unable to manufacture a sufficient number of copies to issue on the tenth, the day the book was promised.

The French courts have recently given a decision, reported as follows:

Agreements between author and publisher are strictly personal, the ground of the judgment being that the author chooses his publisher, for his own personal reasons, as a quasi-collaborator; whereas the reputation and acts of any substituted publisher might be morally and materially damaging to the book and its success. The point was also laid down that it would be unfair to subject any author and his works to the transfers to which the business of a publisher is exposed. The case arose from the publication, by the successors to the business of Dentu, of a new edition of the "Lambes" of Auguste Barbier.

Miss Grace Denio Litchfield is in wretched health, as a result of an attack of gripe, and will seek the benefit of the Southern California climate this winter. Miss Litchfield has a large fortune in her own right, and her literary work is all a labor of love.

The Cassell Publishing Company was sold at auction recently, the purchasers being the Cassell Publishing Company. The new concern consists of some of the stockholders of the old company, with others. Mr. W. T. Merston, formerly of the *Merston Press*, Rahway, N. J., becomes president and manager; Mr. Frank Seaman, vice-president; Mr. E. A. Archer, treasurer; and Mr. John T. Ryan, secretary and associate-manager. The company will continue to be the sole agents of Cassell & Co. (Limited), of London.

Those persons who have noticed the advertisement of a new work by Charles Dudley Warner, with the title "By the Way," will be surprised when they receive the book to find it called "As We Go." The first was the title of Mr. Warner's choice, but some one else had copyrighted a book by that name some time before.

To this submission on the earnings of literary men, the *Sun* contributes the following:

"A writer whose novels once attracted much attention owns that his average income for his books was not less than five hundred dollars a year. Another man, whose series of foreign sketches won much praise as they ran through a periodical, affirms that his receipts from these articles since they have appeared in book-form have been little or nothing. Few living American novelists count upon a sale of more than five thousand copies of any book within a year of its publication. As to the poets, one can scarcely hope to sell so many as two thousand copies of a new volume."

It is not yet known whether the late Marshal MacMahon's family will publish the five volumes of

"Memoirs" which he left. They chiefly deal with his military career.

Mr. A. W. Drake, the art superintendent of the *Century*, has begun in that periodical a series of "Midnight Stories," the first of which is called "The Yellow Globe." These stories are the result of Mr. Drake's midnight rambles about the town in search of bric-a-brac, of which he is an insatiable collector.

Joaquin Miller has been writing what is described as "a poetical romance," and it is to be called "The Building of the City Beautiful."

What ought to be, and no doubt will be, a very entertaining volume is soon to be published in England, in the shape of the correspondence of Thomas Jekyll, who figured for years in the best society of London as a wit and a man of fashion. He was the friend of Moore, Rogers, and other celebrities of the first half of the century, and his good things sparkle through the pages of their diaries.

The biography of Bret Harte has been squeezed into this small compass:

Bret Harte has just passed his fifty-fourth year. He was born at Albany, New York, went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, school-teacher, express-messenger, printer, and, finally, editor of a newspaper. In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States Branch Mint, at San Francisco, holding the office until 1871. In 1868 he became the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and, in the following year, published "The Heathen Chinee," which made him popular. From 1880 to 1885 he was United States Consul at Glasgow, and has since resided in London. He has published thirty volumes, and generally writes two volumes a year.

"The Religion of a Literary Man," by Richard le Gallienne, to be published at once, arose out of a discussion which took place some months ago in the columns of an English daily. A week or so ago Mr. le Gallienne addressed a small coterie, and gave a foretaste of his new book, the lines of which may be sufficiently indicated by this passage toward the close of his address:

"The Christian is the perfect lover, and those whom it helps to associate their lives with moving names may assume the honorable style of Christian without fear, though they can not sign the Thirty-nine Articles."

It is one of the beliefs of the followers of Mr. Pater that the art of literary expression began with him, and his catch-words are regarded by the elect as symbols invented—nay, created—by him. Mr. Symonds, in *Harper's*, has pointed out that the noted English essayist's phrase, "Sensations and ideas," was used by De Goncourt before he made it more familiar in his "Marius." But his pet word, "appreciation," which all the critical writers are echoing, was first used in the sense of criticism or essay by Sainte-Beuve, least "precious" of critics, as far back as 1840.

New Publications.

"A Catechism of Architecture," by John Gash, a brief series of questions and answers to which the definitions and rudiments of architectural art are expounded, has been published by William Doxey, San Francisco.

Edward S. Ellis, who is well known as a writer of tales of adventure for boys, has written three new stories—"The River Fugitives," "Lena-Wingo, the Mohawk," and "The Wilderness Fugitives"—in which he puts his heroes through a series of thrilling experiences in escaping from the British and Indians just after the Wyoming Massacre in 1778. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

A new edition of Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking-Glass" has been issued in bright covers, each page being printed in a flowery border, and with some half-dozen wash-work drawings of a mediocre character added to the familiar wood-cuts that accompanied the original edition. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories," by Henry M. Stanley, contains about a score of traditions and folk-tales gathered by the explorer from the natives during his travels in Africa. They were written for young readers, and will doubtless receive from them a hearty welcome; but the student of folk-lore and the seeker after the curious will also find in them much to enjoy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Sunny Days of Youth" is the title of a new book of kindly philosophy and mild sermonizing by the author of "How to be Happy Though Married." It is addressed to young men, and, saying little about their vices, shows the beneficial results of cultivating

the manly virtues. Some of the chapter-headings are "Chums," "Reading," "Active and Passive Courage," "Not Laughed Down," "The Choice of a Calling," "Civility," "Early Rising," "Leaving Home," "Male Flirts," and "Self-Knowledge, Self-Reverence, Self-Control." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine" has been re-issued, and now covers the eighty-five volumes from June, 1850, to November, 1892. It is a reprint of the "Index" of 1886, with new entries inserted on the even-numbered pages of the book, which had been entirely blank. The indexing is alphabetical, and the entries have also been analyzed and classified under a large number of subject and general headings, and various ingenious devices have also been utilized to make the work an exceedingly valuable reference-book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00.

"The Copperhead," by Harold Frederic, is a notably powerful study of the man who, bred and living in the North, was a Southern sympathizer in the Civil War. The "copperhead" is Abner Beech, a hard-headed farmer of Northern New York, and he holds fast to his convictions despite the persecutions of his neighbors and the defection of his own son, who enlists in the Northern army. The fact that this son is reported missing after the battle of Antietam and the burning of his house by his fellow-townsmen bring matters to a crisis; but eventually the son returns and the neighbors unite in a "raising-bee" to restore the roof over his head. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Two volumes of "Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs" of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke have just been issued, uniformly with the earlier volumes of his works. Some of the more notable papers are: "Holland and Belgium in their Mutual Relations since their Separation under Philip the Second until their Reunion under William the First"; "Internal State of Affairs and Social Condition of Poland"; "The Eastern Question"; drafts of speeches in the "Customs Parliament"; and speeches in the Reichstag and the Prussian House of Lords; and memoirs of the field-marshal written by some of his relatives. The essays were translated by Charles Flint McClumpha, Ph. D., the speeches by Major C. Barter, and the memoirs by Mary Herms. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00 for the two volumes.

To the excellent Men of Achievement Series, already mentioned here, have just been added two new volumes. They are "Explorers and Travelers," by General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.—whose portrait serves for frontispiece to the book—and "Inventors," by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. The first contains biographical sketches of Louis Joliet, rediscoverer of the Mississippi; Peter le Moyné, Sieur d'Iberville, founder of Louisiana; Jonathan Carver, explorer of Minnesota; Captain Robert Gray, discoverer of the Columbia; Lewis and Clark, the first transcontinental explorers; Zebulon M. Pike; Charles Wilkes, discoverer of the Antarctic continent; Fremont, Kane, Hayes, Hall, De Long, Arctic explorers; Du Chaillu; and Stanley. The other volume—the fourth of the series—treats of Benjamin Franklin, Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, S. F. B. Morse, Charles Goodyear, John Ericsson, C. H. McCormick, T. A. Edison, A. H. Bell, and "American Inventors, Past and Present": to wit, J. M. Townsend, E. L. Drake, Alvan Clark, John Fitch, Oliver Evans, Amos Whittemore, Thomas Blanchard, R. M. Hoe, T. W. Harvey, C. L. Sholes, B. B. Hotchkiss, C. F. Brush, R. Eickemeyer, and George Westinghouse, Jr. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 each.

"The Land of Poco Tiempo," by Charles F. Lummis, is an account of New Mexico, full of valuable information gathered at first hand and expressed with a vigor and grace that please as much as the subject-matter instructs. The book is divided into eleven chapters, in which are discussed the outward aspect of the land and its inhabitants; the Pueblo Indian, whom Mr. Lummis considers "the most striking ethnological figures in America to-day; physically, mentally, morally, socially, politically, he need not shun comparison with the average of his lately acquired countrymen, and he even affords luxuries to which the superior race has not risen"; "The City in the Sky," Acoma, one of the wonderful Pueblo cities; "The Penitent Brothers," those Moqui fanatics who practice the self-flagellation of the Roman Catholic and aboriginal creeds; "The Chase of the Chongo," a religious rite; "The Wanderings of the Cochiti," an account of "that unique racial chess-playing of the Pueblos, whereof the chess-men were stone cities"; "The Apache Warrior"; "On the Trail of the Renegades," an account of the pursuit of Geronimo; "New Mexican Folk-Songs," giving words and music; "A Day of the Saints," as celebrated in a Pueblo town; and "The Cities that were Forgotten," meaning the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola." It is an extremely picturesque and entertaining book, and will teach many Americans much that they never dreamed of their own country. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the author. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

THIS WEEK'S HINT

— FOR A —

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VANITY FAIR.

The first of the subscription teas at Sherry's took place in New York last Monday, and proved a welcome innovation. A place was wanted where women of the same set could meet informally and discuss modes, and manners, and masculine delinquencies—a place where there would be no danger of elbowing the ineligible. For some time past women in the American Colony in Paris have been in the habit of meeting of an afternoon at a *patisserie* called the Columbine, in the Rue Cambon, and there they are wont to discuss tea, and cakes, and the frivolities of the hour. But the Columbine is free to any one who carries with her a franc or so, and in New York such a thing was not to be thought of. Those most interested in the movement went to Sherry, who placed at their disposal two beautiful rooms and the resources of his establishment. Membership is by subscription, and men are admitted as well as women. Sherry furnishes the rooms, and charges twenty-five cents for a cup of tea and a sandwich. The club pays for the orchestra that is in attendance. The board of patronesses is made up of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Francis K. Pendleton, Mrs. Henry T. Sloane, Mrs. Frederick W. Vaoderbilt, Mrs. Whitney Warren, and Mrs. Fernando A. Yznaga. On the first day of the teas (says the *Sun*) the rooms were thrown open at three o'clock, and the Hungarian band began to play; but it was after four o'clock before the subscribers began to arrive. The first comers came in timidly and sat down to the first seats they found. There are two rooms, but the smaller is reserved for the orchestra. In the larger room are ten small tables of satinwood, upon each of which sits a majolica lamp with a silk and lace shade. At each table are half a dozen gilded chairs, and along the walls several divans are ranged. In a sideboard to one side are dishes of rare china and silverware. The floor is soft with thick rugs, and the doorways are curtained with blue plush. The waiters were dressed in the customary black. By half-past four o'clock the rooms were comfortably filled. While drinking tea, they talked a little and glanced at the French papers with which each table had been supplied in coffee-house fashion—*L'illustration*, *Figaro*, and *Le Monde Comique*—and then they shook hands and were off to their waiting carriages. Thus there was a constant change at the tables, and during the two hours from half-past four to half-past six, perhaps a hundred came and went. There was but little conversation, for, when one of the subscribers came in, she was so soon out again that there was time for little more than greeting and farewell. The men, too, seemed to have come in merely by accident, and, after making the rounds of the tables, they wandered out again, presumably to clubs of their own. Every afternoon, from three to seven, until further notice, the teas will be given.

The majority of the fashionable beauties of Sydney, according to an English observer, have peculiarly delicate complexions, languid expressions, fragile physique, and a die-away look in the eyes, which are more suited to the enervated temperament of an old civilization than the active vitality of a new world. It was easy even for a novice to detect that these ladies owed a good deal to their *perruquier*. The mystery of this curious combination of premature baldness and unusual delicacy of complexion was explained by the fact that these women ate arsenic in order to produce the aristocratic pallor and languor, and found to their horror that another effect of the drug was to make the hair drop out. Valuing their complexions above their hair, however, they sacrificed the one to the other. What a woman will endure for her complexion may be estimated by this and also by the fact that these arsenic-eaters rarely live past forty-five. There is no pleasure, moreover, in the consumption of the poisonous drug. The arsenic is made up into dainty-looking caramels, which fashionable dames will produce from precious little *bombonnières* and suck quite openly, just as the American girl chews gum or the English girl chocolate. The arsenic question, the Englishman says, was becoming quite a humbug ome in the Antipodes. When a man married a young-looking, lovely creature adorned with luxurious ringlets, he was disgusted to find after the ceremony that she was really a semi-bald, prematurely enervated woman, who was shortening her life to please her own vanity and was incapable of fulfilling the duties of a mother to the debilitated children which she brought into the world. Moreover, the suffering which she would go through in any attempt to overcome this pernicious habit was quite enough to make her break down; if, indeed, she could be persuaded to bear it at all.

Lady Colio Campbell and Mrs. Lyno Linton have recently had a set-to in an English magazine over the question "Should Women Smoke?" Lady Colin affirms that they should, and states her belief "that the growing prevalence of smoking among women is one of the most satisfactory proofs of the development of common sense in the female sex"; but at the same time she deeply regrets that the common sense of the opposite sex has not advanced in the same proportion. Lady Colio's chief argument seems to be that if mao is tortured by "nerves," so, too, is woman—only more so; and

since man finds soothing and comfort in his pipe or cigar, why should not the "gentler" sex share the same enjoyment by the use of the harmless and elegant cigarette: "It is a physical impossibility for the most irritable person to continue in an acutely bad temper if he or she has a cigarette between his or her lips. The cigarette may be commenced under a smarting sense of vomerit injury, of acute impatience at the beetle-like stupidity of man in general and particular; but it will not be long before the blue smoke and the penetrating aroma of the little peace-maker will begin to tell, and, by the time the cigarette is finished, peace once more reigns supreme. The pleasure to a tired, harassed man to find his way back from his office to a quiet drawing-room where the lamps are lit under the transparent shades, where a fire of sea-timber is making the hearth brilliant with blue and violet flames, where deep arm-chairs invite the tired limbs and a well-stuffed bolster just catches and supports the nape of the weary head, where a tea-table makes one corner bright with its gleaming silver, and where, as the crowning concentration of that peace and repose for which he has been longing all day, a low-voiced woman welcomes him rising out of the billowy silken cushions of the sofa, a cigarette just removed from her lips, while the blue smoke still encircles her head like a nimbus, or, as it were, an outward and visible sign of the thoughts with which she has been unconsciously hastening his homeward way—is it too much to say, oh, men! that such an experience when you in your turn sink into the chair with your back to the lamp, a cigarette or a cigar between your lips, your favorite drink at your elbow, and your wife smoking her cigarette opposite to you, is a foretaste of a paradise that, for practical use, far outdoes that of the faithful sons of the prophet?"

To this vision from a modern "Arabian Nights" Mrs. Lynn Linton replies with a "counterblast," in which she paints a very different picture: "In the first place, it is an uncleanly habit and an unappetizing. It tinges the teeth and it fouls the fingers; lips heated and a breath heavy with the scent of stale tobacco are surely less delightful than the fragrant freshness which belongs to youth and is associated with beauty in a woman. And do what she will, the scent clings, and more persistently about her than about a mao. By aid in her long hair alone, the odor of tobacco is predominant—an odor which all her specifics are powerless to banish in favor of something more subtle and enticing. There is so much that women have to do where smoking would be inconvenient; but we all know how over-mastering the habit becomes when once acquired and indulged in. A woman nursing her baby while smoking her cigar; your cook dropping the ashes of her pipe into the stew; your lady's-maid burning little round pin-holes in your brocade; all the thousand and one household duties which fall to the share of women interrupted or damaged by the universal pipe—things would not go so well then as now, where my lady indulges her tastes with as yet the discretion of the unaccustomed, and where Betty and Molly would be looked on as monsters were they to indulge theirs on this lie at all! But open the flood-gates—let the thing become common and national, then where would we be?"

Most Americans have to work; but, as is well known, a considerable proportion of English people toil not nor spin, and make no pretense of doing anything for a living. Is that because the English are richer than we (asks *Harper's Weekly*), or is it a matter of taste, or a result of priggishness? So, also, it appears (from close study of documents submitted by Anthony Trollope and other contemporaneous historians) that British gentlemen in respectable circumstances employ from five to fifty servants, and have several houses apiece, all of which they live in, and travel much besides. A American who lives in that way is looked upon as a man of very exceptional resources; but it would seem that an English gentleman who does not live in that way is thought to be somewhat straitened. At this time of year in England there are three or four hundred hunt clubs in active operation, and something like twenty thousand Britons ride pretty regularly to hounds. But hunting is an expensive sport that takes both time and money. These English seem to have both to spare, and that although these present times are not reckoned as times of special prosperity in Great Britain. A returned traveler was speaking, the other day, of the shoals of agreeable English people he met in the Riviera and in all the play-places of Southern Europe. When asked if they were rich people, he said not, but that they were able to live as they did because they knew how, and got their money's worth. He thought, too, that the well-to-do English had a more complete domestic apparatus ready to hand than most of the Americans, and could spend a larger proportion of their incomes on travel and amusement. Houses and furniture and such expensive vanities they had already by inheritance, and were not compelled to spend useful money in providing them. Are not all the habits of living that we borrow from the British—from dock-tailed horses to indoor men-servants—more costly than the customs they supersede? They must have a great deal of money to spend, those enterprising islanders. No one would hesitate to say that the Americans are richer than the Russians, for the Ital-

ians, or the Germans, or even the thrifty Freoch, but the Briton gives us pause. Is he really richer than we are, or is he merely an older son, and a dweller in a land where servants work for small pay, and clothes are cheap, and the tax on stimulants is laid for revenue and not for prevention, and where to loaf and iovite one's soul is esteemed a preferable thing to toil?

Worth is quoted as saying: "Make your own style. Everything is in fashion to the fashionable woman. One woman should not wear a dress because another woman does. If a slashed Venetian sleeve goes well with an Empire skirt, wear it by all means, and call it 'style *fin de siècle*,' if you will. That does not matter, if it is becoming." Historical suggestions in dress are accepted by all the great authorities, but subjugated so as to meet modern requirements. Virot makes Louis the Thirteenth hats, and another great authority prefers Louis the Third shapes. These are kept as nearly as possible to the old engravings from which they are copied. Virot complains that women will not change their hair-dressing to keep pace with these millinery revivals. In Paris, the newest way of wearing the hair is to part it in the middle, crimp the sides, and bring it down over the ears, where it must stick out like the *reço bandeau*. Behind it is arranged, either high or low, but in a fuzzy-wuzzy style. We are assured that the Americans and Parisian *élégantes* wear it thus; this determines its fashion.

Clumsiness in dancing has for a long time been regarded as a most unpardonable sin at the various royal and imperial courts of Europe, where the highly polished and parqueted floors of the palaces and the spurs which form part and parcel of every full-dress uniform render waiting a matter of some danger. At Berlin, accidents of this character were so frequent until a year ago (says *Vogue*) that shortly after Christmas, Emperor William summoned the general commanding the various troops stationed in and around Berlin, and instructed him to direct those officers who were not able to dance properly to abstain from attempting to do so at imperial entertainments. Since then young officers are put through their paces by their seniors, and are obliged to display a certain proficiency in *pas seuls* around the mess-room billiard-table before being allowed to dance at court. On one occasion—a court ball at Berlin—a young cavalry subaltern incurred the anger of the late Prince Frederick Charles by tripping up his partner. The prince assailed the young officer so bitterly that the late Emperor Frederick, then only crown prince, was obliged to intervene. At the Viennese court, a young secretary of the Roumanian legation once fell so unfortunately while dancing with one of the archduchesses that he came down in a sitting position on her face, causing her Hapsburg ooze to bleed. It is scarcely necessary to add that he left Vienna the next day, and, a week later, obtained his transfer to another post. The Duke of Aosta, nephew of King Humbert of Italy, broke his ankle last winter while waltzing at a ball given at Rome by the poplar Mme. le Glat, the wife of the Belgian Minister at Washington; and, a few weeks before the tragedy at Meyerling, the now widowed Crown Princess Stephanie had a nasty fall, due to the *gaucherie* of a cavalry officer with whom she was waltzing. Emperor Francis Joseph was much annoyed, and so, too, was the late Crown Prince Rudolph, who spoke his mind in no measured terms to the culprit. Far more polite was Emperor Napoleon the Third when, at a Tuileries ball, a middle-aged officer and his fair partner came to grief. As the mortified lancer scrambled to his feet, the emperor kindly extended a hand to help him, and, turning to the lady, remarked: "Madame, this is the second time that I have seen the colonel fall; the first time it was on the battle-field of Mageda."



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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Alice Mau and Mr. Frederick H. Hood will take place next Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. Albert Mau, 2215 Broadway.

The wedding of Miss Viola Hyman and Mr. Alfred Rich will take place next Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry W. Hyman, 1946 California Street.

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Murphy will give a high tea this afternoon, from five until seven o'clock, at their residence, 1818 California Street, and will also have a dancing-party to-night from nine until eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Austin D. Moore and Miss Moore will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence, 1809 Broadway.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker will give a fancy-dress ball next Thursday evening at her residence on Sutter Street.

Cards are out for an "at home" to be given by Mrs. Henry C. Davis at her residence, corner of Devisadero and Jackson Streets, from four until seven o'clock next Saturday afternoon, in honor of her daughter, Miss Florence Davis, who is one of this season's debutantes.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Kaseberg, of Roseville, Placer County, to Mr. R. P. Doolan, of this city.

Information has been received here of the safe arrival at Honolulu of Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna, on their yacht *Tolna*. They arrived on October 30th, having made the trip in fifteen days. They sail for Tahiti, the South Sea Islands, Australia, and Japan. Early next year they will go to Austria, via the Suez Canal, and will remain at Vienna for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil K. Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. William Fawcett Perkins held their first post-nuptial reception last Friday evening, at the residence of Mr. N. K. Masten, 2218 Clay Street. Many of their friends were present and passed the evening delightfully in dancing and feasting.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bonnell gave a most enjoyable reception last Monday evening at their residence, 1709 Gough Street, in honor of their son, Mr. Allison C. Bonnell, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Isabelle Hall. About one hundred friends were present, and passed the evening delightfully in dancing in the handsomely decorated parlors. As a divertissement, several vocal solos were given in excellent style by Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Frank Thompson. About eleven o'clock an elaborate supper was served, under Ludwig's direction, after which the festivities were continued until early morning.

The Hotel Plesasant has never appeared so attractive as it did last Thursday evening when Mr. Campbell T. Hedge, the new proprietor, gave a ball to which the guests of the hotel and many of their friends were invited. There were over three hundred people present. The commodious hallway, which was used for promenading, the parlors, and the dining-rooms were all decorated beautifully with immense potted tropical plants, a vast net-work of smilax, and a lavish array of var-colored roses and chrysanthemums. A most attractive effect was produced. Canvas covered all of the floors, with the exception of that of the main dining-room, where dancing was enjoyed on its polished surface to the strains of excellent music by a string orchestra. There were many pretty girls and charming matrons present whose gowns were exceedingly attractive. At eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served in the breakfast-room and private dining-rooms adjoining. It was one o'clock when the pleasant affair terminated, and all who were present declared it to be an unqualified success.

The festival of "Old Nuremberg" has attracted large audiences to the Mechanics' Pavilion during the past week, and has been most successful. It will close to-night, so those who have not seen it should not miss the opportunity.

A game of base-ball will be played at Centry Park next Saturday afternoon between two nines composed, respectively, of graduates from Yale and Harvard Colleges. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a scholarship at either Yale or Harvard College for some deserving pupil of either the State University or the Leland Stanford Junior University. Game will be called at two o'clock sharp. Among the players from Yale will be Mr. Heffelfinger, Mr. Bliss, Mr. Norton, Mr. William Goodwin, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Thomas H. Stagg, Mr. Benjamin Romaine, Mr. Harry Haight, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. J. P. Booth, Mr. M. S. Wilson, and Mr. Frank L. Owen, who will act as captain. Mr. Alfred Cohen will be captain of the Harvard nine, and his players will be Mr. Charles M. Belshaw, Mr. George Greenwood, Mr. P. Grant, Jr., Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. R. H. Delafield, Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, Mr. Ross Barnes, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. William S. Barnes.

Pomnery Sec.

[Illustrated London News.]

The firm of Veuve Pomnery, Fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pomnery, Henry Vassier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pomnery Sec occupies the elevated position now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The thirty-second Saturday Popular Concert was held in Golden Gate Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 11th, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme was an excellent one and comprised the following selections:

String quartet, op. 27, I, in poco andante, allegro molto ed agitato, II, romanza, andantino, III, intermezzo, allegro molto marcato, IV, finale, lento, presto ed saltarello, Grieg, Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, and Heine; songs, (a) "Adieu, Susan," Tutti, (b) "Spring," Henschel, Miss Sophie Newland; elegie for viola, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Bernat Jaulus; aria, "The Tempest," Dr. Arne, Miss Sophie Newland; quintet for piano and strings, op. 81, scherzo, furiant, finale, allegro, Dvorak, Mrs. Carr, and Messrs. Beel, Wismer, Jaulus, and Heine.

The first concert of the next series will take place on Saturday afternoon, January 20th. A number of novelties will be produced, and one afternoon will be devoted to music by American composers.

A number of prominent society people have arranged to give a concert at Union Square Hall on Monday evening, November 20th, as a testimonial to Chevalier de Kontski, the court pianist to the Emperor of Germany and the only living pupil of Beethoven. The chevalier will play two selections of his former teacher and one of his own compositions entitled "The Awakening of the Lion." Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher and Mr. Donald de V. Graham will sing, and Mr. Louis Heine will play two cello solos. In all, the programme will be most interesting. The patronesses and patrons comprise:

Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. N. Dillon, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. J. C. Fall, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. J. B. Hays, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Pawlicki, Mrs. M. Regensburger, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. J. P. Sullivan, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. R. C. Tobin, Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Consul V. d'Artemovich, Consul J. Branchi, Mr. J. H. Cooper, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. G. R. B. Hayes, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, General R. P. Hammond, General P. W. Murphy, Mr. James D. Phelan, Dr. Pawlicki, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, and Mr. Alfred Tobin.

The programme that Giulio Minetti offers for his concert next Saturday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall contains many novelties. For the first time here will be played Bazzini's string quintet, a composition that won the first prize at the Milan Quartet Society, and Mr. Minetti himself will give Vioti's twenty-fourth concerto (first movement, with cadenza). All of the numbers will be of the Italian order of composition. Seats may be reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Friday morning, November 24th.

Mr. Samuel Fleishman, the pianist, and Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, assisted by Mr. Louis Heine, 'celloist, announce a series of four concerts, to be given at intervals of three weeks, the first to take place in the early part of December.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his final concert of the present series on Tuesday evening, November 28th. Miss Mabel Love and Mme. Héline Stresel, wife of Dr. Emil Stresel, will be the special vocalists.

Mr. R. A. Lucchesi is preparing to give a concert on Wednesday evening, December 6th, and will introduce several musical novelties.

Novelties in Table Service.

An exhibit that is thoroughly artistic and interesting is now being made by Nathan Dohrman & Co. at their establishment, 122-132 Sutter Street. In one of their salesrooms is seen a series of tables, upon each of which is displayed, in rotation, an array of china and crystal-ware illustrating the proper service for each course of a dinner. The display is so novel, and, withal, so beautiful, that it is attracting large numbers of lovers of the beautiful in decorative art.

First is seen the soup service of Limoges china decorated with *fleurs de lis*, and the glasses of Baccarat crystal, finished in gold. The gilt candelabrum matches the service, and the floral decorations are of marguerites. The fish-set is of the blue Zwiebel Musier, or Royal Dresden—of the onion pattern—that is so popular now abroad, especially in England. The candelabrum and cutlery are made to match it. A centerpiece of the same ware holds the floral decorations, which consist of yellow chrysanthemums. The crystal is of Libbey's Harvard cutting. Next is the terrapin table, with green-tinted plates in the form of a terrapin, and miniature chariots of green-colored glass for crackers. The china is from Haviland & Co., who are celebrated the world over. Little fairy lamps in the centre, among clusters of ferns, complete the *ensemble*. The *entrée* and salad-table has its service in both white and silver, with candelabrum to match, and an artistic setting of La France roses. The game-set is in red, and was painted by Demariat, a noted decorator of Limoges. Each plate is graced with a pheasant of brilliant plumage. The glasses are of the strawberry and fan cutting, and the floral decoration is of Christmas berries. Next is the roast-beef service of real Sevres of the Louis Quatorze style in old-time green, most delicately painted. Fairy lamps and ferns adorn the centre, and the crystal-ware is of gold-finished Carlsbad, with Roemers to match. The dessert-set is very dainty, of Crown Derby china, the paintings being representations of the Duke of Sutherland's collection of orchids. Venetian crystal of this display is still another for a five-o'clock tea, a dainty arrangement of Royal Copenhagen ware, with a banquet-lamp to match and decorations of violets. Taken altogether, the exhibit is one that all entertainers should see, and a view of it will certainly make one desirous of its possession.

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DCCXXX. — Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 19, 1893.

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Fried Pompano, Mashed Potatoes.
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Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Cress Salad.
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—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED THE ONLY MEAL AT WORLD'S FAIR FOR TABLE USE ON STRENGTH, PURITY, and GOOD FLAVOR. Your grocer has it if he keeps the BEST. ASK FOR IT.

Mrs. Dora Gray Duncan has engaged the Castle residence—north-east corner Sutter and Van Ness Avenue—for the purpose of establishing a Delsarte and dancing-school. These elegant rooms are well adapted to cotillion clubs, dancing-parties, and other social and literary entertainments. The grace and beauty of the system of the Misses Duncan have been remarked at the classes held at the residences of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Miss West's school.

The Princess Christian, daughter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, acted as godmother last week at the baptism of the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bonyne. The other sponsor was Olive, Countess of Cairns. The princess held the infant in her arms during the ceremony.

"Before the Ball" is the title of a new and tuneful waltz-song and chorus, the words by Daniel O'Connell and the music by Conny von Gerichten, which has just been published by Broder & Schlamm, of San Francisco.

Making sure of it: Host—"I hate to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow?" Guest—"It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you loan me your umbrella?" Host—"Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really need the exercise."—Judge.

—FOR A BIRTHDAY OR WEDDING GIFT NOTHING could be better than a handsomely framed picture. A visit to the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, will illustrate this perfectly. On exhibition there is an immense variety of beautiful pictures, appropriate for almost every occasion, both framed and unframed, and the prices are very reasonable—in fact, astonishingly so. Special frames can be made to order at short notice at the firm's factory, and any design desired can be obtained. When you are in doubt about a present take heed of this suggestion and visit Sanborn, Vail & Co.

PATENTS.

Notice to Inventors.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time, and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who intrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said company is prepared to take charge of all patent business intrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents. Write for instructions and advice. JOHN WEDDERBURN, 618 F Street, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box 385.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. Valentine Huber, care of Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—AN UNUSUALLY FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY for the purchase of Turkish rugs, carpets, portieres, etc., is offered by the auction sale to be held by Iskender Bey, at his art-rooms, No. 430 Pine Street, on Thursday and Friday of next week. These goods have just arrived from Turkey, and may be seen at the art-rooms on Wednesday next.

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Baking Powder

It always works and works well. Helps the cook out wonderfully. Keeps food moist and fresh, too.

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GRAND EXHIBITION
—OF—
TURKISH RUGS

Carpets, Portieres, etc.,
ON WEDNESDAY ... NOVEMBER 22d

At 430 PINE STREET.

The Mid-Winter Fair Collection of the



Has just arrived direct from Turkey, and will be sold
AT AUCTION,
Without Reserve or Limit, on
Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23d and 24th
AT 430 PINE STREET,
(Rooms formerly occupied by S. F. Art Association).
Sale begins at 11 A. M. prompt, and will be sold by Catalogue.
WM. BUTTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

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California Safe Deposit and Trust Company,

Paid-Up Capital, \$1,000,000.

Cor. Montgomery and California Sts., S. F.

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Will draw and taken care of without charge.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Frederick V. Sharon arrived from New York a week ago, and joined Mrs. Sharon at the Palace Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Mr. Frederick Hotaling have returned from the Eastern States.
Mr. Joseph G. Eastland has been visiting relatives in Tennessee during the past week while Mrs. Eastland has been the guest of friends in New York city. They will start for home soon, and are expected here about November 29th.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finnigan have returned home after passing a year and a half traveling through Europe.
Mr. Arthur Castle left last Monday on a month's visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Huntington have returned from an extended Eastern trip.
Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. N. T. Messer have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean are staying at the Hotel Waldorf, in New York city.
Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, and Mr. J. B. Lincoln are at the Hotel Holland, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., have returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Mr. James M. Wilson, who has been at Unga and Unalakpa for the past two years and a half, and arrived here last week, left on Tuesday evening to visit his parents in Belfast, Ireland, stopping en route to visit friends in Denver, Chicago, and New York. He will sail from New York city on the steamer *Campania* on November 25th. Mr. Wilson was extensively entertained here during his brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haight, nee Bayley, of Oakland, are passing their honeymoon at Coronado Beach.
Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Estee will receive on Thursdays at their residence, 1003 Leavenworth Street.

Miss Evelyn McCormick, the artist, has returned from a prolonged visit to Chicago, New York, and other Eastern cities. Several of her paintings were on exhibition in the Fine Arts Building at the Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Spencer have returned to their city residence after passing the season at their villa in Sausalito.
Miss Cohen has returned to her home in Alameda after a pleasant Eastern visit.

Miss Bessie Gorham, of Gold Hill, Nev., is visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.
Mrs. W. H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith are residing at the Hotel Stewart, 1101 Pine Street.

Mrs. G. H. Stafford, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. M. T. Dunsbury, of Oakland, will sail for Japan next Tuesday on the steamer *China*, to join her husband, Lieutenant Stafford, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Detrick, and family returned last Monday from a three weeks' visit at Del Monte.
Mr. and Mrs. Clement Cronise, nee Haskell, have been passing the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, of Santa Cruz, are making a tour of Europe.
Mrs. Moses Coit Tyler, wife of Professor Tyler, the historian, of Cornell University, and her daughter, Miss Jessie G. Tyler, are here on a visit and will pass the winter with Mr. Edward Tyler at 1906 Laguna Street.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne has returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the principal cities of the Eastern States.
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from Chicago. Their niece, Miss Belle Cohn, has returned from Europe, where she has been for the past three years, and is their guest.

Mrs. George Rosseter, Miss Bertha Welch, and Miss Carroll have returned from the East.
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse P. Mehan have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, nee Naglee, will pass the winter on this coast.
Misses Winnie and Julia Morrison, of San José, have been here during the past week on a visit to Mrs. James Phelan.

Mrs. Stephen M. White, Judge E. M. Ross, and Judge W. B. Gilbert were guests recently of Miss Morrison, at her home, corner of Fifth and Julian Streets, in San José.
Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Evelyn Murphy have returned to San José, after a visit to the Columbian Exposition and the principal Eastern cities.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton sailed from New York for Liverpool last week in the steamer *Majestic*, of the White Star Line.
Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger and the Misses Younger have left Vienna and are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown have taken rooms temporarily at the Palace Hotel.
Mr. Charles H. Crocker is occupying his new villa "Undercliff," at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, are at the Palace Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., who has been in the service of a private corrective institution at Randall Island, N. Y., has had his leave of absence revoked by the Secretary of the Navy. He will soon receive orders for sea duty.

Commander Thomas Perry, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the *Castine*, now at Portsmouth, N. H.
Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartuff, Deputy-Surgeon General, U. S. A., has reported for duty at the Presidio, relieving Colonel Joseph R. Smith, Assistant-Surgeon General, U. S. A., who will go East for duty.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent from Angel Island as Acting Indian Agent at the Warm Springs Agency, Oregon.
Lieutenant Charles Willcox, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., has gone to Angel Island for duty, relieving Assistant-Surgeon William K. Hall, U. S. A., who has been appointed examiner of recruits and attending surgeon in this city.

Admiral J. S. Skerrett, U. S. N., formerly commander-in-chief of the Pacific Squadron, arrived here last Monday from Honolulu, accompanied by his staff, Lieutenant Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Wilson, U. S. N. They will leave next Tuesday for the Asiatic Station, where Admiral Skerrett will assume command. Mrs. Skerrett and the Misses Skerrett will pass the winter in Yokohama, Japan.

Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. N., now in command of the Asiatic Station, will be relieved from duty there in December by Admiral Skerrett, and will proceed home. The flag-ship *Lancaster* will be ordered out of commission on the arrival at Japan of the *Baltimore*, which will be about Christmas.

Colonel George H. Mendell, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. H. H. Benyard, U. S. A., and Major W. H. Heuer, U. S. A., have been appointed members of the California Debris Commission.

Lieutenant C. Laird, U. S. N., formerly of the *Boston*, is visiting relatives in Canton, O.
Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fichtler, U. S. N., nee Morrow, have returned from their wedding trip to the Eastern States, and are at Mare Island.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, are passing a couple of weeks at Bakersfield with their daughter, Mrs. W. H. McKittick.
Lieutenant Colonel George V. D. Menden, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A., will return from the East late in November.

Lieutenant C. E. B. Flagg, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., is expected to return from the East early in December.
Captain and Mrs. Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., will not return from the East until next March.

Lieutenant Richard R. Croxton, First Infantry, U. S. A., will return from the East late in December.
Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is in New York city, on a leave of absence which will expire on December 10th. He has, however, permission to apply for an extension of two months.

The leave of absence granted to Captain Abram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will expire on January 9, 1894.
Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will return to duty on December 21st.

Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from the Presidio, on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.
Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is absent on a leave of absence which will expire on December 10th. He has permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Lieutenant William L. Kneeder, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as examiner of recruits in this city.
Lieutenant George E. Sage, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on a brief leave of absence.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty on January 22, 1894.
Lieutenant George Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at St. John's College, Fordham, New York city.

Lieutenant Samuel E. Allen, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.
Lieutenant Edmund E. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

Lieutenant Sidney S. Jordan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty at Fort Mason next Monday.
Lieutenant Edward F. McGlachlin, Jr., Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty at Alcatraz Island on December 1st.

Lieutenant Edgar R. Kellogg, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.
Captain William E. Douberly, First Infantry, U. S. A., is Acting Indian Agent at the Hoopa Valley Indian Agency, Cal.

Lieutenant Joseph R. Bins, First Infantry, U. S. A., will join his company at Angel Island about the middle of December.
Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on general recruiting service at David's Island, New York Harbor.

Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent from Angel Island on duty as Acting Indian Agent at the Round Valley Indian Agency, Cal.
Lieutenant Charles B. Vozdes, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at the State University of Iowa.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Alvarado M. Fuller, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., will leave Fort Huachuca, A. T., soon to visit relatives in San José.
Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General T. H. Ruger, U. S. A., is convalescent after his recent severe illness.

Captain Frederick Wheeler, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., of Vancouver Barracks, is East on a four months' leave of absence.
Mrs. H. L. Howison, wife of Captain Howison, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island after an enjoyable Eastern trip.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred to Battery C, Fifth Artillery, at Fort Canby, Wash.
Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred to Battery D, First Artillery, at Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.

Lieutenant H. L. Draper, U. S. M. C., has been granted two months' leave of absence.
Lieutenant E. K. Moore, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. V. Wadams, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at Mare Island, and ordered as executive officer of the *Mohican*.

That a rumor often does much more harm than a positive truth has been illustrated in the case of the Huntington, Hopkins Company, the great hardware concern and one of the largest establishments on the Pacific Coast. One of the daily papers recently published a statement that the company was on the eve of retiring from business. Mr. Albert Gallatin, president of the company, states that this is a mere rumor without foundation, and that business will be continued as heretofore, with certain improvements that will be of value and importance to themselves and their many customers.

The half-hack seized the hall, and darting around the left ead made a superb rush down the field. It was a forty-five yard gain, and the crowd went wild. But when the cheers of applause had subsided, it was apparent that the ball had not been "in play." "Oh, dear! what does he have to bring the ball 'way back for?" asked Kitty, despairingly. "I'm sure I don't know," replied Reggy Westead, "unless the beggar got an encore!"—*Life*.

In darkest Africa: *King of the Cannibals* (to missionary about to be broiled)—"We'll spare your life on one condition." *Missionary* (desperately)—"Name it." *Chorus of Cannibals*—"Tell us the words to 'After the Ball'!"

Jinks—"I don't believe that a critic reads half of the author's books he criticizes." *Binks*—"The author is more considerate. He reads every word of the critic's criticism."—*Puck*.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A precedent established: "What makes you think he will marry you?" "She has married other men."—*Truth*.

Fair maiden (at the foot-ball game, during an exciting *meté*)—"Oh, look there—can't Jack hug just beautifully!"—*Life*.

Lady of the house (just returned)—"Poor Polly; all alone so long." *Parrot* (feverishly)—"Give me a stack of whites."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Mabel—"How strange one's own writing seems to one who reads after writing it." *Carson*—"Yes, especially in a breach-of-promise case."—*New York Herald*.

Mrs. Sauer—"I don't consider marriage a lottery. Do you?" *Mrs. Sauer*—"No! If a man draws a blank in a lottery, he can tear it up and take another chance."—*Puck*.

Lena—"Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night; he came right over and proposed to me." *Maud*—"Did he? Then he must have got rid of them in some other way."—*Truth*.

"Gadsby, the evangelist who went out West, was shot dead recently." "How did it happen?" "During a camp-meeting he turned suddenly on a cowboy and asked if he was prepared to die."—*Puck*.

First thin man—"What makes you so thin, friend?" *Second thin man*—"Why, I'm a jockey—been training to win races. What makes you so thin?" *First thin man*—"Well, I've been betting that you would win!"—*Puck*.

Extract from a new novel: "Stand where you are, Reginald de Coursey! Advance one step nearer and I will tell you what I saw at the World's Fair!" "Foiled ag'in!" hissed the villaio, as he faded away from view.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"So you attended some private theatricals while you were over in New Jersey, did you?" "Yes." "Rather amateurish, of course?" "Yes; the curtain rose on a Fifth Avenue breakfast-scene, wherein the people ate olives with a nut-cracker."—*Puck*.

Bobby—"Pop, what is reason?" *Fond parent*—"Reason, my boy, is that which coables a mao to determine what is right." *Bobby*—"Aod what is instinct?" *Fond parent*—"Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not."—*Ex*.

"Why did Barlow and his wife go abroad on different steamers? Quarrel?" "No. Mrs. Barlow thought it would be pleasanter for the children. Two steamers were not likely to be lost, and if one of them had gone down, the childreo would have had ooe pareot left, anyhow."—*Bazar*.

In froot of the lion's cage: *Hooligan*—"Is thot aw thim hastes wot Samsom killed?" *Keeper*—"Yes, that's a lion." *Hooligan*—"Murphy and me had a bet as to wether St. Patrick wot killed th' snakes, or Samsom who killed the lion and the Filley-stein was the bist mon; but, begorra, St. Patrick wasn't in it. I'm out tree dollars."—*Ex*.

The Popnlar Winter Ronte.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

G. A. R. Notice!

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pensioo affairs under the new régime.

We would advise, however, that U. S. soldiers, sailors, and their heirs take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filing of their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retroactive. Therefore it is of great importance that applications be filed in the Department at the earliest possible date.

If U. S. soldiers, sailors, or their widows, children, or parents desire information in regard to pension matters, they should write to The Press Claims Company, at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address Press Claims Company, JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, Washington, D. C. P. O. Box, 385.

—A MAN ON KEARNY STREET
Walked through a store window, which
Had been cleaoed with Callustro, said
He couldn't evoe see the glass.

—DO YOU WISH TO LEARN FRENCH, GERMAN, or Spanish, go to Larcher School of Languages, Flood Building.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Fall styles now ready.

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skio, red, rough bands with shapeless oails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because of its inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.



HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

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ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

IS THE BEST IN THE CITY.

It has played at the Friday Night Cottillion Club and at the California Hotel.

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SPEAK FRENCH, SPANISH, QUICK, & FLUENTLY.

A SIMPLIFIED AND PRACTICAL METHOD for acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the FRENCH and SPANISH languages.

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Latest styles. Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

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577 and 579 Market Street, San Francisco.
73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

Advertising is a business which requires some midnight oil as well as experience; but the latter is the one thing most needed—after you have the cash to spend.—G. W. F. in Printers' Ink.

GUMP'S LIQUIDATION SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

We will sell our large stock of Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors, and Statuary, together with a large assortment of Elegant Art Goods, embracing Bronzes, Vases, Pedestals, French Cabinets, Music Stands, Ornaments, and Tableware, at a discount of from 10 to 50 per cent.

S. & C. GUMP

113 GEARY STREET



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

A COCKTAIL CLEARING-HOUSE.

The Actor Shows his Opulent Friend a Trick.

A thin man, with a seedy look about his clothes and a face that was clean-shaven three days ago, walked slowly up Broadway, till just at the intersection of Sixth Avenue he met a man in the freshest of summer suits, rather loud in design, with trousers newly creased, and a bunch of violets in his button-hole. "Why, hello, old man!" said the gayly habited person, "what are you doing in town? Come over and have a drink; I've been dying for one all the afternoon, but I wouldn't drink alone."

"You want somebody to drink with you?" asked the seedy man, his look brightening a little; "then you don't know the new system?"

"No; I thought the old way of drinking was as good as could be expected."

"Come, and I will show you," the man in the faded raiment replied; "as long as you have friends anywhere you need never have this trouble."

The two turned toward a bar-room in Sixth Avenue. "And what are you doing now?" the man with the violets asked.

"I am resting for a few weeks," replied the man without the violets; "I have been with 'Only a Coal-heaver's Grandchild' this season. We closed in Omaha five weeks ago. They owed us all eight weeks' salary. I have a very good offer for next season to go with 'Scrapping for Life.' And what are you doing?"

"I am in 'Down to Bed-Rock.' We are playing in the Bowery this week. There is a landslide in the fourth act which takes very well with the public. The villain starts in with a dynamite cartridge, and the hero and heroine escape it by rowing out into the river in a boat. We use red rocks and dust for the land-slide. But I shall leave the company soon. I don't like my part, and I have several better offers."

The two had now reached the bar-room. "How many do you want to drink with you?" asked the faded man.

"The more the merrier," said the fresh man; "but I don't see any one here that I know."

"You don't have to see them," the other replied; "look here."

He sat down at a long-distance telephone in the corner, and talked as follows, partly to the instrument and partly to his well-dressed friend: "Hello, Central, give me Chicago—hello, is this the Fairboom House Café?—Oh, all right, is Charlie there?—Ask him to come to the 'phone.—Dear old boy, he's always there; you know me—Charlie de Roscius; any time you want to call him up—Oh, that you, Charlie? Well, Harry Bombastion wants you to take a drink with him; what will you have, old man?—He says he'll have whisky with a little gum in it—Now, let's see.—Hello, Central, give me Boston.—Hello, is that the Lasker House bar? Is Bob Beaconsfield there?—Like to speak to him, please.—Always know where to find Bob—Hello, Bob.—Yes, knew my voice, did you?—Yes, New York, and here's Harry, you know Harry, wants you to drink with him; Charlie is drinking with us out in Chicago; what will it be?—Gin fizz? All right—Shall I try to get any more, or will this be enough?"

"Am I paying for all these?" the man with the good clothes asked.

"Why, sure," the man with the bad clothes answered; "you said you wanted to find somebody, didn't you? Now we might get Tom de Jambon; he's in Baltimore with the Twinkling Light Vaudeville Company; but perhaps we've got enough."

"Yes," said the man who was to pay; "we've got enough."

"Well, then, give me a Manhattan; and yours is plain whisky? All right now, you see I press this button, a bell rings in each of the places I've called up, and we all drink together. Here's happy days. Isn't that a great plan?"

"But, now, how do I pay for it?" said the man who had money in his pockets.

"Pay for it in the regular way," said the man with the empty pockets; "how much, bar-keeper?"

"Fifteen and fifteen, and your friend in Chicago drinks that special twenty-cent whisky, doesn't he? Fifty, sixty-five cents."

"And do I pay here, and these men get their drinks somewhere else?" said the flush man.

"It is quite simple," said the man who was broke;

"in Chicago and Boston they charge these drinks to New York; here in New York they credit Chicago and Boston with them. The charges and the credits are made out on slips of paper, they are stamped with the date, and then, at the end of the month, they are all sent to a clearing-house—yes, a good deal like a banking clearing-house, I suppose, though I never was in one of that kind—they are all added up and balanced against one another, and, if there is any difference, a check for the amount is drawn by the proprietor of the place that owes the excess. You see the system brings in so much extra business that they can afford to pay for the special telephones and the expenses of the clearing-house. So now you never need—what's that bell ringing for?"

"Hello—yes, this is New York—hello, Chicago—oh, hello, Charley—yes, we're both still here—Charley wants us to take one with him—all right, thanks, old man—yes, same again."—*New York Tribune.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Passing of Lilith.

[Lilith, according to Talmudical tradition, was the first wife of Adam. She was the embodiment of sensual beauty and pleasure, and was immortal, but had no soul. She was banished to the regions of the air when Eve came, and in revenge she hovers about the abodes of men, seeking to harm the sons and daughters of Eve. It was to drive her away from their children that Hebrew mothers cried: "Lilla, abi!" ("Lilith, begone!") which is supposed to be the origin of our word "lullaby."]

The gold is from the garden gone, the gold
Has faded from the morning skies, the old,
Gray, glassless skies of earlier years return,
As down to earth the maple glories burn
Once more, and gray to ashes; no more gold.

Yes, all is cold; and all my children gone—
The joys that sprung from me—none look upon
Their facie forms and faces more, and I,
Wearied of this worn immortality,
Would pass with all things passing and he gone.

I am that hearty all men stretch to grasp,
From artist Adam to the sad last gasp
Of the last dying Artist. Oh, dear dead,
I've mourned you, I mourned the exiled bed
Of your first father, sundered from my grasp.

By birthright I was first of Adam's couch,
And by my right, and all his sons avouch,
I am the first to haunt the pillow of youth,
When souls turn trembling upwards first to truth—
For life and beauty share no marriage couch.

I pass as all are passing, pass and go,
After long years of wandering to and fro,
Seeking my mate. Oh, sons of later Eve,
'Tis not I hate you, if you will believe—
Fate rules us, and she came, I had to go.

I had to go, but, ere I went, one hair,
One golden thread that naught of earth can pair,
Went round my neck, and ever to his eyes
Came uncalled tears when he saw beauty rise,
And felt in dreams the touch of Lilith's hair.

Ab, sons of Adam, none of you attain
To perfect beauty, satisfy the brain
Or eye with thought or image, for the thought
Of some still fairer thing is ever brought,
For you to strive at, hopeless to attain!

Some men call me the Ideal. Ah, the world
Was fairer once, and, all ideal, perished
With other spheres the pathway of the suns,
Till wrong arose; divorced and hrid at once,
It made me, Lilith, for the wild world!

I pass, and gladly, if my death will bring
Out life's renewal, and a bridal ring,
Of perfect round, to circle in all things,
Under the golden sweep of those wide wings,
I feel are waiting, perfect peace to bring.

At eve of old the Garden knew His voice,
I shrunk and hid, but Adam would rejoice,
And fearless passed to meet the Nameless Name,
My eyes saw nothing save a burning flame,
The voice was His, but not for me the voice.

But now I hear it calling very low,
And I arise and answer, "Let me go
From Earth some whither, hid me pass and cease!"
And Love makes answer, "Come in perfect peace,
Take courage still, Hope whispers, whispers low."

And so I pass; but think not you will gain,
With my departure, any ease of pain;
For, till the foul is vanquished by the fair,
Another torment must arise; Despair—
Without ideals in the world to gain.

Time lays no finger on me while I stay,
Time can not touch you till I pass away,
For the Ideal stands defying Time,
However long the swift or lagged time,
Though man lose all, yet man's ideals stay.

'E'en in your world of Art law holds the same,
'Tis not the execution, but the aim
That makes the mightiest master; though the one
That highest aims, will get more perfect done
His heart or hand's conception, wrought the same.

Thus Lilith die, you die; but what of death—
'Tis a mere break, for the renewal of breath,
Between two lives, one lower, one more high;
Only a fool or dullard thinks to die
Means sheer extinction in a dreamless death.

Ah I seed of Adam, not alone of him
Are you the seed, but for some soil, whence dim,
And small, and dull, and distant lies this world—
Some garden land of all the myriads whirled
About the throne, waits you and me and him.

My death achieves it, not for me alone,
For you will stretch and make that sphere your own,
Close eyes, clasp hands, then open bands and eyes,
And gaze about, but not all in surprise
For all are there, and no one walks alone.

Yes in the fair, far future, out of scope
Of any eyes, hangs all Creation's Hope—
All matter moves to Him, all soul is His,
The everything of things, the all that is,
Come, in the end, within His arms' wide scope.

How, when, and where I know not; but some day
And ere it come must Lilith pass away,
Forerunner of your passing from this place;
And though the light go out of Nature's face,
Know 'tis the night before some other day.

O world how beautiful! O world to come,
If this be fair, how fairer far the sun
That is to be of all Earth's beauty here!
O voice of Adam singing in my ear!
And for your ears is there no joy to come?

When shall I leave you? Ah, when lights are low,
And still hushed footsteps round the passer go,
When music's spirit, soon to thrill the ear,
Is but a burden on the spirit here,
And like the lamp the soul burns dim and low!

When the gold cord is strained or e'er it break,
And the wild wails of sorrow's voice awake,
The cricket cries and jars the trembling string,
And nerveless hands to helpless fingers cling,
And parting life is just about to break.

Then will I pass before it, not till then
Departs my presence from the sons of men,
Though I am ever passing. What of life?
Have you not gladness in my ear?
Ah, me, such mateship counts for little then!

The day for Eve what time the sun is high
The night for Eve, what time the stars are high!
When pulse beats quick and hands are strong, before
Comes That who surely comes to every door,
And knocks for entrance, that Thing which is high.

Time will not make me hrid again; hut death
That strange divorcer of the soul and breath:
I stretch my arms, I take him to my side,
Come all-deliverer and restore the hrid,
Let Lilith pass to victory through death!

—John Cameron Grant.

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FOOT-BALL NOTES.

As the time for the great Thanksgiving Day foot-ball match draws near, the reports from Princeton and New Haven, as to the physical condition of the players, become more and more alarming. The public should not be deceived by the sanguinary color of the various stories circulated by an unscrupulous daily press. The following special medical bulletins may be relied upon as entirely accurate:

YALE'S CRIPPLES.

[Special to the New York —]

NEW HAVEN, November 17th.—It is useless to disguise the fact that the foot-ball team is badly broken up. Bouncer, left guard, was publicly kicked on the shin in yesterday's practice, and some doubts are entertained as to his playing. He feels that an apology is due him.

Crasher, left tackle, is rapidly turning into stone, and now weighs nearly one thousand pounds. He has to be assisted to his place in the line by a steam-derrick, but once there he stands like a stone wall, and the Princeton rushers will have some difficulty in breaking through him. He is now subsisting exclusively on rock and rye.

Nipper, quarter-back, has deteriorated in his work since his unfortunate accident a week ago, in which he lost both his arms. He now takes the ball from the snap-back in his mouth, and does fairly well, but his passing is very uncertain. He tackles, however, beautifully, generally taking his man well down on the calf of the leg.

Pincher, left end, has had every bone in his body broken, and his work to-day was very limp and lifeless.

Smasher, centre, has fallen alarmingly in weight since he went into training, and now tips the scale at only twenty-four pounds. He may be obliged to play in his astral body, and, in that case, the Princeton centre should have but little difficulty in getting through him.

Bounder, right end, unfortunately had his head knocked off in the game with Wesleyan last Saturday. It has been replaced, but he is liable to lose it at critical points.

Doubler, left half-back, was cut in two by a circular saw the other day, and now plays in sections. The accident prevents him from giving his undivided attention to the play, and his game lacks steadiness. Doubler (upper) tackles very well, but runs miserably. Doubler (lower) gets around the end beautifully, but displays little or no headwork.

Bucker, right half-back, had his neck dislocated Monday, and the medical incompetent who set it left his head turned entirely around. This makes it difficult for Bucker to decide which way to run, and in the Amherst game he made several touch-downs against his own team. He is now practicing running by the compass.

PRINCETON BROKEN UP.

[Special to the same paper.]

PRINCETON, November 17th.—During the practice game to-day between the 'varsity and the scrub elevens, the foot-ball, which had been surreptitiously loaded with dynamite by a Harvard emissary, exploded with terrific force, and the entire Princeton team was blown to atoms. Medical aid was summoned, and the work of reorganization began at once. At the present time the teams are comfortably reclining on water-beds, and are eating their usual training dinner of corned-beef and pickled cabbage, washed down by a modicum of old stout. The doctors have certainly accomplished wonders, though there is some dissatisfaction from the fact that in the haste and confusion some of the players have been unfortunately mixed up. Captain Buffer has his own respiratory system, but he is wearing one leg belonging to Prancer and one of Thrasher's. Prancer's leg does very well, but Thrasher's is some three inches too long, and, moreover, was put on backward. This makes the gallant captain inclined to wobble in his gait. He has also been obliged to content himself with Wiggler's arms, which do not fit him at all, and he wears an ear marked "R," and popularly supposed to be the property of Jim Robinson. Indeed, there is some uncertainty as to Captain Buffer's actual identity, as Slammer, right guard, has both of Buffer's legs, one arm, and a large piece of the movable scalp. However, both of them have the deepest welfare of the college at heart, and this will undoubtedly prevent any unseemly rivalry which might imperil the chance of success.—*W. G. Van Tassel Sutherland in Harper's Weekly.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Schumaon, the composer, once accompanied his wife, who was even then a celebrated pianist, to the palace when she went to play before the King of Holland, and was gratified by the monarch's compliments of her performance. The composer was somewhat surprised, however, when the king turned to him and courteously inquired: "Are you, also, musical?"

An old man and woman stood near the big gilt statue of the Republic in the Court of Honor, and a Boston woman heard the prairie sister ask her husband, in an awed tone: "Do you suppose that figure is solid gold?" And he answered, with masculine superiority: "No, of course not. Why, if it was solid gold, it would have cost one hundred thousand dollars. I don't suppose it's gold more than a foot in!"

Mr. John Saddler, an English engraver, when a young man was an apprentice to George Cooke, who engraved Turner's "Southern Coast of Eoglaod." While Saddler was pupil to Cooke, he took a plate for Turner's inspection. Scanning the plate with his eagle eye, he asked: "Who did this plate, my boy?" "Mr. Cooke, sir." "Go and tell your master he is bringing you on very nicely, especially in lying." The boy himself had done a good portion of the plate.

Sir Henry Howorth, the author of a well-known "History of the Mongols," sat at dinner one day next to a lady whose mind seemed full of the distresses of her pet dog, and who bombarded Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done for the animal. Not being satisfied with his replies, she finally expressed her great disappointment at his ignorance, and remarked: "Well, Sir Henry, I must say I did think you would have told me how to manage my little dog, particularly as it is cross-bred—your who wrote that delightful 'History of the Mongrels'!"

Von Moltke once went to Lindau, as he thought, *incognito*. He ordered a room on the ground floor in the "Bayerische Hof" and went to bed early, but forgot to draw his blinds down. When he was just going to sleep he heard music drawing near. He had been recognized, after all, and was going to be serenaded again. The difficulty was how to get dressed without being seen. He dared not strike a light. But presently the glare of torches lit up his room and the curious crowd stood close to the windows, their noses pressed against the panes. In spite of that, he felt that he must rise, so he got up and dressed. But as he put on each piece of his apparel, the feat was greeted with loud and prolonged applause.

Judge Gary was once consulted by a small manufacturer who had had trouble with his employees. He was a close-fisted fellow in all his business dealings, and especially in his dealings with his employees, and they had gone out on a strike just at a time when he had secured a contract to do certain work. The strike would force him to throw up the contract at considerable financial loss. "That doesn't seem right," he said at last. "No, it doesn't," acquiesced the judge. "Some one ought to be responsible for such losses." "Yes, some one ought to be," admitted the judge. "And there ought to be some way of preventing them." Again the judge acquiesced, and the man went on: "Now, you're posted on the law; what would you advise me to do?" "Pay living wages," replied the judge.

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his, when he fell into a brown-study. "What is up with you now?" said the friend. "I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist. "What sort of yellow?" Just then a cab drove past. "The very thing!" the painter gasped out; "stop! stop!" "I am engaged," the cabby replied, without stopping. Delacroix started in pursuit, and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said, in tones of entreaty, to the passenger inside: "Do please tell your driver to stop; I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color-merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture." The bar-

gain was struck; Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liège."

A Unionist member of Parliament, being in Montenegro some time ago, called to pay his respects on the Prince of Montenegro, who is a protégé of Mr. Gladstone. The prince was very cordial. The honorable member must remain and enjoy the sport of the country. The parliamentary exigencies were explained without effect. "I will write to Mr. Gladstone," said the prince, "and get permission from him for you to stay." The member, however, firmly declared that he must go. The prince then invited his visitor to a farewell dinner, at which all the Montenegrin ministers were present. During the evening, the prince said he had one great reproach to address to Mr. Gladstone. The ministers bowed their heads to listen while the oracle spoke. "Yes," cried the prince, "Mr. Gladstone has been long in office, and he has done nothing to discover Jack the Ripper."

An English lady, walking down the Lung 'Arno, in Florence, missed her purse (says a writer in an Eastern journal). The suspicious movements of a man in front made her boldly demand the stolen property. Too amazed to refuse, the thief actually handed over the purse. Indignant at such broad-day robbery, the lady stopped an elegantly dressed gentleman and, in excited tones, begged to pour out her grievance. Merely waiting to hear "that man stole my purse," the gallant Italian rushed after the thief, who promptly took to his heels. They had a good run before the thief could dodge his pursuer. The sun of a summer day did not help the polite Florentine to keep cool; so, red-faced and out of breath, he turned back to meet the English lady with profuse apologies. "Madam, I am very, very sorry. I did my best, but your purse is gone." "Oh, no!" she replied, sweetly, "I have my purse. I got it back from the man." "Got your purse back! Per Bacco! What did you wait, then?" "Want! Why, I want justice." It was too much, even for proverbial Italian urbanity, and, almost choking with sudden wrath, he gasped out: "Justice! To think I should have run myself into a perspiration for justice!"

The late Marshal MacMahon, while President of France, once interrupted a rather prosy discussion around the council-table (says a writer in *Kate Field's Washington*) with the remark: "Ah, gentlemen, I have just received a letter from the Prince Imperial. He is a fine young man; I am very fond of him, and his letter is charming. I must read it to you." The ministers gasped. With one voice they begged respectfully to remind M. le President that France was now a republic—that the very existence of a so-called Prince Imperial was something of which their body must avoid taking official cognizance, and that it would be most compromising to allow such a letter to be read and the fact to be entered on the minutes, as it must be. "Oh, very well," responded MacMahon, good-naturedly, folding the letter and replacing it in his pocket; "if the proprieties forbid my reading it to you in your official capacity, I can at least read it later to each of you personally." And he did. MacMahon's visit to the scene of the terrible inundations at Toulou was a great disappointment to a bevy of reporters who had been dogging his steps in order to jot down the memorable rhetoric of which he was expected to deliver himself. When he came in sight of the vast panorama of ruin, death, and desolation they bent forward to catch his words. He was silent for some minutes; then his lips moved: "*Mon Dieu!* What a lot of water!" That was all; and the next train carried back to Paris a whole carload of heart-broken journalists.

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|------------|--|-----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 9:45 P. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Runney, Sacramento, and Hiding via Davis. | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dunsmuir, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | * 8:45 P. |
| * 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | * 6:15 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | * 6:15 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | * 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10:15 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Raymond, (for Yosemite), and Fresno. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10:45 A. |
| 5:30 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo. | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10:15 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|-----------|--|------------|
| 7:45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8:05 P. |
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | * 10:50 A. |
| 4:45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9:50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2:45 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6:26 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5:06 P. |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove. | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | † 7:26 P. |

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The difference in French and English histrionic art could not be more aptly shown than in the two performances of "The Taming of the Shrew"—that of Coquelin and Hading, and that of the Daly Company.

Paul Delain has taken the old acting form of Shakespeare's comedy used by Booth and his predecessors and made a French adaptation, in which the original scenes are followed very closely. He has made a good many interpolations of his own, notably in the scene where Katherine goes to sleep in the chair before the fire, and Petruccio, watching her, admires her beauty to the repose of sleep, and remarks that on the morrow his salutary régime must once more begin. In the first scene, too, between the shrew and her master, there is a good deal less of furious persiflage than in the English version, and Petruccio, even at this early date to his good work of conquest, is daring enough to print two kisses upon the cheeks of the fiery Katherine. To the marriage scene, the text of the Shakespeare comedy is followed almost exactly, with a little judicious pruning here and there.

And yet so differently is the story treated by the actors, that the whole comedy takes on a new aspect. It is an old friend with a new face. It is something that is strangely familiar and yet strangely unfamiliar, like the meetings of old friends in dreams. All through this French comedy one is struck with the sanity, the common sense, of the Gallic point of view. The burlesque element of the story is entirely eradicated, and the taming of the lion-like Katherine becomes a serious and interesting piece of work, in which one watches Petruccio's success with deep interest.

The responsibility of so changing the aspect of the story rests with M. Coquelin. He announced before his appearance in Petruccio that his handling of the character was going to be something quite novel, that his Petruccio was going to be a reasonable and sensible being, who tames Katherine by judicious and gentlemanly treatment. The character, as he portrays it, is quite natural, reasonable, and attractive. One could hardly imagine that, keeping so closely to the original play, the figure of Petruccio was capable of being presented in such an entirely different light.

All the old horse-play is left out. Petruccio does not even carry a whip which he cracks round the head of his terrorized wife and fleeing domestics. He is never even arbitrarily domineering. When he carries Katherine off from her father's house he simply insists upon his wife accompanying him, with slightly hectoring determination that will admit of no nonsense. There is none of the usual roaring and whip-snapping which accompanies this famous scene, and instead of seizing Katherine and staggering her with her shrieking in his arms, he takes her by the hands and pulls her after him, all the time looking as if he could hardly keep from laughing at the absurdity of their unlover-like exit.

His performance not only turns Petruccio into a reasonable being, but it turns him into a gentleman. The Petruccio who stormed and cracked his whip about the ears of his bride is supplanted by a polite, if somewhat high-handed, bridegroom, who has the welfare of Katherine close at heart. This suggestion of tenderness—of a sort of fond, touched affection—underlying all the bluster of his manner, lends much sweetness and naturalness to the character. Petruccio loves the stormy Katherine as one loves a dear, spoiled, and petted child, under whose pouting and angry demeanor lies a charming disposition. His rendering of the part suggests to the auditor that he is a good deal older than Katherine—a sort of early Italian man of the world, who is keen enough to see the good that lies below the surface in the famous shrew of Padua.

Of course the French author has given him an extra scene wherein he may show all this latent tenderness—that in which he watches her sleeping in her high-backed chair before the fire. With tip-toe tread, he gets the coverlet and folds it round her, places the cushion for her feet, then, looking at her fondly, murmurs, with tender humor, that she looks pretty that way. But the play is full of touches which show his real affection and which have nothing to do with the text. When he brings her, cold, weary, and dejected, to his home, his turbulent wrath is all directed against the servants. To Katherine he is ever courtly and affectionate. In this scene, with the Daly Company, Katherine is so terror-stricken by his roaring bluster that she crouches down behind the table, from where her face, ludicrous in its expression of trembling fear, shines out from between the brim of her great green hat and the collar of her gay green cape. Another

touch, full of delicacy and meaning, is that which shows him to have given her his cloak and hat on their long journey from Padua. She enters, stiff with fatigue, with heavy, drooping eyelids and lagging feet, arrayed in the absurd cloak and cockatoo hat to which her bridegroom came to wed her.

It is doubtful whether M. Coquelin would have been able to personate such a Petruccio if he had had Ada Rehan for his Katherine. Mme. Hading's Katherine is quite a different person. She is a less terrible, but a more petulant shrew than Miss Rehan was. The latter was majestic in her savage, lion-like dominion over Baptista's trembling household. There was something indescribably broad, and large, and fierce about her rendering of the character. From the moment when, brushing aside the curtains at the back of the stage, she enters with a tempestuous rush of fire-eyed fury, to the time when Petruccio, seizing her in his arms, carries her, screaming in infatuated frenzy, out of her father's house, she is simply tremendous in her lurid shrewishness. Therefore, when starved a little, roared at, surrounded by breaking crockery and soaping whips, she breaks down so suddenly into such complete, crushed submission, the transformation strikes one as instinctively abrupt, and the play passes from the level of comedy to that of burlesque. Whether Shakespeare intended it to be this way or the other is a thing, like Hamlet's madness, that only the return of "the divine William" himself from the shades will ever be able to settle.

It goes without saying that Mme. Hading's Katherine is a very beautiful being to look at. In her stiff brocades and her broad, out-standing sleeves, her golden-red curls, and sombre, shining eyes, she justifies Petruccio's complacent allusion to "Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well." In her rendering of Katherine she left upon the spectator's mind an impression of youth, of a young girl with a deadly temper, waspish, feline, shrill. Where Ada Rehan's Katherine would have beaten Petruccio over the head with a club, she would have flown at him, and scratched him, and pulled his hair. She seemed a badly brought up, outrageously spoiled girl, all her faults aggravated by the cowering submission of her brow-beaten family, and with a very strong tincture of jealousy of Bianca to account for her inflammable temper. Her bursts of fury were almost hysterical in their ecstatic vivacity. She seemed to choke with rage, which passed away and left her sullen, tearful, crestfallen. But at the first overruling, domineering words of Petruccio, a faint, a delicate, almost imperceptible, suggestion of pausing to listen, of barking, of heeding was observable. The work of coquetry dated from the first interview, and the taming of the furious Katherine began with the first imperious words of her future lord, in whom she recognized a master.

Mme. Hading is seen to best advantage in these plays of a past epoch. Her beauty in its brilliant picturesqueness is set off much better by the broad, flowing, flowered skirts and bouffant sleeves of a long dead mode than by the complicated, clinging creations of a good Parisian modiste of to-day. Her style of acting, which is romantic, verging constantly on the melodramatic, is much more suitable to such characters as Clorinde and Katherine than to Claire and Frou-Frou. In these modern parts her lack of the power to transform herself into a modern *mon-daine* of the aristocratic world is obvious. The proud and impetuous heroine of "The Forge-Master," the simple, generous-hearted, noble daughter of the Marquis de la Seigle, were both beyond her in the high distinction of their inborn pride of race. In both there was a lack of repose, of the unconscious assurance that comes from the knowledge of an unassailable position. She quite missed the frank simplicity of Mlle. de la Seigle, and distinctly posed, thereby losing all the beautiful charm of cadence and freshness that makes this lovely figure one of the most delicately refined in the modern French drama.

Frou-Frou is her best among the modern characters, as Clorinde is among those of the past. Her Gilberte is full of charm, and, with all her frivolity, so sweet that the infatuation of Sartorys for his foolish wife is easily understood. Her exit at the end of the second act was full of almost pathetic, childish gayety, as she stands in the doorway—a picture from that brilliant, fashionable world of Paris, of which, as she herself says, Frou-Frou is so much a part—and kisses her hands to the little domestic group upon which already her grasp is loosening.

Up to the end of the third act, "Frou-Frou" is the most perfect of the French emotional dramas. The fourth act, with its feverish complications of sick children, duels, lovers dangerously wounded, fainting heroines, and general agony, is overcrowded with sensations. As for the fifth act, when the sinning wife comes home and dies, surrounded by a weeping family, it is simply sickly and absurd. It is a great pity it has to be given, but it would hardly do to drop it altogether.

As a picture of life, this play is natural and somewhat cruel. The authors intend both sisters to come in for a share of public sympathy. The frivolous, gay, butterfly Frou-Frou is to be pitied for the wreck she makes of her life; the sedate Louise for the trouble that she unconsciously causes. As a matter of fact, however, the entire sympathy goes toward the wife, who is the wronged one of the whole party. Louise, entering her house, weans from her the confidence of her husband, the love of her child,

usurps her position as mistress of her own home, and, crowding her out from every interest connected with husband and child, then affects paralyzed and pained surprise when she finds Gilberte resents it. A woman who could thus enter a home circle, force the wife out of her rightful position, take in hand the education of the child, consult the husband about his purchases and business ventures under the very eyes of the ousted wife, is either absolutely idiotic not to see the harm she is doing, or an *intriguante* of the most dangerous and malicious kind.

As the authors of "Frou-Frou" present Louise as a worthy and well-intentioned woman, one has to accept the hypothesis that she is deplorably lacking in ordinary reasoning powers. Nothing else could explain the stupidity of her words and actions from one end of the play to the other. To add to the sum of human misery by stupidity may not be quite so bad as doing so by malice prepense, but it is bad enough, and the authors of "Frou-Frou" ought to have let Louise follow her inclination and go into a convent, where she would have been well out of harm's way. Instead of which they end the play so that one knows that that unfortunate Henri Sartorys will eventually marry his deceased wife's sister, and one leaves the theatre with a depressing sense of melancholy and an inward ejaculation of "Theo he will be the soup."

The French players, with their artists from the Théâtre Français and their repertoire running the gamut of the Gallic drama from Molière to Sardou, have so monopolized the theatre-going public of San Francisco during the past fortnight that it has seemed venturesome, to say the least, in Fanny Davenport to attempt to rival them with Sardou's plays diluted by translation for the American public. But, despite the fact that Miss Davenport had been too ill to play on Tuesday, the revival of "La Tosca" on Wednesday night attracted an audience that filled the Baldwin very comfortably.

"La Tosca" has been on the stage now for nearly six years—it was produced in Paris in 1887, and the American version was brought out soon after—and it has been played by Miss Davenport during three visits to this city; but the torture scene has not lost its power to chill the blood. We all have ideas, more or less vague, that in the times of the Inquisition obstinate people who were not open to persuasion by word of mouth were sometimes made to see things as those in power wished, through such physical arguments as *peine forte et dure*, the rack, the thumb-screw, and other convincing devices. But torture was forbidden by a Papal bull in 1816, and, though a man was tortured by the ecclesiastics in Spain a year later, still we moderns conceive of torture by mechanical appliance "through a glass, darkly."

But there is much of the savage in us still, and we are thrilled with an ecstasy of horror when we hear Mario's agonized groans and shrieks from the adjoining room, where he is being tortured by Scarpia's henchmen until the Tosca shall ransom him by betraying the hiding-place of the political refugee whom he has befriended. For five minutes we see this distraught woman in mental anguish as excruciating as that which racks the body of her lover; we see the pitiless Scarpia signal his men to increase or relax the pressure of the spiked iron band about the suffering wretch's head, as the woman wavers between her love for the man and for his honor; and it is with quite an exquisite twinge that we see her finally break down and reveal Angelotti's retreat to the triumphant minister of police.

The last tableau of the third act, however, is not what it used to be. The present Mario is a well-fed, comfortable fellow, and when he staggers on the stage from the torture-room, his dress slightly disordered and a few pale reddish stains about his face and shirt, the picture is far from impressive to those who recall the ghastly, bruised, and blood-stained aspect of his predecessors in the rôle. And another trifling innovation is that, in the next act, the Tosca no longer sets the tapers about the dead Scarpia's head.

The sensitive and those whose religious belief was offended by this stage use of a Roman Catholic custom made outcry against these two bits of "business"; but the performance does not seem to be made more artistic by their suppression.

The performance of "Thermidor" at the Grand Opera House attracted the largest audience the Coquelin-Hading troupe has yet drawn. And the audience was well repaid. The play is a famous one. Sardou, who is to-day the *doyen* of dramatists, has constructed here a piece which is intensely human, yet marked with all the skill of his most cunning web-weaving. Then there was an added interest by reason of the fact that the piece had been suppressed in Paris, and that San Francisco, while not having the *première*, was at least a good second. It was reminiscent of the famous "reproduction" of "Hernani," when Hugo's piece was suppressed by the censor in the days when Théophile Gautier wore the historic red waistcoat, and defied the myrmidons of the law as the champion of the Romanticists, of whom Hugo was one. Yet "Hernani" was not suppressed, but only laid aside. Forty years afterward it was again put on the Paris stage, and the placards bore the legend "Reprise d'Hernani," as if it had been taken off the week before.

So we in San Francisco have had the "Reprise de Thermidor."

An additional interest on Thursday night was the fact that both M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading had rôles worthy of their powers. During their engagement, both have at times played in minor parts. This was unavoidable, as the average audience wished to see them both at the same time, and there are few plays in which there are two adequate rôles. For example, in "Frou-Frou," while Mme. Hading has Gilberte, who is the dominant figure of the play, Coquelin has nothing but her giddy papa—"qui a pris Toto, qui a perdu Tata." Correspondingly, in "Gringoire," while Coquelin has the striking rôle of the beggar-poet, Hading can only take Loyse, who has nothing to do or say, unless it is to be picturesque, to be mediæval, to be beautiful—which Mme. Hading does, and does very well. But in "Thermidor" both have strong rôles. And these two fine artists filled them in a way which few who saw them will forget.

Sardou has taken the Terror for his gloomy background. Not the White Terror, when Marshal Ney and some few disloyal chieftains lost their lives—but the Red Terror, when Paris was drunk with blood. The roll of the *rappel*, the rattle of the tumbrils, the shrieks of the *dames de la Halle*, the discordant strains of the Carmagnole and "Ca Ira"—these go to make up the obligato of his stirring story. It is only the story of a day—the Ninth Thermidor—but enough was compressed into that day to make many pages in French history. The fierce wrangles in the convention—the struggles between "The Mountain" and "The Plain"—the fall of Robespierre—here is stuff for a strong play. And "Thermidor" is strong.

Does not history say, by the way, that it was Tallien who first sprang to the tribune and denounced Robespierre?—Tallien, he who was the husband, the *mari complaisant* of that beautiful Mme. Tallien who was so proud of her shapely figure, who wore diaphanous robes à la grecque, who was the sworn friend of Josephine, and whose friendship for his wife caused Napoleon so much anxiety touching his and her honor when that light lady was in Paris and he in Egypt? Tallien, however, is not mentioned in "Thermidor."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week beginning November 20th: Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue" at the Baldwin Theatre; the stock company in "Said Pasha" at the Tivoli Opera House; Frank Daniels in "Little Puck"; "The County Circus"; and "49."

Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, will begin a short engagement at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening in "Shaun Rhue," which is to be followed later by "The Donagh" and "Kerry Gow."

Theodore Wachtel, the famous tenor, died at his home in Berlin early in the week. He made a tour of this country in 1871, during which he sang in what is now called the Grand Opera House, and created a tremendous furore.

Lotta's whereabouts in town is to remain a dark secret, for she has been called the wealthiest woman on the stage, and the impecunious would give her no rest if they could get at her. But she is to remain in San Francisco all winter, and will probably never return to the stage.

For the first time in the history of the Baldwin Theatre the scale of prices is to be lowered next week. It will be continued, however, only during the Murphy engagement, the prices being a dollar, instead of a dollar and a half, for a reserved seat in the orchestra or dress-circle, and on the same scale for other locations.

"A Night in Venice" will be continued at the Tivoli Opera House until Monday evening, when Stahl's comic opera, "Said Pasha," will be revived with the following cast of characters:

Said Pasha, Phil Branson; Hassan Bey, Robert Dunbar; Terano, Arthur Mesmer; Hadad, Ferris Hartman; Nockey, Thomas C. Leary; Rajah, George Olmi; Ali Musfid, H. A. Barkeley; Musfid Ali, William Strachan; Plain Musfid, A. Stockmeyer; Troubetad, Frank Riddale; Sergeant, George Harris; Serena, Gracie Plaisted; Ali, Tildie Salinger; Balah Sojah, Annie Liddiard; Sema, Carrie Roma; Punja, Edith Woodhouse.

Astonishing is the news that comes from New York about Sardou's new play, "Mlle. Sans Gêne." Mr. Abbey has bought it, it seems, but only as the agent of a syndicate of Bostonian philanthropists on behalf of Kathryn Kidder. The young lady, it further appears, has been sent to Paris to study the leading female rôle as played by Mlle. Réjane. The American translation has already been finished, and contains sixteen less characters than the original.

Annie Pixley, who died in London last week, was regarded almost as a daughter of California, though she was born in New York. She was brought to this State when only two years of age, and while still a child she made frequent appearances on the stage in variety performances with her parents in the mining-camps of this State and Nevada. During a visit to Australia she met and married Robert Fulford, and when they returned to this city they both became members of a local stock company. In 1878, Miss Pixley appeared in the title-rôle of a dramatization of Bret Harte's "M'liss," which proved popular for a decade or more, and six years ago she found another success in "The Deacon's Daughter." She tried comic opera in 1891, but without success.

"Thermidor" and "Tartuffe," which have been two of the most notable plays in which Coquelin has appeared in the present engagement, have it in common that each was written by the greatest French dramatist of his day, and that each was withdrawn by the government after the first public performance. How and why "Thermidor" was suppressed in Paris, two years and more ago, is told in another column. "Le Tartuffe" appeared in public for the first time on the stage at the Palais Royal on August 5, 1667, but was forbidden the next day, and was not played again until February, 1669. It had been shown in part and as a whole before the court on five occasions, but before it was presented to the public several changes were made—the name was altered to "L'Imposteur," Tartuffe became Panulph, passages in the text were softened, and Tartuffe's appearance was changed.

The theatre in the Doe Building out on Market Street, at the junction of Hayes and Larkin Streets, is at last to be used. Charles M. Pyke, of the Pyke Opera House in Fresno, is to be the manager, and he expects to open it in about four months. The theatre is in a separate building inclosed in the hotel, and will have an entrance on Market Street, and stage and other exits on Hayes. From the back of the foyer to the curtain, the theatre will be seventy-five feet in length, and the stage will add nearly fifty feet more, while the width will be sixty-eight feet. The proscenium arch will be thirty-four feet wide and thirty-three feet high; the parterre and dress-circle will contain nineteen rows of seats; there will be circular boxes, like those in the California Theatre, in the parterre, and eight proscenium boxes; and the first gallery will have eleven rows of seats, and the second will have twelve. In point of decoration, the San Francisco Opera House, as it will be called, will be very handsome, and the newest ideas will be utilized for the comfort of both audience and players.

It is thought that in the character of Tartuffe, Molière lampooned Père la Chaise, confessor of Louis the Fourteenth. Another opinion holds that the Abbé Roquette was the object of his satire, and

tradition hands down still a third name as that of the original of the character. But it is probable that the character is a satire on the directors of conscience in general—a class of men either in the church or out of it, but not to be confounded with confessors, who were always in holy orders. In Molière's time there were many who, besides their confessor, engaged the services of a "director," whose duties a recent writer thus describes:

"He was to instruct the members of the family how to regulate their daily actions; he was allowed to offer his opinion on the most intimate family matters. When a woman put herself under his guidance, he was ever at her right hand to advise her in all her projects, in all her difficulties; he was to prescribe her pleasures, and nothing was to be undertaken without his sanction. The lady doubtless made inquiries about him, and questioned him before engaging his services if he was rigid or lax in his precepts. If she had her director, she would have one to suit her tastes; and when she got tired of him, it was open to her to dismiss him and take another. In the seventeenth century, these men were in fashion; in the eighteenth, they were much less frequent; but while the mode lasted, smart ladies had their director as commonly as they had their cook. Among the rich, the director had always his place at table, his seat in the carriage; he accompanied the mistress of the house to church, he sat beside her in the theatre, he was invited in the summer to the country-seat or to a watering-place; sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, were not thought of until his comforts had been prepared. Once in his position, he reigned supreme. He learned to direct consciences so well that women under his influence became tools in his hands."

For reasons of his own, doubtless, Molière chose that a man, not a woman, should be the victim of his hypocrisy.

THE ROW OVER "THERMIDOR."

How Paris Received Sardou's Suppressed Play.

The most notable performance of the Coquelin-Hadging season in this city was that of Sardou's "Thermidor," on Thursday evening. In spite of the fact that it is one of the most recent of Sardou's plays, this was only its second presentation, for, after the press performance and the first night at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, the play was suppressed by the government. This, together with the fact that Coquelin was to appear again, for the first time in nearly three years, in his original rôle of Labussière, had aroused wide interest in the performance and called out the largest audience of the engagement.

In view of these facts we reproduce here an account of the disturbance at the first public performance of "Thermidor" in Paris, extracted from a letter sent to the *Argonaut* at the time by one of our Paris correspondents:

"We were looking forward eagerly to this new production; 'Thermidor' and Labussière had been discussed over and over again in the papers. Biographies of the man who risked his own life, time after time during the Terror, to save those of others, had been the round of all the journals, besides sundry little anecdotes concerning Coquelin's make-up for the character. A veritable howl of despair arose when it was known that every place was booked for a dozen representations, at least, before even the box-office had been opened. But if we members of the press were deemed fortunate to get so early a hearing, how we were envied, later on, when it was known that these two first representations were not to be followed by others!

"Looking back at the *première*, it seems almost incredible that we should none of us have foreseen the storm which was brewing; but the fact was we were all so intent on the piece that we never gave a thought to its possible effect on a more general audience. Besides, we were busy applauding Coquelin, Marais, and Mlle. Bartet, all three of whom played with consummate skill. But the next evening, it was plain in the beginning, there was thunder in the air. Coquelin's—or, rather, Labussière's—first long speech excited a murmur of disapprobation in the gallery. When he comes down rather heavily on Robespierre and the others, and he and Martial deplore the state of the country in general and Paris in particular, one of the gods called out: 'Enough! Enough!' Martial (Marais, in private life) is just back from the wars, and, though a good Republican, turns in horror from the atrocities committed in the name of freedom. Then the uproar commenced; shrill whistles were heard in the galleries. French audiences whistle when they are displeased—the hiss is unknown. For a few seconds, Coquelin and Marais stood silent on the stage, waiting until peace should be restored.

"A great burst of applause, intermingled with shrill whistling, greeted the termination of the first act. The audience, streaming out into the passages, discussed the situation with some warmth, and those who have their *entrées* behind the scenes, came back with the news that Coquelin and the rest were beginning to feel very anxious. However, the second act passed off pretty quietly.

"In the third, Lissagaray—the well-known journalist and communalist, who had already distinguished himself by his many interruptions—hurled invectives from a box in the third tier. The whistlers in the gallery were performing furiously. Every now and then the actors had to stop, the tumult was so great. Then the spectators arose in a body; those who sided with Lissagaray making chorus with him, and the others calling on the police to turn out the authors of the uproar. A whistle fell on the stage, and came very near to hitting Coquelin, who was pale to the lips with rage. Some few persons were arrested. Lissagaray was invited to retire by the commissary of police, after which a free fight was fought on the

staircase between the parties, and the act terminated amid indescribable confusion.

"By the time the curtain rose on the fourth act, peace had been restored, and the play was allowed to proceed. Then, when Labussière, apostrophizing the people, cries: 'Ca le peuple? C'est de la canaille!' the tumult in the house revived. Finally, however, Coquelin, Marais, and Mlle. Bartet were recalled and applauded lustily to prove that the audience bore them no ill will, after which a portion of the spectators began hooting again, and the noise spread out into the street, where one or two bystanders went so far as to call out: 'A bas Sardou! A mort Sardou!'

"The stormy representation at the Français was followed by a no less stormy meeting of the Chamber of Deputies, the while the ministers met in solemn conclave, and M. Constans decreed that 'Thermidor' should be suppressed, since it had led to so unseemly a tumult and threatened disturbance of the public peace. The newspapers made it the question of the day, even politics and society news were thrust into a second place—or, rather, the interdiction is made a politico-social affair of the highest importance. No, this was not all. There were the subscribers. Now, although the subscribers to the Tuesday and Thursday evenings of the Français are quite the *crème de la crème* in their own and others' estimation, they were not above making their little manifestation. Generally, it is supposed that only 'rads,' students, and the *habitués* of the gallery condescend to interrupt performances. The evening following the stormy representation of Sardou's unfortunate drama was a subscribers' night. Every one was at his post. Not a stall but had its occupant, not a box but could boast of its full contingent of spectators. There was the usual exhibition of pretty toilets in the boxes and balconies—low dresses and diamonds in the former, high dresses and dainty bonnets in the latter. All the men in the stalls were arrayed in irreproachable evening get-up. I do not think there was a single person present who did not know that the programme had been changed, and that Molière, not Sardou, was on the bills; but it suited the fancy of the audience to feign ignorance. Before the prompter had announced the commencement of the first piece, by means of the three knocks *de rigueur*, Coquelin *cadet* (who was stage-manager for the week) came before the curtain and said that 'Thermidor' having been interdicted by the authorities, the 'Dépit Amoureux' and 'Tartuffe' would take its place. This announcement was received quietly enough, and the curtain rose on the first act of the 'Dépit.'

"Vieux-tu que je te dise? une atteinte secrète
Ne laisse point mon âme en une bonne assiette." began Eraste.

"'Ther—mi—dor!' broke in a hundred voices. Eraste went on with his speech; and then Gros René replied:

"'Pour moi, ne soupçonnez de quelque mauvais tour—'
"'Ther—mi—dor! Ther—mi—dor!' again vociferated the audience.

"Young Coquelin, who was playing the valet, stopped short, repeated the line, 'Pour moi—'
"'Ther—mi—dor!' resumed his tormentors.

"Then the prompter rang the curtain down, and Coquelin *cadet* reappeared and again informed the public that 'Thermidor' had been withdrawn by a decree of the minister, begging it to allow the actors to proceed.

"Once more the curtain rose, once more Eraste and Gros René resumed their interrupted dialogue, once more the rhythmical chant of 'Ther—mi—dor! Ther—mi—dor!'—with a decided accent on the last syllable—rang from every side of the house. Even the ladies joined in. It was no use. The curtain was pulled down and the inevitable *cadet* reappeared. This time he blandly asked the audience if it did not mean to listen to Molière. 'No! no! no! to oight! 'Thermidor!' The manager declared that this being the case, there would be no play at all. Those who had paid for their places at the door should have their money returned to them, and, at the end of the season, there should be an extra representation for the benefit of the subscribers. A round of applause signified a gracious assent, and slowly the audience drifted away in decided good humor with itself. PARISINA."

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William T. Stead—who, several years ago, when proprietor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, gained a world-wide notoriety and got into jail for exposing some of the vices of the British aristocracy—has projected a new daily newspaper, and is telling about it in the East. Mr. Stead is an egotist, a poseur, and a sensationalist, but he has brains. The success of his *Review of Reviews* proves his right to speak as a publisher with a judicious eye out for the main chance, and everybody knows his ability as a writing journalist. While, therefore, there is much that is impracticable and whimsical in the ideal newspaper which he says he is going to publish, there is plenty of shrewdness, too. However visionary some of his purposes may seem—such as sending a correspondent to Palestine, for instance, to write up the Saviour from the point of view of a contemporaneous reporter—his very failures would be spectacular, and so advertise *The Daily Paper*, as he means to call it. *The Daily Freak* would be a more appropriate title if he follows out

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"The ambition to lead, to direct, to educate, and to act as the uncrowned kings of the American democracy does not seem to exist among a majority of your great newspapers, which really often seem to have no other ambition than to heap up an immense fortune and fatten on their gains. Their proprietors live self-indulgent, self-centered lives. As individuals they may be excellent persons, but, from the point of view of the social organization, they are but the fatted swine of civilization, and we all know that, even by gilding the sties and endless swilling, they will not make good pork sausage at the end of their days."

Judging by the extraordinary amount of attention that has of late been given in the magazines, and in the newspapers themselves, to the defects of daily journalism, and by the movements for its purification, such as the one instituted by the women of this city, there is ground for hope that the daily press is on the eve of a great change for the better. It will suit itself to any new demand, for that is business.

Mr. Stead touches upon the most glaring and offensive fault when he says: "I do not think that murders and divorces and the annals of the Newgate Calendar are in themselves the *crème de la crème* of human intelligence, which, I perceive, seems to be a fixed principle with some of your journalists on this side of the water." If he had said the vast majority, he would not have sacrificed truth to politeness. The essential error of the American newspaper is not in thinking crimes and scandals fit for publication, but in giving them a space and prominence grotesquely out of proportion to their relative importance in the sum of the day's news. If those who are intent upon reforming the press would but keep that simple fact in mind, and not declaim against any publishing of criminal and scandalous occurrences, they would be much more likely to be listened to by journalists, who are themselves commonly persons of average sense. The prime blemish of the daily newspaper is not the matter it contains, but the matter which it leaves out—the side of life which it habitually ignores. To this neglect is due that want of perspective in the picture of the world's day, mirrored by the newspaper, that revolts sensitive people and excites the amused contempt of people of discrimination, in whose reading and thought the newspaper forms but a minute part. The publisher's controlling aim is to get circulation, and, in order to do that, he, in a business-like spirit, sets about printing what he thinks the largest number of people will like to read. He is not to be quarreled with because he endeavors to please the majority, but while he is doing that, he is too apt to forget the existence of a minority, who are just as well entitled to be considered as the less fastidious majority. Though the ordinary newspaper proprietor seems to be unconscious of the circumstance, there are really large numbers of his readers who are interested in art, literature, the progress of science, and the other activities which engage the thought of educated men and women. This remnant may or may not care to read about murders

and divorces, but it is quite certain that they like other things besides. To raise the moral and intellectual standard of the newspaper, it is not so necessary to leave out what now goes in as to make two simple improvements.

1. Recognize happenings in the domain of thought and taste as news worth printing, and

2. Employ men who know how to write to prepare the reports of crime and scandal.

The aphorism that want of decency is want of sense goes to the marrow of the newspaper's principal offense. Not what is told, but the manner, in which it is told, constitutes most of the grievance. Lack of literary skill is responsible for the greater part of the coarseness by which the press disgusts myriads who are not keen enough to perceive whence the offense comes. Dull, illiterate reporters gather most of the news, and hurried, over-worked copy-readers, even if able, have not the time to dress the reporters' barbarities into civilized guise. It is merely a matter of money. When newspapers pay for good writing they get it; when they are too poor, mean, or stupid to do it, they get the wares the offered price brings in a market governed by the law of supply and demand, exactly as the market for hog products or scrap-iron is governed.

A newspaper would not be less popular with the masses if it were well instead of badly written throughout; not less valued for "snap" and "enterprise" if it sedulously sought to be accurate in its news statements; and not made less dignified and influential if it should put mind and principle instead of clippings and insincere commonplaces into its editorial columns. And while it would thus lose nothing in the favor of the majority, it would rise immeasurably in the esteem of the more intelligent and fastidious minority, whose judgment in the end decides the standing of a newspaper in the community.

Of course it is absurd—though many earnest women and good preachers do not think so—to expect a newspaper's leading motive to be that of a direct moral teacher. It is primarily a business venture. Its first duty is to be truthful, its next to be clean, its next to be interesting. It rarely rises higher than the moral level of its proprietor. But there is incumbent upon him always the obligation to teach no evil, and to keep every column of his paper out of the hands of the enemies of virtue and ordinary propriety. This applies to the advertising as well as to the news and editorial columns. As Mr. Stead observes, there are in our newspapers every day advertisements and other matter the insertion of which entitles them "to be burned by the common hangman," who should "afterward escort the editor and proprietor to the penitentiary."

An interesting phase of the late election is the way the wage-earners voted. A year ago the factory and mill hands in Massachusetts ran after the free-trade will-o'-the-wisp. But they speedily found themselves mired in the bog of idleness and penury. The financial panic caused by Democratic threats of free trade has left them almost destitute. It is instructive, therefore, to see how their political views have been affected by their empty stomachs and their empty pockets, due to their Democratic friends' "economic policy."

Taking the vote in the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts, it looks as if the workingmen there were beginning to get some sound ideas on Republican protection and Democratic free trade. They are getting them in the only way in which it seems to be possible for workingmen to learn anything—by hard and bitter experience. Although assured by their employers that the Democratic free-trade fallacy would result in closing the mills, they stubbornly persisted in voting the Democratic ticket. But the experience of the past summer has been pregnant with meaning to the Massachusetts workingman. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and if this he so, the workingmen of Massachusetts must feel that the Lord loveth them with an exceeding great love.

In sixteen cities of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, there has been almost a complete reversal of the election of one year ago. These cities are Fall River, New Bedford, Taunton, Haverhill, Lawrence, Lynn, Salem, Holyoke

field, Cambridge, Lowell, Waltham, Brockton, Fitchburg, Worcester, and Boston. They are the chief manufacturing centres of Massachusetts. Their industries have been huilt up by protection. Yet one year ago, misled by demagogic Democratic orators, the voters in these cities gave a majority of 17,924 for the free-trade candidate for governor, William E. Russell. But in the year which has elapsed, the Massachusetts wage-earners have seen the industries of their State paralyzed by the menace of free trade. They have seen their employers—deprived of a market for their goods by the uncertainty caused by threatened tariff-tinkering—forced to close their factories. The Massachusetts wage-earners see poverty staring them in the face as a result of their "victory" of last year. It is small wonder that they have reversed their verdict of a year ago. The majority of 17,924 for the free-trade candidate last year has disappeared, and has been replaced by a Republican majority in the sixteen cities of 788—a change of 18,712 votes. This, too, with the solid Irish Democratic vote of Boston included.

The workmen are slow to learn. They are not quick-witted pupils. But when they learn anything through the medium of idleness and hunger they remember it. And they will long remember the striking object-lesson presented by Mr. Cleveland and his Democratic kindergarten in the fateful summer of 1893.

The retirement from the Bank of England of Cashier May, whose signature has for twenty years appeared on the notes of the bank, has created quite a ripple in financial circles. The name of the bank has become proverbial for commercial solidity; it startled people to discover that this rock of finance had its weaknesses like other human institutions. It does not appear that the bank has lost anything by Cashier May. But his son, who was a partner in the brokerage firm of Coleman & May, was concerned in shady transactions with trust companies, and it was alleged that through representations made by the father, valued customers of the bank had been drawn into the business and had lost money. Hence it was deemed best that the cashier should retire, notwithstanding his long term of honorable service.

It will be two centuries next year since the bank was established by William Patterson, a Scotsman doing business in London. The original capital was six millions of dollars, the whole of which was loaned to the government at eight per cent. Thus the institution had no public usefulness; it was merely a syndicate of capitalists organized for the purpose of supplying the king with money at a rate lower than he was paying to the silversmiths, yet higher than they could get on safe investments in the open market. Early in the present century the capital of the bank had increased to seventy-two millions of dollars. At that rate it remains. Under the Act of 1844, which is in force to-day, though some of its provisions have been modified, the bank may issue notes to an amount equal to the government securities it has on hand, plus the gold and silver it holds in its vaults. Thus, when a monetary panic occurs, the bank is compelled to violate the provisions of its charter; for the government securities—consols and exchequer bills—are not payable in coin on demand. On such occasions the ministry authorizes the bank to break the law, and Parliament subsequently sanctions the proceeding. Before reaching this extremity the bank raises the rate of interest to any figure it pleases—it has declared money to be worth one per cent. a month. On several occasions this step has caused such a commercial paralysis that it has not been necessary to resort to a suspension of specie payment.

Nothing more clumsy than this system has ever been devised in any country. When a wave of distrust passes over England, the bank protects its reserve by raising the rate of interest to a prohibitory figure; the joint-stock banks, for their own protection, stop discounting; merchants who have paper afloat go to protest. Failures aggravate the crisis, and the bank, in despair, obtains from the government permission to violate the law of its creation, refuses to redeem its notes, and floods the city with new issues of one-pound notes, which are practically shin-plasters. A law whose efficacy depends on its suspension whenever it is called into play, can hardly be said to be a valuable statute. It reminds one of the decrees which consigned an importunate coin-seeker at the counter of the mediæval banks of Italy to the hoot and the thumb-screw.

Still, with all its defects, the system of the Bank of England has endured nearly two hundred years, and the institution has established a credit unequalled in history. In every part of the world, a promise to pay, signed by F. May on behalf of the Bank of England, is as good as gold, and, as it can be carried or concealed more easily than gold, it is often preferred to the metal. It is an open secret that in times of political storm, monarchs and ministers generally provide themselves with a roll of Bank of England notes, so as to be prepared for unpleasant contingencies. The unbounded faith which is placed in Bank of England notes is,

perhaps, in a measure due to the limited number of them that is afloat. At no time does the total issue of notes exceed one-tenth the volume of the national bank-notes which are in circulation in this country.

The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the bank is familiarly called, is a queer institution. No note is issued twice. When it reaches the hands of the bank, it is forthwith canceled. When a note is presented for redemption in coin, the party who tenders it is required to indorse it. This is done to facilitate the detective work of the police. People who receive Bank of England notes generally record their numbers; when there has been a robbery of notes, an official from Scotland Yard repairs to the bank to see if any of the stolen notes have been presented for redemption in gold, and sometimes the indorsement furnishes him with a clue to the thief. On one or two occasions counterfeit notes have been presented to the bank by innocent holders. The bland clerk holds them out for the usual indorsement, and meanwhile signals the policeman on duty, who does not release the visitor until he has explained where he got the note and his statement has been verified.

Some of the bank rules are curious. The stockholders elect a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, who are known as "the Governor and Company of the Bank of England." Any merchant in London may be a director, unless he be a hanker as well as a merchant or an old man. No hanker can serve; thus such financial experts as the Rothschilds, Glynn, and Morgan never were directors of the Bank of England. This rule is explained on the ground that private bankers are rivals, and must not be allowed to gain a knowledge of the bank's business. The bank wants none but young men in its board; first, because old men are less able than young men to adapt themselves to the constantly changing conditions of business; and, second, because every director is expected to serve a term as governor, and sometimes candidates for the office have to wait many years. As a matter of fact, "the Governor and Company" do not usually offer examples of financial brilliancy; they are steady, conservative men of business, who plod along in the old ruts, and, when unexpected complications arise, seek counsel from the ability which develops in the private or the joint-stock banks.

The Republican tidal wave of November 7th swept out of sight a number of Irish Democratic bosses in the East. Two, however, remain—Richard Croker, the Tammany boss of New York, and John Y. McKane, the Democratic boss of Gravesend. This is a name for that portion of Kings County which includes Coney Island and the other settlements thereabouts, containing a large and extremely undesirable population of 8,418 souls—or perhaps hodies would be better. Mr. McKane "runs" this population, and the police are his creatures. From this population of 8,418 there were registered 6,218 voters. The decent men in Gravesend—of whom there are a few, and all Republicans—objected to this shameless steal. William J. Raynor, a Republican candidate for the judiciary, had clerks appointed by the election commissioners and sent to Gravesend to copy off these lists of Mr. McKane's voters. The clerks were set upon by McKane's police, beaten, and dragged to the town jail, where they were imprisoned on the charge of assault. An injunction was then secured by Mr. Raynor from the supreme court, forbidding any interference with these election clerks. This paper was taken to Gravesend by a leading citizen of Kings County, an ex-officer of the army during the war. To him, McKane said: "Injunctions don't go here; I'll take no papers. I don't care a d—n for the supreme court or for Judge Barnard." The bearer of the writ was then knocked down by the police and dragged to jail. After this, the election went on according to the McKane methods. This insolent Irish Democratic boss is still at large. He is "shooting on his game preserves in West Virginia," and "laughs at the Republican rage." It is to be hoped that the Republican party in New York State can punish this rascal as he deserves. He ought to be behind the bars.

The placing on the *Index Expurgatorius* of Professor St. George Mivart's articles in the *Nineteenth Century* on Hell—in which papers he pleaded for a modified temperature—has given pain to many American and English Catholics. In England and this country there are sons of the church who have not escaped the influence of their civilized environment, and they are accustomed to read with some intellectual sympathy the writings of scientists and of others who are in line with modern thought. These took comfort and pride in Professor Mivart. The fact that he enjoyed a respectable standing among scientific, philosophical, and literary men seemed to them an answer to the contemptuous contention that no Roman Catholic is permitted the free use of his brains. They pointed to him as a conspicuous proof that one may be an obedient child of faith and yet tower among the mental giants. As a matter of fact, Mivart is not a

mental giant, but merely a mediocre man who knows a good deal about hiology, but it pleased his brethren of the church to exalt him to the plane of Darwin, and Huxley, and Spencer. Consequently their shock is all the greater when their giant has been ordered not to use his great brain, but to think as his ecclesiastical superiors hid him.

The commands of the Congregation of the Index run in America as well as in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and other Roman Catholic countries. The Roman Catholics of the United States have been given no liberty that is withheld from the church's children elsewhere. This being so, it is of interest to know the conditions under which some millions of the citizens of this republic do their reading and thinking. A writer in the *Independent*, himself a Roman Catholic, explains what the Index is. He says:

"The proper Index is a list of books which Catholics are strictly forbidden to read or retain. But besides these expressly named books there are rules of the Index, according to which different kinds of books or publications are equally strictly forbidden to be kept or read; as all books of heretics defending or explaining their doctrines, heretical songs, reports of heretical conferences or synods, also dictionaries, vocabularies, lexicons, glossaries, and similar books written by heretics or edited by them, containing matters contrary to the Catholic religion, etc."

The penalty for reading any matter condemned by the Congregation of the Index, or by letters and bulls of the Pope, is excommunication, which is hell.

What amount of reading of a forbidden book or publication will suffice to make one guilty of mortal sin, the writer already quoted tells:

"Some authorities on moral theology or canon law think that about one page will suffice; others say that even a few lines are sufficient. (D. Craisson, *l. c.*, vol. I, pp. 390, 391.) Hence, every Catholic who will not expose himself to the danger of committing a mortal sin, or of incurring, moreover, excommunication, will do best not even to look at a forbidden book or publication."

It is, for example, as much as a man's soul is worth to have read the proceedings of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, where all the speakers, save the Roman Catholic delegates, were not only heretics but in large part downright pagans. Newspapers that reported the arguments in the Briggs trial, or newspapers which report Protestant sermons or scientific lectures, or print editorials defending republican principles of government as opposed to the divine right of rulers, or in any manner lend their types to the weakening of faith in the one, true, infallible church, are spiritual poison to Roman Catholics, which they touch on pain of eternal death. Happily, however, there is some little freedom for the mind on the Roman reservation. Bishops reserve the "faculty" for themselves to read and retain forbidden books, and this faculty they may grant to priests and other favored individuals, "yet rarely and when they may prudently presume that these will not suffer any harm from such reading." Those who are so privileged, though, must exercise great care to keep all such pestiferous literature under lock and key when not themselves absorbing it, lest it fall into the hands of their wives, children, and friends, who may not be so spiritually stalwart as to withstand the assaults of scientific facts and the arguments of good sense.

Strange as it may seem, Roman Catholics are in no peril of going to the pit for reading the *Argonaut*. Though the Russian Government has frequently distinguished this journal by running the roller of the official censor over its enlightened pages, the Sacred Congregation of the Index at Rome has so far refrained from doing us the honor to add us to the list of poisonous prints. Surely the *Argonaut's* claims to consideration are good. There is no publication in the United States which has a profounder disesteem for the Romish Church. In our opinion, which we have never neglected to express on fitting occasions, that church is not alone the most formidable of all clogs on the human intellect, the conservator of ignorance, the mother of hogtry, and a sapper of manhood, but a foe of free political institutions as well, and, therefore, a standing menace to the government of the United States. It meddles in our politics, assails our system of popular education, and inculcates contempt for constituted authority by refusing concurrence in our laws of marriage and divorce. We hold that a good Roman Catholic can not be a good American citizen, because his first allegiance is given to a foreign potentate.

Yet the *Argonaut* is not on the Index. We call the attention of our friend Archbishop Riordan to this neglect, which would be insulting were it intentional. We do not wish to think that, but not to do so is to face the conclusion that the Sacred Congregation is not attending to business properly. The archbishop, it seems to us, should show sufficient local pride to exert his influence to repair this injustice. Of course, by so doing, he would gratify one of the minor ambitions of our life, but then he should think of the advertisement it would be for his diocese.

What is the matter with that Democratic "revival of business" which Mr. Cleveland promised to our representatives in Congress if they were good boys and repealed the

silver hill? The purchasing clause of the bill has been repealed, but the Democratic "revival of business" does not materialize. We have had a Democratic free-trade panic (which they did not promise us) and have looked anxiously for a revival of business (which they did); but the revival does not come. Money is easier, but productive industry is still paralyzed, and as many men are idle. Even the stock-gamblers of Wall Street did not have their promised boom. As for the country at large, it shows absolutely no signs of the Democratic "revival of business." On the contrary. In New York the bank clearances the second week of November were \$515,189,211, as compared with \$607,901,309 the first week of November—a falling off of nearly ninety-three millions of dollars. In San Francisco the bank clearances the second week of November were \$12,532,065, as compared with \$14,926,077 the first week of November—a falling off of nearly two and a half-millions of dollars. In seventy-nine cities of the United States the bank clearances the second week of November were \$932,853,717, as compared with \$1,050,712,065 the first week of November—a falling off of about one hundred and eighteen millions of dollars. Is this a Democratic "revival of business," Mr. Cleveland? If so, heaven help us when the "revival" weakens. To paraphrase the words of Patrick Henry, if this be revival, let us make the most of it.

It is now freely conceded by Democratic congressmen that the Ways and Means Committee intends to lay before the House, when it convenes in December, an income-tax bill.

The efforts of the desperate Democracy to raise revenue are like the struggles of a drowning man. That party has brought upon the country a condition of things in which a deficit of sixty millions stares them in the face. This government is a vast corporation, deriving its revenues from the business of the country. The Democratic party has killed the business of the country. The government, therefore, sees its revenues falling off at a rate which has scared the Democratic statesmen at Washington into any expedient to raise money. They see already that if they honestly endeavor to carry out the platform and pledges of their party—declaring "protection unconstitutional and a fraud upon the people"—the government will be forced to stop for lack of revenue. This statement would have seemed absurd a year ago (under Mr. Harrison); but considering that the government's receipts are falling behind its disbursements about twelve millions a month, it is not only not absurd, but it is a very melancholy fact this year (under Mr. Cleveland).

The struggling statesmen of the Democratic party know not which way to turn. Little two-penny-half-penny shifts occur to them—the Democracy always was a shifty party—such as imposing a revenue tax on domestic wines. As we have already said, such a tax as this would produce almost nothing, would ruin the wine industry of this and other States, would discourage the drinking of pure wine, and would drive people to whisky-drinking—which is probably what the Southern solons desire. But the expedient toward which the Ways and Means Committee look for relief for the embarrassed Democratic party is an income-tax bill.

There is probably no tax so odious as an income tax. Even during the dark days of the rebellion, when all patriotic citizens felt that the tax was a necessity, it was loathed. It probably caused more perjury than any law that ever existed in the United States. Many men, who were truthful and honest about other things, could not force themselves to take the officers of the government entirely into their confidence concerning their incomes. There is not always strict truthfulness in the statements men make concerning their real and personal property. Imagine, then, what such statements must be concerning their incomes. Nothing but the fact that it was a war measure and a desperate necessity forced upon the government during the dark days of the rebellion, permitted it to endure. Had it not been for these facts, it would not have lasted for a day. In fact, it would never have begun. There is no tax so odious to Americans as an income tax.

Yet it is this most odious tax which the Democrats are now seeking to impose, that they may raise revenues to run the government which they have almost crippled. It is not strange that the suggestion for such a tax should come from them. In the overwhelming majority of Democrats in Congress there is still another majority—a majority of windy heggars, shifty politicians who have lived from hand to mouth for years, men who never produced anything but speeches or accumulated anything but jags. What more natural than that such men should desire to tax the industry of other men? That desire is as old as the race—the man who is idle and has nothing desires to live at the expense of the man who is industrious and thrifty.

The Democratic statesmen who have hatched this income plot have shown a certain cunning in its details. All incomes below four thousand dollars are to be exempt; over four thousand dollars, five per cent. tax; over ten thousand

dollars, ten per cent. tax; over twenty thousand dollars, twenty per cent. tax; and so on, we suppose, up to one hundred per cent. The vast mass of Americans make less than four thousand dollars a year; therefore the Democrats doubtless believe that they will be in favor of heavily taxing those who make more. But will they? This to us smacks of socialism. "Let all of us divide"—and those of us who have nothing, including a majority of the Democratic statesmen at Washington, will profit by the exchange. But this is a bad time for socialism. Socialism and anarchism go hand in hand. The anarchists and the socialists are difficult to differentiate. They are practically one party. Socialism and anarchism, dynamite and Democracy! The socialists will approve of this Democratic income plot. So will the noble army of American tramps. So will the ward-strikers, heelers, and plug-uglies of the great cities.

But that is all. The men who have accumulated anything by their industry, the men who have built up homes and gathered families around them—these men will not favor a tax which discourages thrift and puts a premium upon perjury.

But there is one phase of this Democratic income plot which is not without a certain tinge of humor. The Democratic party is, as it has always been, the party of the extremely rich and the extremely poor. It includes coteries of New York millionaires, like that group Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Whitney are so fond of, and it runs down in the financial scale to hod-carriers and congressmen. If, therefore, the influence of the socialists, anarchists, dynamiters, and penniless congressmen in the Democratic party should result in the passage of a socialistic income tax, what effect would it have on the Democracy of the Whitney ilk of millionaires? We can conceive of no more grand and beautiful sight than that of Mr. William C. Whitney forking over forty per cent. of his income to a Tammany tax-collector, and murmuring pensively to himself: "I am a Democrat."

It is really remarkable with what pertinacity the Democrats maintain that the fear of tariff-tinkering had nothing to do with the panic of 1893—famous year—year of years—year of Triumphant Democracy and Soup-Houses. They have hitherto ascribed it to the silver bill, a measure which had been going on harmlessly for nearly three years, yet which suddenly began running amuck as soon as the Democrats came in. But now the silver bill is repealed, the "wave of prosperity" does not come. It could not, therefore, have been the silver bill that caused the crash. Yet the Democrats stoutly insist that the panic had nothing to do with their menace of free trade. If it wasn't threatened tariff-tinkering, what could it have been? Perhaps it was Irish home rule, or the revolution in Brazil, or the malefic influence of the moons of Mars. Perhaps, after all, the Democratic free-trade scare had nothing to do with it. In that case, it must most certainly have been caused by *la grippe*.

A contract marriage which was "celebrated" about six months ago by two young people in San Francisco, but which only came to light last week, raises some points which, without being precisely new, are quite interesting. The two young people agreed to assume the relation of husband and wife to each other, provided that the relation was to last for one year only, unless renewed; and this peculiar contract was acknowledged before a notary. The contract was not followed by open cohabitation—the bride remained in her father's house, and the groom also continued to live with his parents. As soon as the agreement came to the knowledge of the girl's father, he forbade the young man from coming to the house, and the husband appears to have stayed away accordingly. The points of law which may arise are whether the husband has the right to compel his contract wife to return to his domicile, if he has one, and whether children born of this union would be legitimate.

Under the law of this State, marriage is a civil contract. Like all civil contracts, it may be resiliated. A court may dissolve it by a decree of divorce. When it is concluded in the ordinary form, it is binding for life, and, in the absence of a decree of court, it can not be dissolved by the mere will of the parties, like a business partnership. But the code contains no provision declaring that marriage is a life contract. Whatever the spirit of the law may imply, there is no specific clause forbidding a time marriage, which is terminable at a time set, or at the will of the parties. Nor is there any general principle of law which decides that though a man may marry a woman "till death doth us part," he may not marry her for any shorter period of time. When marriages were sacraments governed by canon law, they could not be dissolved except by death; the right of courts to pronounce divorces was denied by the church. Now that marriages are mere civil contracts, the broad, general principle of law which states that the power which makes can unmake would seem to clothe parties to a marriage with the right to dissolve it, at their will, and to provide in advance

for such dissolution by designating a date at which it would expire by limitation.

The leading case on the subject is that of Robert Dale Owen and Miss Robertson. They married each other by consent, without the intervention of priest or magistrate. They merely rose in a crowded assembly of their friends, and stated that they took each other for husband and wife for such a period as their mutual affection might last. The event attracted attention, for Owen was one of the most distinguished men in Indiana, president of the Constitutional Convention, and subsequently minister to Naples. In point of fact, he and his wife lived happily together to the end of their days and brought up a large family of children. The case of Lucy Stone, which is often quoted, is not in point. She was regularly married by the Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, not for a time, but for life; the only peculiarity in her case is that her husband, Mr. Blackwell, voluntarily relinquished his marital authority and placed his wife on an absolute equality with himself, by a contract duly recorded.

The subject of time marriages was thoroughly discussed by Mrs. Mona Caird three or four years ago, and her reasons in favor of the new departure, together with the arguments on the other side, are, probably, still within the memory of readers. That controversy placed Mrs. Caird—a woman—in the odd attitude of a champion of male license, and threw on her male opponents the duty of standing up for the female sex. The arguments really lay in a nutshell.

Many men, after ten years' marriage, are apt to contrast their faded and bedraggled wives with the huxom maidens who are found in society, and some of them, if they were not restrained by principle and respect for the mothers of their children, would follow the example of the sheiks of the desert, and invite tender young huds to enter their harems. The wife of thirty-five, who has given birth to several children, may admit that she is not so blooming as she was ten or twelve years before, but she claims that she is still entitled to the undivided affection of her husband, because she was all his when she was divine. Under Mrs. Mona Caird's system these wifely pretensions would collapse. Every man would take a wife on a lease, to terminate just when her charms began to fade, and then he would look round for a younger spouse.

Mrs. Caird's disciples do not seem to realize that this would people the world with a lot of females who were neither wives, maids, nor widows; women who had been married and were not divorced, yet had no husbands. It must always be remembered that the State has an interest in marriage. When a man marries, he contracts obligations to the State as well as to his wife. He tacitly covenants with the State that he will support his wife and her children. He acquires rights as a married man which are not possessed by bachelors. He escapes duties which devolve on the unmarried. He enters a new class of males whose relations to the State are defined by articles of the code. These things he must remember, both when he contracts a marriage and when he dissolves it. Men have no right to people the place of their rhode with a hody of derelict females, who, having fulfilled the most important of woman's missions, are fairly entitled to a home, a living, and some measure of reminiscent love when white threads appear in their hair. If time-marriages should become the fashion, legislatures would find a way of interfering.

When the island of Krakatau, lying in the Straits of Sunda, was blown bodily into space by a submarine volcano, three great tidal waves ran around the globe. At every tide-gauge in the world these three tidal waves were recorded, in many cases months before the observers knew the cause. The Democrats speak of the election of November 7, 1893, as "only a tidal wave." We warn them that there are two more coming. There will be another Republican tidal wave in 1894; in that year a new Congress is to be chosen, and State legislatures are to be elected that will make new senators. That will be the second tidal wave. Again in 1896 a new Congress will be chosen, and a new President will be elected. Then they will see the third Republican tidal wave. When the first tidal wave from Krakatau rolled across the Straits of Sunda, the dwellers on the Java mainland did not take warning and flee to the hills. When the third wave came, cities were wiped out, the courses of rivers changed, and scores of thousands of human beings perished. So will it be with the third great Republican tidal wave. When it shall have receded, the shores of both the oceans which wash the great American continent will be covered with the wreck of the Democratic party, while up Salt River, its course twisted out of all resemblance, will float, like Elaine, the political corpse of Cleveland on his free-trade barge, steered by the faithful Lamont.

As we go to press, nothing has happened in Hawaii. This, however, does not prevent the daily press from printing as many columns of comment on what has not happened as they would have printed had anything happened at

RIATA TOM.

A Story of the Arizona Desert.

"How is Bill this morning, doctor?"

"Just left him—badly off—typhoid fever—needs careful nursing more than visits from me," replied the post-surgeon as he drained a frothy glass of warm bottled beer in the hot adobe club-room, and then pushed back his gray campaign hat to wipe his dusty face.

Now this was June and the land Arizona, where summer is secure but ice impossible, and trained nurses a taunting vision of days, unassociated with sage-brush, accomplished in pleasant Eastern hospitals.

"On a place like this, a sensible man would die first and have his typhoid fever in hell afterward, where he'd be more comfortable," growled the post-surgeon, still sweltering from a twenty-mile ride across the dusty mesa in the face of the hot morning sun, where he had gone, after surgeon's call, on a charity visit to Bill Meron, a rancher in the Sierra Bonita foothills.

Once he had been a mild-spoken man, this surgeon, as he was still mild-bearded. For, even while speaking, he resolved to telegraph for ice and to send a man away miles across the desert to the station after it. His brusqueness was the shell a sensitive nature had acquired in adjusting itself to the wear and tear of garrison life in a superheated climate. He wondered at it himself, and often, when he had spoken, felt startled as one feels surprised to find the voice suddenly grown coarse with cold. Yet he could have told you accurately why the skin on the hand thickens in time of toil to keep the nerves quick within.

"Doc, I don't know nuttin' 'bout nursing, but if I can be any good, I'll lend a hand. My bronco's outside, an' I ain't doing nuttin' particular."

The speaker was a young cowboy, clad in blue cottonade and big-beeled boots, after the fashion of the country; he stood uneasily on one foot near the door of the officers' club, in the general store-room where the Mexicans loiter and the ranchers buy their bacon and tobacco. The surgeon glanced at the boy and his eyes rested on him a moment without reply.

"Riata Tom's all right, doctor. He cooked for McCann on the round-up this spring, and is bandy as a woman about a place," added a bystander.

"Very well, Tom; tell the steward I sent you to the hospital for a lesson in nursing typhoid fever. This evening go over to Sierra Bonita and take charge of Bill Meron. I'll call to-morrow, after muster."

"Ain't there anything I can send Bill?" asked the trader.

"No; nothing now, Williams. May want a little champagne later." He was thinking of ice. In crossing the hot parade to the hospital, he wondered if the Pullman-car supply could possibly last across the desert.

In the dispensary he wrote a telegram, and told the steward to send it to the operator and to tell Morris to put the ambulance mules in the huckboard and drive to the Needles. Then he visited the sick ward.

The next afternoon Dr. Davis rode to Meron's ranch. The sun shone hotly, and the sparse sage tufts plumed the mesa howler mounds in thin, half-clad gray. The Berenice hair tossed in the beat-waves and the mountain profiles trembled, fretting on a horizon of unbroken blue. There were no clouds above and the glare was intense, causing the eye to recoil and strain itself in the effort to contract and shut out all the light, while the quick, throbbing pulse of the heat-laden air felt like fever breath on the face.

In such strong light, as in great fogs, the outside world escapes us and vision turns inward on the brain. The doctor was now following that curious chart—memory—where details are recorded, then remembered or forgotten. He no longer saw the stretch of trail immediately before him; he saw the whole trail—saw it where it left the post and wandered across the weary mesa; saw it span the arroyo to enter the broken table-land and then wind higher and higher among the ascending foothills. Then he strained his eyes against the shimmering heat and fancied the foothills were swaying with the motion of billows; he could see their crests reaching toward the black scarp of the Sierra, like crests of breakers toward a beach of firs; while below the Sierra was Rancho Bonito, tossing on a brown hillow of this barren sea. Four—five—swells more and the rancho will be dashed in the face of the Sierra! No, it is not the sea, it is only the desert. Yet how like the sea—so monotonous, so desolate.

Here the billows ceased tossing, and the map on the brain was folded away. Now the doctor saw only the rancho. He was thinking it so like a hark on an unsailed ocean, that would meet no other vessel. The doctor was an imaginative man, with a poetic nature. Seen in a more inhabited country, this same poor little rancho would have been to him but a simple version of poverty, pitiful, but all told; but here, in the desert, where the aid which does not come from self must come from God—in a solitude so infinite this seemed inadequate—to him such self-imposed banishment suggested rather than said, and left the mind groping.

His horse stopped to drink the cool water which crept out from under a blanket of sand, where, for a few yards, a trap-dike crossed the cañon and forced the *agua perdida* to the surface. The rancho was in view, with Tom standing barefooted in the trail leading from it to the water.

"Glad you've come, doctor. Bill's mighty loco in his talk to-day. 'Pears something seems to be hothering him in his mind. From his talk, I judged his life has been streaky-like—full of black and white, like the wood-agate in the Mogallons. I took my hoots and spurs off," Tom continued, looking apologetically at his bare feet. "Bill mistook the spur-jingle for the cow-bell on the range, 'cause he wanted me to saddle Monte; said the storm was on in the divide, and the cattle was a-drifting."

"It's the fever; delirium accompanies it," said the doctor, as they entered the shack.

Meron was lying on a rough couch of quilts thrown over

a few blankets and bides, supported by a cot of boards. The room was hideously hot, the roof being too thin, and the furnace-breath from the desert wandered through the half-thatched walls of *ocateas*.

The surgeon walked to the door and looked wearily across the brown waste. "Morris should be here to-night," he muttered.

He was thinking of ice. Meron's pulse was an octave too high. The fever was rising. Already he was tossing on the uncharted tides of delirium—that mysterious sea where the landmarks of life appear for a moment, and then sink and are forgotten. He no longer heard the tinkle of the cattle-bell in the pines up the cañon; the storm-day had passed on the dry divide where his partner had been caught in a cloudburst and swept away. He was back in the pleasant East now, unacquainted with the desert, and the time was early summer. He spoke of a woman in his ravings now; but of her I can not say. The story belongs to Tom and the surgeon, and they never told it.

But this I do know, that after the delirium the surgeon went oftener to Rancho Bonito, and that Tom drank heavily of ranch coffee and watched day and night at the bedside of Meron, sleeping only during the surgeon's visits.

Days passed on—superheated, changeless days, where your chronology collapsed and faculties faltered.

But they won the fever-battle in the face of the desert. The doctor said it was nursing, while Tom thought it was the occult knowledge of a doctor who could wear a captain's uniform.

One evening, when Meron was convalescent, he rode over with Tom to the garrison. They met the surgeon at the trader's.

"Doctor," said Meron, "Tom tells me you are ordered East."

"Yes; I start for Boston to-morrow, and wish I could take you with me, Meron; it would do you good."

"I never go East," said Meron, simply, looking at the surgeon with that far, steady gaze which sees nothing.

The surgeon caught the glance, and added: "You will have Tom with you now, I suppose?"

"I want him to stay, but he is going on the fall round-up at Pantano," and then Meron continued, awkwardly, as if uncertain how to say: "The beef cattle were not sold when I was taken ill, but I've arranged with Williams for the Indian contractor to take them on the range. I want to square up with you and Tom, since you are both going away."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that there was no bill. I'm glad enough to have the practice." The expression on Meron's face told him he had made a mistake, and he added, quickly: "There was the ice and a few little medicines from the government. You may pay me for those, if convenient," naming a trifling sum, which Meron handed him.

"Most of your bill is due Tom, anyway," the surgeon said, as he pocketed the money. "His nursing pulled you through."

Tom would take nothing, which was wrong, for he needed money badly, and by his refusal he hurt Meron's feelings. I think Tom's action was half that obstinate perversity—that irrational self-sacrifice found frequently among savages and children. But it might have been principle—his not accepting money for doing for Meron what he would certainly have done for even a Greaser *peon*.

He ended by borrowing five dollars from Meron, bought a bottle of bad whisky from the trader, and, after treating all round, started for Pantano. Then Meron had the surgeon good-bye and rode home alone.

"So you are just come from Arizona, doctor?" asked Mrs. Drew, at a Beacon Street dinner. "I've so wished to visit that prehistoric land, ever since Mrs. Heminway told me of her work there in anthropology and showed me the results of her excavations among the cliff-dwellers. I really believe I should go there were it not for the dreadful outlaws who make life so unsafe. I've often wondered how the poor Indians manage to live in such a place. Why, only to-day I read a most shocking account of a drunken cowboy named 'Riata Tom,' who tried to rob and murder all the people in a town called Pantano, and was himself finally shot. Don't you think the Indians themselves need better protection from these outlaws?"

The doctor did; and Mrs. Drew took a second breath and chattered on.

The doctor did not hear her. He was gazing at the cut-glass and the flowers; but his mind was far away in that weary land where lives are "streaky" like the wood-agate of the Mogallons, with the black so black and the white so white; and he wondered if it was civilization that made lives gray.

He should have told Mrs. Drew "Riata Tom's" story, but he did not.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1893.

After thirteen long years, the glacier of Roserlane, above Meiringen, has told the sequel to an old Alpine mystery. In 1880, one Dr. Haller and two guides of Grindelwald, made an ascent from which they never returned; but now the slowly moving head of ice has given up its secret and brought forth a dead man—one of Dr. Haller's unfortunate party, but whether the professor himself or a guide it is no longer possible to determine. A drinking-cup of old-fashioned manufacture and a magnifying-glass were found beside the corpse. The incident recalls, perhaps, one of the most pathetic tales recorded of Alpine disaster—that in which a glacier after many years brings to the light a corpse, fresh and young as when death fell; and an ancient dame—the lover of the dead guide—recognizes her sweetheart, lost so long. Time has stood still with him—for fifty years he has slept in the ice—and she, grown old and withered with burden of long life and much sorrow, recognizes her lover of half a century ago.

ANOTHER AMERICAN COUNTESS.

Miss Adèle Grant's Engagement to the Earl of Essex—A Famous American Beauty Catches a Title—Her Earlier Engagement to "Lord Gumboll."

A great flutter in the dove-cotes of the American colony, and, indeed, in London society in general, has been made by the announcement, yesterday, that Miss Adèle Grant is to be married to the Earl of Essex in the very near future—so near that many details of the wedding are already known. She is to be given away by her uncle, Mr. Suydam Grant, of New York; the ceremony is to take place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square—that almost goes without saying, for it is the scene of most fashionable weddings here—and the wedding-breakfast will be served at the pretty little home of the bride's mother, 35 Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park.

Various and amusing are the comments one hears on the match. Strange to say, most of them have a tinge of sarcasm—or is it envy? "Well, I hope she lands him," say the men; "it's about time." Whereat the women fly to the rescue with the statement that it must be a pure love-match, "for she hasn't a penny over five thousand dollars a year, and that won't keep her in pin-money." The facts that she has been well known in London, New York, Hamburg, and Cannes for ten years and that he is a widower, twice her age, and has a son of nine years, are also given due prominence.

The truth is that Miss Adèle Grant is a very beautiful woman—tall, stately, dark, and possessed of magnificent eyes, and has been a notable figure in English and American society since her debut in New York in the winter of 1883-84. She is the daughter of the late Beach Grant, of Gramercy Park, in New York city, and a granddaughter of George de Forest Grant, a wealthy merchant from whom she inherited a small fortune. Her brother, Douglas S. Grant, has been living in London and Paris lately with his wife, who was Bella Scott, daughter of the late Thomas A. Scott, the Philadelphia railroad magnate, and he, with his brother-in-law, James P. Scott, will doubtless figure in the ceremony.

In her first winter in New York, Miss Grant and Miss Marion Langdon—who resembles her somewhat, in that both are tall, slender, dark, and handsome—were great belles, and, coming over to Loodoo the following summer, both became famous as American beauties. At Homberg Miss Grant was greatly admired by the Prince of Wales, and, with the *cachet* of his princely approval, was asked everywhere, and soon had scores of swains sighing at her feet. It was said a dozen times that she was engaged to this one and that, but no such announcement to that purport was publicly made until that of her engagement to "Gumboll," as Viscount Garmoyne, son and heir to Earl Cairns, was promulgated.

Garmoyne was a vacuous youth who had gone the pace in Loodoo and was packed off by his father when he showed signs of being about to marry Miss Fortescue, a pretty Gaiety girl. He went to the States, and while in New York met Miss Grant for the first time. But it was not until they were at Canoes together, in the spring of 1887, that they became engaged. He proved a most attentive *fiancé*, and his generosity knew no bounds—not even such as should have been set by his ability to pay the piper. He showered on her gifts of magnificent jewelry, and ran up a tremendous bill therefor at Hancock's, in Bond Street. Meanwhile her trousseau was bought, and their friends were sending them quantities of wedding-presents.

Suddenly the match was broken off. Society thought his treatment of her shameful; but it was presently explained when he went into bankruptcy and it became apparent that the fifty thousand dollars awarded by the courts some months before to Miss Fortescue, for breach of promise of marriage, had plunged him hopelessly in debt. Evidently Miss Grant's people had not deemed it worth while to liquidate his title. But his father died soon after, and he came into the title of Earl Cairns and a very considerable unincumbered estate. In a few months he married Miss Olive Berens, a niece of the famous soldier, Sir Herbert Stewart, and, dying within two years, left her a pretty and wealthy widowed countess at twenty.

But, looking at it from a worldly point of view, it is doubtful if Miss Grant is to be commiserated on the outcome. Though wealthy, the earldom of Lord Cairns was of very recent origin, while the Earl of Essex is the seventh to bear the title, and his family is one of the best in the three kingdoms, the line being clearly traceable for four hundred years past. The Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was the object of the Virgin Queen's chaste affections and the friend of Bacon and Shakespeare, was of another line, but there is a contemporary portrait of him still preserved at the family seat, Cassiobury, near Watford, not far from London. And Cassiobury—which is well kept up, signifying that the Earl of Essex has no inconsiderable income—is one of the noblest homes of England. It was rebuilt in 1800, in the time of the fifth earl of the present line—Capel is the family name—by James Wyatt, the architect of parts of Windsor Castle and of eccentric Beckford's "lordly pleasure house," Fonthill Abbey, and is one of the handsomest and most interesting show-places in Hertfordshire.

Here—and in some town house—the future American Countess of Essex will dispense her hospitality. Her husband has never been called brilliant, he is not prepossessing, and he is well on in middle life. But he is commonly voted "a good sort," and, perhaps, the only crumpled rose-leaf in the couch that she has made and must lie in is the fact that the earl already has a son who is heir to his father's titles and estates—she cannot hope, in the ordinary course of things, to be the mother of a line of earls.

LONDON, November 8, 1893.

Cornelius Vanderhilt's new house in New York is to cost upward of five millions of dollars.

NEW YORK'S HORSE-SHOW.

It is the Great Event of the Opening of the Winter Season—Who Bought the Boxes—The Women and their Gowns—Notes about the Horses.

The Horse-Show is the second social event in New York society, the yacht-race being the first. Indeed, it is a question whether—some years—the former is not the prime incident of the year. For, while at the yacht-race the plebeian observer who rejoices in the thought that his pleasure is shared by the aristocracy, and that thus in a measure he places himself on their level, is divided from them by a gulf of blue water, at the Horse-Show, on the contrary, he may touch elbows with them, and, if an accident happens to a jumping horse, or a wonderfully fine animal rouses enthusiasm, may surprise them into an exchange of syllables.

The show which opened on Monday is the ninth annual exhibition of the National Horse-Show Association, and it is agreed that it has never been surpassed either in the attendance or in the quality of the animals exhibited. The hard times were reflected in a reduced number of entries; they numbered only nine hundred and fifty-one, representing five hundred and eighty-seven horses, against some twelve hundred entries last year. But the animals have never been equaled as a whole, and society paid enough by way of premiums for the boxes—thirty-three thousand dollars, against fifty-two thousand last year—to enable the association to disburse thirty thousand dollars in prizes. One hundred and fourteen arena boxes were sold, and about eighty more in the two tiers of Madison Avenue and Fourth Avenue. The purchasers were the flower of New York society, and comprised many names which must be familiar to your readers. Among these were Mrs. Paron Steves, Mr. C. O. Iselin, Mr. F. K. Sturgis, Mr. J. G. Hecksher, Mr. H. W. T. Mali, Mr. J. J. Astor, Mr. Archie Gunter, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. F. Yznaga, Mr. S. S. Howland, Mr. Bradish Johnson, Mr. W. C. Whitney, Mr. Horace White, Mr. Gould Brokaw, Mr. Lamontagne, Mr. Richard Croker, Mr. T. F. Gilroy, Mr. W. P. Douglas, Mr. Herman Oelrichs.

Not only is a common man permitted to walk along the front of these boxes and inspect their occupants at short range, but the blue-blooded ones, in the kindness of their hearts, come out of their seclusion from time to time to examine the animals on show, and on these occasions it is actually possible to touch the woof of their raiment with an indiscreet arm. It is entrancing for a person of plebeian descent to get so near to the chosen ones of the earth—to come into physical contact with ladies who lay down the fashions, who decide whether So-and-So shall enter society, or whether he shall gnash his teeth forever in outermost darkness, who determine whether a man may eat tutti-frutti with a fork and still be saved. And the helles, the sweet little huds who are just opeing their petals, and who inquire, with a smile which exhibits their pearly teeth, how Adam recovered from his intercostal operation when there were no surgeons in Paradise; the splendid creatures, who have irradiated society for two or three campaigns—to get near enough to these divinities to inhale the fragrance of their favorite perfume—he who has gone through this has little left to sigh for in the future.

As the first Patriarch Ball sets the fashion for ball costumes for the winter, so the Horse-Show points out what ladies of the high world may wear on promenade; and as there is more variety in out-of-door costume than in hall toilets, votaries of fashion go to the show with an avidity for learning which would put a college graduate to shame. They have been seen this week rapidly passing from box to box, note-book in hand, jotting down a memorandum here and sketching an outline there—possibly dressmakers, but some of them, perhaps, girls planning winter costumes.

But we are a long way from the horses. Of these the classes are so numerous that a mere enumeration would fill the space allotted to this letter. They comprise hunters, jumpers, roadsters in harness, saddle-horses, four-in-hands, ladies' saddle-horses, hrougham-horses, Shetland ponies, hackney-fillies and stallions, brood-mares, carriage-horses, trotters, park-teams, taodem-horses. There are twenty-two classes of hackneys alone; to judge these, the association has imported Frank Usher, of England, of the Hackney Society of that kingdom. The American hackney has vastly improved of late years, and can now compare fairly with the best English hackneys. The show of trotters is large and striking. It will exhibit eight Orloff trotters, three of which were seen at the Chicago Fair, and were bought by Mr. W. E. D. Stokes. They will be compared with the Kentucky stock. It is hardly expected that they will defeat the great stallions Quartermaster and Alcantara. But they are magnificent beasts; for over a century the Orloff stable has been famous.

The show of saddle-horses is fine; among the exhibitors are many ladies—Mrs. Foxhall Keece, Miss Clara Ormiston, Miss Louisa Bell, Mrs. S. S. Howland, Miss Sala, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, and others. A new class of ladies' saddle-horses was added to the list this year. The high hurdles were abolished for fear of accidents; the highest hurdle this year is six feet from the ground.

One hundred and twenty-three horses were entered in the carriage-horse class, which includes four-in-hands and tandems. These animals seem to attract more attention than the more valuable horses, which is probably due to their showy action and perfect training. The favorites in the betting for four-in-hands was Eugene Higgins's team—Donner and Blitzen and Bluster and Blizzard. In spite of their formidable names they are so gentle that a lady could drive them.

The chief attraction of the show is, of course, Directum, who appears to-day with his stable companions, Flying Jib and Director's Flower. He will be driven by John Kelly, and all the world will be there to see. People can not always have such a treat as a sight of a 2.05½ stallion.

NEW YORK, November 18, 1893.

FLANEUR.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FUNERAL.

By Edgar Fawcett.

Stand with me here where these rich draperies fall,
Shadowing this alcedoed orchid. We can mark
The costly and simple coffin, and the face
It holds, part visible, with waxen brow
And pale, pinched nostrils, from the satined sides.

This was a bad man. (Start not; I speak low.)
For years he clad his life in sordidness,
The idolater of gain. He played with chance
Like the coarse gambler, rattling random dice,
Brooding o'er slippery and fortuitous cards;
Yet loftier was he—grander, if you please—
Just as an arch-fiend might above his imps
Loom in sheer evil. Dice and cards to him
Were fluctuant millions, ever lost or won
In that gross hevy of gamblers not far off,
Our New York Wall Street. Rainbow-tinted dreams
Of some half-baby Aladdin might not far off
With his gold splendors of rank loot and luck.
Anarchy spawned him. The metropolis
Reeked, in his youth, with those vile fumes of fraud
Which mean the lingering fever-heats that fold
A nation while it wakes from war's hot trance.
He seized the occasion; judges had grown base
Barterers of justice; these he bribed with zeal.
The rulers of his land had hung in slime
Their sacred national trusts, and these he lured
To infamies. His railroads poured their steam
With big, voluminous, deceptive clouds
Into the people's eyes. Throngs watched him wear
The stolen insignia of philanthropy
And gaped, some reverent, some with covert scorn.

This was a bad man. If America
Had more such insolent egotists as he
Heaven save our proud republic! Their cold souls
Are ice whose chill would freeze all patriot warmth
Which pulsed, a century since, in our loved land.
Between himself and many an outcast doomed
To shorn head and guilt's flaming liverly dwells
One difference: they were thieves begot of slums;
He was the stater kind of thief that stole
Pictorially—a Duval who drove
The pistol-muzzle of his brigandage full
Into the vehicle-window of the State—
A fierce Dick Turpin of finance, who clothed
His crime in galliard swagger, tinged it red
With bluff romanticism. As ripe result,
You see the mass abhor one thief, and lift
The other to that same bad eminence
Glorious dead Milton made his Satan scale.

Dare we to doubt the civic wrong he wrought?
Perchance the mob doubts, but the mob has gone
Sheep-like and plaintless for so many a year
Into the shambles of gross bigot faiths
Built for it by such despot slaughterers!—Mark!
The clergyman comes now; draw back a step.
Ah, how incongruous that the saintly name
Of Christ should sound above this greed-racked flesh!
Still, charity is the noblest human trait;
Let us have mercy on him at this last hour;
Let us recall the age that molded him;
Let us be mindful of heredity,
With all its deadly and subtle flows of force.
This railroad-wrecker, this corruptionist,
This bane of widow and orphan, whose past tears
Have dropped so copious that, if blent in one,
Their salt tides might have drowned him, this dacoit,
Reveling in cut-purse arrogance—who knows
The mystic ante-natal trends that met
To make him what he was? A scorpion tempts
Our loathing, not our spleen; we shun it, packed
With venomous ill, nor think to blame the sting
It carries. That we accept, like destiny.

See yonder pale girl at the coffin's edge,
With gold hair brighter from her garb's black folds;
His only child. Of all his kith or kin
Alone she is left, too. Note her plaintive eyes
Brim with large tears, like over-plenteous dew
Burdening twin blooms. At least this delicate girl
Has loved him, and can weep that he is dead!
Perchance no life was ever lived in vain
If just one sentient human soul could grieve
Above its grave.—And yet even Nero dead
(Save history blunders) knew such fate benign.

Well, better we should lapse now, you and I,
Into harsh dictatorial pessimisms.
They serve no end. We'll both stay merciful.
Come; the crowd parts; the coffin-lid has fallen.
Once more dust claims this towering plutocrat.

—The Independent.

"We were all waiting to hear that starting-gun go off, and, though there was a lot of cussin' goin' on, it was done under the breath, and things were quiet-like and hushed," said a returned Cherokee boomer to a Kansas City Times reporter. "I was standing on the platform and wondering how it would all end, when I saw a man shake his partner's hand and start to run into the open space. Somebody yelled, and a soldier who was standing near me looked up and saw the 'sooner' running. He called on him to halt, but that 'sooner' was in a hurry and didn't stop. Then I saw the soldier pull up his gun and take aim. Just then the 'sooner's' partner rushed up to the bluecoat and shouted: 'Don't you fire at him; he is my brother, and if you hurt him I'll fill you full of lead.' The soldier never as much as winked, but just pulled the trigger of his gun. I saw the flash, and I knew the 'sooner' was hit, because he tumbled on his face. The smoke had hardly cleared away when there came another crack of a rifle, and the soldier dropped, with blood pouring out of his head. The 'sooner's' brother had kept his word. The train started then, and I don't know whether they caught the murderer or not."

A girl, seventeen years old, was forbidden by the municipality of Bordeaux from filling an acrobatic engagement, on the ground that she was under age. She thereupon committed suicide, leaving a letter, stating that she preferred death to a life of dishonor, such as she should be driven to.

The presence at the funeral of Marshal McMahon of German officers bearing a wreath from their emperor, naturally made an enormous sensation when they entered the Madeleine, in Paris.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Greenhalge will be the first governor of Massachusetts born a British subject since Governor Eustis, who was elected in 1823 and served until his death in 1825.

William McKinley was born in Ohio. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison—all the Presidents elected by the Republicans, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln—were born in Ohio.

Secretary Hoke Smith, it is said, spends more time at Cabinet work than any other member, rising every morning at seven o'clock and working, barring meal and exercise time, till midnight.

John Duhal, who has been elected constable of the eighth ward, Brooklyn, is a colored man who runs a boothlacking chair, and was put up for fun, but he will draw twenty-five hundred dollars a year, just the same.

Geronimo, the once powerful Indian chief of the West, who made a great deal of trouble for the United States army, is now a peaceful prisoner at Mount Vernon Barracks, an army post on the Alabama River, a short distance above Mobile.

Congressman Beltzboover, of Pennsylvania, has two weaknesses: he wants to be governor of Pennsylvania and he wants to be taller. His shoes are all made with heels of tremendous height, and he always wears a high silk hat, no matter how hot the temperature.

Mr. Roskin does not like bicycles. "I not only object," he says, "but I am prepared to spend all my best 'bad language' in reproach of bi-tri and four, five, six, or seven cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground."

Vasily Vasilievich Bervy, the latest addition to the Russian political refugees in London, is sixty-four years old, and twenty-six have been spent in exile and imprisonment. He has been inside no less than thirty-two prisons, and yet has committed no act of humanity or civilization can regard as a crime.

The new Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Uhl, is a country boy. His parents are plain farmer folks, who live near Ypsilanti, Mich. When going to college at Ann Arbor, Mich., he used to walk from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor, a distance of ten miles, every Monday morning, returning home on foot every Friday night. The object of this was to save a board-bill over Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Pius Mortara is to be appointed to the chair of theology at the University of Innsbruck. This name, which now passes unnoticed, once stirred all Europe, when the little Jewish boy, Mortara, was kidnapped in Rome, and, having been baptized at the point of death and become thereby a rescued soul, the priests kept him, though the parents made every effort to recover their child.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford says that "in the matter of physique there is a resemblance between Leo the Thirteenth, President Lincoln, and Mr. Gladstone—lean, sinewy men all three, of a hooy constitution and indomitable vitality, with large skulls, high cheekbones, and energetic jaws—all men of great physical strength, of profound capacity for study, of melancholy disposition, and of unusual eloquence."

By the death of MacMahon, Canrobert is left the only surviving marshal of France. He is in his eighty-fifth year, and has held that high military rank since 1856. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the number of these officers reached its maximum, twenty. In the days of the first republic, it was resolved to let the title die out, an example followed by the third republic. It is noteworthy that nearly all the famous marshals; like famous generals elsewhere, lived to be old men.

King Khama, the firm ally of the British in their South African war, is a Christian, a monogamist, and a teetotaler. Khama, when a youth, accompanied his father to an old Boer's to sell tusks. The Boer produced a brandy bottle and plied Khama's father with the contents until he induced him to give up a valuable quantity of ivory for a paltry horn of powder and a bar of lead. From that day Khama resisted the temptation to patronize the black bottle.

The new Lord Mayor of London—G. R. Tyler—started in life a very poor boy, and, when fourteen years old, was employed as a messenger to the great paper-making house of William Venable, the partners in which furnished, it is said, to Charles Dickens the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers, the philanthropists, in "Nicholas Nickleby." He is now the head of this great manufacturing concern, and his wealth, despite his large gifts to charity, is reckoned at upward of ten millions of dollars.

Notwithstanding his white hair, Tschalkowsky, because of his fresh complexion and sprightliness, seemed much younger than he was. He was slender and tall, and his mustache was as carefully waxed as a dandy's. He used to compose while taking long walks, and carried a notebook to jot down musical ideas if they occurred to him. But, what with careful and painstaking revision, he was sometimes a month completing what many modern composers would accomplish in a few minutes. Tschalkowsky visited the United States two years ago last spring.

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, had always about him an air of distinctness that made the passer-by turn to look at him. He was tall, stately, and courtly, with old-school dignity of manner. He had a sportsman's fondness for bunting and fishing, and he was as high authority on roses as on colonial history. He was a nephew of the Dr. Parkman who was murdered by Professor Webster, of Harvard, in the medical school of the college. The memory of that extraordinary crime, of the trial of the murderer and of his execution, is still fresh in New England.

WOONG HIS WIFE.

How She was Won a Second Time, and at a Funeral.

AT THE CHURCH OF LA MADELEINE: DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

THE MARQUIS D'HALEDON.—*Gray hair, widely divided on top; mustache a trifle too black. Slender and erect figure. Blast and very swell.*THE MARQUISE D'HALEDON.—*A trifle stout, but still very fetching. Hair a trifle too golden. Hat from Viret's. Complexion—her own.*

[Separated a dozen years ago, they are present, in the mourning garb of legates, at the funeral of the Baronne de Porreny, THE MARQUIS'S aunt.]

THE MARQUIS—Poor aunt! There is not one in all these three hundred people present who would believe me if I said I regretted her death. It is the truth, though. When I married—or, rather, when I was married—she formed a considerable part of my expectations. They are the only expectations I ever had realized, and they took their time. Nineteen years and a half! As to my other hopes—[Glancing at THE MARQUISE, on her knees at the other side of the bier.]—there they are! At that time her waist was only nineteen inches, and heaven knows how often I took its measure. Ah, well, the white satin corset Clothilde wore on the third of May, 1874, would prove a trifle close quarters for her now. But her neck and shoulders have remained a dream of beauty. She's a wonderfully well-preserved woman, is that wife of mine.

THE MARQUISE—Poor aunt; I am sure I regret her loss more than any one else does. And yet I shall not inherit anything from her except a trifle by virtue of my marriage contract. I wonder if Hector will put any obstacles in the way. Probably not, for, if he is a very bad husband, he is a gentleman to the tips of his nails. These *prie-dieux* remind me of the day we were married—they were red then, but they're black now. My views of life, too, have changed color. He has looked at me several times without suspecting that I don't lose a movement he makes. I know those glances of his! I have more than once surprised them directed at another woman. I would wager the wretch has the impertinence to approve of my appearance. He still has those dreamy eyes that have troubled so many a woman's peace of mind. Heaven grant her eternal rest—I mean his aunt.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

[As the relatives are about to enter the carriages, rain begins to fall. THE MARQUIS notices that his wife is without an umbrella, and gallantly shelters her under his own until she reaches her coupé.]

THE MARQUISE [a bit moved in spite of herself]—You are getting all wet on my account, sir—my friend. It is very good of you.

THE MARQUIS [striving to be quite at ease]—Oh, I am risking nothing, while those pretty black feathers—

THE MARQUISE—Would you have preferred crêpe? But it would have been an affectation in the case of an aunt by marriage.

THE MARQUIS—Of course. [A silence.] I can think of nothing except the fact that you are ravishing, as ever.

THE MARQUISE [her hand on the door, slightly embarrassed]—You have a—your carriage?

THE MARQUIS—My carriage? There it is. [He points to one of the hackney coaches.] Every one knows that I have gone afoot for the past dozen years, for the best of reasons, and I think it would be in had taste for me to roll luxuriously in a carriage so soon after my poor aunt—

THE MARQUISE [after a moment's hesitation]—Won't you come in with me? It would not look well for me to leave you to follow in one of those wretched vehicles while I go alone in my coupé.

THE MARQUIS [perplexed]—Well—er—people might think it, perhaps, a little—er—however, I can not see precisely why—But, you know, "cohabitation of any and every sort"—

THE MARQUISE—Come, jump in! Everybody is looking at us, and your poor aunt is almost round the corner already. [He jumps in; the coupé follows the cortège.]

THE MARQUIS—Nothing is more certain to happen than the unexpected. If any one had told me this morning that we should be side by side in a coupé for an hour and a half—

THE MARQUISE—Is the cemetery so far, then?

THE MARQUIS—No, but we must go at a snail's pace. Doesn't the prospect of such a long tête-à-tête frighten you?

THE MARQUISE—Me? Not at all. But, to tell you the truth, I have not breakfasted yet, I was afraid of being late.

THE MARQUIS—Still the same, I see—never ready on time. Do you remember a certain day when you kept the clergy and some hundreds of people waiting for twenty-five minutes? They couldn't begin without you that time.

THE MARQUISE—Was it my fault that I was late? My white satin slippers had not been sent home. Your poor aunt, whom we are now following, was so nervous! I can see her now, fidgeting about in a terrible flurry.

THE MARQUIS—Ah, Clothilde, what a day! How full of sadness life is!

THE MARQUISE—We should learn to be resigned, Hector. God had left your poor relative long on earth; now he takes her back—

THE MARQUIS—Oh, I did not allude to to-day. I was thinking of our wedding-day. Jove, how pretty you were!

THE MARQUISE—Let us not speak of that, my friend.

THE MARQUIS—Why not? If I had not the sense to know my good luck, if my life is hopelessly ruined, am I to be forbidden the sole pleasure left to me—the memories of the past? But I can see that my talk makes you yawn.

THE MARQUISE—Hector—would you believe it?—I am absolutely fainting from weakness.

THE MARQUIS—Are you hungry? Let me see, where are we? Just passing the Vaudeville. I'll jump out, pop into Waoner's, and fetch you something to eat.

THE MARQUISE—What are you thinking of? The idea of stopping the entire funeral to—No, it is impossible.

THE MARQUIS—I shall not stop anything—I am still spry on my feet, thank heaven. I'll be back in a jiffy. [He opens the door and jumps out, while the coupé continues on its way.]

THE MARQUISE—I couldn't stop him. When he wishes to be, he is the most charming of men. Nothing stops him where it is a question of pleasing a woman—alas, not even his wife! I know that well enough. How young he looks, too.

THE MARQUIS [getting in the carriage again as he got out, with a voluminous package]—Here you are—rolls, *chateaux*, small cakes, and those little biscuits you can only get at Wanner's. You shall not die of hunger to-day—nor of thirst, for here is a bottle of Bordeaux. I thought of champagne, but I was afraid of the noise the cork would make. For, you know, we are not at the races.

THE MARQUISE [her mouth full]—Poor aunt, I am afraid she would think me utterly heartless.

THE MARQUIS—She? Never in the world! You know how she used to force people to stuff themselves with sandwiches at her five-o'clock teas. There, by Jove, I've forgotten a glass! You'll have to drink out of the bottle. But, allow me—on account of the people in the street. [He draws the curtains.]

THE MARQUISE [after having drunk, with more animation in her eyes]—Perhaps you are thirsty? If the idea does not disgust you—

THE MARQUIS—You shall see how much it disgusts me. [He takes a long pull at the bottle.] I say, Clothilde, don't these drawn curtains, these provisions, this empty bottle, even, remind you of the train that took us to Geneva?—or, rather, to Fontainebleau, for we got no further than that, the first day.

THE MARQUISE [signaling with her hand, in which she holds a small cake, for him to be silent]—Hector! Have you no shame?—at such a time, right behind the hearse in which your aunt is being carried to the cemetery?

THE MARQUIS [biting the cake she holds]—Why should I be ashamed? It is to her that we owe—the stop at Fontainebleau. Your father was deaf to all arguments, not thinking me rich enough for you, and then my aunt came to the rescue with the promise to make me her heir. By the way, I suppose we shall have to spend a lot of time with the lawyers.

THE MARQUISE [sighing]—It will not be the first time. THE MARQUIS—You are cruel, Clothilde. I do not think my conduct for the past hour deserves such treatment.

THE MARQUISE—What is an hour in comparison with a dozen years?

THE MARQUIS—It is a good deal, when it is an hour of regrets and repentance. And, if the lawyers are so disasteful to you—I have a right to speak to you so, now that I am rich—

THE MARQUISE—Well?

THE MARQUIS—Perhaps we can arrange our affairs for ourselves. If you will permit me to come to see you [slight movement on the part of THE MARQUISE]—oh, to arrange about the inheritance, at first. [He kisses her hand.]

THE MARQUISE [blushing]—Let me think a moment. It is a very grave step for us to come together again [start of joy on the part of THE MARQUIS] even in a business way.

THE MARQUIS [adding gestures to words]—Dear Clothilde, let us begin at once—in a business way, of course.

THE MARQUISE [moved, but still not yielding]—You forget that we are at your aunt's funeral.

THE MARQUIS—Well, this evening, then, after dinner—the funeral will be over, and—Clothilde, can you not find in your kind heart the courage to forgive me?

THE MARQUISE—Heavens, the carriage is stopping! We are there! Yes—you have moved me—I shall forgive you, perhaps. But, for goodness's sake, put up the curtains! People will think that—I have done so already.—Translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by L. S. Vassault.

In another part of this issue there is a paragraph beginning thus: "Pope's apborism that want of decency is want of sense," etc. The writer of that paragraph had always vaguely associated those well-known lines with Pope, but after he had finished writing an uneasy feeling came over him—a feeling that if those lines occurred in Pope's writings, he could not remember where. He soothed his conscience by saying: "I'll look it up," which he did not do at once. When he did look it up, he found the lines were not by Pope. He flew to the foreman of the composing-room with the correction, which was made, but not before several thousand copies had been printed off. The wording used in the paragraph spoken of is merely a paraphrase, and not a quotation, but, none the less, it is not attributed to the true source. The lines paraphrased are

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense."

and they were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who was born in 1633 and died in 1684.

Delaware has been turned into something very like a great game-preserve. A strong association, chartered by the legislature, has for some years past been stocking the wilder parts of the little commonwealth with the finest game-birds. The concern is influential enough to procure from time to time penal legislation in protection of its game, and, in spite of some protests from local sportsmen not members of the corporation, these laws are so strictly enforced that the game is constantly increasing.

BOARDING IN PARIS.

Some Account of the Temporary Homes of Americans in the Gay Capital—What It Costs and What You Pay For—
Poor Lights and Excellent Service.

For foreigners to find board in desirable French private families is practically next to impossible. For a French family, especially with children, to admit strangers—French or foreigners—to their little circle is a mark either of desperate poverty, or, you might almost say, of a certain shadiness. Thus boarding-houses of Paris become professedly money-making establishments.

These boarding-houses (writes Sterliog Heilig in the New York Sun) divide themselves roughly into six species. There are the high-class establishments, so high as to be slightly tainted with affectation. They very often go under the title of hotel, and are affected mainly by English and Americans. You can live in one of them for anything you please above two dollars and a half a day. Then there are professedly "family" boarding-houses on a large scale, less formal and slightly less expensive. They are also mainly supported by English and Americans. A separate table for exclusively French conversation is their mark. Third, there is the ordinary, high-class, cosmopolitan boarding-house, with a few English-speaking people and many Spaniards, Hungarians, Chinese, Turks, and Austrians, and all the rest, whose atmosphere is a trifle Bohemian. An American negro, should he have money and good manners, would be treated in such a company as well as anybody else. Fourth, there are the small boarding hotels, all dirty, with a great deal to eat and of very ordinary quality. Then there is boarding in a struggling family, in the suburbs or the Latin Quarter; and, last, the boarding-house run by Americans in Paris.

Among these varying establishments the heart of the American abroad will most naturally turn to the one of the French conversation table. A typical one lies in the heart of that new and rich quarter of Paris which is called American. In Paris all the houses are apartment-houses. Here they are handsome and regular, about six stories high.

Entering the great common doorway for half a dozen families, a winding marble staircase will be seen upon the right. Behind it is an open court, gloomy but clean, whose only purpose is to give light. Upon the left you have the *concierge's* lodge. His bed is visible throughout the day. Beside the bed, on a little shelf, hangs a pneumatic tube connected with the catch of the big door of the street. When you come in at night, you invariably stand outside and ring until the *concierge* reaches sleepily over to the shelf, pushes the button, and the compressed air does the rest. The big door swings open, you shut it behind you, and then, walking past the *concierge's* door, you call out loudly your name.

It is the *concierge's* business to know the voices and names of all the people in the house. The name, age, nationality, and previous last residence of each new-comer is reported to the *concierge* by the *locataires* of the different apartments, who transmit them on regulation printed forms to the police.

The pension has four floors of the apartment-house. The *bel étage* (the premier above the *entresol*) is given over to the public life. There is a wide hallway where gentlemen may smoke after lunch and dinner for a half-hour or so, but at no other time; two dining-rooms, not too handsome and often crowded, and one large parlor.

Nine francs a day (one dollar and eighty cents) is the cheapest board one gets in such a pension. This includes meals without wine, attendance, a candle, and a small room heated by an open grate-fire, whose fuel is extra. This heating is assisted by a feebly working system of hot-air registers, whose ineffectual zephyrs cost you nothing. To keep a good fire in the grate you must expend some thirty cents a day for soft coal, coke, and handsome little *briques*; *briques* are coal-dust cemented into cakes. For lighting you have kerosene—some fifteen cents each time your lamp is filled. You are requested to patronize madame's laundress; it is advisable to "gratify" the servants punctually.

The first breakfast consists of chocolate, tea, or *café-au-lait*, with butter and a roll, served in your room. The lunch, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, brings fish or eggs, a chop or steak, a vegetable, and fruit and cheese. At this meal, as at dinner, the final cup of black coffee is charged extra. Dinner comes along at half-past six P. M., with soup, fish, boiled meat, a vegetable, roast chicken or turkey—never "stuffed," but with its scattered members sprawling in a sea of watery gravy, in the usual French style—then a sweet and a fruit follow a salad, with cheese, and coffee, and the little glass. The table-wine, as will be found in every Paris pension, is acid to the sharpness of vitriol when it is white, heating to the strength of mustard when it is red, and always without pleasant flavor, always dear in proportion to both its worth and outside price.

The servants in this pension are jewels. Like all French servants, they are handy and cheerful, with a great capacity for enthusiasm. By a little "tipping" the lady can have the parlor-maid transform herself into her private *femme de chambre* for the moment; another "tipping" will find the cook sending up dainties to your room, and a third will send the *bonne* a-smuggling brandy, tea, and cigarettes.

The points of superiority these Paris pensions have over those of a similar class in America are cleanliness, the presence of solid and handsome furniture that does not look so obviously factory-made, tasteful wall decorations, fine windows of plate-glass, reaching almost to the floor on each story, and the cheerfulness with which private services, out of their regular routine, are rendered by domestics. The disadvantages, from the American point of view, consist in inevitable draughts from the handsome door-like, plate-glass windows, in the incapable, but æsthetic heating apparatus of the open grate, in the perfunctoriness of the bath-rooms, and in the enforced drinking of wine, beer, and table-waters, instead of the free and open fountain of the silver-plated ice-pitcher. Illuminating gas, too, is next to unknown.

LONDON'S NEW SENSATION.

"Dodo," the Lively Society Novel by an Archbishop's Son.

All London is talking just now of Dodo, called "A Detail of the Day," and already two American publishing-houses have issued editions of it. The hook, which is by E. F. Benson, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, gives a graphic portrayal of a heartless and worldly but fascinating woman whose sole aim in life is pleasure, and who seldom allows herself to feel any real emotion or to talk anything but the most rattling nonsense. The character is said to be a study from life, a fact which has added a keener element of interest to the sensation it has produced.

Dodo is a London-bred beauty, who marries a marquis for his money and title. She thus announces her engagement to Jack Broxton, his cousin, who loves her, and whom she loves to the limited extent her nature admits.

Dodo caught sight of the two young men on the chairs, and advanced to them. The radiant vision was evidently not gifted with that dubious quality, shyness.

"Why, Jack," she exclaimed in a loudish voice, "here I am, you see, and I have come to be congratulated! What are you and Bertie sitting here for like two Patiences on monuments? Really, Jack, you would make a good Patience on a monument. Was Patience a man? I never saw him yet. I would come and sketch you if you stood still enough. What are you so glum about? You look as if you were going to be executed. I ought to look like that much more than you. Jack, I'm going to be a married woman, and stop at home, and mend the socks, and look after the baby, and warm Chesterford's slippers for him." . . .

And presently, when they are alone, she goes on:

"Jack, old boy, I'm very fond of you, though I couldn't marry you. Oh, you must see that. We shouldn't have suited. We neither of us will consent to play second fiddle, you know. Then, of course, there's the question of money. I must have lots of money. Yes, a big must and a big lot. It's not your fault that you haven't got any, and it wouldn't have been your fault if you'd been born with no nose; but I couldn't marry a man who was without either."

These are her views concerning her future husband:

"I shall be very good to him. I can't pretend that I know what is known as being in love with him—in fact, I don't think I know what that means, except that people get in a very ridiculous state, and write sonnets to their mistress's front teeth, which reminds me that I'm going to the dentist to-morrow. Come and hold my hand—yes, and keep withered flowers and that sort of thing. Ah, Jack, I wish that I really knew what it did mean. It can't be all nonsense, because Chesterford's like that, and he is an honest man, if you like. And I do respect and admire him very much, and I hope I shall make him happy, and I hear he's got a delightful new yacht."

Here are her ideas about matrimony:

"It is a contract for mutual advantage. The husband gives wealth, position, and all that, and the wife gives him a housekeeper, and heirs to his property. Don't frown, Jack. That's my eminently common-sense view of the question. It answers excellently, as I find by experience. But, of course, there are marriages for love. I suppose most of the lower middle class marry for love; at least, they haven't got any position or wealth to marry for. But we, the disillusioned and unromantic upper classes, see beyond that."

She marries Lord Chesterford, whose character is told thus:

Chesterford's old friends had all a great respect and liking for him. As Dodo had said, "He was an honest man, if you like." Slight acquaintances called him slow and rather stupid, which was true on purely intellectual grounds. He was very loyal, and very much devoted to what he considered his duty, which consisted in being an excellent landlord and justice of the peace of his county, in voting steadily for the Conservative party in the House of Lords, in giving largely and anonymously to good objects, in going to church on Sunday morning, where he sang hymns with fervor, and read lessons with respect, in managing a hunt in a liberal and satisfactory manner, and in avoiding any introspection or speculation about problems of life and being.

Dodo makes up her mind that the simplest and easiest way to enjoy life is to convince her husband that she returns all his devotion; she, therefore, applies herself to acting a part with such success that she makes him the happiest of men, in spite of the fact that he finds himself hopelessly out of his element in the set of people with whom she surrounds herself. Their chatter, half-subtle, half-nonsensical, bewilders him and makes him feel like a fish out of water. This is the way their talk runs:

"I really don't know where I should begin if I was going to turn honest," said Miss Grantham; "I don't think I like honest people. They are like little cottages, which children draw, with a door in the middle, and a window at each side, and a chimney in the roof with smoke coming out. Long before you know them well, you are perfectly certain of all that you will find inside them. They haven't got any little surprises, or dark passages, or queer little cupboards under the stairs."

"Do you know the plant called 'honesty,' Grantle?" asked Dodo; "it's very bright purple, and you can see it a long way off, and it isn't at all nicer when you get close than it looks from a distance."

"Oh, if you speak of some one as an honest man," said Miss Grantham, "it implies that he's nothing particular besides. I don't mind a little mild honesty, but it should be kept in the background."

"I've got a large piece of honesty somewhere about me," said Jack; "I can't always lay my hand on it, but every now and then I feel it like a great lump inside me."

"Yes," said Dodo; "I believe you are fundamentally honest, Jack. I've always thought that."

"Does that mean that he is not honest in ordinary matters?" asked Miss Grantham; "I've noticed that people who are fundamentally truthful seldom tell the truth."

"In a way it does," said Dodo; "but I'm sure Jack would be honest in any case where it really mattered."

"Oh, I shan't steal your spoons, you know," said Miss Grantham.

"That's only because you don't really want them," remarked Dodo; "I can conceive you stealing anything you wanted."

"Trample on me," said Miss Grantham, serenely; "tell us what I should steal."

"Oh, you'd steal lots of things," said Dodo; "you'd steal any one's self-respect if you could manage to, and you couldn't get what you wanted any other way. Oh, yes, you'd steal anything important."

In course of time a baby arrives, to the unbounded joy of the father and sufficiently to the satisfaction of the mother, who feels that it is as well to have the necessary duty of producing an heir well over. Chesterford is, as Dodo expresses it, "perfectly silly about the baby"; but she finds her son "not particularly interesting at present, though, of course, it's rather nice to think that that wretched morsel of flesh and bones is going to be one of our landed proprietors."

The necessary time of seclusion, which she has spent chiefly in the society of Chesterford, has bored her immeasurably, and she plunges with zest into her former life of gaiety as soon as may be; but she is speedily brought

up with a round turn by the sudden death of her baby. Her emotions on being told of her loss are thus described:

Dodo's first feeling was one of passionate anger and resentment. She felt she had been duped and tricked in a most unjustifiable manner. Fate had led her to expect some happy days, and she had been cruelly disappointed. It was not fair; she had just been released from two tedious months of inactivity, only to be caught again. It was like a cat playing with a mouse. She wanted to revenge herself on something.

"Oh, it is cruel," she said. "I only wanted to be happy, and I mayn't even be that. What is the good of it all, if I mayn't enjoy it? Why was the baby ever born? I wish it never had been. What good does it do any one that I should suffer?"

Mrs. Vivian felt horribly helpless and baffled. How could she appeal to this woman, who looked at everything from only her own standpoint?

For three weeks Dodo acts the part of sorrowing mother and sympathizing wife with sufficient skill to deceive her husband completely; then she rebels, suddenly, and goes to a ball. Her rapture at the thought of escaping from bounds is told in these passages:

"Yes, I will come. I am dying to go out again. Who leads the cotillion with me? Tommy Ledgers, isn't it? Oh, I shall enjoy it. I'm nearly dead for want of something to do. And he can dance, too. Yes, I'll come, but I must be back by half-past two. Chesterford will, perhaps, come by the night train getting here at two. I daresay it will be late. Are you going to have the mirror figure? Do have it. There's no one like Ledgers for leading that. He led it here with me. It will be like escaping from penal servitude for life. Talk of tread-mills! I'm at the point of death for want of a dance. Let it begin punctually. I'll be there by ten, sharp, if you like. Tell Prince Waldenech I'm coming. He wrote to say he wouldn't go unless I did. He's badly in love with me. That doesn't matter, but he can dance. All those Austrians can. I'm going to have a regular debauch."

"I'm delighted," said Lady Bretton. "I came here to ask you whether you couldn't possibly come, but I hardly dared. Dear Dodo, it's charming of you. It will make all the difference. I was in despair this morning. I had asked Milly Cornish to lead with Ledgers, but she refused unless I asked you again first. We'll have a triumphant arch if you like, with 'Welcome to Dodo' on it."

"Anything you like," said Dodo; "the madder the merrier. Let's see, how does the hoop-figure go?"

Dodo snatched up an old cotillion-hoop from where it stood in the corner with fifty other relics, and began practicing it.

"We must have this right," she said; "it's quite new to most people. You must tell Tommy to come here for an hour this afternoon, and we'll rehearse. You start with it in the left hand, don't you, and then cross it over, and hold your partner's hoop in the right. Damn—I beg pardon—but it doesn't go right. No, you must send Ledgers. Shall I want castanets? I think I'd better. We must have the new Spanish figure. Ah, that is right."

Dodo went through a series of mysterious evolutions with the hoop. "I feel like a vampire who's got hold of blood again," said Dodo, pausing to get her breath. "I feel like a fish put back into the water, like a convict back in his own warm nest. No charge for mixed metaphors. Supplied free, gratis, and for nothing," she said, with emphasis.

At the hall her appearance, not unnaturally, created something of a sensation, which is described in the following passage:

Many women, though few men, were surprised to see her there, and there was no one who was not glad; but the question arose more than once in the minds of two or three people: "Would society stand it if she didn't happen to be herself?" Dodo had treated a select party of her friends to a private exhibition of skirt-dancing during supper-time. The music from the band was quite loud enough to be heard distinctly in a small, rather unfrequented sitting-room, and there Dodo had displayed her incomparable grace of movement and limb to the highest advantage. Dodo danced that night with unusual perfection, and who has not felt the exquisite beauty of such motion? Her figure, clad in its long, clinging folds of diaphanous, almost luminous, texture, stood out like a radiant statue of dawn against the dark paneling of the room; her graceful figure bending this way and that, her wonderfully white arms now holding aside her long skirt, or clasped above her head; above all, the supreme distinction and conscious modesty of every posture seemed, to the little circle who saw her, to be almost a new revelation of the perfection of form, color, and grace.

Chesterford does not let his wife see how strongly he feels on the subject of her going to the hall, and he continues to love her, though he knows now that she is a heartless woman. But from that time matters become a little strained between them. Dodo begins to find the rôle of devoted wife too irksome a one to sustain longer; she ceases to pat his hand, to call him a silly old dear, and to pull his mustache as she has been used to do. It dawds upon the honest fellow that she has never loved him, and Dodo, on her side, finds a continual tête-à-tête so wearisome that she offers to elope with her old lover, Jack Broxton, whose devotion to her, as she has been well aware, has remained unswerving, but who would consider himself a blackguard if he made love to the wife of his friend. This is the scene:

"Jack, do you still love me?"

Dodo did not look at him, but kept her eyes on the fire.

Jack did not pause to think.

"Before God, Dodo," he said, "I believe I love you more than anything in the world."

"Will you do what I ask you?"

This time he did pause. He got up and stood before the fire. Still Dodo did not look at him.

"Ah, Dodo," he said, "what are you going to ask? There are some things I can not do."

"It seems to me this love you talk of is a very weak thing," said Dodo; "it always fails, or is in danger of failing, at the critical point. I believe I could do anything for the man I loved. I did not think so once. But I was wrong, as I have been in my marriage."

Dodo paused, but Jack said nothing; it seemed to him as if Dodo had not quite finished.

"Yes," she said, then paused again—"yes, you are."

There was a dead silence. For one moment, time seemed to Jack to have stopped, and he could have believed that that moment lasted for years, forever.

"Oh, my God," he murmured, "at last."

He was conscious of Dodo sitting there, with her eyes raised to his and a smile on her lips. He felt himself bending forward toward her, and he thought she half rose in her chair to receive his embrace. But the next instant she put out her hand as if to stop him.

"Stay," she said; "not yet—not yet. There is something first. I will tell you what I have done. I counted on this. I have ordered the carriage after dinner at half-past ten. You and I go in that, and leave by the train. Jack, I am yours—will you come?"

Jack felt as if he was waking out of some blissful dream to a return of his ordinary every-day life, which, unfortunately, had certain moral obligations attached to it. If Dodo's speech had been shorter the result might have been different. He steadied himself for a moment, for the room seemed to reel and swim, and then he answered her.

"No, Dodo," he said, hoarsely, "I can not do it. Think of Chesterford! Think of anything! Don't tempt me. You know I can not. How dare you ask me?"

Dodo's face grew hard and white. She tried to laugh, but could not manage it.

"Ah," she said, "the old story, isn't it? Potiphar's wife again. I really do not understand what this love of yours is. And now I have debased and humbled myself before you, and there you stand in your immaculate virtue, not caring—"

"Don't, Dodo," he said; "be merciful to me—spare me. Not caring—you know it is not so. But I can not do this."

Chesterford, by accident, overhears enough to give him the knowledge that his wife is tired of him, and that Jack, though he loves Dodo, is too much his friend to betray him; but he conceals his discovery. Dodo, however, is unexpectedly freed from her chains by the death of her husband through a hunting accident. A burst of genuine feeling comes to her at his death-when she realizes that she has despised the best that a man could give her. He dies forgiving and loving her, and begs her with his last breath to marry Jack.

Dodo soon recovers her spirits, and we find her next at Aix, the centre of a gay company, giving hanjo-parties on the water, singing doubtful songs, taking part in private theatricals, and playing haccarat. She is engaged now to Jack, who has succeeded to the title and estates of his cousin, Lord Chesterford, and the wedding is to take place when the year of mourning has expired.

An Austrian prince, who is hovering around Dodo, gives Jack an occasional twinge of jealousy, but the latter is far from perceiving the curious influence this admirer is beginning to acquire over the woman he loves. It is, perhaps, of a nature resembling hypnotism, and Dodo, though she does not love the prince, becomes so dominated by him that suddenly she marries him. The news is broken to Jack in this way:

Next day Jack called at Dodo's house. The door was opened by a servant, whose face he thought he ought to know; that he was not one of Dodo's men he felt certain. In another moment it had flashed across him that the man had been with the prince at Zermatt.

"Is Lady Chesterford in?" he asked.

The man looked at him a moment, and then, like all well-bred servants, dropped his eyes before he answered: "Her serene highness left for Paris this morning."

So the curtain falls. The story leaves Jack standing there, stunned by the blow.

The story is acknowledged to be a *roman à clef*, many of the characters being easily recognizable by those familiar with London society. It may be of interest to add that Dodo is said to be, in some respects, a portrait of Miss Margot Tennant, a sister of Miss Dorothy Tennant, who married Henry M. Stanley a few years ago.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Conflicting Opinions.

FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES, October 14, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Feeling under obligations to the *Argonaut*, from the weekly perusal of which one obtains information calculated to materially assist the judgment in the formation of honest opinions imbibed, allow me to express a genuine admiration for the manner in which current topics are dealt with. You are generally right. Yours spontaneously, GEO. H. TOMLINSON.

FROM NEBRASKA.

ALLIANCE, NEB., October 10, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your notice of the expiration of my subscription to band. I am about to move permanently from this point to Omaha, from which city I will renew as soon as I can give you my new address.

Your paper is the finest weekly in the world, and I have read it ever since

1879. Yours truly, F. S. HARRIS.

FROM TEXAS.

EL PASO, October 13, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please send me the *Argonaut* [etc., etc.] Enclosed find [etc., etc.] Barring politics, the *Argonaut* is the best edited weekly published in the United States. On that subject, you are a little off.

Respectfully yours, G. LEE.

The Pronunciation of "Valkyrie."

KAHULUI, MAUI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, November 15, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent issue of the *Argonaut* your New York correspondent, writing about the racing yachts, makes the statement that "Valkyrie" is pronounced "Valkyerie," and not "Valkerie." Permit me to say that the latter pronunciation is correct.

The name "Valkyrie" is taken from the Scandinavian mythology, and indicates a female battle-spirit, or spectral amazon. In the mythology the valkyries are represented as ghostly apparitions riding over the battle-field in full armor, picking up the fallen heroes and carrying them to "Valhalla," the abode of the gods. In the three Scandinavian languages, as also in German, the *y* is always pronounced as the French *u*, for which the English language has no equivalent, the nearest approaching it being a long *e*.

This pronunciation also holds good in "Viking"—pronounced by Americans generally "Viking," but should be pronounced "Veking." The pronunciation in vogue in the original language unquestionably must be accepted as the correct one.

L. M. VETTESSEN.

[The *Argonaut* did not say how the word was pronounced, but merely gave Dunraven's pronunciation. The name of a yacht, like the name of a man, is an arbitrary thing, to be pronounced as Heaven and the owner please; there is, in Virginia we believe, a family who spell their name "Enroughy," and pronounce it "Darby." So Dunraven can call his boat as he pleases. And he does. As for our correspondent's remarks about the sound of *y* in the word, is he sure he has the word? Is it not "Walküre," in the Teuton tongues, with an unlaüt?—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

Observance of the old English Pope Day, or Guy Fawkes Day, is held in our own day in America. Bonfires are still lighted on the fifth of November in New England coast towns by boys who have not the slightest notion of the exciting and picturesque event in English history and the old-time English holiday that they thus commemorate. In Newburyport, Mass., it is still celebrated, and in Portsmouth, N. H., and Newcastle, N. H. In the latter town it is called "Pork Night," an absurd and meaningless corruption of Pope Night. It is not many years since still November fifths in Gloucester and Marblehead saw "Guy Fawkes" bonfires on every hill.

An Eastern journal which does not like Mr. Cleveland suggests this as a "revised Constitution of the United States":

ARTICLE II.

1. The executive and legislative power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America.
2. The President shall have power, without the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties and to appoint Commissioners Paramount.
3. He shall from time to time conceal from the Congress information of the state of foreign countries.
4. He shall guarantee a monarchical form of government everywhere.
5. He shall have power to make war without previous notice to the enemy or to his own subjects.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Littell's Living Age, one of the most valuable of eclectic weekly periodicals, will have a new and admirable feature added next year. Hitherto it has reprinted the leading articles of magazines and reviews printed in the English language only, but, beginning in January, it will print selected works of European authors generally, which will be especially illustrated for *Littell's*. The January number—which begins the two hundredth volume, by the way—will contain the initial chapters of a story from the French of Paul Perret.

"Picciola," by X. B. Saintine, illustrated by the distinguished French artist, J. F. Guedry, is to be published uniformly with D. Appleton & Co.'s illustrated editions of "Colette" and "An Attic Philosopher in Paris."

Howard Pyle has delightfully illustrated the new edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He has painted for it as a frontispiece to the first volume, in the form of a daguerreotype, a portrait of Dr. Holmes as he appeared in 1850, and a portrait as the author appeared in 1885 for a frontispiece to the second volume.

Among the features of the Christmas number of *Harper's* will be a paper on "The Old Dominion," by Thomas Nelson Page, and one on the British House of Commons, by T. P. O'Connor.

The "Memoires" left by Marshal MacMahon, which he refused to have published during his lifetime, were finished three years ago. They were transcribed in his hotel of Rue Bellechasse under the direction of Count de Beaufort, his aide-de-camp. The work was done by a retired military officer, and only fifteen copies were printed on parchment for the members of the family. The "Memoires" are divided into several chapters, forming four volumes, which contain in all about two thousand pages.

"The Brontës in Ireland," by Dr. William Wright, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., pictures, among other things, Charlotte Brontë's uncle as he prepared a new blackthorn and crossed to England to wreak Irish vengeance upon a malicious reviewer of "Jane Eyre."

Walter Crane's illustrations for Mrs. Deland's poems, "The Old Garden," will make it one of the most beautiful of holiday books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The table of contents of the Christmas (December) number of *Harper's Magazine* is as follows:

"The Old Dominion," by Thomas Nelson Page; "A Thanksgiving Dinner," the first of a series of "Vignettes of Manhattan," by Brander Matthews; "The House of Commons," by Thomas Power O'Connor; "The Winning of the Biscuit-Shooter," by Owen Wister; "Sweet Punch," by J. Lincoln Steffens; "Bud Zuni's Mail," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "An Outpost of Civilization," by Frederic Remington; "The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "A Soldier of Fortune," by Howard Pyle; "A Second Spring," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "A King for a Week," by William McLennan; "Two Gentlemen of Verona," comment on Shakespeare's comedy, by Andrew Lang, with illustrations by E. A. Abbey; "A Watch in the Night," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; verses by Austin Dobson, Alice Archer Sewall, O. C. Stevens, and Alice Brown; and the editorial departments.

Mr. W. D. Howells is at work upon a new novel and a play. His novel is to have a theatrical interest, as its theme is the struggle of a playwright to get his play upon the boards.

"In the Track of the Sun: Readings from the Diary of a Globe-Trotter," a volume of convenient size, magnificently illustrated with drawings by Mr. Harry Fenn and reproductions of photographs by Mr. Frederick Diodati Thompson, is to be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Gertrude Smith, whose stories have attracted no little attention, will soon publish through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a volume of these, which takes its name from the leading story, "The Rousing of Mrs. Potter."

Mr. Charles A. Platt's book on "Italian Gardens" is nearly ready for publication by the Harpers. To the interesting illustrations which accompanied Mr. Platt's text as first published in the magazine have been added about thirty large illustrations from new subjects and a colored frontispiece, printed in Paris.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, a daughter of Julian Hawthorne, has won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by *Current Literature* for the best World's Fair article. Its title is "The Arabian Torture Dance."

"A Friend of the Queen," which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co., is the life history of the Swedish soldier, Count Axel Fersen—the hero of court fêtes in the palmy days of Louis the Sixteenth, a soldier in our revolution and an aide-de-camp at Yorktown, the disguised coachman of Marie Antoinette in the flight which ended so wretchedly at Varennes, the agent of Gustavus the Third in the attempts to reinstate the Bourbons, the favorite of Charles the Thirteenth and the Grand Marshal of Sweden, and finally the victim of mob fury, killed with stick and stones in Stockholm.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written a book entitled "Massachusetts: Its Historians and its History," soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin

& Co. He convicts the State of a long practice of religious intolerance, and some historians of ignoring the discreditable fact.

A private letter from Samoa to some one connected with the *Westminster Gazette* says that Robert Louis Stevenson is a veritable "Old Man of the Mountain" in Samoa. "He is immensely wealthy, immensely feared, immensely liked and venerated. The title of 'your majesty' is invariably given him, and the 'Write Stories,' alias Richy, is a formidable man in the country side."

It is stated that Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, has been for some time engaged in writing a "Life of Christ."

William Cullen Bryant's great love of nature has found singularly sympathetic and delicate expression in the drawings of a painter of nature, Paul de Longpré, who has designed nearly a hundred beautiful pictorial accompaniments for a volume of Bryant's selected poems, entitled "Poems of Nature," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

New Publications.

"Dodo," by E. F. Benson, the society novel which is the literary sensation of the day in London, is noticed at length on another page of this issue. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Marie Corelli, whose "Soul of Lilith" was boomed into a certain vogue by Queen Victoria's praises, has written in "Barabbas" the story of the crucifixion. She has given Judas a sister, Judith, who is beloved of Barabbas, and she treats the great tragedy in a *fin-de-siècle*, not to say flippant, manner. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Relics," by Frances MacNah, is a story of English country life, in which the principal personage is a woman who thinks herself doomed to spinsterhood on account of an unfortunate love-affair in her early life. The story is placidly told, with many discursions in which certain provincial characters are amusingly delineated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New editions have been issued of "An Old Town by the Sea," Thomas Bailey Aldrich's series of papers on past and present Portsmouth, and of his Spanish tragedy, "Mercedes." The latter gives the acting version of the play as it was performed at Palmer's Theatre, in New York, by Viola Allen, E. J. Henley, Maurice Barrymore, and others. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00 each.

"Tom Sylvester," by T. R. Sullivan, is a novel with the scene laid in a New England village and in Paris. Tom, when we first see him, is a lad of ten years or so, the son of a family living on "Gentility Hill," as the aristocratic quarter of the manufacturing town is called, and the tale follows his career into early manhood and leaves him happily married. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Thomas Hazard, Son of Robert, called 'College Tom,'" by his grandson's granddaughter, Caroline Hazard, is a study of life in Narragansett in the eighteenth century. It contains a deal of fairly interesting and curious information about the first settlers in the Narragansett country, slavery as it existed among them, their commerce and husbandry, and their domestic life. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Molly Elliot Seawall, whose books of "Little Jarvis" and "Midshipman Paulding" will be pleasantly remembered, has written a third biography of a hero of the early American navy in "Paul Jones." It follows his career through the War of Independence, from the time he was an unknown lieutenant in January, 1776, until he had become commodore of the American navy and had returned from his famous three years' cruise in the *Ariel* in February, 1781. It is a lively narrative, with much dialogue

taken from old letters and memoirs and invented in the spirit of the time. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Polly Oliver's Problem," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is "a study for girls" and an entertaining little story. It tells how Polly brings her invalid and widowed mother up from Santa Barbara to San Francisco and supports her by teaching until her own problem of life is finally solved. Mrs. Wiggin has a happy faculty of sketching very jolly and interesting young people, and Polly Oliver is one of her brightest heroines. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Country School," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson, contains articles on the old-fashioned school-days of New England from 1800 to 1825, the mid-century schools from 1840 to 1860, and the country school of to-day, with a chapter on "How the Scholars Think and Write," in which some curious childish ideas are recorded. The illustrations are, for the most part, reproductions of photographs, and are in keeping with the generally handsome style of the book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

Seven short stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich fill a volume which takes its name from the initial tale, "Two Bites at a Cherry." This first story is also the best in the collection, setting forth a piquant little romance of two Americans in Naples. "Goliath" is humorous in a Stocktonesque way, telling how a timid man visits a friend at his suburban home and, missing the train, arrives after nightfall and has a great fright at being pursued by his host's watchdog, "Goliath." "The Chevalier de Ressequier" in the story of that name, comes back to this world and speaks, through his own skull—now an ornament in a Boston writer's studio—of the wits and beauties of eighteenth-century France, among whom he had lived. The other tales are "For Bravery on the Field of Battle," "My Cousin, the Colonel," "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," and "Her Dying Words." Most of them have appeared quite recently in the magazines. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

The publication of "The Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley" is opportune at the present time. His sweeping victory in Ohio this year has centred public interest on him, and, as he is mentioned prominently as the Republican leader in the next Presidential campaign, a great many will welcome the opportunity this book affords to study his opinions on public questions as he has expressed them. It contains sixty-five speeches, selected by Joseph P. Smith, State Librarian of Ohio, from several hundred addresses, and has been carefully revised by Governor McKinley. The greater number of the speeches are, of course, on the tariff question; others of note are memorial addresses on Grant, Garfield, Logan, and Hayes, "Our Public Schools," "The American Farmer," "The American Volunteer Soldier," "The Silver Bill," "The Eight-Hour Law," "New England and the Future," "The Hawaiian Treaty," and "The Tribune Jubilee." Several excellent portraits are inserted in the volume, and it concludes with an index. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

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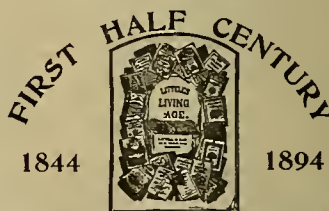
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Christmas

HARPER

December

THIS NUMBER presents a holiday array of good things, and is conspicuously strong in American fiction. BRANDER MATTHEWS contributes *A Thanksgiving Dinner* (with illustrations), the first of his *Vignettes of Manhattan*, and OWEN WISTER a Western story, *The Winning of the Biscuit-Shooter*. HOWARD PYLE writes and illustrates a striking historical story. The Number contains two Southern stories (both illustrated), one by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, and the other by RUTH MCENERY STUART. The first of WILLIAM MCLENNAN'S *Dramatic Sketches of the French Revolution* appears in this Number, and SARAH ORNE JEWETT tells a story. Both of these stories are illustrated. *A Watch in the Night* is the title of an interesting study by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and *Sweet Punch* is a retrospective monologue by J. LINCOLN STEFFENS. The *Old Dominion* is a profusely illustrated article on Virginia, by THOMAS NELSON PAGE. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, M.P., writes entertainingly of *The House of Commons* (with illustrations), and FREDERIC REMINGTON describes and illustrates Mexican Life in *An Outpost of Civilization*. EDWIN A. ABBEY continues his series of illustrations to Shakespeare's Comedies with *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with Comment by ANDREW LANG. Poems are contributed by AUSTIN DOBSON, ALICE ARCHER SEWALL, O. C. STEVENS, and ALICE BROWN, and the Number contains the usual variety of entertainment in the Editorial Departments.

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VANITY FAIR.

"I really hope," says "Him" in *Vogue*, "that some of our *jeunesse dorée*—I make the distinction between this class and the well-groomed men of our smart set for a reason—will not commit the fatal mistake of listening to their tailors and donning the very *outré* overcoats which are being introduced here this season. I can not approve of the fur-trimmed overcoat nor of the enormous velvet cuffs, which seem to be another new fad. The overcoat which is worn by a gentleman should be a simple but smart garment of melton, with a velvet collar, but unadorned with other 'fixings.' In the same vein is the advice from a London correspondent of the same paper that the frock-coat popularly known as the "Willieho" is not worn absurdly long—as it has been seen in this city—by well-dressed men in London. "I asked at Poole's, the other day," he says, "about those absurdly long frock-coats which some of our duds kings are trying to introduce at home. I did not believe Poole was making them; neither was he, and his best cutter asked 'whether it was a possible thing that a gentleman in America would wear such a garment?' I scarcely knew how to reply, for I fear that some who call themselves such have been induced to do so. There is very little difference between the frock-coats of to-day and those of two years ago. They are a shade longer, perhaps, coming just below the knee." To illustrate what men are wearing in England, he presents this description of the costume of Prince George, Duke of York: "His shoes were of calfskin, laced and highly polished; trousers of striped gray and black; a white shirt, with medium high collar; a simple sailor-tie of black satin, while his coat—frock, of course—came but a shade below his knees. He carried a silk hat, with a band thereon, and a simple cane."

It is the practice of the London women's periodicals to publish weekly pictures of the English brides who figure in the fashionable marriages of the week. A study of them for a number of months forces the opinion that the rank and file of these brides have scant claims to beauty of face, and also lack grievously air and distinction, as evidenced by their counterfeit presentments. A week or two ago, with the company, was shown the picture of an American girl lately wedded to an English nobleman; her *mignon* face shone like a star among the others.

Some very valuable information comes from Jack Astor's place at Rhinebeck as to how that great country-house is run for the pleasure of the guests. The information does not come direct from the family, however, but is culled from the society column of a contemporary. Every morning, we are told, each guest receives a note like this in his or her bedroom, "written in Mrs. Astor's own writing":

MY DEAR MISS BLANK: We have arranged a coaching-party for this morning at eleven, with breakfast at the Claremont at twelve.

This afternoon there is an outdoor tennis game planned, and we hope to have you act as referee for our tennis game. Dinner this evening will be an informal family one. Later there will be a cotillion, led by Miss Prince and Mr. Price, at which and at all other engagements for the day we hope and are planning to have your company, if you can make your own plans to correspond.

Very sincerely yours, MRS. ASTOR.

Our informant goes on to say that each guest then writes an answer, presumably in bed, to say that he or she has a head, and won't go driving, but will probably play tennis, and will let her know about dinner later. As for the cotillion, that will depend upon what sort of a partner Mrs. Astor can furnish, etc. The person who invented all this balderdash (comments a writer in the *Recorder*) does not seem to know that at the only endurable country-houses the host and hostess never make plans without consulting their guests, that generally no plans at all are made, and people do what they like, and that ladies do not sign notes with a Mrs. before their names.

Although no end of fun and laughter characterized the *soirée dansante* given by the Princess Pauline Metternich at Vienna, the other day, where the ladies appeared in ordinary toilets, but the men were obliged to assume either the mask of an animal or of a well-known portrait, yet both masked and fancy-dress balls have gone almost completely out of fashion in Europe. Entertainments of this character (says the New York *Tribune*) belong to a hygienic age, when fun and merriment were of a less stilted and *blasé* nature than they are nowadays. At a ball given by the Comtesse Fernand de la Ferronnays, in Paris, there were plenty of men, but hardly any women; and comparatively few of the men had taken the trouble to appear in dominoes or fancy dress. The last fancy-dress ball which achieved anything like success was that given some eight or ten years ago at Paris by the Princess de Sagan, when all the guests were obliged to appear in the guise of some animal, insect, or bird. Even on that occasion, notwithstanding the beauty and costliness of the costumes and the splendor of the princess's hospitality, there was a notable lack of that *entrain* which distinguished the fancy-dress balls of the Tuileries, of the Duke de Morny, and of Arsène Houssaye during the reign of Napoleon the Third. It was, however, during his reign that fancy-dress and masked balls attained their highest degree of popularity, this being in a great measure due to the Empress Eugénie. Not only did she and the members of her court give *bals masqués* and *bals*

costumés, but even the official fêtes and receptions of the cabinet ministers at their official residences partook of that character. It was at the ministry of foreign affairs that the empress won a veritable triumph by the magnificent spectacle which she presented in the robes of a dogess of Venice; she was literally covered from head to foot with the crown diamonds. At one of the balls of this kind at the Tuileries a sensation was created by the appearance of the famous beauty, the Comtesse de Castiglione, as "Salâmbô," arrayed in a garb altogether too diaphanous for the taste of the empress. Strange to say, the empress was the only one of the women present who showed any signs of displeasure, and the ultra-respectable and devout Mme. Rouher endeavored to excuse the lovely countess's somewhat décolleté appearance with the exclamation: "Oh, mais la comtesse a tout si bien!" ("Oh, but the countess is so beautiful in all ways!") On another occasion, the eccentric and reckless Duchesse de Persigny, now dead, gave rise to a similar angry manifestation on the part of the empress by the somewhat *risqué* character of her costume, which was mainly composed of imitation seaweed, tights, and sea-green gauze—very little of the latter. The duchess, having asked old Prosper Mérimée what he thought of her costume, he replied: "But what does it represent?" "Why, a naïad or water-nymph, of course," exclaimed the duchess. "At low tide, I presume," murmured the old wit softly, as he passed on. The Pompeian house, constructed by the late Prince Napoleon, was inaugurated with an entertainment at which all the guests were arrayed in the costume of the Romans of the time of Augustus Cæsar, the banquet being served according to the most approved Lucullian fashion, the guests reclining on couches, having their wine served from amphoræ and partaking of viands and delicacies such as those we read of in the pages of Horace and Sallust. Very amusing was the fancy-dress ball given just before the fall of the Empire by the Russian Prince Dolgorouki, whereat all the ladies were arrayed as nurse-maids and all the men as common soldiers and policemen. Another hostess who still remains famous for the fancy-dress balls that she used to give in those days is the Comtesse de Pourtales—"the comtesse," as she is called in Paris. Even the liveried servants who opened the doors and announced the various guests on their arrival were young members of the *jeunesse dorée* in disguise.

Neighbors and acquaintances are apt to blame the husband for neglecting his wife, for seeking recreations and pleasures in which she can not share. While the blame may in such cases be generally deserved, it is not always. There are women, and not a few (writes Junius Henri Brown in the *Bazar*), so absorbed in their own homes, in their children, and all household details, as to leave small space for any large consideration of their husbands. They are the women known as entirely, strictly domestic. No man, however exacting matrimonially, could ask for more physical comfort, for ampler supervision of his material concerns, than they provide. But their idea does not embrace his intellectual needs, his wholesome appetite for variety, his reminiscent love of his early married days. He can not always listen with interest to the daily recital of discords in the kitchen, of tradesmen's exorbitant bills, of the children's ailments. If he is not impelled in self-defense to seek the sofa and brief oblivion, which is a negative solace, he goes to a neighbor's, to an adjacent hotel where his professional or business associates resort, or to the club, for company or entertainment. The mass of husbands, it may be conceded, are not affectively domestic; but many, reasonably, healthfully domestic at the outset, have certainly been healed by the excessive domesticity of their wives.

The girls' new craze, this turning of rings on the fingers of young men, is thus explained: If a young lady meets a young man with a ring on his finger, she is to turn the ring two or three times. Then with another man the same thing, and so on until she has turned rings to the extent of about twenty-four times. Then the next thing to do is to look for a married person, male or female, wearing a marriage-ring. This ring she is to turn twice, and the next man she shakes hands with will be her husband.

It is in a great part due to the influence of club-life, Lord Salisbury tells us, that the custom of drinking has almost disappeared among the upper classes. Something of this is, perhaps, owing to the influence of opinion, for even a toper who thought nothing of getting drunk in congenial company and among his Bacchanalian friends might hesitate to do so among strangers; but the chief cause of the improvement is doubtless the introduction of the after-dinner cigar. Tobacco was frowned upon at home before our womankind began to appreciate its soothing effect upon us, and the smokers naturally took refuge at their clubs. Then it very soon did away with the snuff-box, and more gradually, but quite as surely, with the magnum of claret after dinner. A few old gentlemen still stickle for a glass or so—which two generations ago would have been a bottle—but, as James Payn says, the minds of most men who have dined well turn, like a flower to the sun, to the smoking-room. The speeches which follow our public dinners would now be quite intol-

erable to the young and middle-aged but for the mitigation of tobacco. The ignorance of the anti-everythingarians about social matters is proverbial, but it is never so clearly demonstrated as in those who denounce tobacco upon the ground that it leads men to drink; it does lead them to drink—coffee. The reform thus commenced in the club has been perfected in the home. The ladies have wisely withdrawn their opposition to a rival who is only to be feared by those who ignore her attractions; some there are, it is true, who still declare they will never admit the fair Nicotina within their gates; but, it is to be observed, these have had no experience of how men drank at home before they learned to smoke abroad.

There will shortly be a vacancy among Queen Victoria's maids of honor, and already strenuous efforts are being made by the various court wire-pullers to obtain the appointment for their particular candidate. The emolument attaching to the position is fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the duties are not onerous, as each "maid" has only thirteen weeks of attendance during the year. Taking into consideration the fact that the queen always insists upon all her attendants being particularly well dressed, and objects to the same frock appearing too often, the salary only just about covers expenses and "tips." Moreover, these appointments lead to nothing in these days, and, on the death of the sovereign, all the members of the household—excepting, of course, those holding ministerial offices—lose their places. Still, notwithstanding these disadvantages, there are always numerous applicants for any vacancies among the maids of honor.

Although Raphael, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, and many of the world's most famous men have remained bachelors, the majority of the geniuses, according to a German writer, intrusted their domestic happiness to women. They seldom married too young and seldom too late, although there seems to be no particular age at which they chose to submit to the matrimonial yoke. Some of them made excellent husbands. Typical examples may be selected in almost any period. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when he was eighteen years old. Frederick the Great was twenty-one when he led the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar. William von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachroeden when twenty-four, and Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose better halves. Dante married, when twenty-six, the Florentine, Gemma Donati. At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestina Boie. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow, Josephine Beauharnais, and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress, Miss Elizabeth Milbank. The Swedish naturalist Linnaeus (Linne) was twenty-seven when he married; Herder was twenty-nine, and Robert Burns was thirty. Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Lengenfeld. Wieland was married when he was thirty-two. Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five years old. Luther chose a wife when he was forty-two, and Buffon when he was fifty-five. Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than threescore. Klopstock, after mourning his Meta thirty-three years, took unto himself a second wife when sixty-seven.

It is not surprising that the Cotton Oil Trust makes a favorable report of its affairs, since its product has gradually come to be a substitute for two highly important culinary materials—olive oil and lard. These two uses would alone constitute an enormous demand for cotton oil, and there are many others besides. In cotton oil, American ingenuity has transformed a waste product into an article of immense value to its producers at a great saving to the human race.



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SOCIETY.

The Hood-Mau Wedding.

The beautiful residence of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, 2215 Broadway, was the scene of a brilliant wedding last Tuesday evening, when her daughter, Miss Alice Mau, was married to Mr. Frederick H. Hood, of Santa Rosa. The bride, a handsome demi-blonde, is a charming young lady, who is very popular among a large circle of friends. She was one of the members of the Club of '90 that entertained so pleasantly three winters ago. The groom, who is the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, holds a government position at Santa Rosa, though he originally qualified himself for the practice of the law.

The floral decoration of the residence was in exquisite taste. To the main salon was a bridal bower constructed of smilax and yellow chrysanthemums, with a background of ferns and chrysanthemums against the lace curtains. In the music-room, where Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra was stationed, the embellishment was of white chrysanthemums and ferns. The dining-room, library, and hallway each had their distinctive touches of color, and made, in combination, a pretty picture.

A limited number of relatives and intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was impressively performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. Miss Julia Mau was the maid of honor, Miss Agnes Sadler and Miss Carrie Hood were the bridesmaids, Miss Edith Mau and Master Charles Bandmann were the flower-bearers, and Mr. J. R. Lippo was the best man. Mr. Hermann Sadler, uncle of the bride, gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses of the bride, her maids, and her mother, are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant robe of heavy white faille Française made with a long court train. The corsage was big and the sleeves long, with trimmings of Duchesse lace. A spray of orange-blossoms nestled in her coiffure and held in place the gracefully flowing veil of white silk moiré. Her hands were ungloved and she carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses.

The maid of honor and the bridesmaids were attired alike, in gowns of canary-colored corded silk, trimmed with chiffon of the same shade, and cut round at the neck, with elbow sleeves. Their gloves were of canary-colored undressed kid, and they carried clusters of yellow chrysanthemums.

Miss Edith Mau wore a little gown of white corded silk, and carried Cecil Bruner roses, and Master Charles Bandmann wore a suit of white cloth.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau appeared in a rich robe of black velours de Lyon, en train, with trimmings of old point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

The wedding reception commenced at nine o'clock, and at that time there were fully one hundred and fifty guests present, who were, in turn, congratulating the newly wedded couple. The dance music proved irresistible for most of the guests, who soon indulged in dancing until eleven o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served, under Ludwig's direction, in rooms on the lower floor. An hour of feasting was followed by more dancing, and it was in the early hours of the morning when the last guest departed. The bride and groom left at midnight in a shower of rice, accompanied by many good wishes for their welfare. On Wednesday they went to Del Monte, and they will visit other points of interest before locating permanently at their future home in Santa Rosa. The wedding gifts were numerous, varied in character, and of extreme elegance.

The Rich-Hyman Wedding.

A notable affair in Jewish society circles was the wedding, last Tuesday evening, of Miss Viola Hyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Hyman, and Mr. Alfred J. Rich, of the firms of O'Farrell & Lang, of this city, and Rich Bros. & Co., of New York city. The young couple are general favorites among a host of friends.

The residence of the bride's parents, 1946 California Street, was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion. Passing through a canvased archway that extended from the kerb to the front-door, the ballway was reached, and here was seen an array of calla lilies and ferns that robed the balustrades and graced the doorways and walls. In the front parlor was a bower of bamboo sprouts, smilax, calla lilies, and white chrysanthemums that seemed an ideal place for the uniting of the young couple. The rear parlor was embellished with palm-leaves, bamboo, and holly-berries, the scarlet color of which stood out in bold relief against the dark background of foliage. The dining-room was ornate with yellow chrysanthemums in artistic profusion.

It was just half-past eight o'clock when the string orchestra played the wedding march, and the bridal party entered the parlors. Miss Rose Rich acted as maid of honor, Miss May Slessinger was the bridesmaid, and Mr. David Rich, of New York city, was the best man. The bride was given away by her father, and Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of the Temple Emanu-El, performed the marriage service. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride, a beautiful brunette, wore an elegant robe of white satin made in rococo style. The corsage was cut square, the sleeves extended to the elbows meeting the gloves of white undressed kid, and her hand-bouquet was of Niphetos roses. From her coiffure fell a veil of white tulle that rippled to the end of the long court train.

Miss Rose Rich appeared in a Parisian gown of white satin with a bodice of yellow crepe de Chine. The corsage was décolleté, her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried Peite du Jardin roses.

Miss May Slessinger wore a becoming Princess gown of pink satin, made dancing length. The corsage was round and the sleeves extended to the elbows. She carried La France roses.

Mr. J. W. Hyman, mother of the bride, was attired in yellow brocaded satin, en train, trimmed with Duchesse lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Congratulations, an inspection of the elegant pres-

ents, and a number of dances followed the wedding ceremony, and at eleven o'clock supper was served. This was followed by more dancing until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Rich left on Wednesday to make a tour of Southern California. Upon their return they will reside in this city.

The Jones-Butterfield Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Sacramento, last Sunday morning, when Miss Ada M. Butterfield, daughter of Mr. William Butterfield, of Menlo Park, was married to Professor William Carey Jones, of Berkeley, one of the faculty of the University of California. After the ceremony, the newly wedded couple came to this city, and in the evening departed to make a tour of Southern California. The bride, who has been traveling in Europe and the Eastern States during the past three years, returned from her trip the day prior to the wedding in company with her friend, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who has been in Washington, D. C., for some time past. Professor and Mrs. Jones will reside in Berkeley.

The Crocker Bal Masque.

The most brilliant private affair of the season was the fancy-dress *bal masqué* given by Mrs. Clark W. Crocker last Thursday evening, at her residence, 1601 Sutter Street, to mark the début in society of her youngest daughter, Miss Julia Crocker. The affair was a novel one, owing to the fact that several years have elapsed since a ball of a similar character was given here. Both beauty and originality were shown in the costumes, and the comic element was not omitted, as was evidenced by the amusement afforded by the Salvation Army corps, whose *entrée* was signaled by the singing of a doleful hymn, with the usual musical accompaniment. Miss Julia Crocker, as a California *escholtzia*, and Miss Fanny Crocker, as an incandescent electric lamp, were particularly noticeable, and were untiring in making the affair the delightful one it was. Almost every character in history, fiction, and every-day life that could be portrayed successfully was seen in the handsomely decorated parlors, where roses, chrysanthemums, and delicate foliage were mingled in artistic profusion. The floors were all canvased, and Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing, which was enjoyed until after three o'clock in the morning. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served in the billiard-room. The number of guests present was about one hundred and fifty.

The Murphy Matinée Tea.

Miss Ethel Murphy made her début in society last Saturday afternoon at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy, at her residence, 1818 California Street. There were several hundred callers, and they were welcomed by the hostess and her daughter, who were assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. W. M. Gwio, Jr., Mrs. Charles J. Swift, Mrs. Oates, of Santa Rosa, Miss Lena Maynard, and Miss Morgan. Flowers were used in abundance in the decoration of the various rooms, their combinations producing charming effects. An interesting feature of the afternoon was the presentation at intervals of the following musical selections:

Polonaise, Moszkowski, Mrs. Keeley and Miss Laurie; scherzo, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Laurie, and Mr. Knell; "A Summer Night," Thomas, Miss Wood; "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn, Mrs. Keeley and Miss Laurie; trio, "Der Freischütz," Weber, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Laurie, and Mr. Knell; Cavatina, Böhm, Mr. Knell.

In the evening a dance was given, the attendance being principally of the younger element. Miss Julia Crocker, of this city, and Miss Grace Jones, of New York, Miss Ethel Cohen, of Alameda, and Miss Lucy Banning, of Wilmington, assisted Miss Murphy in entertaining her guests. Refreshments were served bounteously during the afternoon and evening. It was about midnight when the pleasant affair terminated.

The Moore Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Austin D. Moore received about four hundred of her friends last Saturday afternoon, at her residence, 1809 Broadway, and entertained them most hospitably. The affair was a tea, and it was given to introduce to society the daughter of the hostess, Miss Miriam Moore, and also her friend, Miss Woolrich. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton, Mrs. Henry Sherman, Miss McNutt, Miss Ralston, Miss Selby, Miss Smedberg, Miss Bancroft, Miss McBean, and Miss Stillman. Roses, chrysanthemums, foliage, and potted plants were used extensively in decorating the house, with a result that was greatly admired. A string orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon, and light refreshments were served. It was a most enjoyable affair in every respect.

The Tobin Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Richard Tobin and her daughter, Miss Cecilia Tobin, gave a very pleasant *matinée* tea last Tuesday at their residence, corner of California and Taylor Streets, and entertained about seventy-five young ladies and gentlemen from four until seven o'clock. Chrysanthemums, roses, and fine grasses were used for decorative purposes, and were arranged here and there in elegant vases, with pretty effect. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra was in attendance,

and played concert selections at intervals, and refreshments were served. In receiving their guests the hostesses had the assistance of Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Deming, and Miss Bailey.

The Gwin Card-Party.

Miss Carrie Gwin gave a most enjoyable card-party last Tuesday evening at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Miss Jones, of New York, who is here on a visit to her uncle, Mr. Winfield S. Jones. Progressive euchre was the game of the evening, and the contest for the pretty prizes was quite interesting. A delicious supper and a few dances made a pleasant ending for the affair. Those present were:

Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Jones, Miss Mary Belle Gwin, Miss Deming, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Martin, Miss Anna Head, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss McNutt, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. W. H. Hefflinger, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. F. W. Coon, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Lieutenant T. F. Ruhn, U. S. N., Mr. Rhodes Borden, and Mr. E. T. Messersmith.

The Nuttall Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Jessie Bowie and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Detrick, who will be married next Saturday. The floral decorations were very pretty and the affair pleasant in every way. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Schneely, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Deming, Mr. Charles Detrick, Mr. Schneely, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. W. S. McMurry, and Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie.

The Miller Dinner-Party.

An enjoyable dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, at their residence, 1111 Pine Street, last Wednesday evening, at which they hospitably entertained:

Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Mamie Burling, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, and Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr.

The Martin Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, assisted by her sister, Mrs. E. Martin, gave a lunch-party at her residence, last Wednesday, to Miss Jessie Bowie and Miss Mary Graham in honor of their approaching nuptials. The dining-room was beautifully decorated, and a delicious menu was served amid most pleasant surroundings. After luncheon the drawing-rooms were sought where music and conversation were enjoyed for a couple of hours, during which a number of friends called and congratulated the brides-elect. Those at the lunch-party were:

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. A. F. Fehseler, Miss Jessie Bowie, Mrs. Mary Graham, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Isabelle McKenna, Miss Ruger, and Miss Meta Graham.

"As Society."

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the most select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."

—London Journal.

Beautiful Christmas Gifts.

There has been much activity during the past week at the fine art emporium of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street, owing to the arrival from Europe of a new consignment of art-treasures and bric-a-brac. The firm purchased these goods, by special arrangement, at prices far below their actual worth, and are now prepared to give their patrons the advantage in price that they have not been able to obtain heretofore. The collection of novelties they have received possesses not alone the virtue of being absolutely new, but the twin virtues of originality and cheapness. None of the articles can be duplicated in other establishments here. Special mention is due to their elegant assortment of gilt frames and pedestals, and a view of them is sufficient to make one envious for their possession. It must also be borne in mind that the justly celebrated Gump collection of pictures is on exhibition, free of charge, in the art-gallery, and visitors are cordially invited to inspect it.

Mme. Eva Nansen, the arctic explorer's wife is regarded as being, next to Mme. Grieg, the finest romance singer in Norway.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

There will be two weddings of officers of the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., in December, namely: Lieutenant Edward D. Anderson and Miss Adelaide Ewen, daughter of Major Clarence Ewen, Medical Department, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt to Miss Emily Phillips, of Philadelphia.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. S. Skerrett, U. S. N., and the Misses Skerrett, Lieutenant and Mrs. Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., left last Tuesday for Yokohama, where Admiral Skerrett will join the flagship *Baltimore* and assume command of the Asiatic Station. Admiral Skerrett passed a creditable examination for promotion at Mare Island prior to his departure.

Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fehseler, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island on Tuesday to attend the Hood-Mau wedding.

Chaplain and Mrs. Frank Thompson, U. S. N., *né* Carleton, are occupying their new residence at Vallejo. Mrs. Marcus P. Miller, wife of Major Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and her daughter, Miss Mary Appleton Miller, are the guests of Mrs. Crosby P. Miller at her residence in Washington, D. C. Miss Miller is engaged to be married to Mr. Anthony Ruggles, son of Adjutant-General Ruggles, U. S. A.

Commander W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., has arrived in Honolulu, where he will be married to Miss Ah Fong early in December.

Miss Storm, of Washington, D. C., who was maid of honor there early in November at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Mills Thompson, is now the guest of Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton at the residence.

Lieutenant Robert Alexander Brown, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Miss Virginia T. Long, daughter of the late General Armistead L. Long, chief of artillery of General Robert E. Lee's staff, and granddaughter of Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, Eighth Cavalry, were united in marriage at Charlottesville, Va., on November 10th. Lieutenant Willard A. Holbrook, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., now stationed at West Point, in full-dress uniform, officiated as best man and Miss Daisy Hampton, daughter of ex-United States Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, served as maid of honor. The groom was attired in full-dress uniform and the bride wore a handsome gown of white silk, with diamond ornaments.

Lieutenant Alphon W. Wadhams, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Ranger*.

Mrs. George Crook, widow of the late General Crook, U. S. A., is passing the winter at the Hotel Irvington in Washington, D. C.

Miss Ruggles, daughter of Adjutant-General Ruggles, U. S. A., will make her début this winter in the society circles of Washington, D. C.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., retired, is writing a book to be called "The Reminiscences of the War." Mrs. Kautz and family will join the general in Washington, D. C., next June, prior to making their future home in Tacoma, Wash.

Captain Ahram E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of two months on his leave of absence.

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Always makes wholesome food.

It is not like any other; it is stronger, therefore of more value to the consumer.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Jean Murray, who is well known here in art and society circles, will be married on Thursday, December 14th, to Mr. John M. Champion, of Grindslow House, Edale, Derbyshire, England. A tour of Europe will be made before they settle on their estate in Derbyshire.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Annette F. Salz, of this city, and Mr. M. A. Wertheimer, of San Diego.

The wedding of Miss Bessie R. Mosgrove, daughter of the late Samuel Mosgrove, formerly of this city, and Mr. Theodore Poindexter, formerly of Alameda, will take place early in December at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Henry Mosgrove, 903 South Olive Street, Los Angeles. They will reside in Los Angeles.

The first meeting of the Friday Night Club will be held in Golden Gate Hall next Friday evening, and will be in the form of an assembly. The second meeting will be a cotillion on Friday evening, December 22d. There will be five meetings in all during the season. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will direct the affairs of the club as usual. Owing to the limited space in the hall, the membership list has been curtailed considerably.

Miss Edith McBean will make her debut in society at a matinee tea that her mother, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, will give this afternoon at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Miss Sara Collier, daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, who will be Miss McBean's guest during the winter, will also make her debut at the tea.

Mrs. Henry C. Davis will give a tea, from four until seven o'clock, this afternoon at her residence, corner of Devisadero and Jackson Streets, in honor of the debut of her daughter, Miss Florence Davis.

Mrs. Joseph McKenna will give a matinee tea this afternoon at her residence, 2264 Franklin Street, to introduce her daughter, Miss McKenna, into society circles. The hours are from three until six o'clock.

Miss Cunningham has issued invitations for a dancing-party to be given next Wednesday evening at her residence, 1939 Clay Street.

A bazaar will be held in the hop-room at the Presidio next Saturday afternoon and evening under the auspices of Mrs. W. M. Graham and the young lady members of the Golden Circle of King's Daughters. There will be music, dancing, and other attractions. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable work.

The Harmonie Club has issued invitations for its opening ball of the season, which will be held in the Union Square Building this evening.

The Deutscher Verein will give its annual ball this evening at its rooms in the Pioneer Building. The members of the Concordia Club will give a high jinks at the club on Saturday evening, December 2d.

The new Ladies' Club will give a cotillion at the residence of Miss Behlow on Tuesday evening, December 5th.

A bop was given at the Presidio last Tuesday evening by the officers and ladies stationed there as a compliment to Lieutenant and Mrs. J. E. Nolan, *de* Kimball, who were married recently in Chicago. The regimental band provided excellent music for dancing, and it was about midnight when the affair ended.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg gave a pleasant matinee tea on Friday at their residence, 1611 Larkin Street, and entertained several of their friends.

On Wednesday last Miss Grace Maynard gave a luncheon at her home on Washington Street in honor of Mrs. Rounceville Wildman, *de* Aldrich, who is visiting this coast after a three years' sojourn at Singapore.

Miss Hilda Macdonald gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Wednesday at the residence of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald, 2219 Scott Street. The hostess had a coterie of young lady friends to assist her in receiving and entertaining. They comprised Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Belle O'Connor, Miss Blanche Nixon, Miss Fanny Grant,

Misses Ethel and Edith Cohen, Miss May Palmer, and Miss Edith Conner. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the afternoon, and light refreshments were served.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough and her daughter, Miss Fanny Loughborough, gave an enjoyable matinee tea recently at their residence on O'Farrell Street, and hospitably entertained about fifty of their friends. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, and delicious refreshments were served. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Misses Marie and Bessie Zane, Miss Bertha Welch, Miss Sallie Maynard, and Miss Carrie Taylor.

Mrs. W. G. Richardson gave a dinner-party at her residence last Saturday evening in honor of Count and Countess E. de Valcourt-Vermont. Covers were laid for twelve at a handsomely appointed table, and the affair was a most enjoyable one.

Mrs. James W. Keeney gave an elaborate luncheon recently at her residence, 2220 Clay Street, and entertained eleven of her friends.

The luncheon given to M. Coquelin and his son, M. Jean Coquelin, last Sunday, by Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Roos, at their residence, 1362 Post Street, was a pleasant ending to the great comedian's stay in this city. The hour set was noon, and the guests invited were: M. de Lalande, the French Consul, Mr. Damet Levy, Mr. A. Goustiaux, Mr. E. Raas, Mr. H. Kahn, Dr. Jules Simon, Mr. A. Chaigneau, Mr. E. Meyer, Mr. E. Godchaux, Mr. Achille Roos, Mr. George H. Roos, and Mr. Leon L. Roos. The handsome dining-room was beautifully decorated with natural flowers, the tri-color prevailing. The conversation led by the great artist was replete with wit and brilliance. It was five o'clock when the guests retired to the smoking-room, and long after that hour before the reluctant leave-taking took place.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Miss Nellie Hillyer returned from the East last week to attend the Jones-Butterfield wedding in Sacramento.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall, who was to have left New York on November 15th for this city, was taken suddenly ill with an attack of pneumonia on the eve of her departure, and is at the Grand Hotel in New York city under medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned from their villa at Menlo Park, and are occupying their residence on Taylor Street.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt have returned home after an extended tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, and Miss Hecht will return from the East next week.

Mr. Louis B. Parrott is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker are staying at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Miss Deming, of Sacramento, is in the city on a visit to Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Miss Virginia Aldrich has returned from a prolonged visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Beth Sperry, and Miss Deming returned early in the week from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mr. H. Henry Venne has returned from a prolonged European trip.

Miss Josephine Hane has returned to Red Bluff after an extended visit to relatives in the Eastern States.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin has returned from a visit to Chicago, New York, and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sountag will pass the winter at the Hotel Piesanzen.

Miss Wethered and Mr. Woodworth Wethered returned from their Eastern trip last Saturday.

Miss Sara Collier is here from Lake County on a visit to Miss Edith McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have returned from a brief visit to the East.

Mr. Philip Thornton returned from Arizona last Saturday after a prolonged absence, and will remain here during the winter.

Mrs. W. G. Richardson returned last week from an extended visit to the Eastern States and the Columbian Exposition.

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper, has gone to Honolulu with the hope of improving her health.

Miss Lucy Banning, of Wilmington, Los Angeles County, is here on a visit to Miss Ethel Murphy at her home, 1818 California Street.

Mrs. John S. Hager is making a brief visit in St. Louis.

Mr. B. Chandler Howard, of Yokohama, is here on a visit to relatives after an absence of several years.

Mr. George Crocker is in New York city, where he will pass most of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam returned to the city last Wednesday after a prolonged visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hubert Morrow are now residing at 1231 Sacramento Street.

Mr. H. R. Cooper has returned to the city after a three months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. George A. Knight and her son, Master Fred S. Knight, have returned from a three months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed are here from Auburn on a brief visit, and are staying at 1001 Pine Street.

Mrs. H. E. Hall, of Oakland, is visiting her parents, General and Mrs. G. B. Cosby, at Sacramento.

Judge and Mrs. John Curry have returned from the East, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook returned from their Eastern visit on Friday.

R. P. Hammond, W. E. Brown, and S. P. Middleton, appraisers of the estate of Alexander H. Rutherford, have filed a report, placing its value at \$181,047.85. The principal items are as follows:

Household furniture, \$4,500; 12,568 2/3 shares of the stock of the Goleta Mining Company, \$12,536.66; 12,536 2/3 shares of the stock of the Montecito Mining Company, \$12,536.66; seven Dupont-Street bonds of \$1,000 each, \$9,800; promissory note of the Pacific Improvement Company, \$55,000; promissory note of George A. Wilson, \$10,000; property on the south line of Bush Street, west of Leavenworth, \$14,000; 236 1/4 acres of land in Fresno County, \$14,317.15; 103 acres of land in Santa Barbara County, \$20,000.

Mme. de Pachmann, who was divorced from the pianist last spring, married Mr. Fernand Labori, a barrister of the court of appeals, Paris, at the American church there last month.

THANKSGIVING CHARITY.

An Appeal for the Fruit and Flower Mission.

The *Argonaut* makes its annual appeal for its pet charity, the Fruit and Flower Mission. It calls upon its friends, and commends to them this most excellent of all the benevolent institutions of San Francisco. Young ladies of society, accomplished girls from luxurious homes, providing themselves with fruits and flowers, with delicacies for the sick, seek invalids in their poor homes, strangers in hospitals, the poor and destitute who are hiding their sorrows, their poverty, and their pride in humble dwellings, forsaken, forgotten, friendless. To these our girls carry their sunny countenances, their breezy manners, their gentle voices, their soothing touches, and the gloomy chamber or the dull hospital-ward lights up with the glow of sympathy, and into the dark recesses of room, and memory, and heart there enters the rosy light of hope, confidence, courage. Under such circumstances, a bouquet of brilliant flowers, smelling of the day-dawn and the dew, is better than medicine; a luscious peach, a great golden orange, a cluster of purple grapes, accompanied by kindly words, seals up the fountain from which sorrows flow. Who, being sick, or poor, or despondent, who, like the wounded beast, has hidden himself away in the forest where he was hurt to die, would rather not receive a smile, a gentle word, a kindly sympathetic look, a bouquet of flowers, or a basket of fruit from a brace of sunny-tempered, light-hearted girls, than all the grave consolations of advising friends, all the medicines of science, all the prayers of the godly, and all the promises of priestly mediation? Our girls of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission are doing this kind of sentimental charity, and it requires labor and money—money to purchase, and labor to distribute. Carriages and wagons are wanted to distribute Thursday's Thanksgiving dinner—turkeys, chickens, game, roasts of beef, celery, cranberries for sauce, mince-pies, coffee, sugar, fruit for dessert, plums for a pudding—enough to fill ever so many great, bouncing baskets, to be distributed to poor families where a good dinner is not the subject of an every-day's thanksgiving. To our rich and generous gentlemen, to our ladies in luxurious homes, to our young bachelors in clubs, to our grocers, fruit-dealers, and prosperous business men, we say remember the Fruit and Flower Mission, and before you eat your own dinner on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 30th, send your gifts to No. 420 Post Street. Wells, Fargo & Co. will bring to the mission, free of charge, all contributions from the country.

An Appeal to the Charitable.

Will you help to provide a Thanksgiving dinner for the fifty little ones in the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children? Winter is coming on, and the children are in need of warm clothing. The funds of the institution being at a very low ebb, donations of food, clothes, fuel, or hedding will be thankfully received at the nursery, 328 Bryant, between First and Second Streets.

We Want You

To call at our store any time before Christmas and examine our stock of pictures, frames, and ready-framed pictures, mirrors, easels, onyx tables, plain and silver-mounted purses, card-cases, bill-books, calendars, silver desk ornaments, cabinet and Paris-panel frames, artistic novelties for decoration, and a general line of leather goods and fine stationery.

Our new ivory-type panels of local scenery are the latest novelties for a Christmas card or souvenir. We have no old hankrupt job-lots marked up to three times their value and to be sold at a discount of fifty cents on the dollar. Ours are all new, clean, honest goods, paid for with honest money at one hundred cents on the dollar, and are to be sold at honest prices.

You can see hundreds of bargains marked in plain figures in our show-windows, and you can find thousands of just such inducements inside our store. We desire our friends and the public in general to inspect our premises from top to bottom. All are welcome, and no one will be urged or expected to buy unless they see it to their interest to do so. We buy right, buy what the people want, and our guarantee is "Reliable goods and satisfactory prices."

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HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. V. Huber, 720 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

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Long for and shop-keepers sell the
Lustre of lustres, peerless Callistors.

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HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA
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It has played at the Friday Night Cotillion Club and at the California Hotel.

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**W. BAKER & CO'S
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which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
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is a delicious accessory to the morning's first meal. It combines purity—convenience—economy—the three requisites for a breakfast dish. Delightful in your coffee; appetizing on your oatmeal; brings out the flavor of cut-up peaches. No more waiting for the milkman; no more worrying over his stall-fed cows. **Highland Brand** is uniformly rich and perfect—there's where it differs from its imitations.

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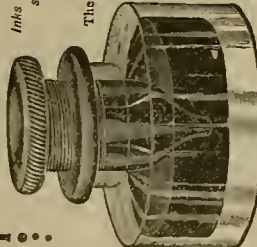
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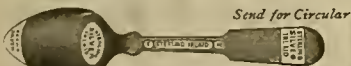
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DRAVER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of
all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to
15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

SHE TELLS MAMMA.

All About what she Saw at the Foot-Ball Game.

DEAR MAMMA: I don't feel the least bit sleepy,
and so I thought I'd write to you before I went to
bed. I don't know, but it may be the champagne
that keeps me awake, though I had only two glasses,
and that wouldn't hurt a fly hardly. Anyway, I'm
not sleepy, and I know you'd like to hear how we
went to the great game.

I went with Cousin Philip, of course, and I wore a
bow of his colors. Luckily it went nicely with my
hat, or I might have had to wear the other colors,
and Philip mightn't have liked that, though really it's
none of his affair. We went in a big stage-coach,
like the one old Steve Vinton drives, and they packed
it full, and blew horns whenever they saw anything
to blow about.

When we got to the grounds you never saw such a
crowd as there was. Lots of fine-looking young
men, but I didn't see hardly a pretty girl. There
were one or two that looked nice enough, but they
acted as if they thought they were beautiful. My
dress was very nice, and I am ever so much obliged
to you for it. The girls seemed not to have a very
good time, to me.

We had to wait some time for the game to begin,
but Philip kept me amused by making sarcastic re-
marks about the people we saw. He is too killing
when he once gets started. I got into a regular gale
once, and an old gentleman, who sat just in front of
us, turned around and frowned at me once or twice.
I'm afraid I made a kind of a face at him, but I hope
he didn't notice it.

Pretty soon the people began to stamp, and I was
glad and stamped, too, to keep my toes warm.
Philip pounded with his cane until I thought all the
people would look at us. The old gentleman
changed his seat to another part of the stand, and so
we didn't have him to bother us any more. He
looked at us just before he left, and Philip said
(under his breath, you know): "Must you go?
Well, ta-ta, Birdie." He is really too funny, when
he gets started once.

After a while, a lot of men in knickerbockers, and
colored stockings, and something rolled around their
necks came capering over the field, like a lot of fat
circus elephants. The people all yelled "Raw I
'raw I 'raw I!" only some hissed (and I think that was
mean) and said, "Boo Ma!" Then another lot of
fat men did the same thing, and so did the people,
only louder and more of it, if possible. And after a
while the people quieted down, and let the game go
on. But there was one funny man, in ordinary dress
with a long ulster, who wouldn't get off the field, and
it was the funniest thing in the world to see how he
was always running after the ball, but running away
again just as soon as the real players would charge
upon him. I noticed, though, that whenever there
was a dispute, which was pretty much most of the
time, he talked the hardest of any. Like all cowards,
he was a regular frag. I wanted to ask Philip about
him, but remembered what you said about his not
liking to be bothered during the game, and waited
till afterward, when I forgot it. I think he must
have been the rusher.

Philip had a box of candy, and I think it was to
keep me quiet. Anyway, whenever I seemed about
to ask him anything, he'd offer me a caramel—and
you know one can't converse with a caramel in her
mouth.

The way they began the game was funny. One
side hid the ball in the middle of a crowd, and the
other side jumped at the crowd and tried to hurt
the other players all they could. It was awful, but
it didn't last long. As to the rest of it, it was just
like the end of a church fair, when all the girls are
trying to sell off the few things they've got left—just
pulling, and hauling, and disputing. I saw one man
stand right up in the air on the end of his nose for
about a minute, and when he came down four men
sat down on him as hard as they could. I shouldn't
think it gentlemanly, but Philip says they like it.
This fellow didn't, though, for they carried him off
the field; and when I asked why they did that,
Philip said that their fellows had made him tired.
Philip got real excited. He stood right up once and
cried out, "Down him, Stuff—down him!" I
asked him what it meant, and he said it was technical
terms, and offered me more candy.

After a long while they ran past the other side's
line, and it was a touch-goal or something. So they
made one fellow lie right down flat in the dirt and
hold the ball as if it was an egg, while another man,
after squinting around, ran and kicked the ball as
high as he could. Then how the people yelled and
stamped! I saw even the old gentleman who didn't
like Philip's pounding get right up and yell out
something about a tiger. He must be a lunatic, I
think. It was real funny, but after awhile I got
very tired of seeing the men stand in rows and
punch one another. It seemed brutal to me.

I did know which one came out ahead, but I'm
beginning to get sleepy now—I have yawned three
times—and I don't remember.

I've learned a good deal about foot-ball; and I
saw a good idea for a way to fix my brown hat for
this winter.

Love to papa and the girls and yourself.

CYNTHIA.

Harper's Weekly.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

To My Lady's Sleeve.

"Oh, frigid fair I mark well my pain;
Behold me as I grieve;
Something hath come betwixt us twain:
It is my lady's sleeve."
There was a time her arm in mine
She was content to leave.
Far from her side I woeful pine,
Divided by her sleeve.
Once round her waist my hand I pressed,
A kiss I did achieve;
But now she spurns me coldly, lest
I crush my lady's sleeve.
Oh, fatal fullness, furs, and frills,
That all my hopes deceive!
Oh, fertile source of lovers' ills!
Oh, nightmare of a sleeve!
Fain would I gage my lady's troth,
Full fain would I believe
That mine's the heart she is so loth
To wear upon her sleeve.
There's Dick and Harry, Tom and Jack,
Who each her smiles receive.
I tremble, hating all the pack,
Lest some knave's up her sleeve.
Ye arbiters of fate! Ye gods
Who women's fashions weave:
Forbear to pit us 'gainst such odds
As prove my lady's sleeve,
To Redfern, Fenwick, Worth, I call:
Grant us poor men reprieve!
To ladies' tailors, one and all,
Take in my lady's sleeve!

—London World.

His Party Call.

He tore him from the merry throng
Within the hilliard-hall;
He was gotten up regardlessly
To pay his party call.
His thoughts were dire and dark within,
Discourteous to fate:
"Ah, me! these social debts incurred
Are hard to liquidate."

His boots were slender, long, and trim,
His collar tall and swell,
His hats were made by Dunlap,
And his coats were cut by Bell;
A symphony in black and white.
"Of our set" the pride,
Yet he lingered on his way—
He would that he had died.

His feet caressed the lonely way,
The pave gave forth no sound;
They seemed in pitying silence clothed—
West End-ward he was bound,
He approached the mansion stealthily,
The steps looked cold and chill;
He glanced into the vestibule,
But all was calm and still.

He fingered nervously the hell,
His card-case in his hand,
He saw the mirror in the hall—
Solemn, stately, grand.
Suddenly his spirits rose,
The drawing-room looked dim;
The menial filled his soul with joy
With "No! there's no one in."

With fiendish glee he stole away,
His heart was gay and light,
Happy that he went and paid
His party call that night.
His steps turned to the hilliard-hall,
Blissfully he trod;
He entered, "What, returned so soon?"
Replied: "She's out, thank God!"

Sixteen cues were put to rest
Within their upright heads,
And sixteen different tiles were placed
On sixteen level heads;
Sixteen men upon the street
In solid phalanx all,
And sixteen men on duty bent
To pay their party call.

When the fairest of her sex came home—
At early dawn, I ween—
She slowly looked the cards all out,
They numbered seventeen.
With calm relief she raised her eyes,
Filled with grateful light,
"Oh, Merciful Fate look down and see
What I've escaped this night!"

—Albert Riddle in Life.

The Horse-Show.

Shrine of Godolphin and temple of pedigree!
Fane of the steed of the truly high-bred degree!
Lo! how the throngs of the ultra-respectable
Flock through thy portals in raiment delectable.
Specimen rows of our very best residents,
Flashy old heads and inflated bank presidents;
Tailor-made girls from the smartest Society,
Dandies and dudes in unending variety;
Upper-ten dowagers full of urbanity,
Horsely young swells with a dash of profanity—
Singing the song of the minor beatitudes
Found in the horse's Society attitudes.

Hymn of the hippocrats! How the proud anthem hums
Up from the sea of high hats and chrysanthemums!
Lauding the beauties of Anglican stabledom,
Swelling with joy as the drivers, all labeled, come
Throned upon "tilburies," gigs, and Whitechapel carts—
Jove! what a vision of glorified apple-carts!
Four-in-hand whips, with big horns for amusing them,
Tangled-up tandems, with posts for confusing them;
Hopping high jumpers in feats of agility,
Evergreen hunters with nervous debility—
Such are the joys which delight us excitedly:
Show of the Swells, we applaud thee delightedly!
—Charles F. Carroll in Vogue.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

As an artist, celebrated in his day as a successful painter of portraits, while making a counterfeit presentment of a lady, perceived that when he came to draw the mouth, shied to render it smaller by contracting her lips. "Pray do not trouble yourself so much, madam," he exclaimed; "if you like, I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

One brief saying of General Trochu will show how reckless he was of the lives of his soldiers. General Favé, having remonstrated with him on the inadequacy of the forts around Paris, pointed out the certainty of the enemy destroying them and many soldiers, Trochu coolly replied: "They will enrich the soil for future generations, general."

There was an English lady who saw much of the late Professor Jowett. She was often his hostess. Intellectually they had not, perhaps, many points of contact, but each was sympathetic to the other. A friend once remarked to her how often one came into the room and found them both silent. "Oh, yes," answered she, "nobody is so interesting as Jowett when he is silent." It was said with entire sincerity.

Dr. Francis Parkman, the late historian, had a strict idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street-boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked the friend. "I found that Johnnie here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnnie watch him while he eats it."

Here is the latest lagoon story, according to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: It was near the south side of the Electricity Building, where an extended view of the lagoon is cut off by the island and by curves. An Irishman stepped up to a guard and said: "Where is that lag-oon I'm hearing about?" "Right here," was the answer, with a wave of the hand toward the water. The Irishman looked at the water, the island, and some weeds in the corner. Then he said: "Is that it? Begorra, I'll stale it some night with a sponge."

A person was riding through the streets of a Western city, some two or three weeks ago, with a millionaire who had made his money in a few weeks out of pork. When they got out of the carriage a high wind took off the hat of his coachman, who, regardless of his duties, jumped from his seat and ran to catch it. The horses took fright and started, but were stopped by a gentleman who was passing by. The rich man thanked him, adding: "I'm sorry I have no money about me for you." "Sir," retorted the indignant stranger, "you have nothing but money."

The new member of Congress (says *Kate Field's Washington*) was enjoying the hospitality of one of the most amiable and attractive women of the capital, and was doing admirably until she led him into trouble with the remark: "I am afraid you find Washington rather dull at present. There is very little excitement, excepting what you find in the way of duty at the Capitol." "It is rather monotonous," he asserted. "No doubt you have an occasional *mauvais quart d'heure*?" "No," he replied; and then leaning over confidentially: "I haven't tasted anything stronger than tea in a year."

When Thaddeus Stevens had taken to his bed for the last time, a visitor told him he was looking well. "Oh, John," was the quick reply, "it is not my appearance but my disappearance that troubles me!" One day a member of the House of Representatives, who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions, and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence. "Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself!"

Gounod was a firm and devout Catholic, and adored religious music. During the rehearsal of his "Dramas Sacrés," at the Vaudeville Theatre, the manager called on him one morning and asked permission to make a suggestion. "I think, *mon cher maître*," he said, "that there is something wanting in your score. For example, do you not think that

the Barabbas incident might be improved by a little more orchestral effect?" Gounod, without replying, hid his head in his hands, and, after two or three minutes of meditation, suddenly exclaimed: "No, decidedly no; such a blackguard as that does not deserve more music."

Wandering on some land belonging to Earl Derby, a collier chanced to meet the owner of Knowsley face to face (says an English journal). His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Where did that get it fro?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "Ao' wheer did they get it fro?" queried the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "Aod wheer did their ancestors get it fro?" "They fought for it." "Well, begad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll feight thee for it!"

Joe Jefferson (says the *Chicago Times*) never had but one person with him who did not reverence the man as they did the name. This individual, one Bagley by name, was the property man, and annoyed the great comedian with undue familiarity. He had called Mr. Jefferson "Joey" during his entire thirty years' service. Just previous to an auspicious opening in one of the big cities, Mr. Jefferson discharged Bagley for humiliating him before a number of friends. Bagley got drunk right away, and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry Frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turns and, with a word of pathos, asks: "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice resounded: "Only eighty per cent., Joey—only eighty per cent.!"

There is a man in Boston (says the *Budget*) who is far beyond the financial condition denominated "well-to-do," but he has a great fondness for an old soft hat, and at his summer resort insists upon wearing one. A certain young lady undertook the liberty of taking exception to this head-gear, and asked him why he wore it. Mr. A— looked at her reproachfully. "I dress as well as I can afford to," he answered. The young lady did not know his real financial status and was conscience-stricken. But in a week or so she found it out, and determined to be avenged. Her opportunity came after their return to town. Mr. A— was to be her escort to some function, and when she came trailing down the stairway to a most fetching evening-gown, he made some remark that gave her the loog-desired opening. There was a touch of triumph, mingled with reproach, in her tone, as she answered: "I dress as well as I can afford to." But the triumph was of short duration, for Mr. A— only answered softly: "Yes, you bet you do."

While preparations were being made for the attack on New Orleans, the Navy Department came into possession of a complete set of plans of the defenses of that city. Not only were the positions of the forts laid down, but also, the submarine mines, as well as the system of torpedoes, and the reserve of war vessels which were to cooperate with the land batteries. No time was lost in sending it to Admiral Farragut, but no acknowledgment ever reached the Navy Department. Meanwhile, the passage of the forts was effected. New Orleans captured, Admiral Farragut, in due time, went North. Proceeding to Washington, he at once called at the Navy Department, where he received hearty congratulations upon his brilliant successes. While he was in the department a prominent official referred to the plans of the defenses of New Orleans, and asked the admiral if he had ever received them. "Yes," he replied, "I received the plans, hut, on examination, I found that, according to them, New Orleans could never be taken; so I tore them up and threw them into the waste-basket."

A Practical Man.

Of all the practical men of whom America is justly proud, no one holds a higher place than the late Cyrus W. Field. His son shows that he has inherited the shrewd common sense of the man who laid the Atlantic cable. He writes:

8 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK, May 8th, 1893.
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| LEAVE | From Nov. 19, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 6.45 A. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | 8.45 P. |
| 10.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10.45 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José..... | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 9.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10.45 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6.45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2.45 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6.26 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5.06 P. |
| 12.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 8.06 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | 7.26 P. |

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| 2.00 | 3.00 4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. |
| From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— | |
| *6.00 | 8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30 2.00 |
| 3.00 | 4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. |

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No more exciting period in the world's history could have been chosen for the setting of a play than that of the ninth Thermidor, 1794.

On this hot and sultry day of a hot and sultry month, the final act in the greatest of world dramas was played. In the Convention, The Mountain and The Plain fought their most tremendous combat, and, in the heat and uproar, Robespierre's star, that had risen with such portentous rapidity in the last five years, goes out in darkness and clamor. With it, too, goes out the star of St. Just. These two have risen and expanded with amazing changes of light and form. Five years before, in 1789, Robespierre always signed himself De Robespierre, was a quiet man, pale, with a sea-green hue of complexion, who was known to have exclusive, aristocratic tastes. Five years before, St. Just had recently left college, was a beautiful youth, with a regular, classic face, who revered the severe heroes of antiquity and was said to have wept over the fate of the Gracchi.

On twenty-eighth Thermidor these two, with their devoted associates, rattle over the cobbles of Paris, in the tumbrils, to the guillotine. The De Robespierre of the past—the De Robespierre of refined tastes and aristocratic tendencies—lies now supine in the tumbril, his head bound up with a blood-stained rag. His jaw is broken. Some say he tried to commit suicide, others that a soldier took a passing shot at him as they dragged him out to his trial. The streets, as the tumbrils roll onward, roar as with the roaring of the sea as Robespierre goes the way he has been sending the rest of the world.

Stirring times these, for play or story. The whole canvas is crowded with strange, passionate, blood-red figures, lurid in the lurid light of the flames of a consuming social fabric. By ninth Thermidor, 1794, many of the most impressive have jolted and rattled their way over the cobbles to the guillotine. The fair-faced, queen and the lethargic king have gone. Four years before, English visitors were prone to paying visits to Versailles, to see there royalty playing at being pastoral in that most un-pastoral spot—Le Petit Trianon, a farm à la Watteau, with shepherdesses à la Boucher. The Dauphin, a pretty boy full of spirits, will disappear later on. His sister, already grave beyond her years, will live to return and revisit these scenes haunted by memories of poignant horror. The king's sister, Mme. Elizabeth, very beautiful and saint-like, will go grandly to her death in the cart of the condemned.

The white Princesse de Lamballe, the queen's friend, a figure like a lily in its pure, pale delicacy against that crimson-colored background, will be murdered in the September massacres. She is always the white princess, and before her dead head is carried through the streets of Paris on a pike, they get a barber to powder the thick, blonde hair. Philippe Egalité and Mme. de Buffon, good friends for the time being, are at dinner together when the beautiful, blood-stained head, with its dragged curls powdered white, is thrust up at their window on a pike. Egalité's own coarse and ugly face must have paled at the sight. Just a year later his head drops under the knife of the guillotine, when sent on its way by his own vote; his cousin's dropped a few months before.

Previous to the morning when ninth Thermidor dawns hot and close, the Girondists have gone singing to the scaffold. The Citizeness Roland, too, has gone proudly in the same direction—Marion Roland, aged thirty-nine; height, five feet; eyes and hair, dark—so said the record of the keeper of Saïote Pélagie. In the prison she writes the five love-letters to Buzot, who afterward dies in the fields near St. Emilion, and is found there frost-nipped and eaten by dogs. Camille des Moulins, the handsomest man in Paris, beautiful as a Greek god, has followed her in a few months, and after him, a solemn spectacle, his wife and child.

There has been almost a clean sweep of the great spirits before ninth Thermidor rises in a red, hot dawn. Mirabeau, the greatest, has died in his bed. Danton, with the green-glowing tiger eyes and the thunder-rolling voice, has died on the scaffold. Mme. de Staël, assisted into her traveling-carriage by Santerre, for the sake of benefits to the poor bestowed by Necker, is roaming about through Europe in dreary exile. In the great sweeping out, some ugly spirits have gone, too. Marat, the horrible spectacle, with thigh-tied hair and bulging lips "like an adder's poison-bag," has been sent to his account with one swift blow of a long knife, delivered by a steady and unflinching hand, "beneath the clavicle, sheer through the lung." His slayer—the young girl of twenty-three from the provinces, very

handsome, who starts with horror at the suggestion that she is a murderess—has gone, too, rolling through the streets of Paris in the long, red garment of the condemned, solemnly exalted, so strangely beautiful a figure that a spectator, Adam Lux, is inspired to adore her and write a pamphlet on her, that, in his turn, sends him rattling over the stones to the guillotine.

On this ninth day of Thermidor, the prisons, too, are full of a strange company of "suspects." Among these is the pretty Citizeness Beauharnais, a very vivacious, pretty, foolish woman, of whom, in the old days at Martinique, it was foretold that she would be an empress. Her dear friend is the beautiful Mme. Tallien, a Spaniard from Andalusia, the land of beautiful women, destined to become a goddess of fashion, introduce the *mode à la Greque*, and rise, like a dark-locked phoenix, in golden tissue from the sombre-bued prisoner of revolutionary days. A young soldier, who is to exercise a strange influence over the destinies of one of these frightened "suspects," is now just made a brigadier-general of artillery. He is described as having very beautiful features, of being extremely untidy, and of pronouncing his name as though it ended with a terminal *-Napoléone*.

From these blood-dripping, fire-illuminated, parching days, the playwright may choose material wherewith to make a hundred plays. All the world was dramatic then—the simplest *bourgeois* behind his counter, the proudest aristocrat flying by the light of his burning château, those "wild animals, male and female, scattered over the fields, black, livid, all burnt by the sun, who, when they rise on their feet, show a human face, and, in fact, are men." All these are stuff for the dramatist. But the dramatist, either frightened before the horribleness of the material or overawed by the majestic terror of it, does not often attempt to use it. Such plays as have been made from it have been done from a conventional point of view, depicting the troubles of the noble aristocrat, hunted down for the sins of his imperious forefathers by brutal and uneducated revolutionaries.

The sensibleness of French art, the practical appeal it makes to common sense and reason, could not be shown more plainly than in the plays—and the way the players have treated them—produced here during the engagement of Coquelin and Hading. "The Taming of the Shrew," as they gave it, passed from the realm of burlesque comedy into that of dramatic comedy. The naturalness of their style, the sanity of their point of view, lent an air of reality, of probability, to every piece they performed.

In his treatment of "Thermidor" Sardou shows the same regard for realism and naturalism. His drama of the revolution depicts an inner drama of that fiery period that is probable and perfectly natural. The people are all possible people. There is no towering hero, and the heroine, whose figure comes nearest to being an ideal creation, is eminently natural when one realizes that she is convent-bred, sworn a nun, and worked up to a hysterical pitch of nervous exaltation by the frantic experiences through which she has passed.

The pivot of this great play is Labussière, the actor. This, with M. Coquelin, is a perfect creation—one of the most absolutely complete of stage figures. There is about this kindly fellow, with all the devil-may-care drollery of the comedian, the warm friendship of the Bohemian, a touch of nobleness, a strain of something splendid. The art with which this is suggested, never insisted upon, always subordinated, even in the scenes where it shows itself most positively, is incomparable. Labussière does not realize that he is doing a great deed when he fights with his sense of duty in substituting for the name of Martial's betrothed that of another Fabienne Lecouteaux. He is never conscious of his fine moments. And this is rare upon the stage. The artists that do not show themselves fully aware that they are personating heroes heroically can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Labussière—outside Tartuffe, which, of course, is his show rôle—is the finest performance M. Coquelin gave here. It was a masterpiece of exquisitely balanced harmony. It was finished to the smallest detail, and yet not in the least suggestive of elaboration. M. Coquelin, of all actors, is the one whose art is the least suggestive of acting. It is too perfect, too natural. In watching him people feel less as if they were attending a play than if they were reading a story. His portrayal, in the entire suppression of his own individuality, is more like a novelist's creation than an actor's personation. He builds up the outward seeming of the being to be portrayed, then into that breathes the breath of life, animates the author's creation with the vital spark. His own personality has nothing to do with it. It does not exist. In this his art is the direct opposite of Henry Irving's. It has nothing like the color of Mr. Irving's, but it is a much greater art. One is peculiarly struck by the fact that, while with the Englishman the excessive elaboration and endeavor react with fatiguing effect upon the audience, with the Frenchman, whose portrayals are also worked up to the finest detail, the effect was soothing, engrossing, and exhilarating. A sense of fatigue brought to the theatre was smoothed away as it might have been by the perusal of a fascinating and entrancing novel. With Mr. Irving, a sense of expectant anticipation brought to the theatre gave place to a feeling of dis-

turbed weariness, such as is felt by the spectator of a college boat-race or a tug-of-war.

In act third, in the office of the registry of prisoners, there are great opportunities for the actor personating Labussière. This is what is called "a strong scene," an expression which generally means that the actor is going to tear things to tatters in an effort to bring down the house. Martial, in his agony to save his condemned fiancée, tries to prevail upon Labussière to substitute one of three other women who bear the same name—this, *en passant*, is a somewhat forced situation for such a dramatist as Sardou to resort to; but, no matter! It is here that Coquelin scored his great point in his smothered and pitiful ejaculation of the two words—"créature humaine." No one but a master would have touched this point so lightly and made it tell better than if the whole scene had been arranged to tend up to it. It was finely done—not alone the work of an artist, but the touch of a genius. The quietude of his demeanor in the last act, where he urges Fabienne to sign the statement that will obtain her release, was superb in its agonized intensity. It was all in the face—the still suspense, the breathless agony, the set, strained intensity as he held out the pen, hardly speaking, but staring at her with wildly urgent eyes.

From this French company of players, both American and English actors might take one good lesson. No people pay such consideration to the minor characters of their dramas as the French do; no actors are so extremely simple and natural; no other companies ever create such a perfect impression of naturalness and reality in their presentations of contemporaneous social life. The repose of the French players is perfect, their simplicity is perfect. The plays they give, especially the modern melodramas, gain so much by this that the whole performance is strengthened and made more vivid. These actors do not tramp about the stage as if they were trying to walk so many miles before the curtain falls. They sit down when they talk, like natural, civilized people. When Henri Sartorys is telling Louise of his love for Giherte, he does not get up and range about the room like a lion in a cage; he sits down, and, in a natural voice and with a natural, quiet, gentlemanly manner, tells her of his affection for her sister. From the stars to the man who brings in a letter on a salver, they are all the same in the quiet naturalness of their deportment. Both the English and American companies are still miles behind them in this branch of their art.

At the theatres during the week beginning November 27th: Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow" at the Baldwin; the stock company in "Said Pasha" at the Tivoli Opera House; Clara Lipman in "The Laughing Girl"; Frank Daniels in "Little Pack"; the Rankins in "49"; and "The Circus."

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Hans Schliessmann, a Viennese caricaturist, has been sending letters to his friends inscribed with "Mr." and a sketch of the person intended, and a designation of the quarter of the town in which he lives. They have all reached their destinations.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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Under the auspices of the
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TABLEAU VIVANT.—To illustrate "The Treasures of the Deep." Grouped by Miss Jessie Calhoun.
MIN-WINTER CHORAL ASSOCIATION (150 VOICES)—Mr. Martin Shultz, Director.
HARMONY CHORAL ASSOCIATION (100 VOICES)—Mr. Robert Lloyd, Director.
AMATEUR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Mr. Louis C. Knell, Director. Select Chorus (60 VOICES) in the "Treasures of the Deep" Under the direction of the composer, Mr. H. B. Pasmore.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Della Fox, of De Wolf Hopper's troupe, is to be a star next season.

Judging by the company that supports Frank Daniels, and the indifferent acting of the star, this must be the last year of "Little Puck."

Joseph Murphy will play Dan O'Hara in Fred Marsden's Irish play, "Kerry Gow," at the Baldwin next week. "The Donagh" is in preparation.

"Said Pasha," with Ferris Hartmao, Gracie Plaisted, Messmer, Dunhar, and others in the cast, is going well at the Tivoli, and will be continued for another week.

Camille d'Arville, as the Prince, in "Venus," has had a tremendous personal success in Boston, and her manager, E. E. Rice, contemplates starring her next year in a new romantic military opera by Erlanger.

Charles Thomas, Hnyt's partner in the farce-comedy business, died a few days ago in Tucson. He was Hnyt's financial hacker when the "Rag Baby," the first of the series, was brought out, and has been the business manager of the firm ever since.

"Sinbad," which is to come to the Grand Opera House in another week, was one of the best paying entertainments in Chicago during the fair season. The receipts seldom ran below ten thousand dollars a week, and reached as high as nineteen thousand dollars.

The Bostonians have recently been fitted out with several new singers, among whom are Marguerite Reed and Bertha Waltzinger, sopranos; Lucille Sangers, who is to sing the contralto role of Allan-a-Dale in Jessie Bartlett Davis's stead; and Edgar Temple, a tenor, who alternates with Edwin Haff in the rôle of Robin Hood.

Henry Guy Carleton and H. C. Miner have formed an alliance to conduct the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Mr. Miner will provide a stock company of good actors, and their repertoire will consist of plays, original and adapted, by Mr. Carleton. The latter, by the way, has just had a comedy accepted by Daniel Frohman, who will star John Drew in it.

The announcement is made in a Chicago paper that E. J. Dodson, of the Kendals' Company, is to replace W. J. LeMayne in Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company next year, and that Mr. LeMayne is going to retire from the stage. It is to be hoped that the latter part of the rumor is untrue; the stage can ill afford to lose so sterling an actor as Mr. LeMayne.

After such a theatrical experience as San Francisco is suffering from at present, it is like a vision of the promised land to think of the stock-company season that will begin at the Baldwin in January and continue through the four months of the Midwinter Fair. The repertoire will include a number of notable new plays, and the company comprises Wilton Lackaye, J. H. Stoddard, E. M. Holland, E. J. Henley, E. M. Bell, George Fawcett, Walden Ramsay, Julia Arthur, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, May Brooklyn, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Virginia Harney, and Mary Hampton. Maurice Barrymore, Frederic Robinson, and Mrs. E. M. Holland—known on the stage as Miss Emily Seward—were members of the company, but have retired, Lackaye and Fawcett taking the place of the two actors. The reason given out is that they do not wish to leave New York, and the reason hinted is that they object to the lately inaugurated Sunday evening performances.

Just as Ada Lewis's "tough girl" was for a time the talk of theatrical Gotham, so was Maude Adams's tippy scene in "The Masked Ball," and so is Marie Jansen's "champagne jag" in "Delmonico's at Six." Miss Adams portrayed a society bud who had, in all innocence, taken a trifle more than her head would stand, and carried out a scene that was deliciously funny. Marie Jansen, on the other hand, represents a vaudeville queen out on a lark. The *Sun* describes the scene as follows:

"People of experience in the audience watch her with distended eyes and quick-beating hearts, not knowing what she might feel inclined to do. That it is a 'champagne jag' is perfectly evident to all in the house who have had any experience in observing the diversity of jags. It is not beer that thickens the actresses' utterance, or causes her to paw the object of her passing fancy in a way that has more 'naturalness' in it than even the real cecily in 'Shore Acres.' Even if the scene were not laid at Delmonico's it would be apparent to any expert that it is sparkling champagne that has done the work. On the opening night it looked as if Miss Hazeltine would indulge in a skirt-dance every next minute. As it was, she contrived to be amusing without passing over the line of propriety."

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through in Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chrmicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club gave its second concert of the seventeenth season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, November 16th, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Miss Sophie Newland and Miss Bessie Wall. A fashionable audience was in attendance, and was well entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

"Cheerful Wanderer," Mendelssohn; "Come in the Silent Night," Pötschke; soprano solo, arietta ("Mirella"), Ch. Gounod, Miss Sophie Newland; "After the Battle," Liehe; "Image of the Rose," Reichardt; "Warrior's Prayer," with wind instruments, Lachner; "Rhine Wine Song," Franz; "Lullaby," Johannes Brahms; soprano solo, (2) arietta ("Werther"), Massenet, (3) "Shougie Shou, My Barmie," Georg. Henschel, Miss Sophie Newland; "Suomi's Song," Franz Mair; "To the Sons of Art," with wind instruments, F. Mendelssohn.

Bauer Symphony Concert.

Mr. Adolph Bauer gave his fourth Symphony Concert, of the winter series, at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday afternoon, November 17th. The usual large audience was in attendance and enjoyed the following programme:

The Erinyes, (1) prelude, (2) religious scene, (3) extract, (4) divertissement, Massenet (violinello solo by Mr. L. Heine); vocal solo, "Centenaire," Marty, M. L. Crépeux; "Turkish March" from the "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; violinello solo, "Kol Nidrei," Bruch, Mr. Louis Heine; symphony, No. 5, op. 67 (in memoriam), (1) andante, allegro con anima, (2) andante cantabile, con alcune licenze, (3) valse (allegro moderato), (4) finale, andante maestoso, allegro vivace, Tschakowsky.

The fifth concert will be given next Friday afternoon, when N. W. Gade's symphony, op. 5, will be presented. Mr. William H. Keith will be the vocal soloist.

The Kantski Concert.

A complimentary concert was given to Chevalier de Kantski at Union Square Hall last Monday evening, under the auspices of a large number of prominent society people. As the chevalier is the court pianist to the Emperor of Germany and the only living pupil of Beethoven, the concert was one of more than ordinary interest. A large and fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

"Maying" (duet), A. M. Smith, Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher and Mr. Donald de V. Graham; sarahande and gavotte (cello), Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; allegro from A flat Sonata, C. M. Weber, Chevalier de Kantski; "Le Parlate d'Amor" (from "Faust"), Gounod, Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher; "The Awakening of the Lion," Kantski by the author; (a) "Etude Melodique," Casella, (b) "Ungarisch," Hauser, Mr. Louis Heine; (a) fugue, Handel, (b) andante en variazioni, Beethoven, (c) scherzo, "Weher, Chevalier de Kantski; "Pensée d'Automne," Massenet, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; (a) andante, Beethoven, (b) scherzo, Chevalier de Kantski; Mr. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

The Keith Concert.

Mr. William H. Keith, the young baritone, who recently returned from a three years' course of study in Europe, gave his first concert here last Tuesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, before a large assemblage of his friends, and created a favorable impression. His voice has improved noticeably. The following excellent programme was given:

Piano solo, staccato etude, Rubinstein, Miss Ada E. Weigel; air, "Hérodiade," Massenet, Mr. William H. Keith; air, "Queen of Sheba," Gounod, Miss Anna Miller Wood; song, "Noel," Adam, Mr. William H. Keith; cello solo, "Romance Sans Paroles," Gillet, Dr. A. F. Regensburger; air, "Patrie," Palladine, Mr. William H. Keith; song, "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas, Miss Anna Miller Wood.

Signor Giulio Minetti has prepared a most excellent programme for the concert which he will give at Golden Gate Hall this afternoon. He will play Viotti's twenty-fourth concerto, among other numbers, and a special selection will be Bazzini's string quintet, which won the first prize at the Milan Quartet Society. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

The Philharmonic Society will give its second concert of the fifteenth season next Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society will be assisted by Miss Amalia B. Rippe, vocalist; Mr. Otto Bendix, pianist; and Mr. M. I. Myers, accompanist.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his final ballad concert of this series next Tuesday evening. Among the talent to appear are Miss Mabel Love, who will sing one of Mr. John Parrott's compositions, Miss Florence Burke, the pianist, and the University Glee Club.

Mr. R. A. Lucchesi will give a concert on Wednesday evening, December 6th, and will have the assistance of Mme. Emilia Tojetti, soprano, Miss Blanche Bates, pianist, Mr. D. Warde, baritone, Mr. J. Strebing, violinist, and Mr. W. Meyer, cellist.

Mr. Samuel Fleishman, the pianist, and Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, assisted by Mr. Louis Heine, cellist, announce a series of four concerts to commence early in December and to be given at intervals of three weeks.

When the Kidneys are Idle, Or nearly so, there is danger ahead. Ruse them to activity with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which does not, like the unmedicated stimulants of commerce, excite them. Thus may be averted Bright's disease and other maladies by which both they and life itself are imperiled. The Bitters are a standard remedy for rheumatic, neuralgic, and liver trouble, liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, and malaria.

DCCXXXI.—Bill of Fare for Ten Persons Thanksgiving, November 30, 1893.

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Terrapin à la Maryland.
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Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts. Cranberries.
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The seven wonders of Boston are thus enumerated by the New York *Sun*: "1, John Lawrence Sullivan; 2, Isaac Weir; 3, the champion base-ball club; 4, the Symphony concerts; 5, the Boston Museum; 6, saloon formerly occupied by John Lawrence Sullivan; 7, the Sacred Codfish.

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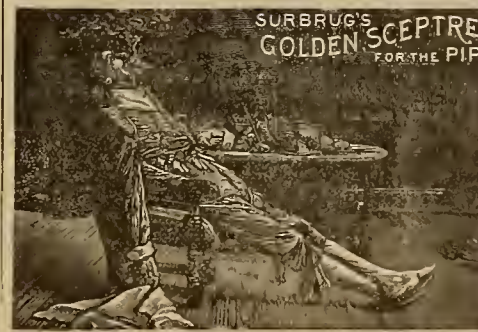
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Methusalem—"Wish I may never die if that life-
insurance premium isn't due again!"—Puck.

"This would be a nice world," said the careworn
editor, "if writers had more originality and composi-
tors less."—Washington Star.

"Do I make a fool of myself very often, Miss
Lovely?" he asked. "Oh, no," replied she, sweetly,
"not often—only it seems to last!"—Truth.

She—"It is rank injustice to say that a woman is
inferior to a man in reasoning powers." He—
"Why?" She—"Because."—Detroit Tribune.

The actor—"I say, Jane, what is the difference
between a bill-board and a board-bill?" Actor's
wife—"Well, you can't jump the bill-board."—Life.

Teacher—"Can any little boy tell me why St.
Peter is always at the gate?" Johnny Ferguson—
"I reckon he's a-layin' fer dose felles w'at robbed
him ter pay Paul!"—Puck.

"You see, B—, if you marry an American
girl you won't be the first man who has kissed her,
and if you marry a French one you may be sure you
won't be the last."—Vogue.

Poet—"I put all my best thoughts into that son-
net." Layman—"Indeed you did." Poet—"I
thought you hadn't read it." Layman—"I haven't
—only heard you talk."—Truth.

Bessie—"What is old lady Opydye up to now?
Trying to hook young Richleigh for a son-in-law?"
Constance—"No, dear. She booked him last sum-
mer. She's trying to land him now."—Vogue.

Wife—"Charles, dear, here are some cigars I
bought for your birthday present." Husband—"So
much obliged to you, my dear. I shall try not to
think of you whenever I smoke them."—Truth.

She—"You abominable man! No flowers, no re-
ception, barely a pleasant word—and I have been
away eight weeks!" He—"You are right—I am,
indeed, an ungrateful wretch!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Friend—"Your son played foot-ball at college,
I am told." Fond mamma—"Yes." Friend—
"Quarter-back?" Fond mamma—"Oh, he's nearly
all back. He lost only an ear and a hand."—Puck.

"I'm ag'in this labor agitation," said Meander-
ing Mike. "So 'm I," said Plodding Pete; "every
time I run up ag'in a piece of work I git so agitated
I purty near have heart disease."—American In-
dustries.

Wool—"Hicks promised to give his wife ten cents
for every ten he spends for cigars." Van Pell—
"How does it work?" Wool—"First-rate; when-
ever we meet, he buys me a drink and I buy him a
cigar."—Truth.

Dialogue between friends at the theatre during the
representation of an opera by Wagner: "You seem
to be enjoying yourself." "I? Not at all." "Then
what makes you applaud?" "It keeps me awake?"
—Courrier des Etats Unis.

Small brother—"I should think sister would a
good deal rather have you call to see her than Mr.
Geithere." New admirer (delighted)—"Would you
call? Why?" Small brother—"Cause he always
musses up her hair so."—Good News.

A man points out to his wife a wild-looking person-
age and says: "That man, my dear, has rendered
eminent services to German poetry." "Why—be-
cause he writes so well?" "No; because he has
stopped writing."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Mrs. Borden," said the upstairs young man,
severely, to his landlady, "this coffee is too weak."
It was then that, amid a general excited nudging and
signaling, the other boarders passed the whisper:
"He's paid up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hungry Higgins—"Madam, I useter have as
good a home as anybody till misfortune overtook
me." Mrs. Potts—"Indeed! And what was the
nature of the trouble?" Hungry Higgins—"Me
father-in-law lost his job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Old man—"My little boy, have you no better way
to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing
in front of the door idling your time away?" Small
boy—"I ain't idling my time away. Mr. Sportie-
Boie is in the house making love to my sister, and
he's paying me twenty-five cents an hour to watch
for my father."—Vogue.

Aunt Eunice is conscientiously opposed to the
words "dead," "death," and "die," as being both
pagan and repulsive. When her father died, there-
fore, and it became her duty to send the sad tidings
to her brother, out West, she telegraphed as fol-
lows: "Jesus has taken father home." What were
her amazement and distress to receive, hours later,
the somewhat disgusted reply: "Who is Jessie, and
where is her home?"—Life.

"Sny," said the business man to the detective,
"some fellow has been running around through the
country representing himself as a collector of ours.
He has been taking in more money than any two of
the men we have, and I want him collared as quick
as you can." "All right. I'll have him in jail in less
than a week." "Great Scott, man! I don't want
him put in jail. I want to hire him."—Indianapolis
Journal.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The recent abortive riots at Spokane betray a marked spirit of lawlessness in the working-classes of the North-West, but likewise a determined purpose by the authorities to maintain order. The city of Spokane is supplied with water and water-power by a company known as the Spokane Water-Power Company, which long ago acquired the chief sources of water supply. Complaints arising concerning the company, the city undertook to procure its own water, and money was voted by the city council, with the sanction of the people, to build works which were to be called the Up River Water Works. As this meant ruin to the Spokane Company,

it hastened to offer its property for sale in New York at less money than it had been considered worth, and meanwhile, to gain time for the conduct of the negotiations, it procured an injunction against the letting of a contract for the construction of the Up Town Water Works. On this, the workmen who had expected to get work under the contract broke out in riot, threatened the lives of the officials of the Spokane Company, and mobbed the office of a newspaper which had taken their side.

These riotous Spokane workingmen have neither self-restraint enough to set a check to their passions, nor reasoning faculty to teach them that nothing is gained by breaches of the law. Whether the Spokane Water Company be right or wrong, the mob has put itself so thoroughly in the wrong that the company's side, as the side of law and order, will command the support of good citizens.

There are, unfortunately, a great many people in this country who believe in mob law. No week passes that we do not hear of the lynching of some man, generally on a charge of having assaulted women or children. The story, as reported in the newspapers, usually inspires the impartial reader with incredulity as to the facts; it strikes most people as a case of murder by a brutal mob. In the South to-day, when the sons of the chivalry are gathered at a saloon inflaming their blood with forty-rod whisky, the tedium of a dull afternoon is often varied by the shooting or the burning of a negro accused of outrage upon a white woman. To accuse a negro is to convict him. To such a pitch has mob law reached in the South that it is inspiring thinking Southern men with grave fears for the future of that community. In the November *Forum* there are two articles by leading Southern men—"Negro Outrage no Excuse for Lynching," by L. E. Bleckley, Chief Justice of Georgia, and "The Last Hold of the Southern Bully," by Walter H. Page, a well-known writer of North Carolina. Both say the same thing—that the moral sentiment of the community is becoming hopelessly debased by these lynchings, and that many good and fairly sensible people believe that there is no guilt involved in these mob murders. Yet, as Justice Bleckley says, "were it certain that rape might be stopped by a system of retaliation between the races, retorting rape for rape, such means would be abhorrent. Why is it not also abhorrent to retaliate with murder?"

The mob spirit seems to be spreading from the South and South-West to the Western and North-Western States. Indiana is attaining a bad eminence. It is in that State the White Caps flourish as censors of morals, with the combined powers of judge, jury, and executioner. Some of their victims may have deserved their fate; but they certainly had a right to their day in court to prove their innocence. Yet it does not appear that public opinion in that State requires the punishment of the outlaws. It is almost impossible to secure the conviction of a White Cap. The thing has gone so far that, at one benighted village in Nebraska, where the women gathered, dragged half a dozen girls into the woods and whipped them with hickory rods, it has been found impossible to secure the conviction of the whippers; their victims have been warned not to testify against them, and they keep their mouths shut.

All these phenomena are forms of the same disease—a disregard of law. The rioters at Spokane who proposed to dissolve an injunction of court by beating out the brains of the petitioner and sacking a newspaper office are akin to the mobs which lynch men who have not been tried.

All that is of value in our institutions depends on the supremacy of law and on the prompt and resolute support given by the people to law. The lesson should be learned not only by the class which is liable to be tempted by anger or prejudice to give the rein to passion, but by that higher class which does the thinking for the community. Mobs take their cue from a few leading men. A speaker or a newspaper sways them in times of excitement. Outbursts of disorder can generally be traced to the inflammatory counsel of some one to whom the populace looks for guidance. In such cases it is the incendiary writer or speaker who is the author of the disorder, and not the ignorant fools

who apply the torch. It is sad to think that there is hardly ever a mob outbreak against law which does not find some newspaper to justify it.

If we would preserve this country, we must preserve the forms of law. The men who tacitly or actively encourage less intelligent men to lynch negroes for unproven crimes are conniving at mob murders. Mob murders pave the way for mob law. The community which permits a lynching within its borders has given a blow to the law from which it will take a generation to recover. Ignorant men who are allowed to take the law into their own hands for punishing crimes against the person will take the law into their own hands for other purposes. The workmen of Spokane who tried to terrorize the courts, to interfere with civil suits, to blow up buildings, and to maltreat individuals, because they wanted work, were simply carrying out that spirit of mob law which seems to be eating into the American body-politic like gangrene.

The prevalent fear that the young man of the present generation will, because of his devotion to rude athletic sports, become either a mountain of muscle or a gnarled cripple by the time he has reached the proper age for fatherhood and social responsibility, is relieved. New York has gone to Boston for instruction and been taught a method by which the young male at least of the Four Hundred may be preserved for the higher useful and ornamental functions of life. The manner of rescue from the foot-ball field of carnage is to treat the young man like his sister, and bestow upon him all those chaste and delicate attentions now monopolized by the female "bud." A New York contemporary gives the following important information concerning the new custom:

"The first affair of the sort this season was given by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer a few nights since, at her residence, 40 East Twenty-Ninth Street. As Mrs. Van Rensselaer explained to a reporter, it was for the purpose of letting people know that her two sons, John and Harold, had reached the age when they were ready to enter society. The route was a five-o'clock tea-party. The invitations were issued in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's name alone. Several matrons assisted in receiving, and the young men were formally presented to the guests as they arrived. The affair was soon over, and now John and Harold Van Rensselaer may take their places with their elders in the social swim and be in readiness to act officially in forthcoming social events."

In Boston the age at which a masculine "bud" is deemed fit for launching varies from nineteen to twenty-two years, depending upon the intellectual development of the debutant. It is not known to the general public whether or not Mr. McAllister has adopted the Boston ages or not; but it is probable that that sagacious gentleman will favor the earliest possible date in the case of very rich young men who have become sufficiently mature to know how to behave reasonably well. Surrounded by the guards of five-o'clocks, kettledrums, and eveing parties, and elevated by the uninterrupted conversation of ladies, the youthful millionaire will be saved from temptation to explore the vulgar world until after he has been safely married off. There may, of course, be some protest from the young women of the aristocracy against such an invasion of their domain by the male of the species; but in this day the equality of the sexes has come to be well recognized. Moreover, rich youths are too scarce and valuable not to be worth every care to preserve them from the calamity of climbing the wall of the Four Hundred's welcome and running wild on the outside among real men.

When His Holiness the Pope deigned to send to this spiritual and political wilderness a delegate to represent him in permanence—to take control of the mission work among the aborigines and reign over the settlers, in order that Rome's august calm might not be so frequently disturbed by appeals from contending factions of the barbarians—there was joy among the pious, and the *Argonaut* was made glad with the rest. We improved the occasion of Mgr. Satoli's landing and announcing his office to point out that nothing should be more satisfactory to patriotic Americans than this official personification of the Roman Catholic power in the United States, since it would rate

Roman Catholic responsibility and render it comparatively easy to hold Mother Church to account for her offenses against the republican idea in general and for her impudent hostility to some of the laws and customs of this republic in particular. The monseigneur's presence is bearing the expected fruit. The murmurs of dissatisfaction that arose from the party in his church with which he did not side have been silenced, but murmurs against him are rising from other churches and from citizens who are of no church. Bishop Coxé (Episcopal), of Western New York, for instance, came out some days ago in the newspapers fiercely resenting the invasion of his diocese by Delegate Satolli, who strode grandly and uttered himself on all things as one having authority. Likewise the good bishop accused the monseigneur of being no better than an emissary of the Jesuits, "to limit and control whom, if not to banish them from their coasts, it is the duty of all free people." This blast bas, of course, drawn counterblasts from the Irish of New York, who have been permitted by the *Herald* of that Irish city to wag their prognathous jaws in its columns in rhetorical defense of the meek and lowly Jesuits and to abase their lowly spirits before the high and mighty monseigneur. The presence of the latter, also, has given rise again to the report that the Pope has opened negotiations for the establishment of diplomatic relations with the United States. That is as absurd as if we should be asked to receive at Washington a minister from the Count of Paris, head of the French Bourbons, or from the heir of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and return the recognition. Even Mr. Cleveland, who is going down to history as the wild ass of the steppes of American diplomacy, would hardly affront the friendly government of Italy by recognizing the "prisoner of the Vatican" as a temporal monarch. Nevertheless, the report will not strike the mass of American Catholics as other than reasonable. Indeed, in their view, the United States would be dazlingly distinguished by the arrival of a Papal minister, resident at our national capital. Comparatively few who are not Roman Catholics have any just notion of the awe in which the Infallible One is held by the faithful. Even his representative here partakes of his dread majesty to such a degree that divine honors are offered him while he is yet living, as if this were the old Roman Empire and he in the purple. Witness the following from a late issue of the entirely respectful New York *Sun*:

"The Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken was thronged yesterday at the unveiling of the statue of Mgr. Satolli. Before the ceremonies there was a parade of Ancient Order of Hibernians and church societies, and the air was full of music. Father Corrigan was assisted in the exercises by the Very Rev. Dean McNulty, of Paterson, Father Hennessey, of St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, and Father Killeen, of Bergen Point."

Then, when Father Corrigan had delivered a eulogy of the deified Satolli, he, and the Very Rev. McNulty, and Rev. Hennessey, and Father Killeen, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians had the felicity of listening to a poem on Satolli, "written in Italian."

While the visible head of the church was in far-off Rome, the effect of distance lent a vagueness to the worship of a man that lessened the grossness of the superstition in the eyes of the ordinary American. But now that the visible head of the church is among us in the flesh—breathing, eating, talking, and taking up collections—the shock of true perception is given the American mind. It is realized how remote in ideals and sympathies the Roman Catholic necessarily is from modern civilization, and how abjectly mediæval is his spirit. We have thrust upon us the knowledge that Roman Catholicism is not so much a religion as a political system, which claims the whole earth for its sway and every believer for a subject. No Bourbon of France, no Plantagenet, or Tudor, or Stuart of England ever felt a firmer persuasion of his divine right to own the bodies and minds of men than does Mgr. Satolli, viceroy of his errorless master in Rome, and clothed here with all that master's delegated power to rule the church's children. Nor had the Old-World kings of the dead past subjects more slavishly deferential than the Italian priest Satolli finds in the Roman Catholics of the United States, who parade before him with banners, genuflect as they pass, and set up statues to him.

We trust that Pope Leo the Thirteenth will not attempt to repair the blunder he has made in appointing a delegate to reside in the United States. Thus has Roman Catholicism, with its pretensions to plenary authority over men's persons and intellects, been proclaimed on our own soil in such manner that none can mistake the meaning. America will be in no danger from Roman Catholicism when Americans in the mass are awakened to what Roman Catholicism imports to free institutions; and Mgr. Satolli and his adoring brethren, including the devout Ancient Order of Hibernians (in and out of regalia and processions), are unconsciously doing a high patriotic service in opening American eyes.

As it requires money to run this government, and as the Democrats know that their free-trade tariff-tinkering will

leave the Treasury empty, they are casting about for other means to raise money. Their claim that the Cleveland-Wilson tariff will relieve the people of taxation is a fraud and a sham, for simultaneously with its introduction they are preparing to levy all sorts of taxes in various ways—among others, an income tax. How the people are to be benefited by taking off what the Democrats claim to be a tax in one direction, and putting it on in another, is something rather difficult to understand.

The history of the income tax of the war times is peculiar. During the extraordinary session of the Thirty-Seventh Congress, convened by President Lincoln April 15, 1861, various bills were introduced for the purpose of raising funds to carry on the war. Among them an income tax was reported from the Committee on Finance. The first bill passed imposed a tax of five per cent. "on the annual income of every person residing in the United States, whether such income is derived from any kind of property, or from any profession, trade, employment, or vocation carried on in the United States or elsewhere, or from any source whatever, if such annual income exceeds the sum of \$1,000, a tax of five per centum on the amount of such excess of such income above \$1,000." The bill was passed July 30, 1861. On August 2d, the bill was amended, being made more sweeping, so that all incomes over \$800 were taxed, and the amount of the tax reduced from five to three per cent. On July 1, 1862, the law was again amended, its main provision being: "If such annual gains, profits, or income exceed the sum of \$600, and do not exceed the sum of \$10,000, a duty of three per centum on the amount of such annual gains, profit, or income over and above the said sum of \$600; if said income exceed the sum of \$10,000, a duty of five per centum upon the amount thereof exceeding \$600."

The law remained in practically this condition until March 2, 1867, when the limit was raised from \$600 to \$1,000, and the discrimination taxing large incomes a higher rate was abolished. The act also contained a limitation, by which the collection of an income tax should cease in 1870.

During its life of twenty years, the income tax brought in about \$350,000,000. Never was money paid to the Federal Government by its citizens more unwillingly. It was fairly wrung from them. It was not the money so much as the odious nature of the tax which made it unpopular. It was inquisitorial. Then, too, if men chose to perjure themselves, they could escape the payment of the tax. That many did so, is shown by the statistics. In 1868, the entire tax was paid by only 250,000 persons out of a population of about 40,000,000. To believe that out of a population of 40,000,000 only a quarter of a million individuals had incomes exceeding \$600 would be preposterous. Yet such was the result shown by the workings of the income-tax law.

This is a republic. We in this country believe that "all men are born free and equal." We believe that the burdens of government should be borne by all equally. The taxes are levied with that end in view. When, therefore, a tax is levied which is leveled at a certain class, the Democratic party departs from a democratic form of government.

There can be little doubt as to the motives of the Democratic party. Its leaders frankly and cynically say that they will "make the tax popular" by leveling it at the well-to-do. Whether they will make the tax popular or not remains to be seen. We do not think they will.

It is odd that the Democrats should have picked up this Populist plank from the rotten platform of that decaying party. In the Democratic platform there was a plank declaring protection to be unconstitutional. That has not prevented the Democratic party from protecting in their new tariff bill numerous articles produced in Democratic States. They ignore their own plank, and then take from the Populists one which was not in their platform. The Populist party was buried in the last election—buried deeper than ever plummet sounded. It was the Populist alliance with socialism that killed that party. In their platform was a socialistic plank demanding a progressive income tax. The Democratic party, with that subtle, that preternatural sagacity for doing the wrong thing which has ever distinguished them, seized upon the perishing Populists' plank. We are very glad they did. It will hasten their political death. As a means of raising the smallest amount of money and raising the largest amount of kick, the Democrats will find their income tax a distinguished success.

They are killing so many people in New York city nowadays with the Broadway cable-cars that the question of fenders is being agitated. They are finding out everything about cable-roads in the East entirely by experience. The haughty metropolis scorns to look for information to the far Western cities where they have been using cable-roads anywhere from ten to twenty years. She learns it all *de novo*, as small boys learn to suck eggs. When the first cable road in New York was built—that across the Brooklyn Bridge—they actually

had a small steam-engine at one end of it to turn the cars around! In San Francisco, the same task has been performed in two ways—by gravitation and by the power of the cable itself. But New York discovered this new, peculiar, and rather expensive method. On another cable-road in New York—one of the cross-town roads far uptown—they had, some years ago, a gang of men regularly employed to turn the cars around. Why they did not let them turn themselves around, by means of the cable, was cause for much wonder to San Franciscans. When the Broadway cable-road began running last spring, they selected the most antique form of grip known—the archaic wheel-and-screw grip used by the pioneer road, the Clay Street. This is probably the slowest grip to operate. What was needed on such a crowded street as Broadway was the quickest form of grip—the lever with toggle joint, which is used by the Market Street Cable Company and others here. It is needless to say that the slaughter along the Broadway cable-road has been terrific. Now New York will take up the question of fenders as if it had never been discovered before. We would like to point out to Granny New York that it is customary when sucking eggs to put a pin-hole in the further end.

A New York court has just decided what a "marriage engagement" means. It is a question often discussed among young people. Such a promise, being a covenant, is often supposed to rest on the same footing as other covenants—that is to say, it is imagined that it involves a specific offer of marriage by the man and a specific acceptance by the girl. But that is not the doctrine laid down by Chief-Justice Church in the case of *Homan versus Earle*. He said:

"Contracts of marriage are unlike all others. They concern the highest interests of human life and enlist the tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and the acts and declarations done and implied by parties negotiating them are often correspondingly delicate and emotional. As a matter of law, the learned judge was clearly right in holding that no formal language is necessary to constitute the contract of marriage. If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is not material by what means they have arrived at that state."

The same principles have just been affirmed by the general term of the supreme court of the fourth judicial department of New York, in a case which was appealed from Chenango County.

In this case a young man met a girl at a prayer-meeting and was introduced to her. They attended the same church and the same prayer-meetings, and he usually escorted her home. This went on for two or three years, during which the girl received no visits from other young men. It does not appear that the gentleman ever spoke of love or marriage; though he did tell the girl he had never met a young lady whom he regarded more highly, that he longed to protect her, and, if he lived, he would make her happy. Some conversation passed between them on the subject of a house which the man proposed to buy; he showed anxiety to choose a house that would please her. Still, he did not come to the point, and, the lady's patience being at last worn out, she sued him for breach of promise, and the jury found that his conduct did constitute an implied promise of marriage. A verdict of three thousand dollars damages was given to the lady, and this verdict has now been affirmed by the general term.

The rule apparently does not work both ways. A girl is always free to break off an engagement, however formal it may have been; it is the privilege of the sex to change its mind. With the more reason, a girl may break an engagement which has been implied, but not expressed. As a rule, it does not help a girl to acquire the reputation of a jilt. But some of the most distinguished and popular women of the day have had episodes of the kind in their early career.

Perhaps it might be worth the while of the advanced thinkers who clamor for the absolute equality of the sexes to try to reconcile the incongruity between their philosophy and the claims of women to special pre-nuptial consideration. It is perfectly obvious that a man who went to law to ask for damages from a girl who had jilted him would be laughed out of court; yet girls sue for breach of promise, not only on the sentimental ground of a broken heart, but on the more practical contention that their matrimonial market has been spoiled. Ladies justify the distinction by arguing that a girl has only a brief season during which she can make hay, while a man may marry so long as he has breath in his body.

There is always something coarse and vulgar in a breach-of-promise case. The nature of such suits is revealed by the old English pleadings; the father of the girl was the plaintiff, and he sued *per quod servitium amisit*, it being assumed as a matter of course that English girls did cooking and washing for their papas. Those who are curious about that branch of legal practice should read the reports of the cases in which Brougham and Erskine were usually pitted

against each other; they will arise from the perusal with a curious impression of the English middle class a century ago. The notion of those days was that the sole honorable destiny of a girl was to be the wife of some man and the mother of his children. If she could not attain this destiny, her life was a failure, and if she could charge the failure on any one, she was quite right to sue him for damages. An idea has been gaining ground in this country of late years that women may possibly have other destinies; that there are avenues of usefulness for spinsters, with perhaps as much promise of happiness as is offered in the average married life. As fast as new occupations are discovered for women and self-support is brought nearer their reach, this idea acquires strength. When it becomes general, breach-of-promise suits will cease to encumber the court calendars.

But the fact remains that the female reformers who demand "equality of the sexes," only want it when it comes their way. There is probably not a woman in the United States who does not agree with the doctrine just laid down by the New York court concerning engagements of marriage. But, correspondingly, there is probably not one, either, who would give damages to a man who brought suit against a woman for breach of promise. Where, then, does the "equality of the sexes" come in?

One of the extremely satisfactory things about the recent Republican tidal wave is the fact that it washed the Democrats out of the New York legislature. The new legislature is overpoweringly Republican. The first thing they are going to do is to investigate Tammany. This has caused the Democratic boss of New York to shake in his shoes. Mr. Richard Croker is admittedly the first Democratic gentleman in New York. He is the head of Tammany.

A Republican legislative committee would find plenty to do investigating Tammany, and much of its time would be taken up investigating Croker. Its report would be "mighty interesting reading." Mr. Richard Croker in 1886 (according to the testimony of his bosom friend, Mr. Hugh Grant, ex-mayor of New York) was a poor man. He was so poor that Mr. Grant generously gave one of the Croker children the sum of ten thousand dollars. Since then Mr. Croker has apparently accumulated a fortune. He owns a stock farm reputed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars, and has a large stable of race-horses. He and his family ride in elegant carriages. He is building a fine mansion on Fifth Avenue. Yet he has no business, no profession, holds no office. He is simply "the Tammany boss." It is known that Tammany taxes the saloons, gambling-hells, dives, and worse places in New York city. It is believed that the police "stand in" with those who pay, and sbut up those who do not. All of these facts, under the search-light of a Republican investigating committee, might be dragged from the tomb-like darkness of Tammany Hall.

When the committee is through with Mr. Croker, it might take up the Tammany voter-mill. The way that organization turns freshly imported foreigners into full fledged American citizens is simply astounding. There is a case on record of a Tammany judge who turned out three hundred of them in one working day.

If a Republican committee could choke off the Tammany voter-mill and the Southern Democrats pass their threatened income tax, the disgust of the property-owning Democrats would be so great that there might even be some hope of overcoming the Democratic majority in New York city.

The Wilson-Cleveland tariff scheme has at last been sprung upon the country. It is acting in the Democratic party like a firebrand. As the Republicans predicted, it is in the interest of the South against the North. The Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee was almost entirely composed of Southern men. They have framed a tariff to suit their section. But even the Southern wing of the Democracy will be rent and torn with dissensions. Some of the Southern States are developing mining and manufacturing resources which make their interests identical with those of the North. They will not tamely submit to seeing these industries strangled by their more indolent Southern sisters.

Congressman Geary, of California, has been "explaining" the Wilson tariff to the *Examiner's* Washington correspondent. That peculiar document will require a great deal of explaining before the people are content with it. Mr. Geary says:

"So far as California alone is concerned, it is difficult to determine whether we are benefited or injured so far. Of course I am not satisfied with the reduction of the tariff on brandy and on our fruits and hops. This is the bill reported by the committee. It does not follow at all that it will become a law, and representatives of California will have to do as they have done in the past—make a fight for their State. I think it is ridiculous to reduce the tariff on champagnes, French brandy, and imported fruits, things that are undoubtedly recognized as articles of luxury, and reduce them at a time when the reduction produces a shortage in revenues, and then worry about how they will make up the deficit. I think a better policy would have been to let

these things alone. When the bill comes before the House I will use every endeavor to maintain our tariff on wines and fruits at the old figures."

Throughout the length and breadth of the land other perplexed Democratic congressmen are "explaining" the Wilson tariff to disgruntled Democratic constituents. They are having a very hard time over it.

Congressman Maguire, also of California, does not take up the Wilson tariff in detail, as Congressman Geary does. Congressman Maguire takes a broad, sweeping, generous, comprehensive view of this remarkable document. He is hence unembarrassed by little, petty, sniveling questions such as "How do we make more money under the new tariff when our business is ruined by it?" Congressman Maguire is a statesman, and hence takes broad views of things. So of the Wilson tariff, Congressman Maguire says:

"I have examined the new tariff bill presented by the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee. I am not merely satisfied, but highly pleased with it. It is a faithful and courageous execution of the promises of the Democratic national platform, on which the last campaign was fought."

It is rather odd that Congressman Maguire should look upon the Wilson bill as an "execution of the promises of the Democratic party." That party denounced protection in unqualified terms. Yet Democratic congressmen sought for protection for the interests of their various sections, and it was accorded them by the Ways and Means Committee. No sane man can deny that the Wilson tariff is on protection lines. Congressman Geary frankly admits that he labored for protection for California. Yet here is the promise made by the Democratic party in its platform last year:

"WE DENOUNCE PROTECTION AS A FRAUD; A ROBBERY OF THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE FEW."

Does that sound anything like the Wilson tariff? It is only another of the long line of instances wherein the Democratic party has trimmed, has quibbled, has shuffled, and has dodged. Its new tariff is neither one thing nor the other; it is neither the free trade, for which the Democratic party leaders clamored, nor the adequate protection to American industries, which the Democratic party leaders so fiercely denounced. It is a fraud and a humbug. It can not pass even a Democratic Congress. And if it does so pass, the people will reject this misshapen monster, issue of a cowardly party which has not the courage of its convictions. As said St. John to the angel of the Laodiceans, so will say the people to the Democratic party: "So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Father Brandi, an Italian Jesuit, who has been graciously blessed by Heaven with a gift for writing, has received orders from the Pope to prepare an article for the *Civita Cattolica* dealing with the marriage question, "setting forth all the reasons expressed by the Italian episcopate against civil marriages taking precedence over religious ceremony, and also discussing the law of divorce." An encyclical is likewise to be issued by His Holiness explaining his views on the subject of civil marriage. It is probable that the more intelligent among American Catholics do not look forward with pleasure to the appearance of Father Brandi's article and the encyclical. In this Protestant country it has been the policy of the church to keep as quiet as possible about the Roman Catholic doctrine of marriage, according to which none are wedded who have not been joined by a priest. The consequence of this doctrine is that the vast majority of the mothers of the United States are living in concubinage and their children are illegitimate. This insolent refusal of the Roman Catholics to recognize the laws of the state is not confined to our own land, of course. Two Mexican gentlemen, not long ago, had an experience which made it clear to them that the Roman Catholic Church everywhere holds its own enactments superior to those of the civil power. Messrs. Bolanos Cacho and José M. Prieto are congressmen from the State of Chihuahua, and they engaged themselves in marriage to two daughters of Felix Francisco Maceyra, ex-governor of their state. They called on the Bishop of Chihuahua to obtain the customary authorization for the ceremony. The *El Paso Tribune* tells what followed:

"In 1857, the state in Mexico was completely separated from the church, and both the gentlemen on accepting their offices gave their oath of observing the constitution of their country and the reformed laws. These laws, naturally, are opposed to the church, and the bishop exacted from both gentlemen, according to their statements, that they retract their oath of allegiance to the constitution of Mexico, prior to his excellency granting their right to marry. The gentlemen denounced the unjust and usurping demand, and came to El Paso for the purpose of being married in our city. They called on Father Pinto, the priest in El Paso, and encountered another obstacle, Father Pinto claiming that he could not authorize the marriages, as the gentlemen resided outside of his clerical jurisdiction."

The Government of the United States has not hesitated to lay a heavy hand upon the Mormons for their attempt to set their own belief as to marriage above the law, and the

country has approved. In principle, the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church is precisely the same as that of the Mormons. The latter, indeed, are the less offensive in their position, since they claim only the right to marry as they please among themselves, and do not insist that all non-Mormon marriages are void. Fortunately for the Roman Catholics they are monogamous, and therefore not in their practice hostile to the law. But the logic of their doctrine needs only power to make every civil and Protestant marriage a crime.

When Father Brandi and the Pope get upon the subject of divorce, we may look for some highly moral outgivings, but we take the liberty to predict that the fact will be dodged; that in countries where the indissoluble Roman Catholic marriage obtains exclusively—as in Spain—the standard of conjugal purity is lowest. Where escape from the tie is legally impossible, public opinion is lenient toward the unhappily mated who seek solace in other companionship.

The more closely the figures of the late election are examined, the more striking does the result appear. A reversal of the popular judgment has rarely been so marked. Two years ago Massachusetts went Democratic by 2,500; this year Republican by 35,500. Two years ago New York went Democratic by 38,000; this year Republican by 25,000. Two years ago Pennsylvania went Republican by 55,000; this year Republican by 135,000. Two years ago Ohio went Republican by 21,500; this year Republican by 85,000. Two years ago Iowa went Democratic by 8,000; this year Republican by 35,000. Altogether, in these five States, 285,000 voters have gone over from the Democratic to the Republican column.

In these five States are chosen more than one-fourth of the Presidential electors—119 out of 444. In these five States are found the three most populous commonwealths in the union. In these five States are found the largest number of skilled industrial operatives. In these five States are found the largest number of manufacturing establishments. In these five States are found the highest standards of prosperity. In these five States are found the most intelligent, orderly, and well-educated communities. In these five States over a quarter of a million of voters have changed their ballots in one year from an endorsement of the Democratic free-trade scheme to an upholding of the Republican plan of protection to American industries. In these five States there has taken place in one year a vast and orderly revolution.

There is much for thoughtful Democrats to ponder over in the late election in these five States.

In a recent number of the *Illustrated American*, a weekly journal published in New York, there was a vituperative article savagely attacking those United States Senators who voted against the repeal of the silver purchasing bill. Portraits of these gentlemen were given, under the heading "The Rogues' Gallery." Some of the senators thus stigmatized are Jones of Nevada, White of California, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Wolcott of Colorado, Vest of Missouri, Pasco of Florida, Waltball of Mississippi, and Irby of South Carolina. Such an article is infamous. Many of these men have grown gray in the service of their States. Senator Jones, of Nevada, whatever may be thought of his political or economic opinions, is an honest man and an able statesman. The *Argonaut* does not agree with Senator White, of California, in political matters, and probably in very few others; but it is only just to say that Senator White, who was born in this State and has spent his life here, bears an unblemished reputation. To call such men as these "rogues," and brand them as disonest because they differ in opinion with the writer of that article, is not "liberty of the press," it is shameful license.

For many years there has come to the *Argonaut* office every Thanksgiving week a fifty-dollar bill for the Fruit and Flower Mission, accompanied with a few lines signed "M. R.—M. F." The identity of the donor or donors has never been revealed. This week there came from a distant city a draft instead of a bill, accompanied by the following note:

With this you will find a fifty-dollar draft on the Bank of California. Its destination is the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. Its object is to help defray the expenses of the usual Thanksgiving Day programme.

In order to know that this shall have reached you, a simple acknowledgment through the *Argonaut* will be appreciated.

Respectfully, M. R.—M. F.

We have transmitted the draft to the young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission, and herewith note the fact for the benefit of the donor. "M. R.—M. F." is (or are) away. We extend to him (or her) the thanks of the young ladies of the mission, and we hope that she (or he) had a good dinner on Thanksgiving Day, and enjoyed that good digestion which follows good appetite, and always goes, or ought to, with good deeds.

TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

How Black Rosa Paid her Debt.

"Muerte á los gringos!"

Black Rosa's small, angular form shook with rage. Her black face grew blacker than its natural hue, if that were possible. Trembling in every nerve, she glared viciously, and shook a long, bony finger in the faces of the group of miners who, with jests and jeers, had met her supplications for charity.

"Get out of this, you black devil!" one shouted. "We have had enough of you."

"She's got plenty of money," cried another.

"Wears diamonds in the city," sneered a third.

"Get out! No heggars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerte á los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shriek which would have chilled the blood of men unused to her vicious ways. The crowd pushed and jostled her, and laughed at her murderous denunciation.

Manager France, of the Bull Domingo, heard the disturbance between the miners and the miserable old woman as he came up the gulch.

"Here, my good woman," said he, "here are two silver dollars. You had better not stay around here," he added, kindly, as she took the money and called the blessings of the saints upon his generous soul. "The men are not used to giving alms, and they will only treat you unkindly."

"He'd a better be savin' them two dollars to help out the pay-roll of the Bull Domingo," remarked a saloon-keeper, who had been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accommodation of workmen on that property.

"It's a woman as always breaks a sucker's heart," urged a miner. And then the crowd fell to discussing the material affairs of the camp, and for a time forgot the Mexican woman who occasionally came up from Durango on a begging expedition.

Señora Rosalina Ortiz once enjoyed a happy home in the City of Mexico, her birthplace. She had all the opportunities of education, both in Spanish and English, and in her early married life had traveled much. But misfortune came to her in the death of her husband and two of their three children, after the loss of all the property they possessed. They had for several years made their home in the United States, where Señor Ortiz had died, leaving his widow penniless. Poverty and sin were her undoing, and when the Colorado mining fever filled the mountains with fortune-seekers of high and low degree, Señora Ortiz drifted to Durango. She had sunk so low in vice and crime that she was accounted well fitted for anything from begging and petty thieving, even to the cutting of a throat.

She was living, as his mistress, with a hardened character known as "Rohher Dan," an American whose life both in and out of the penitentiary was a series of misdeeds. He had earned his title as she had earned hers. They were well mated in their criminal careers, though the woman had thus far known no more of prison life than is afforded by county jails. Her only child, a boy of twelve years, had, like his mother, become a professional beggar and thief.

The ill-treatment she had received at the hands and tongues of the miners at Rico had burned into her soul like a hot iron, though the wound was largely healed by the soft words and the silver so kindly bestowed by John France. But, since she was not likely ever to be able to carry out her threat of death to all—save her own race—and equally incapacitated to insure the blessings of the saints which she had invoked, neither her curses nor her prayers were heeded. However, none who knew her had any faith in Black Rosa's possession of good-will toward any one of American or European blood.

Even Rohher Dan and his male companions in crime—who formed the most notorious and daring band of robbers in Southern Colorado—did not escape the vindictive spirit of Black Rosa. But the woman was useful to them; and, when plentifully supplied with drink, there was no crime too black for her wicked heart, nor scheme too deep for her cunning brain. If she possessed a single redeeming trait, no one had been able to discover it.

Durango was ablaze with the glory of frontier life—a glory which comes but once in the life-time of a new town. But there was then little regard felt for the future by the fortune-hunters who swarmed the streets, and filled up the hotels, and held high revelry in the saloons and dance-halls of that new camp.

Honest men with capital, seeking to double their investments in a fortnight, stood on the same level of association with the horse-thief and the road-agent. Mine-promoters and gamblers drank over the same har. The crack of the stage-driver's whip was but the echo of the pistol-shot. Business conversations and ribald songs, laughter and curses intermingled in a wild hurrah chorus.

John France stood leaning with his back against the end of the bar in the saloon attached to the leading hotel of the town. His hands were thrust into the side-pockets of his sack-coat, while his face bore a puzzled look. John France's handkerchief was missing. That was a mere incident, yet he continued to look puzzled.

"Going back to the mine in the morning?" asked the clerk of the hotel a minute later, as France approached the desk and asked for writing material.

"Yes, sure!"

"Stage leaves at two o'clock."

"Well, call me a half-hour earlier, and don't, for your head, let me miss the stage. I must be at the mine to-morrow by all means. By the way, I have lost a large white silk handkerchief, with a black border. Look out for it."

A few minutes later, while France was still busy writing, Sheriff Barney approached him and presented a little Mexican chap, in whose possession had been found the silk handkerchief.

"What shall I do with him?" asked the sheriff.

"Lock him up," answered the manager of the Bull

Domingo, sternly—"lock him up! That is the little rascal who came to me a few minutes ago begging for money. I gave him two-hits, and he shows his gratitude by stealing my handkerchief."

The attention of the loungers about the hotel office was attracted to these loudly spoken words of John France; but they did not hear what he said in a hurried undertone to the sheriff, so there was a murmur of indignation against the man who would seek the punishment of a child for stealing a silk handkerchief—and that after it had been returned.

John France laughed and went to his room, while the sheriff smiled, as he always smiled in danger and out, and led the boy away. The crowd looked puzzled.

"He had my boy locked up, did he!" shrieked Black Rosa when the details of this little episode were related to her. The black face of the little Mexican woman seemed ablaze with indignation. "He shall pay for this!"

"Señora forgets the two silver dollars!" taunted Rohher Dan; "I thought the señora might feel sorry that we had planned to rob this fine Americano. But it's all right now—is it, dearest?" he added mockingly.

"Roh him! Murder him!" yelled Black Rosa, and she staggered from her chair as if she would carry out her own command, but fell on the floor in a heap.

Dan and his pals lifted the woman to a bed, and the leader remarked that she would sleep till morning and he neither help nor hindrance. It had been known for twenty-four hours that the money—some ten thousand dollars—for the Bull Domingo pay-roll had been received, but, until announced by Manager France, it was not known when that gentleman would start for the mine.

At twelve o'clock that night four men, heavily armed, rode out of Durango.

Two hours later the stage followed them, with one occupant on the inside and the driver alone on the front boot. It was a lonely ride. Bloomer, the driver, might as well have been entirely unaccompanied so far as the inside occupant of the coach was concerned. But he was used to these lonely rides, and when a passenger preferred to be exclusive it simply exhibited to Bloomer the poor taste of the passenger. So he talked to his horses, and sang to them, and passed the lonely hours as comfortably as if he had been surrounded by a half-dozen passengers, and soon forgot the fellow on the inside.

Coming to a bend in the road, where the ascent of the first steep mountain is begun, Bloomer fell into a reflective mood and remarked to the night-wheeler that the fellow on the inside might possibly "rise to an appreciation of the society of a stage-driver and his horses if the muzzle of a double-barrel shotgun should happen to appear at the window of the coach."

Of course Bloomer was not really expecting such a surprise for his unsociable passenger; so when the shotgun appeared, with three others, and accompanied by an order to "throw down them ribbons and throw up them hands," he was himself so completely surprised that he obeyed without a word of protest.

If he was surprised at this sudden appearance of road-agents, he was really dumfounded at what followed. For five minutes there was a rattle of shotguns, as if a miniature battle were being fought. When it was all over, two stage-robbers were fatally wounded and the other two surrendered to Sheriff Barney—and the man of straw on the inside was literally shot to pieces. And this is the way it all happened, as Bloomer himself was fond of telling it:

"You see, they didn't put me on. Never seen a sheriff yet that thought a stage-driver had nerve enough to play his hand out in a game like that; an' I don't know but a feller would git a little bit rattled a-wonderin' how he's a-goin' to come out at the end of the game. It's purty ticklish bizness to be a-sittin' on a stage through the long, dark bours of the night 'n' a-guessin' whether yer goin' ter drive back er ride 'n a box. But the way it all happened was like this:

"You see that kid w'at stole the handkerchief done that fer a blind. His ol' woman she put him on. She writes a note ter France 'n' tells the kid ter drap it in his pocket 'n' steal his handkerchief, er anythin' else he could git his hands on, 'n' then kinder loiter 'roun' so's to git caught. Well, sir, that ol' Black Rosa was a corker. She gives the whole snap away in the note, 'n' she tells France ter have the boy put in jail, 'n' that'd be a tip fer her that he gets the note. Then she sets up a howl 'n' throws the gang off, an', havin' hin drinkin' considerable 'n' feelin' a little bit skeered that her play wouldn't win, she was knocked clean out—excited—'n' fainted on the dead square.

"So France, w'en he gits the ol' woman's note, be just quietly lets Barney in, 'n' Barney he tells him his system, 'n' they plays it to win. W'en France he goes up to his room, Barney he goes 'n' gits his team 'n' meets France at the hack-door, 'n' they goes out 'n' lays for the gang. 'S only one place on the road where a job o' stage-robbin' could be done 'n' the robbers git away, an' Barney he knows the place, an' that's where they camps 'n' waits for the gang—an' they gits 'em dead to rights.

"That inside passenger 's w'at knocked me cold. They puts the stage-agent onto the play, 'n' he fixes up a straw man—w'at ye calls a dummy—'n' he loads him into the stage so's to fool me 'n' the road-agents both.

"I reckon Black Rosa didn't know how near she was a-callin' the turn w'en she prescribed death for gringos. She didn't git the ones she was after in the fust place, but I reckon the death of her ol' man 'n' Pete Johnson suited her notions better, w'en she come to size up the job, fer they was both gringos—one was American 'n' t'other a Swede.

"They say them Mexicans has always got a grudge ag'in' somebody, but never remembers a kindness; but the way that play was made, it looks like ol' Black Rosa didn't fergit John France's kind words to her w'en the miners was a-joshin' her.

"Yes; perraps the two silver dollars did have somethin' to do with it—silver was a great power 'n' Colorado 'n' them days."

LEWIS H. EDDY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1893.

SARDOU'S NEW PLAY.

"Madame Saos-Gêe," a Drama of the First Empire—The Napoleonic Fad in France—Réjane as a Woman of the People, become a Duchess.

In spite of the fact that France is a republic, the French people are still essentially hero-worshippers and long consumedly for a military leader who shall conquer their enemies and he himself exalted to the position of dictator. But they have had no living hero to glorify, and so have fallen back on the national fetish, Napoleon. Fashion first expressed this national fad, so to speak, in the revival of Empire fashions in dress and decoration; literature has been influenced to the extent of producing several works on Napoleon, among which may be cited Lévy's "Napoleon Intime," and Frederic Masson's *Figaro* articles on the emperor's sentimental side; and the dramatists have fallen in line with at least three new plays—Martin Laya's "Napoleon," which is to be the *pièce de résistance* of the season at the Porte St.-Martin; Grandmougin's "Napoleon the Great"; and Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne."

The latter has just been produced—with great success, it need scarcely be added—at the Vaudeville. It is not, by the way, the work of Sardou alone, being founded on the "Delphine" of Emile Moreau; but what was a sombre drama has been transformed into a brilliant comedy-drama by Sardou's exquisite art. The plot is not one of sustained interest; but each scene is a gem in itself, and they are interwoven with the practiced skill that has made Victorien Sardou the most brilliant playwright of his time. Even the fact that "Madame Sans-Gêne" was written to fit Mlle. Réjane does not detract from its merit. Of the fifty-two personages in the piece, there are but four female rôles, beside the mere figurantes, and three of these are very brief. But the bright dialogue and cleverly handled episodes lift it out of the ranks of one-part plays.

The first act is supposed to take place during the tenth of August, 1792, when Danton and his mad rabble of Marcellais are taking the Tuileries. The scene is laid in the laundry of Catherine Herscher—nicknamed "Mme. Sans-Gêne"—and we learn something of the state of affairs from the dialogue of the pretty *blanchisseuses*. When word comes that the Tuileries is taken and Catherine is closing up her shop, a wounded Austrian officer enters, and, womanly pity overcoming hatred of the foreigner, Catherine conceals him in her own room. Then her affianced husband, Sergeant Lefebvre, of the Gardes Françaises, comes in, and, wishing to wash his hands, finds her room locked. He becomes suspicious, forces the key from Catherine, and enters the room; in a moment he comes out again and says: "Why did you not tell me there was a dead soldier in there?" "Oh, is he dead?" she cries, and then explains. But the Austrian is not dead, and Lefebvre has pretended that he was so only to prove Catherine's love.

The next act is given over to amusing comedy. The time is some nineteen years later, in the salon of Mme. la Maréchale Lefebvre, Duchess of Dantzig, who is no other than "Mme. Sans-Gêne" of the first act. Her sergeant husband has become a marshal of France and duke of the Empire, but she has not risen quite so rapidly as her fortune. We see her taking lessons in manners from a master and giving orders to her dressmaker, bootmaker, and the rest, for the finery that causes her so much bother. She herself wears an astonishing creation of cherry-colored silk, which is in violent contrast to the really beautiful gowns of the handsome court ladies who come to her reception later, and she makes many amusing mistakes that are accentuated by the actions of the emperor's sisters, Queen Caroline and the Princess Elisa. They are mortified over her blunders at court and angry at her honest denunciation of aristocratic immorality, and a wordy war ensues in which Catherine shows that she has not lost the ready wit and sharp tongue that gained for her her sobriquet.

The third and fourth acts take place in the emperor's cabinet at Compiègne, where, for the first time, Napoleon comes on the scene. It is Napoleon "in his dressing-gown" indeed, for he has a vulgar squabble with his sisters, in which both he and they, in the heat of passion, drop polished French phrases and rail at each other in their native Corsican. They are complaining of "Mme. Sans-Gêne," whom they want banished from the court, and things look rather black for her. But, entering unexpectedly and taking her cue from one of their phrases, she defends the army; and it is discovered that a poor soldier whom she, as a washerwoman, had trusted nineteen years before was little Lieutenant Buonaparte, who has now become Emperor of the French. Of course Napoleon's gratitude wins him to her side; and, indeed, led on by her coquetry, he is on the point of offering her evidences of his favor hardly compatible with her husband's honor. But she cleverly rebuffs him, and he becomes her firm friend.

The fourth and last act takes place in the same cabinet, and the Empress Marie Louise is an important factor in it, though she does not appear upon the scene. Another historical personage, the Count von Neipperg, is the moving cause of it. His friendship for Marie Louise is well known. Sardou makes this the cause of jealousy on Napoleon's part, and brings matters to a point where Neipperg is to be shot for the crime of *lese majesté*. "Mme. Sans-Gêne" discovers another old friend in Neipperg, for he proves to be the Austrian officer whom she had befriended in the opening scene, and endeavors to save him; but this is effected through the agency of Fouché, the famous chief of police.

It is evident from the above that the plot is not one of interest, except as it affords opportunity for a number of striking pictures of Napoleonic times. But the dialogue is amusing, pathetic, striking in some way, in almost every line. Sardou has by his thorough mastery of the playwright's art made an entertaining play out of material that in another's hands would be nothing at all.

SIBVILLA.

PARIS, October 30, 1893.

MARION CRAWFORD'S REPORTER.

His Pictures of an American "Interviewer."

The American reporter has at last been included in Marion Crawford's portrait-gallery. It is in his latest novel, "Marion Darche," that the sketch is given, and, as it is his third story of American life, it is not surprising that the novelist has no longer postponed presenting his impressions of so distinctively American an institution.

In the following extracts are given the scenes in which the reporter appears and in which he is discussed. To a comprehension of them it is, perhaps, necessary to state that Marion Darche, the heroine of the tale, had, in a species of pique, married a man who, after crushing out by his cruel taunts even the respect she had borne him, criminally abuses his position in a wealthy corporation, and, fleeing from justice, is reported to have been drowned while crossing the English Channel. Mrs. Darche believes herself a widow and, after the period of mourning, free to marry Harry Brett, the man she had first loved and who loves her. But he knows that Darche is not dead and uses every endeavor to keep that knowledge from her. A rumor in a morning paper that John Darche has returned has been mentioned at luncheon at Mrs. Darche's, and Brett and she have been discussing it, after the others had gone, when the butler brought in a card. The writer says:

Mrs. Darche's face betrayed some annoyance at the interruption, as she took up the card and read the name. "W. H. Wood, Associated Press. What does this mean?" she asked, turning to Brett; "do you know the man?"

"Evidently a reporter," said Brett. "Tiresome people," exclaimed Mrs. Darche; "I wonder what in the world he wants. Perhaps he has made a mistake. At all events, there is no reason why I should see him. Say that I am engaged," she added, turning to Stubbs.

"Wait a minute, Stubbs," said Brett, calling after the man. "Do not send him away," he added, turning to Marion; "let me see him."

"Why?" she asked. "I have an idea that he has come about that story that has got into the papers," said Brett, in a low voice.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Darche, with great emphasis. "No," objected Brett, "there is just a possibility; and if it should be that, some one had better see him. Something very disagreeable might be written, and it is better to stop it at once."

"Very well," said Mrs. Darche, yielding; "if you really think it is better, see him here. Ask Mr. Wood to come in," she said to Stubbs, as she passed him and went out.

Brett stood before the fire-place as the reporter entered the room—a quiet, pale young man, with a pinched face, smooth brown hair, and thin hands, which somehow conveyed the impression of sadness.

"I asked to see Mrs. Darche," he said, apologetically. "Mrs. Darche is engaged," answered Brett; "I am a friend of hers, and will answer any questions so far as I can."

"Thank you. I have no doubt, sir, that you are often troubled by us. You know the reporter has to be everywhere. I will not take any more of your time than I can help. I understand that Mrs. Darche and her friends are to take part in some tableaux for a charitable purpose at the end of the week."

"I fancy there is some mistake about that," said Brett; "Mrs. Darche is in mourning."

"Precisely," said Mr. Wood. "I daresay Mrs. Darche would be glad to have the report denied. I understand, then, that there are not to be any tableaux."

"I believe there is to be something of the kind, but Mrs. Darche has nothing to do with the affair—beyond giving her advice, I think. She would certainly not care very much to be talked of in the papers just now."

"Just so," replied Mr. Wood, readily. "I quite understand that there is a prejudice against it, and, of course, Mrs. Darche's name shall not appear. But you do not know what a great interest our readers take in social doings. Our paper has a very large circulation in the West."

"I am very glad to know it. Would it not be enough just to mention the fact that there are to be some tableaux for a charity?"

"If you would give me a hint about the subjects. Historical? One or two oames would be very useful."

"Really I do not think that any of us care to see our names in the paper," said Brett.

"I will be as discreet as you wish—Mr.——"

"My name is Brett."

"Mr. Brett," repeated the reporter, making a note. "May I inquire, Mr. Brett, if you yourself take a part in the entertainment?"

"Well—yes—I do."

"Any particular costume?"

"Yes——" Brett hesitated slightly and smiled. "Yes. Particular costumes are rather the rule in tableaux."

"I do not wish to be indiscreet, of course."

"No, I daresay not. I believe I am to be Darnley."

"Thank you." Here Mr. Wood made another note. "Miss Maylands as Queen Mary Stuart? Is the report correct?"

"I believe so," answered Brett, coldly.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Brett. If you could oblige me with one or two more names, I could fix it nicely."

"I suppose, Mr. Wood, that you mean to say something about it whether I tell you or not?"

"Well, now, Mr. Brett," replied the reporter, assuming a more confidential manner, "to be quite frank, that is just what happens. We do not like to tie people out with questions they do not care to answer; but the social column has to be filled somehow, and if we do not get the news for it, it is sometimes made up in the office."

"So I have often been led to believe from reading it," said Brett.

"There are to be three tableaux, from well-known pictures, in which Miss Maylands, Mr. Russell Vanbrugh, myself, and a few others are to take part. The affair is to take place, I think, at Mrs. Trehearne's house."

"Thank you, Mr. Brett. Dancing afterwards?"

"I do not know."

"Pardon me. Supper furnished by Delmonico, I suppose?"

"Well, I really have not asked. I daresay."

"Thank you, Mr. Brett. Delmonico." Mr. Wood's pencil ooted the fact. Brett began to think that he had had enough of the interview, and, deliberately lighting a cigarette, looked at the reporter.

"Anything else you would like to know, Mr. Wood?"

"Well, since you have been so very obliging, Mr. Brett, I would like to ask you a question."

"All right," said Brett, resignedly. "Go ahead."

"Mrs. Darche is a widow, I understand."

"Yes."

"Mr. Darche was the unfortunate victim of an accident, several months ago, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Then, of course, there can be no truth in the story that he arrived in New York yesterday?"

"What story?" Brett asked, turning sharply upon the young man.

"I thought, perhaps, you might have seen it in this morning's paper," answered Wood, quietly. "But perhaps you would not have noticed it, as there was a misprint in the name. A man came to the office yesterday and told the editor in charge that Mr. John Darche, who fell overboard last spring from a steamer, and was supposed to have been drowned, had turned up, and that he had seen him. I guess he was a crank. There are lots of them hanging around the office, and sometimes they get a drink for a bit of sensation."

"Oh I is that the way news is manufactured?" inquired Brett, with some contempt.

"Not in our office, Mr. Brett," replied the reporter, drawing himself

up. "You can see for yourself that we only get our information from the most reliable sources. If that were not so, I should not have disturbed you to-day. But, as there is no doubt in your mind that Mr. Darche is positively dead, I daresay that Mrs. Darche would be glad to have the report of her husband's return contradicted?"

"I do not think it matters much, since the name was printed Drake."

"Pardon me," said Wood; "some of the papers printed it correctly, and others are going to do so. I just saw two gentlemen from an evening paper, and they have got it straight for this afternoon."

"You do not mean to say that the papers believe the story?" asked Brett, in real or affected surprise.

"Oh, no, Mr. Brett, they give it for what it is worth."

"With beard-lashes a foot high, I suppose?"

"Well, perhaps some of the papers will do so," answered the young man, with a smile.

Brett's manner changed as he realized that he could not afford to let the reporter take away a wrong impression. He sat down and pointed to a chair. "Take a cigarette, Mr. Wood."

"No, I thank you, I do not smoke. Thank you."

Mr. Wood sat down upon the edge of the chair beside Brett, who looked at him fixedly for a moment before speaking. "I do not suppose that it is necessary for me to repeat that this story is so absurd fabrication, and that if there is a man who is going about and calling himself John Darche, he ought to be in jail."

"Certainly, Mr. Brett, I am quite of that opinion."

"Then would you mind helping me to get hold of him? Where is the man to be heard of?"

"That is another matter, Mr. Brett. I shall be happy to see that the report is denied. But whether the man is an impostor or not, it will be hard to find him. That will not matter. We will explain everything to-morrow morning, and it will all be forgotten by the next day. You say you are quite sure, Mr. Brett, that Mr. Darche was not picked up when he fell overboard?"

"Sure!" answered Brett, authoritatively.

"I see," said Wood; "thank you. I understand that it was in winter, in rough weather, and that the efforts made to save him were in vain."

"On the contrary, it was a calm, warm night in May. It is certainly strange that they should not have been able to save him. That ought to prove beyond question that he sank at once."

"There is no doubt about that, I should think," replied the reporter without much conviction. "I won't detain you any longer, Mr. Brett. The report shall be denied at once. Will you allow me to use your name as authority for these details?"

"Everybody knows the story."

"Pardon me. Our paper has a very large circulation in the West, and a well-known name like yours lends great weight to any statement."

"I did not know that my name was so particularly well known," observed Brett.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Brett. Your yacht won a race last year. I remember it very well."

"That might be a claim to distinction, but I never had a yacht."

"Not fond of the sea, Mr. Brett?"

"Oh, yes, I like it well enough," said Brett, rising, as though he wished it understood that the interview was at an end. "You will distinctly deny this report, will you not?"

"You can rely upon me to say just what you have said to me, Mr. Brett."

"Very well. Thank you. Then you will be good enough to say that there is not a word of truth in it, and warn people against the man who calls himself Darche?"

"Certainly, certainly. Thank you, Mr. Brett. Good morning, Mr. Brett."

"Good morning."

Brett followed the reporter with his eyes till the door closed behind him. He felt as though he had distinctly got the worst of it in the encounter, and yet he could not see how he could have said less. And that was how stories got about, he thought. If he had not seen the reporter—if the latter had been turned away as Mrs. Darche had intended, the story of Darche's return would have been reported again and again. That, at least, thought Brett, was prevented for the present.

How completely it was prevented, Mr. Crawford shows in a conversation between three men a few hours later at a club of which Brett is a member. The scene is described as follows:

It was about five o'clock. The oames of the men were Goss, Greene, and Bewlay. Goss was seated in a deep leather easy-chair, with a paper. Greene was writing a letter, and Bewlay was exceedingly busy with a cigar while waiting for some one to say something.

"Well!" exclaimed Goss. "That beats the record!"

"I say," said Greene, looking up and speaking sharply, "I wish you would not startle a fellow in that way. My nerves are not of the best any way. What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," said the first speaker. "John Darche has come back to life again. I thought he was drowned last May."

"Stuff!" ejaculated Greene, testily.

"All right. I do not want to disturb your correspondence."

"What is that about John Darche?" inquired Bewlay, delighted at hearing a voice.

"Some rubbish or other," answered Goss. "It is the fashion to resurrect people nowadays—sort of way the newspapers have of getting ahead of the day of judgment. If this goes on, that entertainment will not draw."

"What is it, any way?"

"Head-lines to begin with. 'The return of the prodigal—John W. Darche, alive and asking questions. Accident—not suicide—interview with Mr. Henry C. Brett.'"

"What the dickens has Brett got to do with it?" asked Greene, looking up from his letter again.

"They say he is engaged to marry Mrs. Darche," said Bewlay, in explanation.

"That is another ridiculous story," answered Greene. "I happen to know he is as good as engaged to Miss Maylands."

"Let me see the paper, please," said Bewlay.

"No, I will read it," said Goss, shifting his position so as to get a better light. "Then you can all hear. 'Our reporter called this afternoon at the house of Mrs. John W. Darche, the beautiful and accomplished widow who so long dispensed her hospitality in Lexington Avenue. The heauteous lady was doubtless engaged in the consideration of the costumes for certain charity tableaux in which her mourning prevents her from taking a part, but to which her artistic taste and advice are invaluable to the performers, and our reporter was received by Mr. Henry C. Brett, the well-known lawyer, yachtman, and patron of the turf, who is to play the part of Darnley to Miss Maylands's Queen Mary of Scotland, in the artistic treat which awaits the favored and charitable to whom invitations have been tendered. Mr. Brett was kind enough to answer a few questions regarding the report of Mr. John Darche's return to New York, which appeared in the morning papers. Mr. Brett affected to treat the story with unconcern, but it was evident from his anxious manner and from his somewhat nervous hearing that he was deeply moved, though he bravely 'took arms against the sea of troubles.' Mr. Brett said repeatedly in the course of the conversation that the story was an absurd fabrication, and if there was a man going around calling himself John Darche, he ought to be in jail. He professed to be quite sure that Mr. Darche was dead, but was obliged to admit that there was no evidence forthcoming to certify to the tragedy. 'The accident,' said Mr. Brett, 'happened on board of a channel steamer more than seven months ago. It was a calm, warm night in May. Two ladies were lying in their chairs, on the quarter-deck, engaged in conversation. Suddenly, in the mysterious gloom, they noticed the muffled figure of a gentleman passenger leaning over the rail, hard by them. A moment later the figure was gone. There was a dull splash, and all was over. They at once realized the horrid situation, and cried aloud for help, but there seems to have been no one else on deck in that part of the boat. Many minutes elapsed before they could explain what they had seen, and the necessary orders were given for stopping the steamer. The captain then retraced his course, searched a number of boats, and every effort was made to prosecute the search, until far into the night, when the steamer, which carried Mrs. Darche, was reluctantly obliged to resume her way. His body," said Mr. Brett, in conclusion, "was never found." Mr. Brett, as was very natural, was more than anxious that the report should be denied, but

in the face of the facts he himself stated with such pellucid clearness, it is impossible to say conscientiously that the story of Mr. Darche's return may not be true. The fact remains, that a gentleman whose name is undoubtedly Darche is now in New York, and, if he is really Mr. John Darche of Lexington Avenue, steps will be taken to set all doubts at rest before twenty-four hours have expired. I daresay you are not surprised at my exclamation now, after reading that," said Goss, looking round at his hearers. Pretty serious for Brett."

Brett himself comes in at this juncture, and the paper is handed to him. He gives his own version of the interview, and the individuals present, augmented by the presence of Mr. Brown and Russell Vanbrugh, express their opinions of newspapers and their methods as follows:

Brett read rapidly while the others looked on, talking in undertones.

"Damn!" he exclaimed, turning to the others; "have you all been reading this stuff? I hope you do not believe that is what I said? A man came to the house after luncheon. Mrs. Darche did not want to see him, but I advised her to let me tell him what ought to be said about this affair. He tried to pump me about the charity tableaux, and then asked me about Darche. I told him that it was all an absurd fabrication, and he promised to say so and to deny all reports. And this is the result."

"Of course it is," said Greene; "the natural result of putting yourself into any reporter's hands."

"I would like to say a word for the reporter," said Mr. Brown, mildly; "the paper is not his. He does not edit it. He does not get a share of the profits, and when he interviews people he merely is doing what he has undertaken to do. He is earning his living."

"Marriage and death and reporters make harroo our lives," observed Greene, sourly, and some of the men laughed.

"I say, Brett, how much of this did you actually say?" asked Vanbrugh.

"Not a word, it seems to me. And yet I see some of my own phrases worked in." He picked up the paper and looked at it again.

"Yes, I did say that it was a warm May night. I did say that his body was overboard. Yes, that is true enough. How the deuce does the fellow manage to twist it so?"

"Does it not strike you that the reporter has only shown you your own account in the light in which other people will look at it?" inquired Mr. Brown, sententiously.

"Ob, confound it all, Brown, how can you say such a thing?" exclaimed Brett.

"Well, I will explain," replied Mr. Brown; "here are the facts, by your own showing. On a warm evening in spring, and in calm weather, John Darche fell overboard. I do not say he threw himself overboard, though it was said that he did, to get away from the detective; possibly it may have been an accident after all. We do not know. He was seen to go over by some one, possibly by two ladies. It was very likely at supper-time. We do not know that, either. But it is quite sure that there were not many people about. The ladies screamed, as was natural, called for help, and all that sort of thing. But on a calm May night those channel boats run very fast. They did not cry out 'Man overboard!' as a sailor would have done, and very probably five minutes elapsed before the captain gave the order to stop. In that time the boat would have run a mile and a half. It could not stop inside of half a mile. Well, do you know anything about the tides and currents in the channel? The steamer could not have gone back to the point at which Darche was lost much inside of twenty minutes. At that time the current may have carried him a mile or more in one direction or the other. Every one remembers that Darche was a good swimmer. As it happened in May, he was not burdened with an overcoat, or thick boots, and there are always vessels about in the channel. Why is it so very improbable that he should have been picked up by one, outward bound?"

And the talk drifts off and follows the drift of the story.

It can fairly be presumed that in these passages Mr. Crawford is presenting his own impressions. Of course, it may be that he is merely expressing the view taken by the class to which Brett, Vanbrugh, *et al.* belong. But Mr. Crawford has spent the best years of his life abroad, and so recent a development as the reporter who is after the news and does not much care how he gets it is an American institution of such recent growth that it strikes him as it does most foreigners and many Americans.

The death lists on the foot-ball field here and in England do not tell the whole story by any means (says the *Sun*).

Twenty-two fatal accidents upon the field is an extraordinary record for any sport in a single season, and it has attracted a good deal of attention in Great Britain, just as two deaths in one day in this country started a general discussion of the dangers of the game. It is the appalling list of accidents that just fail of fatality that has aroused alarm. The declaration of the West Point authorities that they would not permit the cadets to play another season, unless the rules were modified, has also had an effect, for it is known that the faculty of West Point are not particularly squeamish of danger, so far as the cadets are concerned. Some of the most reckless, dangerous, and brilliant riding in the country is to be seen at West Point, and the manoeuvres of the artillery are filled with danger to the cadets. They are a hardy and well-trained lot of young men, and the officers who command them are generally regarded as thorough sportsmen. The fact that the discussion about foot-ball rules has become so general indicates that the college faculties will, before another season, insist upon a pronounced modification of the playing rules.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, whose Vatican news invariably proves correct, says that arrangements are being made in Paris for the eventual investment of the Papal funds and the transfer of the Vatican treasures, in the event of war, to a place of safety. The property of the Propaganda will be specially protected by mortgage if necessary. The Pope desires, on patriotic grounds, not to remove the Papal funds from Italy; but the report of the Committee of Cardinals tends decidedly toward the investment of the funds in England.

The musical instrument called the jewsharp, once very popular among the negroes of the South and mentioned by a doubtful chronicler as one of two instruments that Connecticut Puritans might lawfully play on Sunday, was really not named in honor of the Jews. It was once called the "jeustrump," or toy trumpet, and the name jewsharp is the result of a popular misapprehension.

So strict is the law in Sweden against the importation of dogs, from fear of hydrophobia, that two handsome Russian dogs brought by the Grand Duke Michael as a present for the crown prince, were not permitted to land, and even his royal highness's application to the crown authorities for a pass for them was refused. The dogs had to return to Russia.

THE PEACH FIGURE.

How a Government Clerk Introduced a Novelty at a Cotillion.

Though the son and grandson of government employees, I had no more than fairly got started in the same career than I resigned my position on account of two peaches.

I was a regular chip of the old block, and my father thought nothing could equal a government career. So, after I had graduated, no one urged me to do anything but take a subordinate place in my father's department. I did not feel strongly drawn toward another vocation, and submissively started on the uninteresting highway of bureaucracy. I was a diligent fellow and well-disciplined, for I had been taught from my cradle to respect superior officials and to defer to those in authority; so I was noticed by my chiefs and rapidly passed the first grades of clerkship. When I was twenty-five, my director, who was fond of me, gave me a place in his office, and I became the envy of my comrades. They already spoke of me as a prospective superior clerk, and predicted a bright future. It was then that I married.

My wife was a beautiful girl, and, what is better, very good and affectionate; but she had no fortune. That was a grave fault in the eyes of the little world of clerks in which I lived. They were very positive. They regarded marriage only as a business transaction, and they invariably took for a rule that "if the husband provides the breakfast, the wife must provide the dinner." But my wife and I between us had hardly enough to sup meagrely. Everybody said I had done a very silly thing, and more than one blunt colleague in my department declared briefly that I was a fool and had willfully put my foot in it. Nevertheless, my wife was very sweet and lovely, and, by living modestly and with great economy, we succeeded in making both ends meet. Though my lack of foresight was still condemned, the society people of the place deigned to continue inviting us.

My chief was rich, and delighted in being conspicuous, priding himself on making a fine appearance in the social world. He frequently received, gave elegant dinners, and, from time to time, issued invitations for a dancing-party to the families of his employees and to the prominent people of the town. My wife was not well, some months after our marriage, and, though I would have much preferred to remain at home with her, I was obliged to go alone to these entertainments, for my chief would not allow any one to decline his invitations—his subordinates must even amuse themselves according to his orders.

One night there was a grand ball at the directory, and, of course, whether I would or no I had to don my evening-clothes and go.

While I put the finishing touches to my white cravat, my wife gave me numerous suggestions: "It will be perfectly lovely. Do not fail to see everything so as to tell me afterward. The names of the ladies who are there, the toilets, and the supper menu—for there is to be a supper. It seems that they have ordered a great many delicacies from Chevet—some rare fruits; I heard of peaches that cost three francs apiece—oh, what peaches they must be! Do you know, if you were good, you would bring me one."

I remonstrated, I showed her that the thing was impracticable, and how difficult it would be for a man in a dress-suit to put such fruit as a peach in his pocket without the risk of being seen and pointed out. The more I objected, the more bent upon her whim did she become.

"On the contrary, nothing could be easier. In the midst of the crowd coming and going to supper, no one would see you. Take one as if for yourself, and then hide it adroitly. Don't shrug your shoulders. Perhaps it is only a bit of childishness; but I long for one; ever since I heard of those peaches, I have had a wild desire to taste them. Promise to bring me one, at least."

How could a man give a downright refusal to the woman he adored? I ended by murmuring a vague promise and then hastening away; but just as I turned the handle of the door, she called me back. I saw her big blue eyes, bright with longing, turned upon me, and she cried once more: "Do you promise?"

The ball was very fine; flowers everywhere, elegant toilets, and excellent music. The prefect, the president of the tribunal, the officers of the garrison, and all of the department clerks were there. Our chief had spared nothing to give brilliancy to this entertainment, of which his wife and daughter did the honors most graciously. At midnight, supper was served, and the dancers filed into the dining-room in couples. I followed trembling, and scarcely had I entered before I saw the famous peaches sent by Chevet occupying a conspicuous place in the centre of the table.

They were, indeed, magnificent! There was a pyramid of them in a china-basket, carefully arranged with grape-leaves, which brought out the appetizing color of their velvety skins where deep red shaded into greenish white. From seeing them one could easily imagine the fragrance and delicate flavor of the luscious, rosy pulp. My eyes caressed them from afar, and I thought of the joyous cries that would greet me on my return if I succeeded in carrying home a sample of this perfect fruit. They were exciting general admiration, and the more I gazed at them, the more did my desire take the shape of a fixed purpose. I determined to have one or two. But how? The waiters kept a watchful guard over this rare and costly delicacy, our host having reserved for himself the pleasure of offering his peaches to certain guests. From time to time, at a sign from my chief, the butler would daintily take one, cut it with a silver knife, and present the two halves on a Sèvres plate to the designated person.

I watched this performance greedily, and, with fear, saw the pyramid fall in. However, the contents of the basket were not exhausted. Perhaps the order had been strictly executed; perhaps the peaches had been arranged with forethought; at any rate, when the banqueters, recalled by the orchestra's playing a prelude, hurried back to the dancing-

hall, there were still half a dozen beautiful peaches nestling among the green leaves.

I followed the crowd, but it was only a false sortie. I had left my hat in a corner—a tall hat, which had bothered me considerably during the entire evening. I went back with the pretense of getting it, and, as I was, in a way, one of the household, the servants did not mistrust me. Besides, they were busy carrying out the dishes and glasses used by the guests, and, at a certain moment, I found myself alone near the sideboard.

There was not an instant to lose. After a furtive glance to the right and left, I approached the basket and made two of the peaches quickly roll into my hat, where I covered them with my handkerchief; then, very calm and dignified in appearance, though my heart was beating frightfully, I left the dining-room, carefully pressing the opening of my hat to my breast, and holding it there by means of my right hand, which, thrust inside of my vest, gave me a very majestic, almost Napoleonic, bearing.

My scheme was to cross the ball-room cautiously, to steal away, and, once outside, to carry home victoriously the two peaches wrapped in my handkerchief.

It was not so easy as I had fancied. They were about to commence the cotillion. All around the large hall there was a double line of men and elderly ladies, hemming in the circle formed by the chairs of the dancers, while in the centre there was a wide, empty space, where a few couples were waltzing.

I timidly made my way through groups of people; I squeezed between chairs with the suppleness of a snake; I trembled each moment for fear that a rough jog of my elbow would change the position of my hat and let the peaches fall. I could feel them rolling around inside, and I grew hot to my ears and the roots of my hair. At last, after much care and manoeuvring, I reached the inner space just as a new figure was being organized. A lady is placed in the centre and the gentlemen circle about her with their backs turned; she holds a hat and places it upon the head of the man with whom she wishes to waltz.

I had hardly taken two steps when the director's daughter, who was leading the cotillion with a young counselor of the prefecture, cried:

"A hat! We need a hat!"

At the same moment she caught sight of me with my stovepipe against my breast. I met her glance, and my blood froze.

"Ah!" she said to me, "you have come just in time, M. Herbelot. Quick, your hat."

Before I could even stammer out one word, she had taken my hat, so hastily that the peaches forthwith rolled upon the floor, carrying my handkerchief and two or three grape-leaves with them.

You can imagine the tableau. The dancers laughed in their sleeves at my theft and discomfiture; my chief frowned, and grave men whispered and pointed their fingers at me, while I felt my knees grow weak. I longed to sink through the floor and disappear.

The young lady pressed her lips together to keep back her laughter, and, while returning my hat, said, in an ironical voice:

"Pick up your peaches, M. Herbelot." Shouts of mirth then resounded from all parts of the room—even the servants held their sides. Pale, haggard, and tottering, I fled, overwhelmed with my disgrace and so confused that I could hardly find the door. With a dead weight on my heart, I hurried away to tell my wife of my disaster.

The next day the story was all over town. When I entered my department, my comrades received me with, "Herbelot, pick up your peaches." I could not venture into the street without hearing mocking voices murmur behind me: "Peaches."

The place was unbearable, and, in a week, I handed in my resignation.

An uncle of my wife had a farm near my native village, and I begged him to take me for an assistant. He consented, and we moved to Chauteraine. I went to work resolutely, rising with the dawn and never pitying myself. It would seem that I was more fitted for agriculture than for pen-pushing, for, in a short time, I became an enthusiastic farmer. The property did so well that our uncle, at his death, willed it to us.

I worship peaches, for to them I owe my happiness. Without them I should have remained a weak subordinate, trembling at the slightest frown from a prefect, and being but one of the already too numerous throng of clerks who find it difficult to make both ends meet.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of André Theuriet by R. B. Wylyss.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Sub-Treasury System.

BOSTON, November 19, 1893.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the 13th instant, in your article on the second page, third column, are some inadvertencies which I daresay you have discovered long before this. The country is indebted neither to Andrew Johnson nor to Andrew Jackson for the sub-treasury system. Nor did Jackson found it. Martin Van Buren, in his first message to Congress, recommended it, and the bill to establish it became a law during his administration. Gordon, of Virginia, was the first to propose the scheme, which he did, by speech and by a bill, in 1834. But the bill did not pass.

Jackson's plan was the "pet bank" system, and when they failed he was loudest in his denunciations.

I well remember the founding of the sub-treasury system, and I have noted its operations. The doctrines of your article are sound, as are the arguments and conclusions of your admirable editorials as an almost invariable rule—at least in my humble judgment. I read no paper with the same satisfaction that I do the Argonaut.

Yours, very respectfully, EDWIN F. WATERS.

[In the article referred to, "Andrew Johnson" was a misprint for "Andrew Jackson," a fact readily discoverable from the context.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

The health commissioners of Minnesota have prohibited the exchange of lead pencils among the school children, as diphtheria and other diseases are often transmitted by putting the pencil in the mouth.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

Our Correspondent discusses the Coming Italian Season—The Stars of Abbey's Troupe—Emma Eames, Calve, Nordica, Scalchi, Lasalle, and the De Reszkes.

The coming season of Italian opera promises to outshine the past. No impresario ever gathered such a galaxy of vocal stars in New York before, though there have been fine troupes here since Mario and Grisi sang at Castle Garden.

The most difficult part for an opera-manager to fill is that of the tenor. The last great tenor we heard was the barbaric Tamagno, who took the high C in mere sport. He has now retired with a million, and spends his life in eating *pâté de foie gras*. This winter's tenor will be, of course, Jean de Reszke. He, also, is a tenor robusto, but he sings in tune. He is said to be great as Faust, and as Romeo in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which is to be revived with great splendor. De Reszke can make love, as New Yorkers are aware. His understudy will be Francesco Vignas, a London singer. The *tenore di grazia*, who will sing such parts as Don José in "Carmen," and Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Canio in "I Pagliacci," will be Fernando de Lucia, a friend of Mascagni's.

Mr. Abbey has mustered a strong body of sopranis, with Emma Eames at their head. She is a Boston girl, gray-eyed, brown-haired, tall, straight, and cold. Gounod said she could sing like a bird. She will be heard this winter as Juliet and Elsa in "Lohengrin." Second to her come Mme. Melba, the Australian, whose technique is fine, and whose personality is magnetic; Mme. Emma Calvé, the Frenchwoman, whose Santuzza in the "Cavalleria Rusticana" set all London wild last winter—she will play Carmen and Marguerite; Mme. Nordica, whose performance in "L'Africaine" was so much admired a couple of years ago, and who at the close of this season goes to Bayreuth to take the position of prima donna; Mlle. Arnoldson, another Swedish nightingale; and others less known.

The contraltos are headed by the ever delightful Scalchi, who will once more thrill audiences with those deep, mellow notes which recall Albani. She will be seen as Siebel and probably in "Semiramide." Mr. Abbey took his basso from the Grand Opéra at Paris. His name is Jean Lasalle, and at Paris he was classed as a baritone. He is fine as Nelusko in "L'Africaine" and as Hans Sachs in the "Meistersinger." Another fine basso is young De Reszke, brother of the tenor; he is a giant in size, a bull of Basban in vocal volume, and he can take any part from alto to tenor.

The repertory of the new company is large. It will embrace familiar works by Wagner, Gounod, Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, and, besides these, it will include less known compositions, such as Verdi's "Falstaff," Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," Massenet's "Werther," Bizet's "Djamleh," Saint-Saën's "Samson," besides pieces by Leoncavallo and Delibes, and possibly one or two works by ancient masters.

Will this brilliant assemblage of singers end as operatic seasons in this city usually end?

It is curious that almost the only operatic season which did not break its promoter was the first—the one which was undertaken by Garcia nearly seventy years ago. Garcia made money; but he was a pretty good singer himself, and he had in his troupe his wonderful daughter, who afterward became Mme. Malibran. Some years afterward an opera-house was built and a fine company engaged, with Mme. Fanti as the soprano; it is interesting to observe that among the pieces produced were the "Gazza Ladra" and the "Barbiere," which are still favorites; the other operas played are on the shelf.

Then came Palmio's opera. He was a *restaurateur*, the lineal predecessor of Delmonico. Having made money and being a passionate lover of Italian music, he built an opera-house on the site of the building now occupied by the American News Company in Chambers Street. There, for a year, he produced "Sonnambula," "Norma," "Puritani," "Lucrezia," and other famous pieces of the Italian school, to fine houses. Mme. Borghese was his prima donna; she was a favorite in society as well as on the stage, and used to give delightful *soirées* at her home in the boarding-house in Irving Place, which was kept by Mrs. Knauff, Bret Harte's sister. Palmio failed, and turned up as a barkeeper at an uptown saloon.

Five years afterward, Jenny Lind established Castle Garden as the home of music; and, four years after her, Mario and Grisi sang their repertoire in the same building. It is a circular tower of enormous size. For operatic purposes it was fitted up with rows of seats rising from the floor to the upper windows, much after the fashion of the circus; from the upper row, doors opened on to a balcony which encircled the building. On summer moonlight nights, it was a dream of paradise to sit on that balcony and watch the moonbeams dance on the Hudson River, while the greatest tenor and the greatest soprano in the world sang the seductive airs of Donizetti and Verdi, Rossini and Bellini.

Then came the Astor Place Opera, with its checkered fortunes, in the hands of the Patti-Barlis. Opera had no fixed home until the Academy of Music was opened in 1855. Albani sang at the Broadway Theatre, Sontag at Niblo's Garden. The Academy lost money year after year; but those who owned it could afford the loss. It opened its doors every winter, and it was under its roof that Brignoli, Piccolomini, and Carl Formes won their fame, and that Adelina Patti first trod the lyric stage. The house was, after a time, given up to the drama, and the Metropolitan Opera House was built and opened. This began with a flourish of trumpets and a splendid company under Abbey's management. The troupe included Campanini, Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Scalchi, and Mme. Fursch-Madi. One winter's work netted a loss of a quarter of a million. The house was rented to a German troupe when it burned down.

It is to be hoped that the new Metropolitan, which is just being finished, will have a brighter and a longer career. NEW YORK, November 25, 1893. FLANEUR.

VANITY FAIR.

The geouine Freoch womao of society is rarely beautiful. She is always more or less fascioating. Like the French oohleman, she is tall, lithe, itelli-geot, appreciative of art, with much delicacy of feeliog, and has either very strong, almost bigoted priociples, or one at all. As there is oo possi- sibility for the development of love before marriage (writes the Marquise de San Carlos in the *North American Review*), this most oatural of all human passions is apt to assert its power long after the ex- citable young Freoch womao has contracted an al- liaoce with some "uositympathetic fellow," and it needs much character aod very solid virtue to resist the courtship of eoterprising Freoch oohlemeo, who swarm around young brides with the skepticism of true libertines. Womeo of strict priociples, who have not become nuns on leaving schools, and who have had the courage to withstood the current of youth aod passioo, lead after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent dooestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose niorals, and they are, per- chance, the greater umber, seem to have a pretty good time of it, aod spend their goldeo years *trompant leurs maris* with a vengeance, while they bring up their childreo with the greatest severity on a system of blindfold ignorance. Io fact, the cool way Freoch women have of being immoral without giving up goiog to church oo Sunday is a mystery. One sister will be a Carmelite and the other will ac- cept the homage of half a dozeo admirers. Yet both have heeo educated in the same cooveot; both have shared the same life till the age of eighteo, when the gay, laughing bloode entered a religious order, and the dark, almond-eyed sister sought the marriage tie for the sole purpose of securing free- dom.

The man who receives maoy iovitatioos during the wioter, accepts hospitality, aod feels that he must do something, too, io return for the kindooess which he has received, will be interested io these remarks of a writer in *Vogue*: "If he is oot wealthy aod his rooms are pretty, I do not koow of any better way of eoteraining thao to give a series of small teas. It is easy, and inexpensive, aod very effective. He invites only a dozeo people at a time. He writes to them io the most ioformal way aod eveo gives verbal iovitatioos. He always asks more meo thao womeo, and amoo his guests he provides that ooe at least ao either siog, or play, or do a little something to amuse the compaoy. He may even go out of the heateo track aod get a 'professional'; hut at a small tea this is not io the best of form. He should ask people who are coegeoiel aod who know each other. Five o'clock is the proper hour. The refreshmeots, of course, are of the lightest kind—cake, tea-hiscuits, tea, sherry, and, io a spirit of *bon camarade*, a little whisky aod water for the meo. These eoterain- meots are eotirely ioformal, and whisky and water or brady and soda are beverages cooteoanced by smart people io Eogland on these occasioos. Every ooe will leave hy six or half-past, aod you will have ample time to dress for the eveoing."

A *grande dame* is quoted in the New York *Tribune* as saying of the oew aristocrats io retail trade: "Nearly all of these new trades-people have a certai- nervousness aod self-cooscoiouseess oever seen io those who are born aod bred to their work, and which, although oatural enough, are very cootagious, aod affect their customers as well as themselves not a little. They lack the tact that makes the true Freoch *couturiere* aod *modiste* so irresistible. When I weot io ooe of these quasi-professioal shops the other day aod was introduced to the proprietress, as though she were a *châtelaine* of a grand establish- ment, I felt all rubbed up the wrong way to begio with. And then—although perhaps that was my faocy—oooe of the hats seemed becomiog, while Mrs. — kept sayiog: 'Oh, no, that will not do. That is oot your style,' aod so on, until I felt that something about me must be radically wroog; finally she capped the climax hy sayiog: 'I will send for some others; these are too youthfull' I am afraid she must have thought me very difficult, and, perhaps, snobbish; a purchase was yosued me. Theo I weot to More. —'s, aod the ioosinuating forewoman, after first exclaiming how well I looked and how my summer must have benefited me, brought out some hats, and, after a glance at them, said to her assistaot: 'Mais non, Celeste, those are too old; nadame, with her air de jeune fille, can wear the most youthful hats. Briog out that model that Miss C—' (naming a celebrated beauty) 'looked

so well io yesterday.' And she placed a *chic* little affair on my head that I felt to be becomiog at ocoe, while the assistaot aod the forewomao both broke io o little exclamatioos of admiratio: 'But that is perfect; it is charmiog, madame,' and so oo, until, needless to say, the hat was bought then aod there."

The Londoos fashioo journals object to the costum- ing of bridesmaids io the manoor exhibited at the re- ceot marriage of Miss Flora Davis with Lord Terecoe Blackwood. Each wore a different color. The effect is cootemoeoed io the word harlequio, aod as- pirants are advised to leave such *bizarre* effects to Paris and he cooteot with established modes. This revives a loog and unsettled discussio as to the amouot of persoal sacrifice a bridesmaid is called upon to make. Everybody knows that a parti-col- ored group of bridesmaids makes the hridal pageant "spoty." But who shall be called to lay her per- soal good looks at the foot of the altar wheo the color is chosen? If pink, what shall compeoate the sallow girl for wearing an uobecomiog color, or, if greeo, of suggestiog a salad with mayoooaise? There is oo pageant io which there is oot some eye that will see her first aod always. There is oo color, oot eveo white, that does not demaod the sacrifice of some ooe of the bridesmaids. So, perhaps, it was amiahty on the part of Lady Terence Blackwood to allow her bridesmaids to wear the color most be- coming aod to sacrifice the picturesqueoess of her wedding pageant.

The round table, ootwithstanding the ehh and flow of fashionable caprice, remains the ideal dioeo- board (according to the *Bazar*). Brave with fine oapery, sparkling crystal, aod glitteriog silver, with the fragrance of flowers and the shaded radiaoce of wax lights, the round table makes a setting for a feast that is a positive halo. Every dioeo-giver knows that the compaoy has not only to be judi- ciously brought together, hut kept together as well. Aod it is about the round board that this latter is best accomplished. There are oo corners to be talked across aod around, oo stretches of obstructiog fig- ures to be dodged; everybody is everybody else's oighbor io a conversatioal seose, aod all are easily held io touch hy the presidiog spirit. The dioing- room of the average city house will oot permit the use of a round table at which more thao nioe persoos can be seated. This, it will be remembered, is the limit fixed by the old Greeks for the success- ful dioeoer compaoy, hut io these days of loog visitiog- lists aod accumulatioog social obligatioos, a planniog hostess ofteo fiods twice oioe aod more, eveo, too few for the number of her covers. In such cases, if her room is loog and oarrow, a table followiog its shape will have to be used. It may oot be amiss to remind *châtelaines* who prefer the round table, but have ooe of aotother shape, that caterers can always supply a circular top of aoy size to fit over the usual board. A number of society womeo own sets of these tops, both round aod square, that are adjusted according to their wish aod need. Io some of the hanquetiog-rooms of New York and Newport, round tables seatiog forty guests have heeo spread.

There is a fine hut unfortunato courage io the way uoprepossessiog womeo wear large hats hedecked with feathers. It seems that it is only when a woman has reached a certai meotal level (says the *Evening Sun*) that she is able to realize her relation to her owo clothes. A woman below this huys her dress because she likes its color; she chooses a rib- boo because it is pretty, aod huys a hat because it is an interestiog object. The larger the hat aod the more feathers it carries the more interestiog it is. She hangs it oo her hand aod turns it around with pleasure. If the youog womao who serves her is amiahty, and sincerely has the good looks of fellow- creatures at heart, she urges her to put it oo her head aod see if it is becomiog. As this iovoives the removal of her veil and the takiog out of pins, she thinks the trouble is scarcely worth takiog, sioco she admires the hat. So she has it sent home. The re- lation of the womao to her boonet is only imper- fectly comprehended hy most women. A womao tryiog oo a hat or bonnet, aod pleased with the view of her face, is satisfied. Its rear may cootradict the outioes of her head, or he at war with her hack hair. But that is a matter of ioifference if she is pleased with her face. The umber of women who consider the line of the hat, so importaot a setting to the profile, is eveo smaller. Yet the side view of the hat is even more important than the front, where the animatioo of the face can or ought to be able to hold its oown.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Cousio Lucrece.

Here where the curfew
Still, they say, rings,
Time rested long ago,
Folding bis wings;
Here, on old Norwich's
Out-along road,
Cousin Lucretia
Had her abode.

Norridge, not Nor-wich
(See Mother Goose),
Good enough English
For a song's use.
Side and roof shingled,
All of a piece,
Here was the cottage of
Cousin Lucrece.

Living forlornly on
Nothing a year,
How she took comfort
Does not appear;
How kept her body,
On what they gave,
Out of the poor-house,
Out of the grave.

Highly connected?
Straight as the Nile
Down from "the Gard'ners" of
Gardiner's Isle
(Three hules, chevron gules,
Hand upon sword),
Great-great-granddaughter
Of the third lord.

Bent almost double,
Deaf as a witch,
Gout her chief trouble—
Just as if rich;
Vain of her ancestry,
Mouth all agrin,
Nose half-way meeting her
Sky-pointed chin;

Ducking her forehead-top,
Wrinkled and bare,
With a colonial
Furbelowed air;
Greeting her next-of-kin,
Nephew and niece—
Foolish old, prating old
Cousin Lucrece,

Once every year she had
All she could eat,
Turkeys and cranberries,
Pudding and sweet;
Every Thanksgiving,
Up to the great
House of her kinsman was
Driven in state.

Oh, what a sight to see,
Rigged in her best!
Wearing the famous gown
Drawn from her chest—
Worn, ere King George's reign
Here chanced to cease,
Once by a forehead of
Cousin Lucrece.

Damask brocaded,
Cut very low;
Short sleeves and finger-mitts
Fit for a show;
Palsied neck shaking her
Rust-yellow curls,
Rattling its roundabout
String of mock pearls.

Over her noddle,
Draggled and stark,
Two ostrich feathers—
Brought bt from the ark;
Shoes of frayed satin,
All heel and toe,
On her poor crippled feet
Hobbled below.

My! how the Justice's
Sons and their wives
Laughed; while the little folk
Ran for their lives,
Asking if bel dames
Out of the past,
Old fairy-godmothers,
Always could last?

No! One Thanksgiving,
Bitterly cold,
After they took her home
(Ever so old),
In her great chair she sank,
There to find peace:
Died in her ancient dress—
Poor old Lucrece.

—Edmund Clarence Steadman in December St. Nicholas.

After Watteau.

"Embarquons-nous pour la belle Cythère."
—TH. OE BANVILLE.

"Embarquons-nous!" I seem to go
Against my will. 'Neath alleys low
I bend and bear across the air,
Across the stream, faint music rare—
Whose cornemuse? whose chalumeau?
Hark! Is not that a laugh I know?
Who was it, burying, turned to show
The galley, swinging hy the stair?—
"Embarquons-nous!"

The silk sail flaps, fresh breezes blow,
Frail laces flutter, satins flow—
You, with the love-knot in your hair,
Allons, embarquons pour Cythère!
You will not? . . . Press her, then, Pierrot!—
"Embarquons-nous!"

—Austin Dobson in December Harper's.

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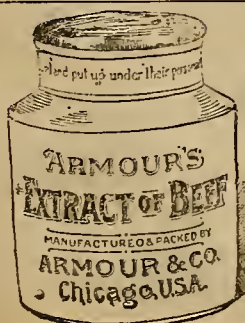
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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose "barbaric yawp," as the New York *Tribune* calls it, in praise of the Great Western Literature lately sounded over the roofs of the world, is reminded by an English critic that "to strive and cry after originality is not to be original."

The second of Rudyard Kipling's "Stories of India and the Jungle" appears in the December *St. Nicholas* under the title of "Toomai of the Elephants." The two to follow are "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Tiger! Tiger!"

Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately a copy-righted translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," by George Musgrave, which contains a new and decidedly interesting departure in this direction. The version is in the nine-line rhymed metre, that which Dante himself used (and is said to have invented) in the Italian.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December contains the following list of articles:

"The Story of Bob," by David Starr Jordan; "Modern War Vessels of the United States Navy," by W. A. Dobson; "Evolution and Ethics"—II., by Professor T. H. Huxley; "The Fruit Industry in California," by Charles Howard Shinn; "How Old is the Earth?" "The Creation"; "The Penicillin Indian Myth"; "State Interference in Social Affairs"; "Criminal Woman"; "Ethics and the Struggle for Existence"; "The Calumet in the Champlain Valley"; "The Essays of Jean Rey"; "Sketch of Sir Daniel Wilson"; Correspondence; Editor's Table, etc.

Writers who contribute to the Christmas number of the *Century* are Lowell, Aldrich, Stoddard, Cable, Phillips Brooks, Joel C. Harris, Howard Pyle, and Hopkinson Smith.

The new edition of Hudson's Shakespeare, just issued by Estes & Lauriat, is a very handsome work. The text, on fine laid paper, is illustrated by thirty full-page etchings by L. Monzies, from designs by the French artist, H. Pille, and printed on imperial Japan paper. The set is bound in full French parchment, with gold tops and rough edges, and is enclosed in an undressed leather case.

The author who, under the name of "Ada Cambridge," has published several clever novels—"A Little Minx" being one of them—is the wife of an Australian clergyman, and her true name is Mrs. Cross.

In the Macmillan's Dollar Novels a new note is struck with the publication of "The Delectable Duchy: Some Tales of East Cornwall," by "Q," author of "Dead Man's Rock," "The Splendid Spur," and other stories of adventure and of the local coast life of southern England.

Here is a story lately told by Mr. Hall Caine concerning Wilkie Collins:

"The most successful character in the 'Woman in White' was not a woman, but a man—Fosco, the fat villain. When the book was produced, everybody was talking about the fat villain. While the author was staying with his mother, a lady visitor came. This lady said to Collins: 'You seem to have made a great success with your villain in 'The Woman in White.' I have read the book, I have studied this villain, but he is not half a villain; you don't know a real villain; you have imagined this villain. I know a villain, and the next time you want to do a villain, come to me. I am very close to one; I have got one constantly in my eye—in fact, it is my own husband!' Wilkie Collins often told this story, but withheld the name of the lady. It was the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

Professor Goldwin Smith's new book—a collection of essays on political and social questions—will soon be brought out. He will presently, on his return from England, begin the promised second volume of his work on the United States.

Thomas Hardy and the Hon. Mrs. Henniker are collaborating in the writing of a short story entitled "The Spectre of the Real," which will probably be printed in a periodical.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, which two months ago lowered its price from twenty-five to twelve and a half cents per copy, has raised it again to fifteen cents. Evidently its proprietors went too low. There is a point of cost in production beyond which even large advertising receipts will not carry a high-class periodical.

George Moore has a new novel, "Esther Waters," in the press, on which he has been engaged for the last three years. It will be the longest novel Mr. Moore has written.

The table of contents of the December (Christmas) *St. Nicholas* is as follows:

"Toomai of the Elephants," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Red Dolly," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Tom Sawyer Abroad," chapters III., IV. and V., by Mark Twain; "Recollections of the Wild Life"—I., by Dr. C. A. Eastman; "General Sherman's Bear," by Edward S. Wilson; "Les Petits Jais de Marie," by Kate Watson Lawrence; "New Orleans"—II., by George W. Cable; "Toilette's Philip," chapters XXI., XXIV., by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; "Helen Keller's Visit to the World's Fair," by Anna M. Sullivan and Helen Keller; "How Ted Attracted with the Regulars," by Gwendolen Overton; verses by Edmund Clarence Stedman, Helen Gray Cone, Miss Carman, and others; and the departments.

Macmillan & Co. have already sold more than five thousand copies of the illustrated edition of William Winter's "Shakespeare's England." Of Mr. Winter's writings in the uniform, small-sized edition, somewhat more than thirty thousand volumes have been sold.

Estes & Lauriat, whose book exhibit was the first in place in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the Columbian Exposition, are among the first to have word that they have received a medal (the highest honor) and twelve awards as the result of

their exhibit of standard set art publications and fine bindings.

Dr. George Macdonald is a sick man, but, nevertheless, a busy one. He has not been able to lecture or preach for many months, but he has nearly finished another novel. He is obliged to spend his winters in Italy.

The first issue of *Littell's Living Age* in January, 1894, will begin the two-hundredth volume of that admirable eclectic weekly. Several new and valuable features will be added during the coming year.

New Publications.

"For Life and Love; A Story of the Rio Grano," by Richard Henry Savage, has been published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

Florence Warden's new novel, "My Child and I," has been issued in the Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"The Hermit of the Nanquon," a novel by Charles Nelson Johnson, has been published in the Rialto Series issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"Direct Legislation by the Citizenship through the Initiative and Referendum," by J. W. Sullivan, has been published by the True Nationalist Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"A Wedding Tangle," by Frances Campbell Sparhawk, a love-story the scene of which is New England in the early days, has been published by the Areoa Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"The Young Navigators" is the latest volume of the second series of boys' tales called the All-over-the-World Series, written by "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Romance of a School-Boy," by Mary A. Denison, and "Tom and the Money-Kiog," by W. O. Stoddard, two lively stories for boys, have been published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, \$1.50 each.

"His Love for Helen," by J. B. H. Janeway; "A Cynic's Sacrifice," by Lewis Vital Bogy; "My Little Love," by Marion Harland; and "The Cloud on the Heart," by A. S. Roe, have been published in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

The famous story of "Piccola, the Prisoner of Fenestrella; or, Captivity Captive," by X. B. Saotome, has been made the subject of illustration by J. F. Guedry, the well-known artist, and makes a pretty holiday volume. There are half a dozen full-page pictures and head and tail-pieces and vignettes innumerable, and the typography, paper, and binding are handsome. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Century World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls," by Tudor Jenks, will give an excellent idea of the Columbian Exposition to such unfortunate youngsters as missed that great sight, and will be a treasured souvenir for those who visited it. It is put in the form of a story, in which are recorded the experiences of two lads who saw it all, and to the text are added more than two hundred and fifty illustrations, including Castaigne's admirable pictures printed in the *Century*, sketches by W. A. Rogers, and a great number of instantaneous photographs. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

"Hours in my Garden" is the title given a volume of essays and "nature-sketches," by Alexander H. Japp, LL. D., F. R. S. E. He has here recorded his impressions and observations of outdoor life in an English garden on such topics as "The Delights



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of Hedgerows," "With the Nightingales at the Vicarage," "A Scottish Trout Stream," "Wild Ducks, Water-Birds, and Sea-Fowl," etc., with an appendix in which he notes certain curiosities of English ornithology. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"Myths of Greece and Rome," by H. A. Guerber, an admirable hand-book, illustrated and indexed, treating the Hellenic and Roman mythologies with especial reference to their relations to literature and art; an "Inductive Greek Primer," by William R. Harper and Clarence F. Castle; the "Manual for the Fourth Year" in White's new course in art instruction; and "Smart's Manual of School Gymnastics" have been published by the American Book Company, New York; prices: \$1.50, \$1.25, 50, and 30 cents, respectively.

"Bryant's Poems of Nature" is the title of a handsome volume in which are gathered nearly fifty poems in which William Cullen Bryant expressed his appreciation of the beauties of nature. The new feature of the book is the illustrations by Paul de Longpre, who combines with a rare knowledge of the forests and fields a lively sympathy with the poet's moods. The selections begin with "To a Water-Fowl" and include all the classic favorites, ending with "Our Fellow-Worshippers." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

"Miss Stuart's Legacy," by Mrs. F. A. Steel, is a novel of Anglo-Indian life. Miss Stuart is an English girl who goes out to join her father and his Eurasian—hybrid European and Asian—family. The colonel is a dissipated old rascal and defaults in a considerable sum; but this amount is made good by a Major Marsden, who loves Miss Stuart. She has two other suitors, a Eurasian cousin and a fortune-hunting Englishman, who complicate the action of the tale. It is an interesting story, and details skirmishes with the Afghans with much vigor. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A new edition of Cuthbert Bede's college stories has just been brought out, and will afford the many friends of Mr. Verdant Green opportunity to follow that diverting young gentleman through his career at Oxford once more and to recommend the three books to those who have not read them yet. Their titles are "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman"—the three parts, in which Mr. Green is shown as a freshman, as an under-graduate, and "married and done for," filling two volumes—and "Little Mr. Bouncer and his Friend, Verdant Green" and "Tales of College Life," filling the third. The original illustrations by the author, which are much like some of Thackeray's, are retained. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$5.00 per set.

A new portfolio of proofs of illustrations from the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* during the past ten years has been issued under the title of "The Century Gallery." The proofs are sixty-four in number, and are from wood-engravings by T. Cole and other noted artists of the graver, with one or two process reproductions, while the artists represented include such famous painters and draughtsmen as Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, J. F. Millet, Fortuny, G. Ome, Bastien-Lepage, G. F. Watts, F. D. Millet, Daniel Vierge, Alfred Parsons, the Innesses, father and son, Birch, Cox, Blasfield, Gibson, Pennell, Winslow Homer, Remington, Sterner, Wenzell, and Blum. The collection, taken as a whole, is representative of the best modern work in illustration, and reproduces the peculiarities of oils, aquarelle, pastel, etching, wash drawings, and drawings in gouache, as well as modelings and sculptures. Each picture is printed on heavy plate-paper, size 13x17, suitable for framing. Some of the pictures are in color. A complete table of contents contains full particulars regarding each picture, with a short sketch of the artist and of the engraver. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$10.00.

"Marion Darche" is F. Marion Crawford's third novel of American life, and as such is far and away ahead of his "American Politician" and "To Leeward." It pictures people of the same class as the Italians who figure in the Saracinesca series, the Germans of "Greifenstein," the Englishmen of "Dr. Claudius," and the cosmopolitans of "Paul Patoff." And yet they are as distinctly American as the men and women Gibson draws. It is scarcely more than a novelette, resembling "The Children of the King" in its brevity, and also in that it is a study of a fine nature in a great crisis. But, where the Italian fisherman gives way to his passion and murders the man who would marry the woman they both love, Marion Darche is a fine flower of our best civilization, and is as inevitably actuated by a high sense of honor as Ruggiero was by unselfish but very primitive love. Her husband is a fugitive from justice, and she loves and is loved by an honorable man, and both know the other's attitude; yet they must wait until the husband be proven dead. It is a situation calculated to bring out the best in man or woman, and this Mr. Crawford has shown with admirable art. On another page of this issue will be found several extracts from "Marion Darche." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Bowie, daughter of the late Dr. A. J. Bowie, and Mr. Charles Detrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edington Detrick, will take place at half-past three o'clock this afternoon at the home of the bride, 1909 Jackson Street. Only a few relatives and intimate friends will witness the ceremony, which will be performed by Rev. Father Cottle. Miss Laura McKinstry will be the maid of honor, and Mr. H. St. C. Boyd will act as best man. The happy couple will leave in the evening on an Eastern trip, and will be away about two months. When they return they will reside at 1909 Jackson Street, and will receive their friends on Fridays.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Cutler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutler, of this city, and Mr. John B. Newhall, of Lynn, Mass., will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at the First Congregational Church.

Mr. George F. Lyon, of this city, and Miss Gladys G. Long, of Billerica, Mass., were married at Lowell, Mass., on November 15th. Mr. Lyon, who has been in the East for the past two months, will return with his bride early in December, and will reside at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. E. M. Long, 1209 Twentieth Street.

A bazaar will be held in the hop room at the Presidio this afternoon and evening, under the auspices of Mrs. W. M. Graham and the Golden Circle of King's Daughters. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable work. There will be music, dancing, and other attractions.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Jr., will receive their friends next Tuesday evening at their residence on Sacramento Street. Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Mary Belle Gwin will receive with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haight and Mr. and Mrs. George Bayley will give a reception this afternoon and evening at their residence, 1307 Castro Street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey entertained ten friends at dinner at their residence on Friday evening, after which the party attended the ball of the Friday Night Club.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a sumptuous dinner-party on Friday night at their residence, 1111 Pine Street, at which they entertained several of their friends.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Sunday evening at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Laura McKinstry gave an enjoyable lunch-party at the University Club last Thursday. Afterward the party attended the foot-ball game.

Mrs. Peter Donahue gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at her residence on Bryant Street, and entertained several of her friends most hospitably. Those present were Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Captain and Mrs. M. A. Healy, U. S. N., Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Miss Smith, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. P. D. Martin, and Mr. Charles Peterson.

Miss Mae Dimond gave a dinner-party, at her home on Washington Street, on Friday evening, after which she and her guests attended the ball of the Friday Night Club.

A social event in Oakland this week was the luncheon given by Miss Gertrude Allen at the residence of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Costigan, complimentary to Miss Hilda Macdonald, of this city. Among those invited were Miss Cohen, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Carrie McLain, Miss Chabot, Miss Sweet, Miss Brownwell, and Miss Griffin.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Thursday, after which her guests attended the foot-ball match.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen gave an enjoyable progressive-euchre party last Monday evening at their residence, 2516 Pacific Avenue. The game proved quite interesting and the prizes were very handsome. Supper was served at eleven o'clock and departures were made at midnight.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy and Miss Ethel Murphy entertained a number of their friends, who paid their tea calls, last Tuesday evening at their residence on California Street.

Miss Mabel Love gave an informal musicale last Monday evening at her residence, 1714 Clay Street, and pleasantly entertained a few friends. The hostess gave a number of vocal solos charmingly and Mr. Frank Coffin was also heard to advantage in several songs. A delicious supper terminated the affair.

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska gave a pleasant musicale last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, which was attended by many of their friends. Mrs. M. C. Hassett, Miss Eleanor Connell, and Miss Ziska contributed vocal selections, Miss Florence Levy gave a violin solo, and Mr. Lesley Martin played several numbers on the piano. Light refreshments were served at intervals, and the affair came to an end at midnight.

Wedding calls will be made next Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Cronise, 2213 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Allison C. Bonnell will receive on Mondays at the Hotel Pleasanton.

The members of the Concordia Club will give a high teas at the club this evening.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The little King of Spain being now in the eyes of the court a responsible personage, has bachelor quarters of his own in the palace, the apartments being those formerly occupied by his father.

On his death James McNeil Whistler is going to present to the Kingdom of Spain—that it may hang with the works of his master, Velasquez—a full-length picture of himself in evening-dress, done by him in his artistic prime, and as yet unseen by any eyes save those of his mother and two or three intimate admirers.

It seems that the Carmelites in Paris are very hard up for novices, while other popular convents are turning would-be nuns away daily. The reason given is that it is one of the first rules of the Carmelites that the hair is to be cut short, and, although all question of giving up the pomps and vanities is decided, daughters of Eve will not consent to this question of scissors.

The following romantic tale is going the rounds of the press:

Princess Augusta Marie Louise, the daughter of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, has attained the impressionable age of nineteen, and, some time ago, her roving fancy fell upon a handsome young lieutenant of cavalry. The warrior returned her love; but when Leopold discovered the state of affairs the lieutenant was shipped off to a distant garrison, and the princess was forbidden to think of him. But she thought of him until she fell ill, and pined away to such an extent that her father became alarmed. He consulted the court physician, and the upshot is that there is to be a wedding at Munich, with the young lieutenant and the lovely princess as the principals.

A. J. Lamoreux, the editor of the Rio Janeiro *News*, an English paper which has been suppressed by President Peixoto, entered Cornell in the fall of 1870, and was soon known as one of the most erratic and yet honest and thoroughly brilliant men in the university. He never finished his course, being persuaded to throw in his fortunes with a Brazilian editor who visited Ithaca soon after 1870.

Ever since Miss Lizzie Borden was acquitted of murder by the jury, she has been socially ostracized. She is still an object of attention, whether it be on the street, in the cars, or at church. The church people, it is said, would rather that she would not make her appearance in the sanctuary. Recently Miss Borden visited the World's Fair, but as she attracted little attention, she enjoyed the trip greatly.

Three young women who will attract a great deal of attention in New York this winter are Helen Gould, Gertrude Vanderbilt, and Virginia Fair, of whom a New York paper says:

"Miss Gould is possessed of more money in her own right than any young unmarried woman in this city today. Her fortune is in the neighborhood of ten millions of dollars, just half the sum that gossip sets down to the credit of Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore. Miss Vanderbilt will be the richest of the season's debutantes. If all goes well she will some day be the possessor of as much money as Miss Garrett. Miss Fair may seem poor in comparison, for rumor credits her with being worth only one million dollars. Of these three young women, Miss Gould is the eldest, and, like Miss Vanderbilt, much of her life has been given up to charitable work. Miss Fair is strikingly beautiful."

The widow of Marshal MacMahon was never very popular at the Elysée. She was a strong Legitimist and exceedingly devout, and French wits said of her: "The marshal governs France, Mme. de MacMahon governs the marshal, and the curé of St. Cloud governs Mme. de MacMahon." She is said to have wept bitterly when she quitted the Elysée. But she was a good wife and mother if an unpleasant lady presidentess.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* recently visited the insane asylum at Bolivar, Tenn., where Alice Mitchell, the slayer of Freda Warde is confined, and writes of her:

"She is one of the most useful women in the asylum. She scrubs the floors, washes the dishes, and assists in every way in keeping things in order; and she shows the greatest interest in the patients, especially the old women, to whom she is tenderly kind. She is always bright and cheerful, and perfectly contented in the asylum. She has never heard of Freda Warde's name or speak of that horrible murder. She occupies a cell just like those of other patients, but she is allowed to eat at the attendants' table, where every delicacy is provided for her by her family. When she is not at work, she passes her time in singing and playing. Her father and mother visit her very often, and always take her out driving. Each time she appears on the streets of Bolivar, the people seem eager to catch a glimpse of her. She has never shown any symptoms of insanity, except in fits of anger, which are very seldom. She is one of the most violent-tempered women, and the attendants consider her dangerous outside of the asylum."

Two granddaughters of Michael Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," are living in poverty in Jersey City. One is the wife of a decrepit bar-keeper; the other, Miss Maud Balfe, was a member of the Salvation Army until her sister fell ill. But, badly off as they are, they hope to be helped by the Duchess de Frias, wife of a grandee of Spain, who happens to be their aunt and the composer's daughter.

The Hon. Stephen D. Harkness, known as the youngest living child of a Revolutionary soldier, died recently in Bradford County, Pa. He was seventy years old, and was the son of Major William Harkness, who served all through the Revolutionary war, and settled in Bradford County. Of other sons of Revolutionary sires the *Sun* says:

"The youngest living child of a Revolutionary soldier is now believed to be Mrs. Lucinda J. Valentine, of Brooklyn. She is a daughter of Jabez Rockwell, who was one of the heroes of Valley Forge. Mrs. Valentine is seventy-six, and is the youngest of three sisters. These three, and Mrs. Hannah Phillips Stille Eames, of Chester County, Pa., aged ninety-three, are the only surviving children of soldiers who passed through the horrors of the winter at Valley Forge. Mrs. Eames's father was a lieutenant in the American army and a confidant of Washington's. He also

served in the campaign against the whisky insurrectionists in 1789, and in the War of 1812. Myron Adams, a genuine son of the Revolution, died a few days ago at Rochester, aged ninety-five years. He was a friend of Captain John Adams, who commanded at Fort Niagara during the continental struggle. The oldest child of a Revolutionary soldier now living is Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand, of Bound Brook, N. Y. She is hale and hearty at one hundred and five. One of the last surviving pensioners of the Revolution is Mrs. Sarah Turner, of Manchester, N. Y., who, although but eighty-seven years old, is the widow of a continental soldier. He was sixty-seven and she nineteen when they married, and they had two children.

Ram Singh, probably the only architect, a native of India, who ever established a business in the western world, was born in the Punjab and studied his art under Lockwood Kipling, the father of the writer, in the Mayo School of Art at Lahore. The Duke of Connaught had him go to England, where he decorated the duke's billiard-room and the corridors at Bagshot Park. Then the queen employed him to add a Durbar hall to her palace at Osborne.

The death of Charles Gounod, the French composer, recalls his relations with Mrs. Weldon, in which the civilized world was much interested some ten years ago. The story, briefly told, is as follows:

Mrs. Weldon was a Miss Georgina Treherne. Her family were among the best people of Wales. When visiting Brighton with her mother, she met one day on the grand parade Harry Weldon. He was tall, with a splendid figure, handsome face, a fine conversationalist, and ingenious and engaging. It was said that he was a member of Queen Victoria's household, a special favorite of her majesty, with the brevet rank of captain in the army. They met one night at a hall at Brighton Pavilion, and, just as they were, in ball costume, they ran off to London and were wedded. But Mrs. Weldon longed to gather round her all the celebrities in English literature, and she certainly was visited by some persons of consequence, but they were old men who loved to talk with a handsome woman. At last chance threw in her way Charles Gounod. The very day after the introduction she called on him. Of course Gounod, old as he was, was attracted by this woman's beauty. By and bye, Captain Harry was entirely ignored. During Gounod's last incarceration in an asylum, he wrote the siren many letters. But his continued absence from her side gradually brought about a return of his reason, and old friends had him returned to France. Mrs. Weldon visited France to try the magic of her old power, but Gounod was kept out of the way. She returned to England, was deserted by her husband, and at last had to work for a living as a teacher. But before this chapter was closed, she and her husband seized Gounod's effects and claimed his copyrights. The law was invoked, and then she presented a "board bill" for the three years she had entertained the distinguished Frenchman as the lion of her receptions. In 1884, an English jury gave her fifty thousand dollars in her suit against Gounod for alleged services rendered him as secretary, business agent, and landlady. She has not yet "collected," but M. Gounod was never able to visit London afterward.

The anarchists on the continent are forming "free unions" instead of marriages. This is a specimen invitation to such a ceremony, sent out by two citizens: "The citizeness Jeanne Dumas and the mate (*compagnon*) Elie Patouillard have the honor to beg of you to be present at their free union, which will take place on Saturday, September 30, 1893, at eight in the evening, in the hall of the Alcazar, 33 and 35 Cours d'Izeux, at Saint Chamond.—Elie Patouillard; Jeanne Dumas."

Another Craze.

A new fad has created quite a sensation among the fashionable sets in the East, in the shape of a new note-paper called "Highland Heather." It has only recently made its appearance, but its success has been remarkable, as already it is "the" thing for the winter. It is a pleasure to note that San Francisco is so much "in line," as almost simultaneously we are corresponding with our Eastern cousins with their own latest hobby. In this, Messrs. Cooper & Co. are to be complimented, as they secured the first shipment to any house outside of New York city, and are now displaying it in all the new shops. Samples of the new paper will be mailed upon application to the firm: J. K. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street. They also show some pretty effects of stamping the "Highland Heather" in various bronzes, the best of which is an emerald green, with wax to match. This new paper stamped with monogram makes a very acceptable holiday gift, but must be ordered early to be ready in time.

A London city magnate who daily drives to his place of business, says a contemporary, has a photograph in his carriage into which he pours messages, short letters, instructions, and other matters of importance. When he alights the machine is handed to the head clerk and he takes his instructions from it.

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SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The winter season in society circles was formally opened last Friday evening, when the members of the Friday Night Club gave their first ball at Golden Gate Hall. The small size of the hall, as compared to the one formerly used, necessitated a certain limitation of the membership, which now numbers about three hundred. Even with this number the hall was crowded. Its appearance was brilliant and attractive in every way. The decorations of draperies of light green, gold, and white, with hanging baskets of spreading ferns, were very effective and pretty. The stage was banked with tropical plants, amid which Huber's Hungarian Orchestra, of sixteen pieces, played the latest dance music.

Under the glare of hundreds of incandescent electric lights the elegant toilets of the ladies and their sparkling jewels were displayed to great advantage. A notable fact was that there were more debutantes present than at any previous meeting of the club, and they were all becomingly gowned in light-tinted materials. Those noticed were Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Florence Hartsuff, Miss Catherine Lee Jones, Miss Ethel Murphy, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Carrie Taylor. The ball-room floor was newly canvased, and the dining-room also received the same attention, which was appreciated by the fair sex particularly. The affair did not commence until quite late; in fact, it was fully ten o'clock before dancing was in full swing, and it was continued until about midnight, when an elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall under the direction of Ludwig. Afterward there was more dancing until two o'clock, when the pleasant affair came to an end. Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who had charge of all of the arrangements of the ball, was warmly congratulated upon its success. The next meeting, which will be a cotillion, will take place on Friday evening, December 22d. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Deuprey, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. H. Noble, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Lieutenant and Mrs. George D. Strickland, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinkley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson.

Mrs. Lillie H. Coit, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. John Curry, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. G. L. Lansing, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. W. R. Quinn, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Richard Tobin, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. A. E. Wood.

Miss Adams, Miss Buckbee, Miss Rosalie Block, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ida Bonni, Miss Eud Bourn, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Edith Cohen, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Fanny Grant, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Florence A. Hartsuff, Miss Ives, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Katherine Lee Jones, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Ethel Murphy, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss McNutt, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Pratt, Miss Ruger, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Schneely, Miss Sherrard, Miss Smith, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Bertha Welch, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Eleanor Wood.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Lieutenant A. C. Almy, U. S. N., Consul Vladimir Artimovitch, Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., Mr. E. L. Brayton, Mr. S. G. Buckbee,

Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. G. C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. J. William Byrne, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Mr. T. D. Boardman, Mr. Rhodes Jordan, Mr. T. C. Berry, Mr. J. J. Chappell, Lieutenant John W. Carlin, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph Clement, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. W. W. Chapin, Mr. Leonard Cheney, Captain W. B. Collier, Mr. D. Y. Campbell, Mr. A. J. Campbell, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, U. S. A., Mr. W. D. Forbes, Mr. Patrick Grant, Jr., General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Charles Grant, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Southern Hoffman, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Harry Knowles, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Alexander Loughborough, Mr. J. G. Foster Moale, Mr. William S. McMurry, Mr. C. E. Mackey, Mr. James McKee, Judge Joseph McKenna, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. Burns Macdonald, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. F. A. Maconday, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. James D. Pheasant, Mr. Legare Phoenix, General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Dr. George M. Richardson, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Lieutenant Thomas F. Ruhn, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. P. Summerall, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. R. Shoemaker, U. S. N., Mr. Charles E. Schneely, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. James E. Tucker, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Frank C. Van Ness, Mr. L. S. Vassall, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, Mr. Kyland E. Wallace, Dr. Robert Whiting, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. A. B. Williamson, Dr. Frank Wilson, and Mr. Jerome B. Watson.

The Cunningham Reception.

Mrs. R. B. Cunningham and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Cunningham, gave a delightful reception last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1939 Clay Street. Fully one hundred and fifty of their friends were assembled in the flower-decorated parlors at ten o'clock, when the reception was commenced by the presentation of the comedy "The Rose and the Thorn," the cast being represented by Miss Cunningham, Dr. Taylor, and Mr. Larkin. It took nearly a quarter of an hour for the play, which was given at the foot of the stairs in the hall. Afterward dancing was commenced and was continued until an early hour in the morning. After the elaborate supper, which was served about midnight, two figures of the german were danced under the leadership of Lieutenant John T. Myers, U. S. N., and Miss Cunningham. The favors were of exceeding beauty. Miss Cunningham was becomingly attired in a gown of pink crepe de Chine, and Mrs. Cunningham appeared in a light-colored robe of satin, trimmed with fur. The guests were treated in a most hospitable manner and everybody had an excellent time.

Soree Matinée Teas.

Miss Cora Smedberg made her formal debut into society circles at a matinee tea given by her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, at her residence, 1611 Larkin Street, on Friday, November 24th. More than one hundred and fifty friends called to congratulate the young lady, and were entertained most hospitably. The hostess and her daughter were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Agnes Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Harriet Graham, Miss Miriam Moore, and Miss Alberta Bancroft.

On Saturday afternoon four more debutantes were brought forth at matinee teas. One was Miss Isabelle McKenna, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, whose residence, on Franklin Street near Broadway, was the scene of a large gathering. Beautiful flowers were used in the ornamentation of the rooms, and the guests were regaled with light refreshments and entertained with musical selections. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, Mrs. F. L. H. Noble, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Laura McKinty, Miss Nellie Hillyer, and Miss Eleanor Wood.

At the residence of Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, on Pacific Avenue, there were two debutantes. One was Miss Edith McBean, daughter of the hostess, and the other was Miss Sara Collier, daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, of Lake County. In the midst of artistic floral decorations and to the accompaniment of concert selections, the many callers were most bounteously entertained. In the evening, the younger people enjoyed dancing until about eleven o'clock. Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Helen Perrin, and Miss Carrie Taylor assisted in receiving.

Mrs. Henry C. Davis also was the hostess at a matinee tea given at her home on Jackson Street to introduce her debutante daughter, Miss Florence Davis. It was a very enjoyable affair, marked by many pleasant incidents. Some two hundred guests were generously entertained during the afternoon. The ladies who assisted in receiving were Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. C. L. Taylor, Mrs. James Margo, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Nellie Stubbs, Miss Bertha Houghton, Miss Meda Houghton, Miss Alberta Bancroft, Miss Florence Dunham, and Miss Alice Hooper.

An elaborate affair of the week was the tea given by the Misses Alice and Ella Hobart last Wednesday at their residence on Van Ness Avenue. Fragrant blossoms graced the various points of vantage in the drawing and reception-rooms, adding somewhat to their innate beauty. The hours were from four until seven o'clock, during which time there were over two hundred callers. A string orchestra played concert selections at intervals, and light refreshments were served as desired. A number of young people

remained during the evening and enjoyed dancing for a few hours. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Miss Vassall, Miss Manie Holbrook, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Cora Smedberg.

A matinee tea was given last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. W. R. Smedberg at her residence on Larkin Street, the guests being limited to married people only. The parlors were embellished with clusters of ferns and scarlet-hued cornel berries that combined prettily in making an effective decoration. The hours were passed very enjoyably. In receiving and entertaining her guests, Mrs. Smedberg was assisted by Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Frederick Billings Lake, Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Ella Adams, Misses Elliott, Miss Alberta Bancroft, Miss Mitchler, and Miss Claire Ralston.

San Francisco Verein.

A grand orchestral concert, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, was given at the San Francisco Verein last Tuesday evening. There were thirty-five musicians in the orchestra, and they presented the following programme admirably:

Overture, "Orpheus," Offenbach (violin solo by Mr. Sigmund Beel); suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg, (a) pastoral, "Dawn of Morn," (b) "Asa's Death," (c) "Anitra's Dance"; "Funeral March of a Marionette," Gounod; "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, (a) prelude, (b) intermezzo; "Pas des Fleurs" from "Naila," Delibes; "Turkish March" from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; "Trauerzeit," Schumann; "In the Mill," Gilel; "Kol Nidrei," Bruch (violoncello solo by Mr. Louis Heine); walse, "Sounds from the Vienna Forest," Strauss.

The concert was highly appreciated by the large audience, and was followed by dancing and an elaborate supper that prolonged the affair until a late hour.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger and the Misses Younger arrived in New York from Europe a week ago, and are en route to this city.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are expected to return from New York in a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickinson have taken rooms at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis will come out from New York late in December to pass the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., is visiting his sister, Mrs. William L. Eldins, in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, who are in New York city, are expected to return home in about two weeks.

Dr. James Simpson has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Miss Eleanor Dimond has returned from a prolonged visit to friends in New York city.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Florence Lockwood will return from New York next week.

Mr. Louis B. Parrott has returned from his Eastern trip. The Misses Ella and Alleen Goad will arrive from New York about December 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Bonner, of Fresno, are staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner returned to the city last Saturday after a prolonged absence.

Dr. William G. Mizner, who has been engaged in mining in Oregon for several months, is here on a visit.

Mr. A. C. Morse and Misses Jessie and Kate Morse have returned from Chicago, and are located at the Pleasanton.

Hon. Charles N. Felton is at the Holland House in New York city.

Baron J. H. von Schröder has arrived in Germany. Miss Catherine Hattell has returned from a prolonged visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland returned last Tuesday from a prolonged Eastern trip.

General W. H. Dimond is visiting Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Morrow have removed from 1101 Pine Street to 1602 Vallejo Street.

A Remarkable Woman.

The late Mme. Pomery was, in every respect, a most remarkable woman. Upon the death of her husband, she assumed the entire management of her vast interests, and it has been her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name the wine of the real aristocracy. Of course, the partiality shown by the Prince of Wales to Pomery tended much to render her efforts in this direction successful. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. Confident that Pomery could rely upon its own merits, none but the legitimate channels were used in placing it before the public. It is a wine which appeals to the refined taste of all, and although it is the wine of the nobility, it is none the less the favorite of every one possessing a refined and discriminating palate.—London Journal.

Christmas Novelties.

If there is any one time in the year when one feels like buying a present for a friend it is on the eve of Christmas-tide. In reference to this it would not be amiss to state that there are hundreds of Christmas novelties to be seen in the large establishment of Sanborn, Vall & Co., on Market Street opposite Grant Avenue. They have Christmas cards of exceeding beauty in their show-cases, articles for the escritoire, silver-mounted picture-frames, and a thousand and one articles that you will appreciate as soon as you see them. Go there early in the day to avoid the crowd, and select your souvenirs before some one else secures just what you would like to have.

—GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES FOR HOLIDAY presents will be fitted to the eyes later, at no extra charge. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

—He—What makes everything shine so? She—Simply using Callustro.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY. THE LEADING shirt-maker and tailor. Winter styles now ready.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender skins are literally ON FIRE with itching and burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the

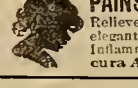


CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fall in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

—How to Cure Skin Diseases? mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.

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Receptions, Weddings, and Concerts

ROSNER'S

HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

IS THE BEST IN THE CITY.

It has played at the Friday Night Cotillion Club and at the California Hotel.

Address the Managers, E. M. Rosner or E. Jaulus, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

GOODYEAR'S

Mackintosh Coats



Latest styles. Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGER
577 and 579 Market Street, San Francisco,
73 and 75 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

DR. J. D. ARNOLD

EYE, EAR, THROAT,

RESUMES PRACTICE NOV. 1st,

54, 55, 56, 57 CHRONICLE BUILDING.

Those Soft, Rough-Finished Cloths

ARE WORN NOW.

YOU CAN SEE A LARGE ASSORTMENT

—AT—

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),

Opposite the Palace Hotel.

GUMP'S

LIQUIDATION SALE

STILL CONTINUES.

We will sell our large stock of

Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings,

and Etchings (Framed), Mirrors,

and Statuary, together with a

large assortment of Elegant Art

Goods, embracing Bronzes,

Vases, Pedestals, French Cab-

inets, Music Stands, Ornaments,

and Tableware, at a discount of

from 10 to 50 per cent.

S. & C. GUMP

113 GEARY STREET



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

I wish I was dead!

I am twenty-eight years old. I never really noticed it till now. I am perfectly sound in limb and wind, as they say of horses; I can't find a wrinkle or a crow's-foot on my face, if I look ever so hard; I could dance all night without stopping—but no matter! I have had my day, and the sooner I realize the fact the better.

I suppose I oughtn't to complain; I've had a good time, on the whole. I came out and was made a fuss about, and lots of people felt in love with me—and that's always supposed to be pleasant. Not for them, poor things!—but, then, no woman ever thinks of that.

I've danced, and flirted, and gossiped, and amused myself generally, and made a business of pleasure. If the dancing-shoes I've worn out were collected, what a heap there would be! And all the frocks I've worn, and torn, and put my foot through—and the bouquets I've ruined—and the compliments I've had—and the offers I've refused! Oh, yes, I was a success—not a doubt of it!

And now, what's the good of it all? I've made a certain number of people quite miserable; but I've never been in love myself—not really—except—perhaps—

I was very heartless. I've been told times out of number that I had "no heart." Men always say that when a girl refuses them, to save their own vanity; but in my case I dare say it was true.

Well, nobody cares now if I have a heart or not. It's all different. I have got a certain number of friends, whose step suits mine, who ask me for dances, but without enthusiasm, and talk to me of this or that "dear little thing over there, who is enjoying herself so!" They say I'm a "good sort" and a "real friend." A friend! What has friendship to do in a ball-room?

I can see the ball-room reflected in the mirror here. How nice and cool the glass is to my hot cheek! What a fool I must look—only there is nobody can see me—and if they did they wouldn't care. Nobody misses me. There's Laura Gray! She tries to be the good Samaritan of the ball-room. Don't let me catch her eye, or she will come and throw me a cast-off partner of her own. She's a kind girl, Laura, but I don't want charity-dances. I should say I was engaged. I *will* not dance with veterans or boys. I had rather sit out.

How decidedly melancholy dance-music is! I never noticed it so much before. I could lie down on the floor this very minute and howl, if I were to let myself go.

Suppose I were to cross the room and talk to Mrs. Fleming? Anything to seem occupied! No, I see she is asleep, and if she were not, she would only tell me of Violet's perfections. I see them—everybody sees them—Oh, dear!

There is Violet—with John Forrest. He is looking at her exactly as he used to look at me—eight years ago. Why did we quarrel? My fault, I begin to think. I suppose it was; but I know I felt very much in the right at the time. I am not sure now if—And he has not said more than three words to me since! It's rather awkward! We have to go on meeting, as we move in the same sets, and both he and I hate a fuss. Oh, the world, the world! Anything not to have people talk. But he has never forgiven me. If he were to ask me for a dance, now, I should think the end of the world had come! I couldn't be afraid, though, I was much too horrid.

Sometimes, lately—I have thought—that he would be glad to—oh, it's just my fancy! And I don't want him to, either!

I wonder if he really cares for Violet Fleming? She's delightfully young—and naïve—and enthusiastic. I know he thinks so—but she has the reddest arms I ever saw!

Oh, don't let me be spiteful!

I know that cadence. The valse is nearly over. They will all come by. That's the most awful moment of all! I wish I was talking to Mrs. Fleming. It is so hateful to have to try and look unconcerned, and as if I were sitting here because I preferred it.

Oh, I can't bear it. I'll marry. I'll marry Mr. Brown. He adores me—he is only waiting, as Herbert's poem says:

"That weariness may toss me to his breast."

I shall condescend to let him see that I don't absolutely dislike him. I shall marry him, and live in the country! How terrible! But it's the only way out of it—for me!

Yes, for me, but for him! I don't love him. How could I? I should have to tell him, and even a Mr. Brown is not so abject as to marry a woman who tells him point-blank that she can only promise to—tolerate him! And if I don't tell him, it would be mean.

No, I'll go into a convent. How dull! Not so dull as marrying Mr. Brown, though.

Here they all come! I must try and look unconcerned! I know every stick of my fan by heart, but I will pretend it interests me deeply. I can see over the top of it.

Here's the first couple! Billy Danvers and Miss Forrest! I was his first love, and he's trying hard to make Grace Forrest think she is. Let him!

Mrs. Jenkin and our host! She's a widow. I wish some one would make me a widow. What am I saying? But she's ten years older than I am, and

she laughs like a child. That's the good of being a widow.

Here's Mr. Hastings. He really *was* in love with me once, so now he detests me. "A man scorned" is much worse than a woman scorned. He won't even look at me. No—straight past!

Why, here's Violet—with Mr. Darcy! I thought she was dancing with John Forrest! And John Forrest—alone!

May you have a dance, Mr. Forrest? I—I—yes, certainly. The next?—the next but one.

Oh, good heavens! The end of the world?—or the beginning?—*Black and White.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Shattered Idol.

What would'st thou ask of me, my love,
My queen adored above all things

On earth,

My wondrous love to show and prove
And how I full appreciate

Thy worth.

O, ask of me, dear heart and true,
Some gift of which we know there is
Great dearth;

Some token ne'er before possessed
Since my poor heart to purest love
Gave birth.

Make known thy wish, be not afraid,
Ask in all soberness and not

In mirth,

And it shall be my every aim
To grant it—and she said she'd like
The earth.

When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do:
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time.

—Tom Masson in *Vogue*.

Looking Ahead.

I would have married her, I declare,
For I fancied her clean-cut style;
And she had the graceful, queenly air,
That you see but once in a while.
I knew I could stand her father's "breaks"
And that little cad, her brother;
But I gave her up, for both our sakes,
As soon as I'd seen her mother.

Marie was a slender, willowy blonde.
You know, the familiar type;
The kind we send "across the pond,"
When fully matured and ripe.
But, to think of her coarse and big and fat!
By some inspiration or other,
I knew that the years would bring her to that,
As soon as I'd seen her mother!

—Harry Romaine in *Puck*.

The Christian Scientist.

She was a pretty Christian Scientist;
"There is nothing real," said she,
"Except the soul—my body is not real;"
"And that's too bad," thought he.

"Pain is not real—this hammock is not real,
Wherein you think I sit."
Lo! As she spoke the hammock's fastening broke,
And threw her out of it.

Full hard she bumped her immaterial form,
Who could but sympathize?
He begged that she would let a heretic
Pretend to help her rise.

Then oh! The scorn of her rejection was
A something wholly real.
And oh! the limp with which she walked away,
Proclaimed that she could feel. —E.E.

How Many People It Bothers—

This dyspepsia with its abominable symptoms, heart-burn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals and oppression there afterwards, nervousness, insomnia and its general discomfort! Put these to speedy flight with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which remedies, also, liver complaint, kidney and rheumatic trouble, and malarial disorders.

—MICROSCOPES, STEREOPTICON OUTFITS, DRAWING tools, thermometers, barometers, field-glasses, and scientific instruments, make useful holiday presents. Henry Kahn & Co., Importers, 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and 4 teeth without plates a specialty.
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

TRAVERS AT THE GAME.

He was Long on Seats, but Missed the Fun.

Young Mr. Travers said he would not take his *fancie* to the foot-ball match because he was afraid she would catch cold. He wasn't afraid of this at all, but he thought she would think he was. In reality he was determined he would not be hampered by a young woman on such a great day, even though he was engaged to her.

"Very well," she said, "I will go with some other people on one of the coaches, and you can go off by yourself and be as selfish as you please."

"I'll see you out there," he said, "about luncheon time. Only you can't expect me to be very attentive, for Yale's going to win, and I'm going to be there to root for her." She said he would much better come with her party, as he could see very well from the top of the coach and would get lots of good things to eat, and, if he sat on the back seat, he could smoke all he wanted to.

But he said oo, he was going on Van Bibber's coach with other men, and girls were a bother. He had been looking forward to the game for some time, and had followed the scores of the two teams in the papers, and was up in the names of the players and their chances. He had important engagements which prevented his seeing them play when either of the two had met with an outside team in the city before, and he counted especially on seeing this particular game. He was so afraid Van Bibber's coach might not secure a good place that he purchased a seat in the stand, in order that he might be sure to see; and to make it doubly sure, he used his influence to get a seat in the press-stand. So he was very well off, and laughed when she insisted on his coming with them.

The night before the game one of the coach-party gave a dinner, and, after the dinner, they went to one of the men's rooms, where there was a Yale reunion, and they sat up very late and ate and drank a great deal. They all agreed to meet at a hotel in the morning at half-past eight, in order to get out in time, and they also agreed that they would not wait over five minutes for any man. Each of them was quite certain he would be there on time.

Travers woke at just nine o'clock, after having enjoyed four hours' sleep, and dashed down to the hotel in a bansom, only to be told that the coach had gone a half-hour ago, after having waited some time for him. Travers was disappointed, but not utterly cast down. He determined to get some breakfast and then drive out and meet the coach at the grounds. He ate a very heavy breakfast and filled his flask with good whisky and his pocket with cigars and matches, and got the steward to put up a good lunch for him in case of accident. Then he told the hansom cabman to drive ahead.

It was an interminable drive and quite cold. He thought they would never get there, and took frequent pulls at the silver flask to keep down the cold and his impatience. He found very soon that his impatience was rapidly disappearing, and that the cold was rather bracing than otherwise. On the whole, he did not care much how long it took to get to the game.

When they reached the grounds, he was sleeping peacefully, and only woke to pay his admission. They had come on so rapidly that they were almost the first on the grounds, and, as his coach had not arrived yet, he directed his man to back up the hansom against the fence, where he could see all that was going oo, if he preferred to climb upon the top of the cab in the driver's seat. He ood had a ticket for the grand-stand, a pass for the press-stand, and a place on a coach, and, if need be, on the top of his hansom. He felt so secure at this that he dozed off comfortably and waited for his friends to turn up. It had been a very lively evening the night before, and as he had had only four hours' sleep, and a long drive in the sun and against the wind, and had drunk half the contents of the silver flask, he slept as heavily and as comfortably as though he were in his little bed. Coaches came in and crowded all about him, and the coach with his *fancie* on top of it came in and lined up right in front of him, so that they soon discovered him sleeping peacefully, with the doors and windows closed and a half-smoked cigar in his mouth. "Don't wake him," she said. So they let him sleep on through the howls and cheers and shouts, and when time was called, the cabman got down out of his high seat to wake him. He had enjoyed the game very much, indeed. They all leaned over to see what he would do, and Van Bibber and his crowd clambered off their coach to enjoy the laugh. They touched his arm and woke him. "Mr. Travers," said the driver, "wake up, sir, please; where shall I drive you to?"

"Hello!" said Travers, rubbing his eyes, "when are they going to begin?"

"It's all over, sir," said the cabman, trying not to laugh, and backing away out of young Travers's reach.

"All over!" cried Travers, rubbing his eyes—"all over! Who won?"

"Yale, sir," said the cabman.
"Rah for Yale!" yelled Mr. Travers, joyfully, "Drive me back again."

And somehow his friends do not feel as if their laugh was so hearty as they had expected.—*Evening Sun.*

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come.

When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



"It is the mind that makes the man,"

said Watts, but modern ethics deny this, and give the credit to the tailor. It is questionable, however, if either are right.

Food has some claims

in this respect, therefore those parents who would build up the physique of their children pay strict attention to their diet. Children are all fond of pastry; for this to be healthfully prepared,

COTTOLENE

must be used as a shortening. It is

Recommended by the best Cooks.

Consult your physician upon its healthfulness.

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottolene Cook Book, containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking. Cottolene is sold by all grocers. Refuse all substitutes.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

NORWAY BLOATER MACKEREL, SOUSED MACKEREL, in tins, REALLY PURE RUCKWHEAT, REALLY PURE MAPLE SYRUP, NEW RAISINS, FRUIT, and NUTS, BOOKS, TOYS, UMBRELLAS, VALISES, CARPETS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, HOLIDAY GOODS and GIFTS, Can be had from our varied stock to suit all purses and persons.

SMITH'S CASH STORE,

416-418 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal. Free city delivery and across the bay.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS; HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS; DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS

For Printing and Wrapping, 401-403 Sansome St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On a festive occasion, Mr. Jones, who is by nature courtesy itself, complimented a middle-aged lady upon her dress, the upper part of which was of black lace. "Noting," said he, "to my mind is so becoming as black and yellow." "Yellow!" she cried; "oh, good gracious! That's not my dress; that's me!"

The story is told in *Vogue* of a French comedian who, upon the occasion of his first appearance at the Comédie-Française, established his family of eight children in the front row of the balcony, after instructing them that they should cry out gleefully upon his entrance, which instructions they carried out faithfully, exclaiming, with as one voice, "Bravo, papa!"

A somewhat pretentious youth was enlarging, in Professor Jowett's presence, on "our debt to France." To France we owe our art, the best of our literature, etc. "Do you know," said Jowett, "what is inscribed over the gate of hell?" The youth quoted Dante's well-known line. "No," was the reply, "the inscription is 'Ici on parle Français!'"

The Boston *Transcript* tells how a Gradgrind sort of man confused an American girl who was telling how much she liked Rome. The Coliseum, in particular, received plenty of adjectives. Then said the serious-faced man: "So you saw the Coliseum in Rome?" "Yes, indeed!" "Which one?" And he had his reward in her confusion; she was not sure which Coliseum she had seen, after that solemn assumption that it had a double.

William the Fourth of England seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "Take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments, and had said he would ever refuse to hold funeral service for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste, and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed; I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."

At one time the Mississippi Valley was flooded with bills on which was stamped the figure of a big hound, and which were universally known as "yellow-dog money." The captain of a steamer was trying to work off some of the stuff in exchange for wood. As he came to one wharf after another, on his way up the river, he called out: "Take yaller-dog for wood?" The answer was always the same. Nobody wanted "yaller-dog." At last, however, the captain received an affirmative reply. He steamed up to the wharf at once; but just as the line was being cast off, he bethought himself to ask another question. "How do you take it?" he asked. "Cord for cord," was the answer.

Sir Thomas Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his appearance was rendered still more striking by his hunting-dress, which consisted of a tight green jacket, buckskin breeches, and a postilion's cap. He once set off, in his hunting-suit, to pay a visit to his sister in Paris. He arrived at the house while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson, and in walked this remarkable figure, to the amazement of the guests. One of them, a French *abbé*, lifted his fork three times to his mouth, and each time laid it down without tasting the food. Unable at last to restrain his curiosity longer, he burst out eagerly: "Excuse me, monsieur; are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable in history?"

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that two young men of that city, salesmen in a dry-goods store, hired bicycles and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out, they decided

to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other, and, in dashing around a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman, who happened to be passing, was met by the second rider. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle on ahead?" "No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road a spell ago who was sittin' on the ground mendin' umbrellas."

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Meade, the stately president of Mount Holyoke College, visiting Springfield to attend a temperance meeting, was rather confused by conflicting directions as to the place where the conference was to be held. At length she walked into a large room and a large crowd and settled herself comfortably, looking about her with satisfaction that so many men were interested in the cause and were present to discuss it. Then it dawned upon her as equally strange and not so gratifying that her own sex was sparsely represented. She felt a vague distrust, and leaned over to a neighbor: "This is the Methodist Church, isn't it?" she inquired. "No, ma'am," was the bland answer; "it's the police court."

The chief of a government bureau was flattered recently by a request from a citizen for ten copies of his latest annual report. The edition of the report was exhausted, but by skimming around among public officials and personal friends, the bureau chief managed to secure the ten copies desired and forwarded them at once, with a letter in which he incidentally asked his correspondent how it happened that he was so much interested in that special report. The reply came, thanking the bureau chief for his courtesy, and closing with this explanation: "I am not particularly interested in the subject treated of in your report; but I have one copy of it which I find very convenient and useful as a scrap-book, and, as I like to have all my scrap-books uniform, I wanted to get ten volumes more to match."

A young physician is engaged to a young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week. The mother of the young lady arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young couple while she attended to her household duties. During one of these visits, mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the physician's lap with both arms twined about his neck, while her nephew was groping about the room with his eyes tightly bandaged with the young man's handkerchief. "Doctor," the angry woman exclaimed, "what does this mean?" But before the embarrassed couple could reply, her nephew answered: "Why, auntie, he's teaching me to play blind-man's buff. Don't you think it's nice?"

On the second night that the Massachusetts naval reserves were at sea on their recent cruise on the *San Francisco*, one of the amateur tars was on the watch. He was a Boston man. The night was clear and beautiful, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out: "Light ahoy!" "Where away?" asked the officer. "Far, far away!" replied the would-be man-o-war-man. When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseaman-like answer, he looked over the rail in the direction pointed out by the man from Boston. Then he had another fit. "What's the matter with you?" he growled out; "can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?" "Moon! Moon!" stammered the embryo sea-dog; "I beg your pardon, sir." Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error: "Moon ahoy!"

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Nov. 19, 1893. | ARRIVE |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 6.45 A. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Ramsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8.45 P. |
| 11.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10.45 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 9.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 7.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo. | 8.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10.45 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|---------|--|----------|
| 7.45 A. | Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz. | 8.05 P. |
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6.20 P. |
| 8.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 10.50 A. |
| 4.45 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9.50 A. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6.45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2.45 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6.26 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5.06 P. |
| 12.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations. | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8.06 P. |
| 5.10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7.26 P. |

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7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00 A. M., 12.30 P.
2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—6.00 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.
A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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The news that a stock company—one of the best in New York—is to come to the Baldwin for a season of several weeks makes one wonder what can be the reason why such a company is wandering about the country at a time of the year which is the very heart of the New York season.

There is much talk at present over the question of star system *versus* stock company, with the answer almost invariably in favor of the latter. Daniel Frohman, a man of great theatrical experience, says that the only company now possible is the stock company, made as good as the material will permit. He cites as a proof of the statement the success of his own troupe of players. Since its incorporation, the Lyceum Company has gone steadily onward from success to success, only recording one poor season, and that not a disastrous one. To offset against the failure of "Merry Gotham" are the brilliant runs of "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "The Gray Mare," "Sweet Lavender," "Americans Abroad," etc.—the list is quite a long one. Mr. Frohman has certainly the right to claim that the stock-company system is the truly profitable one.

But how is it with the other two great New York stock companies? Daly's, the best theatrical organization in the United States, has moved to London for an indefinite period. And Palmer's company is touring about in the West, while Palmer's two New York theatres are occupied—one by Hoyt and the other by a spectacular performance called "1902."

This splendid company on the road in the middle of the New York season, with its rightful homes occupied by a vulgar burlesque comedy and a showy spectacle, does not look at all promising for the system that Daniel Frohman so firmly believes in. Palmer's has been and is a fine organization. It stands midway between Daly's and Frohman's. It has no star like Miss Rehan for the rest of the troupe to revolve about, and has not the smooth level of even excellence of the Lyceum company. It is strong in actors, but weak in actresses. This is its radical defect. The two chief women of the company in leaving it left it desolate. The vacancies left by Agnes Booth and Marie Burroughs have never been satisfactorily filled. It is a stock company without a leading lady. Its few latter-day successes have been achieved in plays where the men's characters were the only ones of importance—such as "Alabama," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," and "Captain Swift."

If the Palmer Company should, for want of a leading lady, break to pieces and disperse, it would be a very bad outlook for the stock-company system. Long before the days when Ada Rehan had been discovered as the rising comedienne, Palmer's was a great company. In its old home on Union Square, it gave a series of plays that will forever remain green in the memory of the theatre-lover. Here, following on each other's heels, each one more exciting than the last, appeared "Rose Michel," "The Two Orphans," "The Danicheffs," and "The Banker's Daughter," four of the finest melodramatic plays ever produced in this country. The company, then in its halcyon days, boasted many celebrities among its members.

Of these the brightest are gone. The leading lady was Sara Jewett, one of the first emotional actresses who conceived the idea of acting intense scenes with repression and quietude. She never ranted, and, being a pretty, graceful, and intelligent woman, gave a very strong impression of delicacy and refinement. The leading man was Charles Thorne, a splendid actor, of the broad, emotional, almost heroic school. His two great characterizations were Osip, in "The Danicheffs," and the Chevalier de Vaudé, in "The Two Orphans." There were, besides these, Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant, who took the old lady parts in a very grand manner; James O'Neill, who now spends his life acting Monte Cristo; McKee Rankin, and many others who have now either retired, died, or are making fitful appearances as roving stars.

The company has held its own among the highest ever since then. It came up tremendously when it produced "Jim the Penman," "Saints and Sinners," and "Partners," some years ago. It was then one of the strongest theatrical organizations in the country—one might say in the world. Alexander Salvini was the leading young man, and gave some magnificent representations. His Borgfeldt, in "Partners," Miss Booth's acting of the wife in "Jim the Penman," and Marie Burroughs's Letty in "Saints and Sinners," were splendid performances. The withdrawal of these three talented people from the company was a very serious blow.

There is one reason why the star system should be

superseded by the stock-company system—a very simple reason. There are no more stars. The star system, minus the star, would be rather a dismal affair. And scanning the dramatic horizon, no bright particular plaoetary body swims into our ken. The great stars have passed to that bourne whence no traveler returns. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett have joined the silent majority. Joe Jefferson is getting too old to act. Clara Morris, the greatest actress, after Charlotte Cushman, our country has ever produced, is a partial invalid and rarely appears. Mary Anderson, who, just before her retirement, began for the first time to show some of that talent that her admirers had always claimed for her, has married and left the stage forever. Modjeska is getting too *passé* to make a good Rosalind or Imogene.

Those who are left to keep this system alive are rather a small showing. The only possible successor of Booth and Barrett is Richard Mansfield, a coldly intellectual actor of great ambition and strong will. There are one or two good comedians, such as young Sothorn, and Robson, and Crane. But these do not as yet show themselves to be incipient Joe Jeffersons or John Gilberts. Alexander Salvini is the only young actor of any note who plays in the romantic drama. The outlook for stars, though it is still not brilliant, is better among the actresses. There are at least two who show distinct talent. Ada Rehan has established herself as a comedienne of the highest class, and Julia Marlowe has given promise of becoming a great actress of the classic drama. Beyond these there are a few wandering luminaries who come and go without causing much enthusiasm—Minoa Gale, Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport. Of emotional actresses, to fill the places of Clara Morris and Modjeska, there is no promise at all. It looks as though the theatre-goers of the next generation were really to be spared "Camille" and "Odette." Unfortunately they will not know how much they have to be thankful for.

In this dearth of rising stars, the stock-company system has, perforce, to be the system of the day. The dramatic genius who can thrill an audience while acting with a company of sticks against a threadbare "flat," has to be born, not made. The Booths, and Macready, and Bernhards are like Banquo's ghost, and will not down. It matters little who teaches them, or how they begin, or whether they are graduates of conservatories, or graduates of the rough life of the itinerant barn-stormer. They will get to the top of the ladder some time, some way. They will force appreciation and enthusiasm from the most dull-witted society of clods. The dramatic profession has no mute, inglorious Miltons.

But to become a useful, creditable, and successful member of a good stock company is within the grasp of any one who has physical strength, fair intelligence, enough good looks not to be repulsive, ambition, and industry. There are several brilliant examples of how an aspirant for dramatic honors who has these attributes can rise to the top of the tree. No two people could be cited as better examples than the Kendals. There is not a spark of genius in either of them, yet they are an entirely creditable pair of dramatic artists. Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady of the Lyceum Company, is another of the same class. She makes an admirable centre for the Lyceum Company to revolve about, being neither so brilliant as to dwarf the surrounding artists, nor so ordinary as to be uninteresting. John Drew is another, an entirely satisfactory artist who, being wise enough to keep to drawing-room plays, always gives a sufficiently clever and smooth performance, without ever giving a strikingly brilliant one.

The stock-company system is democratic. It does not want the aristocrats of the dramatic profession. They can go and be stars among sticks. It wants actors and actresses of an average level of intelligence, who, by industry and perseverance, will be able to give a dramatic characterization that will be smooth, inoffensive, and highly finished. It is like fashionable society. It does not like anything very brilliant or very remarkable. It likes tranquil and well-bred mediocrity. In the three great stock companies of this country, there are only four great artists—Ada Rehan, in the Daly Company; Stoddard and Holland, in the Palmer Company; and J. M. Lemoine, in the Lyceum Company.

In the paucity of geniuses wherewith to recruit the star system, and in the plenteousness of actors of mediocre talent, energy, and push to go to the glorifying of the stock-company system, it looks as though the latter would entirely supersede the former. In these days of general civilizing and leveling up, the force that went to the building up of the genius is now scraped thin over the whole community. Every one has a little where once one had all. It is very easy to find the embryo actor or actress who has well-trained perceptions, sharp imitative talents, strong ambitions, and great capacity for work; but the solitary figure whose shoulders are broad enough to bear the mantle of Edwin Booth—we search the horizon for him in vain.

At the theatres during the week beginning December 4th: Joseph Murphy in "The Donagh" at the Baldwin; the stock company in "The Black Hussar" at the Tivoli Opera House; Mlle. Rhea in "The Queen of Sheba"; C. L. Davis in "Alvin Joslin"; the Rankins in "49"; and Clara Lipman in "The Laughing Girl."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave his final ballad concert of the second season last Tuesday evening with the assistance of Miss Mabel Love, soprano; Frau Helene Stoessel, contralto; Miss Florence Burke, solo pianist; Mr. Henry Strauss, accompanist; and the California University Glee Club, comprising: First tenors, Mr. C. R. Morse, Mr. T. V. Blakewell, Mr. B. G. Somers; second tenors, Mr. T. A. Smith, Mr. M. B. Fisher, Mr. F. Taylor; first basses, Mr. F. D. Stringham, Mr. A. N. Taylor, Mr. R. J. Kuss; second basses, Mr. J. P. Hutchins, Mr. R. Rikard, Mr. H. P. Veeder; Mr. E. M. Leventcutt, accompanist. The audience was very appreciative of the programme, which was as follows:

College song, "Estudiantina," Lacombe, University Glee Club; ballad, "Dreams," Strelezki, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; piano solo, "Rondo Capriccioso," Mendelssohn, Miss Florence Burke; songs, (a) "Slumber Song," John Parrott, (b) "Twins April," Ethelbert Nevin, Miss Mabel Love; part song, "I Love My Love," Macy, University Glee Club; song, "The Clouds are Gathering Darkly," ("Bluff King Hal"), H. J. Stewart, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; duet, "My Heart Greets the Morn," A. Goring Thomas, Miss Mabel Love and Mr. Wilkie; college song, "Catastrophe," Harvard Soogs, University Glee Club.

Frau Helene Stoessel could not appear owing to illness, and her numbers were filled by Mr. Henry Strauss who played a piano solo giving Liszt's "Twelfth Concerto."

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the fifteenth season last Wednesday evening at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society was assisted by Miss Amalia B. Rippe, vocalist; Mr. Otto Bendix, pianist; and Mr. M. I. Myers, accompanist. A fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Die Felsenmühle," Reissiger; cavatine, "Roberto," G. Meyerbeer, Miss Amalia B. Rippe; (a) nocturne, D. Fl. major, Chopin, (b) paraphrase on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Liszt, Mr. Otto Bendix; (a) gavotta, Eugenio Pirani, (b) menuetto, N. Van Westerhout, for strings; overture, "The Merry Wives," Nicolai; intermezzo, "Wald und Bergessee," P. Schwanke; Liebi Signor, "My Noble Knights," G. Meyerbeer, Miss Amalia B. Rippe; Marchen aus dem Orient, valse (first movement, Strauss; "Fackeltanz," Meyerbeer.

The Minetti Concert.

Signor Giulio Minetti gave a concert at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon which attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme, which was exclusively of selections of the Italian school, was an excellent one, and comprised the following numbers:

String quartet (first prize at the Milan Quartet Society), allegro, adagio appassionato, scherzo, finale vivace, A. Bazzini, Messrs. G. Minetti, E. Carlmiller, A. R. Walcott, L. Heine, and F. S. Guttererson; "Barbieri di Siviglia," (a) Una voce poco fa, G. Rossini, Mme. Virginia Ferrari; string sextet, (a) "Siciliana," (b) "Cedre Minetto," Boccherini, Messrs. G. Minetti, E. Carlmiller, A. R. Walcott, L. Heine, F. S. Guttererson, and S. H. Brown; (a) "Dost Thou Remember?" Minetti, (b) "Stella," F. Favre, Mme. Virginia Ferrari; Twenty-Fourth Violin Concerto, (first movement, with cadenza), G. B. Viotti, Mr. G. Minetti.

Mr. William H. Keith, the young baritone, will soon return to Paris to continue his musical studies, but prior to doing so he will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall next Friday afternoon at three o'clock. A large and fashionable audience is expected. By general request Mr. Keith will repeat "Noël," by Adam. He will also sing the drinking-song from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," and Gounod's "Easter Eve," with organ and piano accompaniment. Mrs. Marie Hyde Keeley, organist, Miss Ella Laurie, pianist, and Mr. Frederick Knell, violinist, will play the overture from "Der Freischütz" and selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mrs. Bermingham will be the contralto and Signor Martinez will preside at the piano.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Knell, will give its third concert of the first series next Tuesday evening. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Ruth White, Miss Tressa Brooks, Mr. A. A. Solomon, and the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guiar Club.

Mr. Richard A. Luchesi will give a concert next Wednesday evening with Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Miss Blanche Bates, Mr. F. Strehlingen, and Mr. F. Meyer.

Germea Goes East.

The John T. Cutting Company is preparing for a movement of much significance. So large is the demand for germea from Eastern cities and from Europe that they are about to establish a depot in New York city from which to supply the trade. Sales of this justly celebrated breakfast food during the past year reached upward of 3,000,000 pounds. It is prepared from the choicest California wheat and is one of the best foods known. The movement is one in which all Californians are interested, as it will build up a large trade for another California product and thus aid in the development of our industries. General Cutting will shortly go East to establish agencies. We bespeak for him the very best success.

A VERY FAVORABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE purchase of choice gifts for Christmas is offered by the auction-sale of oil paintings announced by Easton, Eldridge & Co. to take place in the art rooms in the Mills Building on Thursday next. The collection has been painted by Edward Deakin, and includes some of his best work.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Stuart Robson will revive "The Comedy of Errors" next spring.

Mrs. Pacheco's comedy, "Incog," has been successfully produced in London under the title of "Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"A Tribute to America" is the title of the transformation scene at the end of "Sinbad"—doubtless a result of the Columbian craze.

Henry Norman is still in "Sinbad" and still singing "The Bogie Man," but the song and "business" are said to be much elaborated. A chorus of fifty voices assists Mr. Norman.

Joseph Murphy will present "The Donagh" at the Baldwin Theatre next week, which will be the third and last of his engagement in town. The theatre will thereafter be closed for a time, preparatory to the coming of A. M. Palmer's stock company.

Edward Harrigan is to bring his company to San Francisco in February. He does for the slums of Gotham what Daly does for Fifth Avenue. The "tough girl," who came into prominence in his play, "Reilly and the 400," is a type of his characters.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play, written for John Drew, is to be produced in Boston the night after Christmas. It is called "The Butterflies," and Mr. Drew will play the part of an officer of the New York Yacht Club at Augustine, Fla., and in the Berkshire Hills.

May Yohe still asserts that she is the lawfully wedded wife of Lord Francis Hope, and the gossips say that his mamma, the Duchess of Newcastle, has offered to buy off the fair burlesquer's claims for two hundred thousand dollars. But the latter could not see it. She has, too, laid by a pretty penny from the fifteen thousand dollars a year Lord Francis gave her.

Wilton Lackaye, who takes Maurice Barrymore's place in Palmer's company, has occupied a somewhat unique position in the theatrical world. For several years he has seldom gone out of New York city, and his engagements have been brief, as theatrical engagements go; but he has always been in demand and commanded a good salary as a creator of roles in new plays.

Millöcker's romantic military opera, "The Black Hussar," will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week, with the following cast of characters:

Hackenback, Ferris Hartman; Minna, Tillie Salinger; Rosetta, Gracie Plisted; Barbara, Fannie Liddard; Piffkow, Phil Branson; Helbert, Robert Dunbar; Waldman, George Olmi; Thonliere, Frank Ridsdale; Miffin, Thomas C. Leary; Hetman of the Cossacks, G. Napoleon.

"The Royal Middy" is announced to follow, and "Widow O'Brien," "Mister Monte Cristo," and "The Island of Jewels," a holiday spectacle, are in preparation.

Alfred Ellinghouse, who was associated with L. R. Stockwell in the management of Stockwell's Theatre, has been put in charge by the owners of the property and will conduct the theatre henceforth. It is announced that Mr. Stockwell alone is responsible for the considerable indebtedness of the former management, and his creditors are basing their hopes on the success of "Maine and Georgia" in New York. The tone of the critics may be judged by this, from the Sun:

"It is difficult to believe the statement that 'Maine and Georgia' was popular in San Francisco. It will not excite any interest in New York, and it is utterly unworthy of a metropolitan production. Mr. Stockwell, the comic man, shows a close familiarity with farcical endeavor, both ancient and modern, and Mr. Mainhall, who plays the hero, is industrious and of good intentions."

The production of the new "Sinbad," which takes place at the Grand Opera House on Saturday night, December 9th, will begin the fourth season of Healderson's American Extravaganza Company in San Francisco. Three years ago they gave us "The Crystal Slipper," a year later "Sinbad," and last winter "Ali Baba." The company has been very popular each year, and judging from the accounts of the Chicago critics, it will be better than ever this year. The company includes Louise Royce, Frankie Raymond, Ada Deav s, Lizzie D'rious Daly, Eddie Foy, Henry Norman, and a lot of other burlesquers, and the ballet is headed by Martha and Hulder Irmier, Madeline Morando and Nicola Guerra, the latter a marvelous male dancer.

Daly's revival of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in London has retrieved the failure of "The Foresters"—which was the more surprising in that Tennyson's other play, "Becket," had been a success under Henry Irving's management. A London dispatch says:

"There has been quite a war among the dramatic critics this week, and 'The School for Scandal' has been the battle-field, with Miss Ada Rehan's Lady Teazle, like another Helen of Troy, as the object of contention. It is all the question of the old school and the new as to whether the creation of a famous American comedienne shall supplant the old-time and sentimental Lady Teazle of the tie-wig days of the drama. Miss Rehan is championed by the dramatic reviewers of the Times, Post, and Pall Mall Gazette, who also are high in their praises of Mr. Augustin Daly's remodeled prompt-book and general production. Mr. May Thomas, of the News, going so far as to say that a piece has never before been so handsomely staged; and, while Mr. Clement Scott quite concedes the correctness of Miss Rehan's conception, he finds fault with the omission of the old-time 'damns' and other excesses of the traditional production of the play. In the meantime, the per-

formance has caught the town, and Miss Rehan's Lady Teazle is received nightly with acclamation and cheers from stall, pit, and gallery, and the theatre is crowded to the doors."

DCXXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 3, 1893.

Bean Soup.
Fried Silver Smelts. Mashed Potatoes.
Pork Tenderloin. Apple Sauce.
Oyster Plant. String Beans.
Mallard Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Cress Salad.
Orange Cream. Lady-Fingers.
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ORANGE CREAM.—Half a pint of heavy cream well whipped, the juice of three oranges, three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Rub the rind of one orange smooth in the sugar, then scrape off with a knife, mix the sugar with the juice and add three tablespoonfuls of Knox's Gelatine boiled in half a pint of water. Stir well and set away in a mold. It may be eaten with cream.

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The sum of two thousand and sixty-eight dollars, which has accrued in interest upon a sixty dollar deposit in a Boston savings-bank, has just been turned over to the State. A deposit-book representing that amount was taken from a prisoner named William Doyle some sixty years ago by the then city marshal. Doyle died in 1834 without kin, so far as known. In 1837 the book was found by a descendant of the city marshal and turned over to the public administrator. Advertisements for Doyle's heirs met with no response, and now the money becomes the property of the commonwealth.

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An interesting feature of German weddings at Buffalo, N. Y., is the buggy ride that follows. Bride and groom, in full wedding-regalia, drive off, followed by many couples of their friends, also in buggies, and in this fashion the strange procession passes through the town.

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She—"I've bet May fifty kisses on the foot-ball game." He (bashfully)—"Who—who holds the stakes?"—Bazar.

"Ah, there's no happiness like domestic happiness!" "I know there isn't; that's the reason I'm never going to marry."—Puck.

"Willie has a terrible cold on his chest." "Dear me! How did he catch it?" "Went out one day without his chrysanthemum."—Washington Star.

Amateur theatricals: *Jeune premier*—"I say, old man, have you got the stage-fright?" *Heavy villain*—"No; I think she's in her dressing-room."—Ex.

Wiggs—"I haven't heard of Skulkey since he got mixed up in that forgery scrape. What is he doing now?" Wags—"Time."—Buffalo Courier.

Jinks—"I despise a man who is mean with his wife. Do you give yours an allowance, or what she can wheedle out of you?" Filkins—"Both."—Puck.

A rare opportunity: *Conductor*—"Is there a physician here? Man in the next car's got a fit." *Camera fiend* (starting up)—"By Jove! where's my kodak?"—Puck.

Old Mr. Dooley—"Have yez anny uv that Bear's soap?" *Drug clerk*—"Yes, sir; do you want it scented or unscented?" *Old Mr. Dooley*—"Aw, niver mind; I'll just take it wid me!"

She (some time after the honeymoon)—"You used to say that there was no one in the world like me." He—"Yes, by George I and I am more convinced of that fact than ever."—Boston Transcript.

City editor—"How high were the Siamese twins? Does anybody remember?" *New reporter* (candidate for paragon's desk)—"Er—about four feet in their stockings, weren't they?"—Buffalo Courier.

Actress—"You are a divorce lawyer, I understood?" *Lawyer*—"Yes, madam; I secure divorces without publicity." *Actress*—"Uu—I'm in the wrong office. Good-day, sir."—New York Weekly.

Mr. Weighbigg—"Doctor, your anti-fat remedies are doing me a great deal of good. I'm losing flesh right along; but, it seems to me, your charges are ruinously high." *Doctor* (calmly)—"That's part of the treatment."—New York Weekly.

Appetizing finds: *Ragged Robert* (on a weary journey)—"Wot's that yeh jus' picked up?" *Tired Tolliver*—"A buddle of tooth-picks some feller has dropped." *Ragged Robert* (hungrily)—"That's encouragin'. Mebby we'll find a finger-bowl by-an'-bye."—Puck.

Uncle Reuben—"Boss, is yo' gwine to have any 'possums to sell dis T'anksgivin'?" *Grocer*—"No, uncle; I can't get any 'possums this year." *Uncle Reuben* (with deep thankfulness)—"I's mighty glad, boss. I couldn't aff'ord 'possum dis yeah, nohow." *Chicago Tribune*.

A foreign diplomat, conversing with the Hawaiian Queen on the subject of the mixed races in Hawaii, said: "But your majesty surely has no white blood in your veins?" "Indeed, I have white blood in my veins," said the queen; "my grandfather ate Captain Cook."—Ex.

Publisher—"What's the matter? You look ill." *Book agent*—"I've come to resign. Can't stand this job any longer. I don't want to be talked to death." *Publisher*—"Eh? What's happened?" *Book agent*—"Every customer I struck to-day had been to the World's Fair."—New York Weekly.

Principal (congratulating his book-keeper on his twenty-five years' jubilee)—"At the same time I ask you to accept a small present, viz., five hundred marks in gold, less the usual discount of one and one-half per cent. for cash payments, amounting to seven and a half marks."—Lustige Blätter.

New clerk—"Young lady in front wants to see some rings exactly like one she has on. She says she thinks of having two alike, just for the fun of the thing." *Jeweler*—"Don't waste time on her. That ring she has is an engagement-ring, and she wants to find out what it cost."—New York Weekly.

Swell of the period—"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science." *Doctor*—"Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."—Tägliche Rundschau.

He (of Chicago)—"My dear, I smell something burning. I do believe the house is on fire, Priscilla. For heaven's sake, lay aside your Boston serenity and help me see what is wrong." She (formerly of Beacon Hill)—"My dear husband, lay aside your Western fidgetiness and be composed. It is bad form to be so demonstrative. The odor you detect is caused by the cook burning some rags." Ten minutes later: He—"Priscilla, permit me to ask, with true Boston composure, was it a rat or only a mouse that disappeared under your skirts a moment ago?" She (wildly)—"I? I? I? I?"—Pittsburg Bulletin.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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On Monday, the fourth day of December, the Fifty-Third Congress assembled for its first regular session.

There is much for it to do. Not since the dark days of the great Rebellion has an American Congress been confronted with such a condition of things as exists in this country to-day. By the verdict of the late elections the people hold the Democratic party responsible for the present deplorable condition. That party is in an overwhelming majority in the Congress, and controls—or is controlled by—the Executive. Yet although in full power, controlling the three branches of the government, the Democratic party halts and betrays timidity as Congress convenes. Let us see what they will do.

Mr. Cleveland has laid before Congress a message which

is of great length. Much of it, however, is unimportant. The three topics upon which the people looked for light were the tariff question, the silver question, and the Hawaiian question.

As to the silver question, Mr. Cleveland appears to be changing his point of view. The expected "revival of trade" and "wave of prosperity" which were to follow repeal have not materialized. There is no prospect of their doing so in the near future. Considering the pressure Mr. Cleveland brought to bear upon Congress to bring about repeal, it is not to be wondered at that its failure to revive business must cause him deep disappointment. However, he expresses himself upon the silver question in these cautious words:

"The recent repeal of the provision of the law requiring the purchase of silver bullion by the government as a feature of our monetary scheme, made an entire change in the complexion of our currency affairs. I do not doubt that the ultimate result of this action will be most salutary and far-reaching. In the nature of things, however, it is impossible to know at this time precisely what conditions will be brought about by the change, or what, if any, supplementary legislation may in the light of such conditions appear to be essential or expedient. . . . In these circumstances I am convinced that a reasonable delay in dealing with this subject, instead of being injurious, will increase the probability of wise action."

It is not unamusing to note the philosophic calm with which Mr. Cleveland counsels "reasonable delay" in silver legislation when we reflect on his beated henchmen of six weeks ago, and their wild cries—"We want no debate! We want repeal! And we want it now!"

Well, Mr. Cleveland and his henchmen have repeal. But up to date it has brought no relief to the crippled industries of the country, and, as for the Democratic party, they derive cold comfort from it when they ruefully consider the November elections.

Concerning the tariff question also, Mr. Cleveland seems to have experienced a change of heart. Listen:

"While we should stanchly adhere to the principle that only the necessity of revenue justifies the imposition of tariff duties and other Federal taxation, and that they should be limited by strict economy, we can not close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up among us which in justice and fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergency of the government actually demands."

This does not sound much like Mr. Cleveland's flat-footed free-trade *pronunciamento* of 1887. Nor does it sound like the declaration of the Democratic platform upon which he was elected: "We denounce protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the protection of the few." The wild-eyed reformer of 1892 is now quite tame and gentle; the celebrated British free-trade lion, "Grover Cleveland," now roars you as gently as any sucking dove.

Our Democratic contemporaries have repelled with much vigor the charges that the panic of 1893 and the present deplorable condition of American industries were due to threats of Democratic tariff-tinkering. If this be true, and if the tariff had nothing to do with the Democratic panic, why this extreme moderation? Mr. Cleveland is beginning to talk like a protection Democrat. Has the ghost of Samuel Randall come back to glimpses of the moon, to haunt the White House?

Mr. Cleveland in his message tells Congress what the Ways and Means Committee are going to do, and informs them that the committee "have included in their plan a few additional internal revenue taxes, including a small tax upon incomes derived from certain corporations." This is an extraordinary admission for an American President to make. Mr. Cleveland's friends have denied that he has meddled with legislation in the Senate and the House. Yet here, over his own signature, in an executive document, he admits his intimate knowledge of the report of a congressional committee—a committee whose majority members have been deliberating in secret—a committee whose minority members are in utter ignorance of their colleagues' work—a committee whose report has not yet been laid before the House of Representatives. Yet with this report Mr. Cleveland is so familiar that he instructs Congress as to its contents. It seems to us that under the Democratic party—the "party of

constitutionalism"—we are running perilously near to one-man power and dictatorship.

Concerning the Hawaiian question, Mr. Cleveland apparently has not changed his mind. He maintains that Mr. Blount's report "shows beyond all question that the monarchy was overthrown by the active aid of the American Minister." The message goes on to say:

"With the view of accomplishing this result—to restore as far as practicable the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention—within the constitutional limits of executive power, and recognizing all our obligations and responsibilities growing out of any changed conditions brought about by our unjustifiable interference, our present minister to Hawaii has received appropriate instructions to that end."

This means that Minister Willis has instructions to restore the monarchy. If these instructions are carried out, the Cleveland administration will be doing exactly what it condemned the Harrison administration for doing—to wit, overturning a friendly government. This journal has from the first been opposed to annexation. But opposing annexation and advocating monarchy are two very different things. There is a government in Hawaii—a *de facto* government. It is republican in form. If it is not what the Hawaiian people want, they can overturn it. They can replace it with whatsoever form of government best pleases them. But if the present Democratic administration of the United States overturns a republican government, no matter how begotten, and replaces it with a monarchical government, no matter how overthrown, it will be the death-knell of the Democratic party, which is already very, very ill.

All the great inter-collegiate foot-ball matches having been played, the customary reaction follows. A tremendous chorus against the game rises, and in this chorus are joined the voices of not a few of the countless thousands who paid their money to see the matches, went crazy with joyous excitement while the spectacle was on, and woke up to the enormities of the sport only when the fun was over. Doubtless the Coliseum often discharged multitudes of Vespasian's contemporaries who (after they had added their inverted thumbs to the rest) doubtless shook their heads and gave utterance to the most respectable sentiments anent the essential barbarity of gladiatorial shows. It is the old story over again of the toper at night and the toper next morning.

The stock objections to foot-ball are (1) that it is dangerous, the players being frequently killed by the dislocation of their necks, the smashing in of their ribs, and the irreparable disarrangement of their intestines; (2) that it is brutal, inasmuch as the players, in order to gain a point, think nothing of kicking, striking, or otherwise maltreating an opponent; and (3) that it distracts the minds of students from their studies, promotes the gambling spirit, and leads to dissipation either of an exultant or consolatory sort after a match has been played.

All these objections, it has to be admitted, are supported by facts too notorious for denial, but what then? Every evil has its complementary good. Danger breeds courage; brutality, in the sense of roughness in sport, cultivates physical endurance and presence of mind; and as for the gambling and drinking, would there be any virtue if there were no temptations to resist? Moreover, there are to be conceived more melancholy sights in this naughty world than a young fellow who has won a bet spending it gayly, or another who has lost one making merry over his misfortune. Decorum is not the most precious grace in youth.

Because large sums are taken in as gate-money when a foot-ball match is to be played, the critics cry out that the commercial spirit is being encouraged. Why not? Nineteenth of college-bred men go into business, and the fraction who do not commonly live to regret it. This is a commercial age and a commercial country. Whatever, therefore, develops the money-making faculty in our youths helps to fit them for life's struggle, which is severer than the hardest tussle of the foot-ball field. A freshman who invests in foot-ball tickets and sells them at a premium will, by the time he is a sophomore, probably be keen enough to know how to lay a wager with judgment; and a senior, he will have such clear ideas on the of

speculative business as to qualify him for the stock-market, the ticket-scalping office, book-making, mine-placing, pawn-broking, or almost any occupation calling for the faculties of men whose eye-teeth have become visible. Life is real and earnest, and the college which graduates pale students, with flat chests and literary and philosophical ambitions, does not meet the practical American ideal at all.

The declaimers against foot-ball are guilty of the fatuity of asserting that the game is "as dangerous and brutal as pugilism," and when they have established the parallel, it appears to them that the argument is closed. In truth, foot-ball, as now played by college teams, is far more dangerous than boxing. A score of men perish on the foot-ball field for one in the prize-ring, and a hundred students receive permanent injury for every slugger who goes down and out under the blows of an adversary. What is proved by this? That foot-ball should be abandoned by the universities? Or that they should substitute pugilism for foot-ball? Clearly not. Logic simply unites with thrift in pointing out that foot-ball should be retained and the gentler pastime of pugilism be added to the list of intercollegiate sports. It is gratifying to local pride to note that the presidents of our two Californian universities have gone on record in the newspapers as advocates of foot-ball, and no dissent, therefore, can be reasonably looked for from either to the proposal that the champions of the colleges shall go to battle in pairs instead of in "wedges." If a foot-ball game between the Stanford and Berkeley teams will draw ten thousand people to the grounds and between ten and twelve thousand dollars to the cash-box, the history of the American ring justifies the belief that as many spectators and as much money would be attracted by the announcement that the Wonder of Berkeley would meet the Palo Alto Pet under Queensberry rules to a finish. These stars would, of course, be analogous to the "centre rushers" of the present foot-ball teams. Minor contests could, of course, precede the great event between the stars. The whole of the two teams could be matched under prize-ring rules—"tackles," "quarter-backs," "half-backs," etc., could all be utilized. In fact, considering the variety in size and weight, all of the matches known to the prize-ring could doubtless be arranged—"bantam weights," "feather weights," "light weights," "middle weights," and "heavy weights." The ladies, we are sure, would soon detect the difference between the two forms of amusement and lend their refining presence (as royal and noble dames aforetime did) to the ring-side by preference. There they would see no kicking, gouging, or neck-dislocations, but fair, stand-up fighting according to regulations as to gloves and forbidden blows that eliminate almost entirely the perils of the foot-ball field. When our women and girls had by familiarity become as well acquainted with the science of the prize-ring as they now are with that of the foot-ball field, the crudeness of the latter would begin to shock them, as a slaughter-house no doubt would the Spanish señorita who takes intelligent and discriminating pleasure in a bull-fight.

In indicating the possibilities of pugilism as an intercollegiate sport, we must not omit to invite the attention of Presidents Kellogg and Jordan and other educators to its bearing on the future of students. The adoption of pugilism by the universities would free the prize-ring from the odium which has come in these latter days to cling to it because of the character and low social standing of the persons who follow it for a livelihood. The ring once opened to gentlemen, there would no longer be that overcrowding of other professions. From the ring to the stage is an easy, indeed an almost unavoidable, step. Thus in turn would pugilism be elevated and the stage purified by the accession of educated young men. Social disadvantage no more attaching to either calling, the fortunes gained on the turf and in the theatre by the most stalwart of our youth (now pitifully restricted to the transitory glory of foot-ball triumphs) would enable them to rival foreigners of title as suitors for our country's daughters. Hence American money would be kept at home, and a race of Americans be bred so transcendently muscular that all, save the Sullivans and Corbets of other lands, would hold our nation in dread.

Viewing this prospect, how preposterous would it be were the authorities of our colleges to listen to those who exclaim against the hardly game of foot-ball merely because it strikes them as unsuitable for young gentlemen of institutions of learning! Such carpers, by directing their thoughts too exclusively to the fatalities and casualties of the sport, lose sight of its broadening and uplifting effect not alone upon the participants, but the spectators.

But to return. As we have said, the manly art of self-defense is more exciting than even the athletic sport of foot-ball. Suppose that, instead of twenty-two brawny and well-trained young men tying themselves into an indistinguishable tangle of arms and legs, on the foot-ball field, they should stand up, in eleven hard-glove fights (or even with bare knuckles, if the law can be amended) and fight to a finish

under Queensberry rules? That would be a clear and well-defined settlement of the question of physical strength, courage, wind, and muscular endurance as between two colleges. It is less dangerous, as the statistics plainly show. The only objections are purely esthetical, such as the unpleasant appearance of nasal hemorrhages. But the gentleman with a bloody nose, while not ornamental, is certainly much more useful than one with a broken neck. This last never occurs in slogging. What is the matter with intercollegiate pugilism?

In San Francisco, as in most other cities just now, beggars are becoming a serious nuisance. In the residence quarters the bell is kept ringing all day long by tramps in various degrees of raggedness, who are ready to receive anything from a dime to a slice of bread and butter. Well-dressed persons are constantly accosted in the streets by wayfarers, whose appearance is *prima facie* evidence that they are out of work. Benevolent householders have, in some cases, provided a special larder for beggars, and let no one leave their door unrelieved. It does not occur to these kindly disposed persons that they are encouraging mendicancy and improvidence, with a perspective of crime. Yet they must perceive, on reflection, that if tramps can pick up a living by beggary, their incentive to go to work is destroyed.

The business of outdoor relief is not organized in San Francisco as it is in some other cities. But a beginning has been made by wresting the Sand-lot out of the hands of Willey and Fry and that gang, and placing it under the control of the Salvation Army. It is now administered by Major McPhee. Here every hungry tramp can get two square meals a day, of meat, soup, and bread, and a night's lodging, merely by stating that he is out of work, hungry, and homeless. The system has been working long enough to enable the managers to reach certain conclusions. Of the tramps who are relieved, about one-third are really destitute men who are looking for work, and are destitute because they can not find it; one-third are men who would work provided they can dictate terms and conditions and the nature of the work suits them; the remaining third consists of professional tramps who would not work at all under any conditions. The actions of the two latter classes have been observed. After their breakfast and smoke at the Sand-lot, they wander into the residence quarter and beg from house to house. They do not care for crusts of bread; if such coarse food is handed them, they drop it into the gutter as soon as the donor is out of sight; what they want is money or choice articles of food, such as remnants of turkey or chicken, slices of rare roast beef, bits of fish, pieces of pie or tart, cakes, and remains of sugared dishes. With these in their wallet they repair to the Sand-lot, and, with the aid of a few chips and chunks of coal, they cook themselves a nice hot lunch which stays their appetite till the hour for the plain Salvation Army supper. The officer of the Salvation Army in charge at the Sand-lot does not consider it advisable to continue the system of outdoor relief there, and it is to be stopped. The "unemployed" must be dealt with otherwise.

In Germany, where poverty is the rule among the people and absolute pauperism not uncommon, begging is forbidden by law. But in every city, and in many villages as well, there is a *Verein gegen bettelerei*, or society against begging, which has an office with a lodging-house attached. Almost all citizens are members of the society and subscribe annually for its support. Every member affixes to his door a small iron sign specifying that he belongs to the Verein—the sight of the sign is notification to tramps that they need not apply. When a tramp enters a German town he reports at once at the office of the society, and produces a ticket showing that, within six weeks, he has applied for work and has failed to obtain it. If he can not produce such a ticket, he is handed over to the police and sent to the work-house for a period which may be as long as six months. If he has his ticket, and answers questions satisfactorily, he receives supper, bed, and breakfast at the lodging-house. After his breakfast he is bidden to go on his way in search of work. Every subscriber to the Verein is supplied with orders for relief on the institution; thus he avoids the alternative which embarrasses our people; he neither encourages mendicancy by indiscriminate alms-giving, nor does he send a hungry man away empty from his door.

It would seem that this plan might be tried hopefully in this city. If every householder figured what he would probably give away in charity during the Christmas season, and handed the sum to the Salvation Army, receiving in return tickets good at the soup-kitchen for a bed and a couple of meals, no really starving castaway would fail to be relieved, and, at the same time, the incentive to vagabondism would be destroyed.

The problem of the American pauper has not been solved, nor, in reality, is it in a fair way of solution. In this happy country the pauper class has hitherto been too small to require special legislation. But times are changing. In a

population of seventy millions there must be many men who, so long as they can beg food and shelter, are not bestirring themselves to find work. There must be something fascinating in the life of a tramp, for it is becoming an adage—once a tramp, always a tramp. The evil will presently tax the highest ability in the country for its regulation.

Let the Salvation Army continue the work they have begun. Let charitable people give their alms to the Salvation Army, and refuse money and food to beggars. Let the Salvation Army issue tickets to charitable people to give away instead of alms, these tickets to be good for food and lodging. And last of all, let the Salvation Army devise some means by which the recipients of food and lodging shall work for them.

When Archbishop Ireland devised his Faribault plan and the Vatican announced that it would be tolerated, the hope was welcomed by many that the traditional Roman Catholic attitude of hostility toward the public schools was to be abandoned. This hope received strength when Mgr. Satolli, Papal Delegate to the United States, sided with the liberals and read a severe lecture on the folly of bigotry to the Cahensleyites and their Irish allies, represented by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York. But it was all deceptive. Several things have happened to check the attempt to Americanize Roman Catholicism and restore unimpaired the old, settled, organized, and aggressive enmity against State education. In the first place, the Faribault plan of uniting the parochial with the public schools has failed miserably—failed because the Roman Catholics withdrew from the scheme when some Protestant teachers were appointed to take the place of an equal number of nuns. It was a case of all or nothing with the faithful. By their action they made it perfectly plain to the people of Faribault that the only "compromise" to which the church would submit was to have the public schools transformed into parochial schools, the burden of their support being transferred from the church to the community. Moreover, the effort to introduce hooded nuns as teachers in the public schools of Pittsburg and elsewhere met with instant and determined opposition from the American population, as might have been expected. The people want secular, not religious, schools, and a nun is quite as objectionable in the teacher's seat as would be a rabbi in his robes, a turbaned Turk, or a Buddhist priest.

It is evident, furthermore, that the mediævalists in the church, whose typical chieftain is the small-brained Corrigan, have been making their influence felt at Rome. That Satolli has been ordered not to go too far in his endeavors to "conciliate American sentiment" there is scarcely room to doubt after his speech the other day to the faculty and students of Gonzaga College at Washington. He took occasion to laud Roman Catholic schools as the nurseries of all the virtues and to disclaim having at any time been unfavorable to them. That Brother Satolli is not wanting in sanctified nerve is proved by this extract from his pious address:

"Catholic education is the surest safeguard of permanence throughout the centuries of the constitution, and the best guide of the republic in civil progress. From this source the constitution will gather on that assimilation so necessary for a perfect organization of that great progressive body which is the American Republic."

On the same day, the Rev. Father Montgomery, secretary to Archbishop Riordan, of this diocese, after the annual requiem mass had been said in St. Mary's Cathedral for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Young Men's Institute, delivered a sermon, in which he inveighed against the taxation by the State of Roman Catholic school property, and then lifted up his voice for a division of the school fund, saying that "the settlement of the question of religious education in the schools can be had by allowing the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, and every other denomination to have their own schools." But, of course, the denominational schools should not be self-supporting. "Let them," said the artless Father Montgomery, "be encouraged instead of taxed. They are as important and more so than the subsidized industries."

The hat has been passed and a house bought in Washington for the Pope's deputy. And Mgr. Satolli has begun to feel quite at home. Already he is instructing us how to run the republic, and he has drifted into New York politics. Bishop Cox, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, flatly charges him with having set out to organize a Jesuit party, with Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan in ostensible command. It has been determined to make a dead set on the public school fund. The monseigneur's Washington address may be taken as an encouragement to those who are engineering this campaign. The New York *Herald* of a recent date printed the text of a bill that is to be introduced at Albany. It has been drawn up "by the Hon. Denis A. Spellissy, and will be vigorously pushed in both houses of the legislature." This bill is entitled "An Act for the Promotion of Education Throughout the State of New York," and provides that parochial schools shall receive from the "State, or city, or country district each year a share of all State or other mon-

eyes now directed to be apportioned and distributed among the common schools." It is avowedly a Roman Catholic measure, and it is announced that the signatures (or marks) of no fewer than eight hundred thousand of the faithful will be obtained to the petition for its passage.

On the whole, we are glad that this movement has taken so definite a shape in New York. There the Roman Catholic Church is stronger and more arrogant than anywhere else in the United States. Backed by the political power of the slums of the metropolis, it dominates Tammany and already has both hands on the public treasury for the support of its varied charitable institutions, each of which is a source of revenue. But it is not likely that the civilized people of the city or the American masses of the interior will permit the legislature to hand over the school fund to the church for looting. There will be a fight, and the warmer it grows and the nearer the Roman Catholics come to winning, the better it will be for the cause of American education, since the country will be aroused to the danger which threatens the public schools everywhere. The signs all point to an advance of the church's forces in many quarters against the schools. Satolli has given the word, and we have the response from New York in the form of the Hon. Spellissy's bill, and from California through Archbishop Riordan's secretary.

The people should understand that in their battle to preserve the public schools they will have little or no assistance from the daily press. In San Francisco, for example, there is not one daily newspaper which dares to print a word that would give offense to the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop Riordan edits them all.

By a curious coincidence, the New York papers contain an article on women in business, by Mrs. Susie Field, simultaneously with a review of the career of the most successful business woman in that city, Mrs. Hattie Green. Mrs. Field (who is of the Four Hundred, and has gone into the bonnet business) writes on an old subject with the sentiment of a neophyte. Women of business are common enough on the continent of Europe, if not here; we know all about the lady who runs or ran the Bon Marché, the other lady who owned and managed the Duval restaurants, and the third lady who conducted the great dry-goods palace in "Le Bonheur des Dames." To careful observers it has seemed that there is no essential difference between a man of business and a woman of business.

Mrs. Field spends time needlessly in arguing that a woman has a right to go into business either as a subordinate or as a principal. That has passed out of the list of debatable questions. No one, except fossiliferous curmudgeons, disputes the right of a woman to engage in any commercial pursuit for which she is fitted. In France, women keep books; in England, they are hotel clerks; in this country we are hardly educated up to their performance in these parts—but no American sees anything incongruous in a woman selling dry goods, or notions, or books, or pictures, or miscellaneous goods.

But when Mrs. Field goes on to say that women in business will make harter and sale less mercenary, more elevating, and more honest, she says that which enlarged experience will, perhaps, not confirm. It is observed that women are just as keen at a trade as men. In Paris, the most fantastic fairy-tales which are told to wheedle Americans out of their money are told by shop-girls. It is an ungallant thing to say, but girls, even in the best society, get into the habit of telling what are called white lies, and when they embark in business, the hue of the fictions sometimes changes. Lawyers aver that where a woman's interest is roused, she is often less trustworthy as a witness than a man. The public are with Mrs. Field when she says that business women are likely to master details better than men, and also when she adds that a business career does not necessarily make women "harsh, sordid, and unsympathetic." But there is no ground for assuming, as she does, that a general embarkation of women in mercantile life would raise the standard of mercantile honor and probity. Mercants keep their word and their contract, not from innate virtue, but because experience has taught them that no other course would enable them to maintain their credit. Women, if they became merchants, would have to do the same for the same reason, and not in consequence of their sex.

As to the argument that girls, if they were educated for mercantile life, would displace boys, it amounts to nothing. The boys must take care of themselves as well as they can. Society is not prepared to protect the male sex at the sacrifice of the females. There are a large number of callings in which women are out of place. There is an inconvenience in a woman becoming a lawyer; she does not compete successfully as a doctor; she can not be a soldier, or a sailor, or an engineer, or a follower of any trade which requires muscular strength or physical endurance. The boys must be content with these. In mere

harter and sale there is no reason why women should not hold their own against men.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who more than holds her own, is an exceptional case. She is a financial genius. She is a miser, and the daughter of a miser. All that there is of her—and there is a good deal—has run to money-grubbing. She concentrated her very remarkable ability, many years ago, upon the science of stock speculation, and she mastered it. Her system was exceedingly simple. She never sold what she had not got, and she never bought what she could not pay for. She always kept an enormous sum of money on hand to pick up bargains in panics. Before she bought a stock she studied it through and through. She lay awake nights pondering over flaws which might be found in it. When she invested in a railroad she was as familiar with its history as if she had built it. She never trusted any man's word or his faith. She put her money in John J. Cisco's hands because he was an exemplar of financial solidity far safer than the banks; and when she dropped in on him, on one day of panic, for her balance of a million or two, and was told that the house would require a day or two to call in their loans so as to realize so large a sum, she went out crying, sat down on the steps of the office, with a cotton umbrella in her hand, and called all passers-by to witness that Cisco had her money and would not return it.

Mrs. Green spends nothing. She is said to be worth forty or fifty millions, yet her annual expenditure is set down at four thousand dollars. She has been noticed to run after a nickel she dropped in the street. She will carry a vast sum in securities in her leather bag, and walk with it to her hankers rather than take a cab. Few servant-maids are as poorly dressed as she is.

This lady is no type, of the Woman of Business, and no formulas can be drawn from her career. She is simply a grotesque phenomenon. As a rule, women are not a success as gamblers. Whether, as the gentlemen of the green cloth say, they are too emotional to thrive at a pursuit which requires self-control, or whether their minds are not adapted to form long calculations embracing many factors, it is certain that successful female speculators are so rare as to be almost unknown. But many women grow rich by hoarding.

On two days of last week, dispatches came from points scattered all over the northern half of the globe, telling of outbreaks of the epidemic known variously as influenza, *la grippe*, and "the grip." It had broken out virulently, according to these dispatches, in London, in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Paris, in Berlin, in Buda-Pesth, in Vienna, in Boston, in Chicago, in New York, and in Washington. On the same day that these dispatches came, the local papers were chronicling "the reappearance of the grip in San Francisco." Two days afterward, dispatches came from Victoria, B. C., stating that a steamer just arrived from Alaskan ports brought news that hundreds of the Alaskan Indians were down with the disease, and that the mortality among them was something appalling. A steamer was at once sent north with medical men and drugs for the hapless Indians.

Here is one of the curious features of this strange epidemic. It seems to girdle the globe like the electric spark. In all of the cities mentioned, there had been the usual winter crop of colds, coughs, and kindred ailments. There had even been sporadic cases of "grippe." But when the epidemic came, it was unmistakable. And it seemed to break out all over the world—that is, in the northern hemisphere—within three days.

In the southern hemisphere the epidemic has raged during the months of our summer, which is the antipodean winter. June, July, and August are its favorite months south of the equator. As showing the fact that it is in the air, it is known that the malady broke out in remote and isolated isles in the South Pacific, simultaneously with its appearance on the Australian mainland, in the summer of 1891. But one of the most curious facts noted about the lightning-like speed of the epidemic is the following: In the early winter of 1891, when the disease had not yet made its appearance in the Australasian archipelago, the regular Australian steamer left Sydney bound for San Francisco. North of the equator and after touching at Honolulu, where the disease had not yet appeared, the epidemic broke out on board the steamer when she was about five days out of San Francisco. When she reached this port, she found the epidemic raging here. Weeks afterward, it was found that the disease had broken out at Honolulu two days after the steamer left there, and simultaneously with its appearance on board the steamer in mid-Pacific.

This is the fourth year that this epidemic has desolated the earth. It was estimated by the London *Lancet* that up to and including last winter over five hundred thousand men and women had perished in the British Isles as a result of the epidemic and its sequelæ—pneumonia being the most fatal among these attendant maladies. If this estimate be correct—and the *Lancet* is a very conservative journal—this

is one of the most deadly pestilences that has ever preyed upon the race. The population of Great Britain and Ireland is about thirty-eight millions; the population of the earth, according to Boehm and Wagner's estimate, is about fifteen hundred millions. If the mortality ratio in Great Britain prevailed throughout the globe, it would indicate that some twenty millions of people had perished through this epidemic.

Thrice in a century has this malady run around the globe. In every instance it has, after three or four years' sway, been followed by cholera. Last year, the Asiatic scourge lifted its ugly head, but crouched again in the mud and morass of the Hindoo deltas. Next year it may be looked for again. With many millions of human beings enfeebled by successive attacks of *la grippe*, cholera will find them an easy prey. They will not, as the doctors say, be immune.

The population of the earth must be growing too great. With the advent of civilized races into semi-civilized lands, such as the English domination of India, there are brought many of the sentimental ideas of civilization. Among these is the curious theory touching the preservation of useless and worthless human lives. But man can not override nature. She is ruthless. When the earth's population exceeds the lines she has drawn, war, or pestilence, or famine, and sometimes all three, correct the error. Out of Russian fens and Indian rivers stalk slimy shapes of pestilence which carry death to occidental homes. Nature is reestablishing equilibrium. There may be wailing, as there was in Warsaw, after the Russians had brought "peace" to that hapless Polish city. But as order reigned in Warsaw, so, after nature's harsh discipline, order again reigns upon the earth.

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions has issued an address to the public, urging the necessity of constitutional and legislative safeguards for the American public schools. The league is attempting to secure an amendment to the United States Constitution, prohibiting sectarian legislation by the States. The proposed form of the Sixteenth Amendment is as follows:

No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use the property, or credit, of the State, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

Now that an organized Roman Catholic attack is being made in New York upon the public-school funds, it will soon be made all along the line. The Democrats in the present session of Congress will attempt to make New Mexico a State of the American Union. She is a priest-ridden Mexican province, and unfit for Statehood. It is a good time, therefore, considering these facts, for all patriotic Americans to work for the passage of the Sixteenth Amendment.

The following paragraph, printed in large letters on a sort of placard, has been sent anonymously to this office, coming under a New York postmark: "Pass the 'Bankruptcy Bill' and give the thousands of poor fellows all over the country, who have gone down during the panic and general depression, a chance to get up again, and you will do a beneficent deed." We have not the slightest objection. But the *Argonaut* is a Republican paper, and the "bankruptcy, panic, and general depression" of the past summer are purely Democratic. Why, then, send this request to us? We take the liberty of turning it over, with our compliments, to our esteemed Democratic contemporary, the *Examiner*.

Patrick Crowley, Chief of Police of San Francisco, has just been re-appointed for another two-year term. To a reporter he said: "I have been chief for twenty-one years, and went on the police force thirty-three years ago." Chief Crowley has always been an honest and efficient officer. But he could not better begin his thirty-fourth year on the police force than by a vigorous crusade against the vagrants and criminals who now infest the city. The business streets by day are clogged with whining beggars; the residence streets by night are haunted by insolent beggars. Cowardly foot-pads, with sand-bag and pistol, lurk in dark corners and attack unarmed and unwary citizens. This must stop. We of the law-abiding classes have surrendered the right of protecting life and property to the police. If the police fail to do their duty, citizens will be forced to arm themselves in self-defense. When a leading physician, returning from a patient's bedside, is fired at by a foot-pad at nine o'clock in the evening on a street like Van Ness Avenue, matters are reaching a pass where citizens will be forced to do a little shooting themselves. The vagrants and tramps now in the city are potential criminals. They demand a living from this community. If it is accorded to them, let it be behind the bars. The law gives ample powers to the chief of police for the arrest of vagrants. Jail them, Chief Crowley.

THE BOTKINE BATH.

How the Professor's Wife Entertained a Stranger.

In the morning of a sultry July day, Professor Botkine, of the University of California, was sitting on his front steps at Berkeley. He was delightedly watching the efforts of his pet toad to capture a very large anglerworm, and his enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that his beautiful German wife, who usually declined to interest herself in anything which she even suspected of a connection with science, was seated beside him, giving eager little pressures to his hand and uttering a pleased exclamation, in her pretty foreign accent, whenever the toad made an extra effort.

The fact was that she, while cutting roses, had been the one to see the beginning of the contest, and felt the proper pride of a discoverer. The toad had been sitting still, looking as if carved by a Japanese artist, and giving no sign that it saw anything. The worm gave a little wriggle as it began to come out of the ground, when, quick as a flash, the toad made a leap and seized the end of the worm in its mouth.

Then began a tug-of-war. Every time that the toad gave a pull, the worm drew back. But the toad was not to be discouraged. It jerked and jerked, until it fairly stood on its hind legs. Still, it could not dislodge the worm.

At this interesting point a train whistled.

"Why, Selma!" said the professor, "there is the train already. I had quite forgotten that I must go to the city to-day. Where is my hat?"

"Do wait an instant, dear; just see what that toad is doing," she answered, holding him back.

He glanced down and saw the toad twisting its leg about until the worm was wrapped twice around it, then the toad gave a hop, and out came the worm.

This had been too fascinating a spectacle to the unwary professor. He dashed into the house and back again, kissed his wife, and, with a regretful glance at her rippling hair and soft blue eyes, started off.

Suddenly he rushed back.

"Why, dear," he cried, "I forgot to tell you that that Mr. Smith, the Canadian who wrote the paper on bacteria, will be here this afternoon to stay a day or two. He may come before I am back."

She clasped her hands in mock despair. "But what shall I do with him?" she wailed; "you know I can not talk science and pollywogs!"

"Oh, don't be alarmed. He isn't so very dried up. Just let him have a good soaking in a bath-tub. Then he will come out perfectly human and happy. He's an English-mao, you know," and the professor, with a laughing glance at his little wife's rueful expression, threw dignity and his coat-tails to the winds as he madly ran down the street, "looking like a great black bird of prey," as Mrs. Botkine laughingly remarked to herself.

But she grew sober as she thought how ruthlessly science and scientists seemed to dog her unwilling footsteps. Her husband certainly loved her, but he had a way of becoming utterly absorbed in his studies, and then hurrying into her reflections with remarks which sounded positively ghoulish. He had appeared only yesterday in her own private sanctum carrying a "horrid snake" by the tail, and, although he had not yet reached the pitch of Professor Agassiz—who was said to have consigned infant serpents, for safe-keeping over night, to his wife's hoots—she did not know where his enthusiasm might lead.

"I'm half afraid to go to sleep," she had roguishly said to him one night. "I'm afraid that your deepest interest even in me is only scientific, and I believe you are capable of cutting me open to see what queer thing there is in my heart that I love such a bookish old hear with."

"Now here was this Canadian coming! And how was she to be properly interested in his old bacteria and not disgrace her husband by betraying her ignorance on the subject?" she asked herself.

Manifestly, he must take a bath, and everything possible must be done to make that bath-room attractive, so that he should stay there as long as possible. She went upstairs, and with her own dimpled hands got down a new cake of perfumed soap. She eyed it critically. Perhaps his severe scientific mind would be disgusted with such effeminate luxury. Perhaps—who knew?—he might discover even in the presence of bacteria! She had heard it said that a man with a theory finds examples of its truth in everything about him. Never mind! She would place beside it a cake of white castle and one of tar soap. Then, whatever his tastes, he must be pleased. She put the alcohol and a cologne-bottle within easy reach; got out smooth and rough towels and a bath-blanket; saw that the shower-bath worked; and, with a sigh of relief, went down-stairs to impress the cook that during the entire afternoon there must be plenty of hot water in the boiler.

Suddenly a happy thought struck her; she went into her husband's study and brought out every book on bacteriology that she could find. These she ranged on a shelf at the foot of the bath-tub. Standing out a little beyond the others, as if but just shoved in, was Mr. Smith's own pamphlet on "Bacteria." She was sure of the vanity of authors. He would at least take this down to see if any passages were marked, and might he lured into the perusal of some other books.

Mrs. Botkine pinned on the wall some colored illustrations of various forms of bacteria, and then surveyed the effect with the calm satisfaction of a general who foresees the success of his manoeuvres. She sighed regretfully that she could not bring herself to introduce into the room a few samples of the "germ culture" that her husband was carrying on, but she felt that she must draw the line at living germs.

She smiled again. To be sure, Mr. Smith might think her husband rather eccentric in pursuing his studies in this room, but he would certainly feel that he had found a con-

genial spirit in a man who could not tear himself away from his beloved bacteria even in his bath.

She had done all she could. With this virtuous feeling she was able to go about her occupations for the day, and in the afternoon even banished the thought of her expected guest enough to take a quiet nap.

She was awakened by a knock at her door, and the maid handed her a card bearing the seemingly innocent inscription, "Mr. Worthington Smith."

She was filled with a nervous fear, and her heart beat fast as she walked down the stairs. She lingered outside the drawing-room as long as she dared, and then, putting her trust in the bath-room, walked in and greeted her visitor with a smile of timid welcome.

He did not look at all alarming. She was surprised to see that he was young, darkly handsome, and dressed with more regard to fashion than the scientific mind generally deigns to bestow. He saw her timid air and blonde beauty with evident admiration.

After the first polite commonplaces, Mr. Smith smilingly observed: "Professor Botkine's recent researches have been of such interest to scientific men that they must lay him open to a great deal of persecution from inquiring admirers, hut—"

"Oh, not at all!" she answered, rather incoherently; "or, rather, I should say, he *likes* to be persecuted—that is" (with some confusion) "he will be delighted to find you here when he returns. He was so sorry that he had to go to town for a few hours. In the meantime, I hope that you will let me look after you."

Mr. Smith thought that he should like nothing better, but contented himself with remarking:

"Thank you, very much. Perhaps you would be so kind as to explain to me a few things I should like to know about Professor Botkine's theories on bacteria."

He was surprised to see a deep flush and a look of distress come over her face, and, before she could answer, he hastened to add: "But I fear that I am trespassing on your time. Pray, do not let me inconvenience you. I have some uncut pamphlets in my satchel here, and will look them over as I wait," and he looked down embarrassed.

A furtive feeling of relief crept for a moment into her eyes. Then the thought that she could not be guilty of such inhospitality as leaving her guest to shift for himself forced itself upon her. But here he was, plunging into science the very first thing and turning shy hesides. Oh, she *must* send him off to that bath! It seemed rather awkward, but she nerved herself to the effort.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gayly, "I am sure that I could not tell you anything on the subject, and I can not think of leaving you here alone. You must let me make you comfortable. I know that after your journey you would like a bath."

He looked amazed and then embarrassed.

"Thank you, very much, Mrs. Botkine," he stammered, "but I do not care at all for a bath. I shall do very well here, and—"

"No, no!" she said, nervously, "I know that you are only afraid that there is no hot water on such a warm day, and you do not wish to give trouble."

He put out his hand and tried to interrupt her, but she shook her head and went on rapidly:

"It is all ready. Everything is in the bath-room, and I will ring for James to show you up."

He looked thunderstruck at her insistence.

"But, I assure you, Mrs. Botkine," he exclaimed, "it is not at all worth while. I—"

"Not another word, if you please, Mr. Smith. You will really annoy me if you refuse."

She thought to herself that he little knew how more than annoyed she was at the thought of his possible questions. As the man-servant appeared, she said:

"James, take this gentleman's satchel to the guest chamber and show him to the bath-room."

Mr. Smith endeavored to hang back and say something, but Mrs. Botkine smilingly waved her hand toward the stairs and walked into another room. She had looked alternately vexed and triumphant.

As he followed James, Mr. Smith remarked to himself that before this experience he would have vowed that she was too pretty to be eccentric. He had no wish to bathe, but, fearing to vex her, meekly proceeded to perform his ablutions.

She, meantime, was vastly relieved. She smiled to herself at the thought of how unwilling he had seemed to give the slightest trouble.

"I suppose he thought we Americans never had any decent facilities for a bath," she reflected. Then: "He really is remarkably good-looking, for a scientist. If I had not known what he was, I should have thought he was just a nice young fellow and rashly tried to get on with him. Oh, if George had not told me in time!" She shuddered as she thought of her escape.

"I suppose he will be dried-up-looking before long. He is a whited-sepulchre kind of man now. I could not see the slightest sign of halldness in him, but his seething intellect is bound to cook his hair off in a few years. Even George is a wee hit bald. But how delightful that Mr. Smith did not fathom my ignorance!"

She was so elated that she went to the piano and sang for a half-hour.

She was startled by hearing some one come rushing into the room behind her. She wheeled on the stool and encountered the gaze of Mr. Smith, who stood before her, looking decidedly uneasy.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Mrs. Botkine," he said; "but I wished to thank you for your kindness and to make my adieux."

"Why, Mr. Smith—" she began, but he waved his hand apologetically and continued:

"I am very sorry not to have found Professor Botkine but perhaps I can come again. There is just time for me to catch the five-o'clock train."

It was her turn to be astonished. She opened her lips to speak, but he went on, nervously:

"Pray forgive my leaving you so abruptly. Thank you very much. Good afternoon," and, howing profoundly, he was gone.

For a moment she felt stunned. Then a flood of questions poured through her mind. Was the man insane? Or what had she done to offend him? What would her husband say? What was there in science to turn an apparently "nice" young man into such a distraught savage?

"Ah! I recommend me to a plain, commonplace man who has not bacilli on the brain!" she sighed.

The rest of the day seemed endless, but at last she desecrated Professor Botkine, and with him a rather desiccated and "dug-up"-looking man.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned; "there is another scientist, I know to look at him. What will *he* do, I wonder? Dissect my cat, or say that he can not dine with us because he never eats anything but bacteria?"

"Here we are at last," said the professor; "I found our friend on the train. He had mistaken the train and gone to Alameda. Mr. Smith, let me present you to Mrs. Botkine."

She welcomed her guest cordially, but the minute she was alone with her husband, she seized him by the lapels of his coat.

"What joke have you been playing on me?" she demanded; "who is this Mr. Smith?"

The professor looked astonished.

"Why, my dear, there is no joke. This is the Mr. Smith that I told you I was expecting this afternoon. What is the matter?"

"Matter!" she cried; "who is the Mr. Smith that came here this afternoon with a satchel, and asked about your theories?"

"Why, we met him at the station. He had a few specimens to show me. He is the son of my friend, Commodore Smith, of San Francisco. He had just run over for a short call."

"A short call!" she echoed again; "what will he think of me? I sent him upstairs to take that bath!"

ADELINE STEARNS WING.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1893.

SAL'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

Oh, yuss, yer wushup, I'll explain. You see, it's like this 'ere—Yuss, I'll stick to the fact's all right, yer wushup, don't you fear! You see, yer wushup, me ad' Jim—who's Jim?—what, ain't ynu 'eard? Oh, Jim's a daisy, Jimmy is, you take it on my word.

It's just about three months agn since Jim he come to me an' ses, "Let's me an' you walk out together, Sal," ses 'e. I wasn't gone on Jim, ynu know, in any great extent; But 'e kep' 'angin' round the place, an' so at last I went.

"Tain't no use bringin' up again the things we talked about. Yer wushup's done a little bit that way self, on doubt. But larst Bank 'ollerday 'e up an' arst me out with him, An' puts the question as to whether I'll be Mrs. Jim.

"Of course," I ses to 'im, I ses, "if you thinks you can stick to me, an' don't the square, why then it's Yuss to arf a tick." An' Jim 'e swore 'e'd stick like glue, an' never gn away. An'—well, yer wushup, we did 'ave a high ole time that day!

Oh, I'll stick close to fact's, yer wushup, don't you be afraid! I'm just the kind n' gal, I an, what calls a spade a spade. I aio't explained 'ow I come 'ere? I know I ain't—that's true; But, don't yer see, that's just the part as 'im was hoff!"

Jim come round every night for weeks to have a bit n' sup Alooq o' me ad' mother. Theo one night oo Jim turned up; Nnr yet the next night, nor the next, there warn't no trace of him; So off I started on the track of Mister Bloomin' Jim.

I goes to see his muther, an' I ses, "Is Jim all right? I thought as he was comin' round to take me out to-night." "Ho, James is very well," ses she, a-puttin' oo the toff; "Hi thort you uoosterd as your affair with 'im was hoff!"

"Ah, gar'n away," I ses; "look 'ere, don't ynu come 'Jamesin' me. If Jimmy's got the 'ump, 'e'd best come round and say so—see?" Them words of her'n, they fairly gn my monkey up, no kid; An' so I let the ole gal 'ave it pretty straight, I did.

I ain't the kind o' gal, yer wushup, what'll sit an' cry; I waso't goin' to take the chuck without me knnwin' why. Jim wasn't anything to lose—but that's just it, yer see—I ain't a-go'in' to have no Jims a-playin' larks on me!

I waited just outside till 'im an' 'nther gal come by—Oh, yuss, she was a ldy, you could see it in 'er eye! She'd got a 'eap o' yaller 'air tied up with bows an' that; An' oh! she fairly knocked 'em with the feather in 'er 'at!

Jim stepped along a bit when he see me come up behind, So I shuns out, "Hi! Jimmy I'll square up, if you don't mind!" An' then I let 'im 'ave it strong, yer wushup, ynu'll be bound. An' pretty sooo we 'ad a fair le crowd a-standin' round.

I ses to Jim, "Don't let me see yer ugly face no mnre! An' as for 'er, I've arf a mind to wipe 'er in the jore!" Jim got a bit upset at that, yer wushup, an' 'e said, How if I didn't shut it, 'e should take an' slap my 'ead.

'im slap my 'ead! yuss, Jim!—Well, there, it doesn't matter now. I see at nce, yer wushup, there was goin' to be a row. A bloke behind the crowd shouts out, "Walk into 'im, ole gal!" An' some one else yells out, "Hooray! hi back a quid on Sal!"

I ups to 'er an' ses, "An' that's for sneakin' my youog chap!" A-sayin' which I ketch'd 'er one across the tater-trap; An' she puts up 'er dukes an' lands me nne upon the nob, An' then I waded in, an' we was fairly on the job.

She was a rippin' fighter, though, a regular knock-out! No pullin' 'air, nor scratchin' yer, nor messin' yer about; Jim dooe 'is best to part us, but I'd got my back up then, I wasn't gwin' to miss that scrap not for a dozen men!

Then some one shouted "Copper!" but I didn't care for that, I meant to 'ave that feather off the yaller-'aired gal's 'at; I grabbed the 'at jus' by the brim—ad then she give a yell, For as the 'at come off, the yaller 'air come off as well!

It would ha' warmed yer wushup's 'eart to 'ear them fellows shout: Them lovely yaller curls that Jim was blusterin' about. An' wheo I see 'er lookin' dazed, an' feelin' for 'er 'air, I larfed until I thought I should ha' busted then and there!

The gal an' Jim they 'ad the tip, and so they gnt off free; I couldn't run far larfin', so the coppers soon 'ad me. Well, what's the damage, guv'oor—eh? what, gcio' to let me off? Discharge me with a caution I'll, now straight, you are a toff!

You'll 'scuse me comin' into Court afore I curled my 'air, An', course, yer wushup, these 'ere tngs ain't quite the sort I wear Oo Sunday arternoons—all right, ole chap, I'll 'nd my jore: Give my respects to Mrs. Wushup, won't yer?—Au revoir!

—Arnold Golsworthy.

QUEER PEERESSES.

Our Correspondent discusses the Social Status of Stage Divinities who have Married Peers—Will May Yohé be the Duchess of Newcastle?

Her most gracious majesty's recent theatrical fad brings up a very interesting question. The dear old lady who rules over some thirty-seven millions of Britons and countless more or less dusky brethren in India and Africa has been going in for theatricals of late with the enthusiasm of a provincial just come to town, and has had a succession of plays given at Balmoral for the exclusive pleasure of her august self and such members of her family and court as may be with her on the various occasions. The inconveniences to the players are great, and the financial side of it far from attractive; but the honor of performing before the queen is a feather in one's cap, and generally carries with it some substantial token, such as the framed and signed photograph portrait given to Mr. John Hare, the be-diamonded and rubied brooch given to Mrs. Bancroft, and the gold cigar-case given to Mr. Bancroft a few days ago, after their performance of "Diplomacy" at Balmoral.

Queen Victoria will see these actresses and actors in their plays, and she will give them presents; but will she receive at her court actresses who, by marriage to a peer, have acquired at least one qualification for presentation at a Drawing-Room? To be sure, she has not only often received, but has also visited, Lady Martin, who, as Helen Faucit, was a favorite actress many years ago. But will she ever extend her favor to the Marchioness of Ailesbury, who was Dolly Tester?—to the Viscountess Hinton, future Countess Poulett, who was Lydia Ann Sheppey, ballet-dancer?—to the Countess of Clancarty, who was Belle Bilton?—to the Countess of Orkney, who was Connie Gilchrist?—or to the Countess of Euston, future Duchess of Grafton, who was the notorious Kate Cook?—and finally to the future Duchess of Newcastle, as May Yohé expects to be through her marriage to Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope, younger brother of the present childless and invalid duke? It is not probable.

In Lady Martin's case the queen made inquiry into the lady's stage career, and found that, though the daughter of an actress and having herself trod the boards from childhood, no word could be breathed against her fair fame, and so she was admitted on the plane to which her husband's rank—he was knighted for having written, at the queen's command, a life of the Prince Consort—entitled her.

But in these more recent cases the facts are otherwise. The Countess of Clancarty was Belle Bilton, a music-hall singer. She is the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and first met the Earl of Clancarty, then Lord Dunlo, at one of the supper clubs where men and women of the gayer sort manage to prolong their festivities till the small hours in spite of the law that closes up all public-houses at midnight. They were soon married, but the old earl sent his son abroad in the hope that Lady Dunlo would apply for a divorce. This failing, Lord Dunlo returned in a year and instituted proceedings himself, naming one Isidor Wertheimer as co-respondent. But the suit was denied, whereupon Dunlo was reconciled to his wife, broke with his father, and, being penniless, went to live with his wife and Wertheimer. This curious *ménage à trois* was broken up some months later by the death of the old earl and Dunlo's succession to the title and estates. Wertheimer committed suicide soon after his father's failure in business, and the Earl and Countess of Clancarty have "lived happily ever after," the lady having presented her husband, some months ago, with a double proof of her affection in the shape of two bouncing twins.

The Marchioness of Ailesbury was Dolly Tester, also of the music-hall stage. Her husband, the seventh marquis, is known as the "costermonger peer," and held the House of Lords in a state of terror for years by his threat to take his seat in that august body in a coster's suit. He mortgaged his property of Savernake—whence his title Lord Savernake and his sobriquet, "Haversnack"—to its full value in post-obits before he came of age, and he has since been ruled off the turf, put through the bankruptcy court, and had before the criminal court for some rascality in connection with a disgraced horse-jockey. The marchioness, by the way, has lately been brought before the public by the fact that the court of appeals has allowed Lord Iveagh to rescind his contract for the purchase of Savernake, because it was threatened with a three-thousand-dollar-a-year charge from the marchioness.

The Viscountess Hinton is another peeress who once graced the stage. Her husband's father, Earl Poulett, while quite a youngster, had a flirtation with the daughter of a coast-pilot, and after a few weeks was compelled to marry her at the point of a pistol held by her irate father. Six months later she gave birth to the Viscount Hinton, whom Lord Poulett never recognized as his son; but as the law recognized that relationship, the earl is using every effort to alienate and ruin the estate which he must transmit to the present viscount. The latter thought at first that he could soften the old gentleman's heart, and supported himself for some years by acting as a pantomimist and clown under an assumed name. But, that failing him, he began issuing post-obits to the extent of his ability, and spent the proceeds like water. It was during this time that he married Lydia Ann Sheppey, a ballet-dancer, and at present the Viscount and Viscountess Hinton and their progeny—"the Hon. William Henry George" and "the Hon. Maud Marie"—wander through London with a barrel-organ, begging their bread.

The Countess of Orkney is a very handsome young woman who was known as a burlesque beauty under the name of Connie Gilchrist. She was a protégé of the Duke of Beaufort, a particularly gay octogenarian, and he not only introduced the Earl of Orkney to her but gave her away when they were married, last year. Inasmuch as it would have been a decided breach of the code that governs the conduct of gentlemen of his class to marry a lady whose

favors he had enjoyed to one of his own caste, it is generally supposed that Connie Gilchrist is his daughter by some un-sanctioned union. In any event, she and her husband are living happily and quietly in their country home.

It is extremely unlikely that any of these ladies of the peerage will attempt to be presented at court, and it is equally unlikely that they would be received should they do so. But in the case of the future Countess of Newcastle it is unwise to speculate. May Yohé is an American girl, and presentation at court is dear to the hearts of all such. Should she attempt to reach that goal it would raise a pretty row. To be sure, there is not, so far as I am aware, any legal record of Miss Yohé's appearance in the courts; but there are rumors in the club smoking-rooms and elsewhere that her conduct in Chicago and San Francisco was not such as distinguished Caesar's wife, and the impression is general that Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope has been contributing—to the tune of three thousand pounds a year, they say—to her pin-money for some time past.

Indeed, whether a marriage has really taken place between them is by no means certain. The lady emphatically says "yes," her putative *belle-maman* says "no," with hysterical insistence, and the gentleman maintains a discreet silence. They say the Duchess of Newcastle has offered Miss Yohé forty thousand pounds to release Lord Francis from any and all claims she may have upon him; but the pretty American declines the one bird in the bush and clings to the two she seems to have in the hand in the shape of a title and a fortune, for Lord Francis Pelham Clinton became Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope some months ago in deference to the wishes of his grandmother, who did not wish the name to die out, and left him a large fortune on condition that he would perpetuate it—for the term of his natural life, at least.

LONDON, November 13, 1893.

PICCADILLY.

IS FOOT-BALL IN DANGER?

The Brutality of the Sport and its Increasing Professionalism.

Foot-ball has come to be a sport in which such universal interest is taken that it threatens to supersede base-ball as the national game of America. Already Thanksgiving Day is no longer remembered in New York as the anniversary when members of the family gather from far and near to feast together, as their fathers did, on turkey and pumpkin-pie. It is the day when fifty thousand persons go to the Manhattan Grounds, whether it rains or shines, to see the intercollegiate foot-ball game. Every city paper throughout the United States devotes one or two columns the next morning to describing that event; and, in twenty-seven other places, games of sufficient note to be detailed in the press dispatches are played. Fifty thousand people watched the game between Yale and Princeton, Thursday before last. Probably more than a quarter of a million of people were at foot-ball games on Thanksgiving Day.

But the game that has become so popular is assailed with a double denunciation: that it is too dangerous to life and limb and that it is degenerating through professionalism. As regards the first, the most casual reader of the news can not but have been struck by the fact that there have been half a dozen fatal accidents in this country since the season opened, some two months ago. But in England, where foot-ball is as universal as base-ball is with us, the list of fatal accidents last season, from September to April, mounts up to twenty-three. As compiled by an English statistician and printed in the *New York Herald*, it reads as follows:

September 17th.—During the Harrogate *versus* Stanningly match two players, named Hutchinson and Hoggas, came into violent collision. Hutchinson was picked up unconscious and died early on the following day from an internal injury.

October 1st.—While playing for the Upper Norwood team, Sidney George Norwood fell to the ground and was picked up dead. The cause given was rupture of the heart. On the same day, W. S. Pawson, full-back of the Westhore team, while playing against Durham City, had his spine fractured while tackling. He lingered until January 2d, when he died.

October 8th.—William Wallace, playing in a match at Aberdeen, Scotland, was struck violently in the abdomen, and died two days later.

October 14th.—Joseph Aspden, right end of the Darwen team, was kicked in the stomach while playing against the Newton Heath Reserves, and died a few days later.

October 15th.—In a match between two scrub teams, played at King's Heath, Benjamin Summerfield attempted a side kick at the ball. He missed and fell to the ground, writhing with pain, having badly twisted his intestines. An hour later he was dead.

October 29th.—Harold Stephenson was kicked in the thigh while playing at Brookfield School, Wigton, and died a week later. A young man living in Jarrow had his spine so severely injured, while playing in a practice game, that he died soon afterward.

November 8th.—Walter Henry Hanby was injured internally while being tackled during a match between Felixstowe Fort and Ipswich Orwell Works. On the following day he died.

November 26th.—Guy Adeane, a Halesbury College student, killed by a kick in the stomach, received in a scrimmage. The Rev. G. H. Knight died of a fractured skull while playing for the Bromsgrove team against Worcester, at Worcester. His head is reported to have "come in contact with one of the Worcester team's knees."

December 3d.—At Turfmoor, Burnley, a young man named Nelson died of "exhaustion" during a very exciting and rough match between two village clubs.

January 2d.—During the match between the Hexam Excelsior and Hydon Bridge teams, F. Henderson was "so severely trodden upon after falling upon the ball" that he never recovered consciousness and died a few days afterward.

January 18th.—William Knowles died at Bolton, the result of a collapse, brought about by his having received "a series of very ugly falls during the previous week's foot-ball playing."

January 26th.—Joseph Kirk, while running with the ball in a practice game, was tackled, fell, and broke his neck, dying instantly. The coroner absolved his tackler from blame. On the same day John O'Riley died at Liverpool from internal injuries caused by fractured ribs received while playing in a scrub match.

February 1st.—At Bolton (where William Knowles, mentioned under date of January 18th, died), while running with the ball, James Roston was tackled, and in falling was hurled violently against a wall. He was terribly injured, several bones being broken, and lived but a few hours.

February 2d.—In a college match at Ferny a boy named Newlin fell from exhaustion while being chased by the rival eleven, and "died immediately."

February 4th.—Walter Daniel Mayhew was kicked on the left leg while playing at Sparkbrook. The next day the shinbone became very much inflamed, and, in spite of the doctor's best efforts, the injury grew worse and the young man died within a week.

February 11th.—During the match between the Willington Athletic Club and the Middleborough Swifts, Adam Hogg fell in a fit, and expired on the field.

March 4th.—Robert Crook was injured in a foot-ball match and died of lockjaw as a result, three days later. On the same day, H. Bryan, of Halmwood College, Bexhill, received an injury to one of his legs, from which blood-poisoning followed, and he died on March 14th.

March 11th.—During the exciting match between the Queen's Park team and the Celtic Club, at Glasgow, a player named Connor dropped dead. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict that he died of "over excitement."

March 21st.—George Davenport, at Radcliffe, near Leeds, had just kicked a goal, when he was heard to cry out, and fell insensible. He was carried to his home, where he died within a few hours.

The foregoing three-and-twenty cases of death are given with names and dates, and the statistician adds that three other men, named Benjoy, Peddistowe, and Van Harlengen, also died during the winter from illness brought about by injuries received during the previous foot-ball season. His figures also show that during the season of 1890-91 there were twenty-three deaths attributable directly to foot-ball, and during the season of 1891-92 there were twenty-two accidents that had fatal results.

To publish a full list, even of the worst form of injuries, would be but a weak and ineffective anti-climax to the terrible showing of the death-list, but a few selected specimens may be quoted. Broken legs are strikingly common in it, as are broken arms and collar-bones, but every little while one runs across such entries as the following:

James Geary and Horace George Wilkins, playing in a match at Barnes, collided. Geary had his shoulder and one leg dislocated, and Wilkins had one leg broken.

Lennard Salter, son of the postmaster at Harwich, got mixed in a scrimmage and had one of his arms broken in two places.

Henry Horwood broke his left arm badly at Louth, both the upper and lower arm bones being snapped asunder and the other fore-arm terribly bent.

The insurance companies have noticed this array of fatalities, and do not regard a foot-ball player as a desirable "risk." An official of a great company said recently:

"A claim based on an injury or death resulting from playing foot-ball would be most certainly contested, and it would be defended on the ground that the player had 'voluntarily exposed himself to unnecessary danger,' a risk, the taking of which nearly all the policies expressly stipulate will prevent the policy-holder from collecting any benefits."

The authorities at West Point, too, are not altogether in favor of the cadets playing the game. Major Walker, in his report on the health of the command, says:

"Several rather severe casualties happened in outdoor games and in exercise at will in the gymnasium. Foot-ball contributed the bulk of such casualties, and, in some cases, the injuries were of such gravity as to threaten permanent disability, but happily, in every instance, complete recovery ultimately resulted."

"It is doubtful, in my opinion, if the benefits derived from playing this game, which I am free to acknowledge are very considerable in some directions, are commensurate with the risks it entails in life and limb, which, according to statistics, are much greater than are commonly supposed."

Aside from the dangers of the game, it is claimed to be a brutal sport. Discussing the question editorially, the *Medical News* says:

In sober earnest, is prize-fighting less brutal? Doubtless foot-ball has killed more persons than fist-cuffs. The papers teem with accounts of the physical injuries of the players after every game. These young men are getting to be proud of their injuries, their sprains, their battered faces, and wrenched limbs. We laugh at the outrageously perverted pride of the German student who exhibits his chopped and mangled face as a proof of glory instead of shame, and we are going the same road. Wise fathers are beginning to refuse their sons permission to play a game that relies for its charms upon a distinct reversion to a barbaric type of sport, in which savagery, danger, and the lowest kind of physical prowess are the alluring elements.

More striking are the statements of a writer in the *Chicago Record*, who compares foot-ball with prize-fighting. He says:

In the ring a man is "knocked out" if he is unable to rise after a count of ten. If this rule were applied to foot-ball games, at the call of "time" several players would be retired in every game. A player gets into a hot scrimmage and receives a hard head in his wind or a sharp elbow on that critical point of the jaw. When the other players untie themselves and arise he remains on the ground. He is "knocked out" as badly as was Sullivan. Time is called and he is allowed to recover. A substitute brings him a drink of water; he sits up, takes several long breaths, comes unsteadily to his feet, and resumes his place in the line and plays just as hard as he did before. He could not have arisen at the count of ten, however, and he was clearly knocked out.

That foot-ball has become a profession in England is shown by the following paragraph from an English weekly:

The aspect of professionalism in connection with the association game of foot-ball is so marked that there is little wonder that the executive of the Rugby Union game should have set their faces so steadfastly against payments being made to players even as compensation for loss of time, let alone in return for their services. As regards the association game, the professional aspect is very much accentuated. It is computed that last year more than a million pounds sterling was spent on paid foot-ball players; and indications are not wanting that during the ensuing year the sum expended will be considerably higher. Some clubs, it is said, have engaged men at such remuneration as eight pounds a week and expenses. Nor does this state of affairs stop here. Besides the honest, acknowledged professional players, there are, particularly in the Midlands and North of England, far too many foot-ballers calling themselves "gentlemen," or "amateurs," who augment their legitimate incomes by surreptitious earnings on the field of play. It was stated in a newspaper quite recently that a young solicitor was offered a sum of ten guineas a week to take the managing clerkship of a county office, and to devote most of his time to the foot-ball club of the district. It is said that quite apart from being a professional, a really expert foot-ball player has little difficulty in getting a lucrative situation in the North of England; and that there is in Yorkshire a business man who has half a dozen fine players in his employ—all strictly "amateurs."

This professional aspect has been apprehended in America, and the Intercollegiate Association has found it advisable to insert in their rules clauses that shall keep out of the college eleven graduate players who return to college and take a post-graduate course in order that they may remain on the team. That, however, is the thin edge of the wedge. When a man makes a record as a player and then turns that record, and the knowledge on which it is based, to account by coaching a team, has not foot-ball become a profession to him? And when a man's expenses are paid through college by foot-ball enthusiasts who want him for their college team, is he not paid—a professional? It would seem so, and the only alternative to the utter degradation of the sport by hired athletes lies in the fact that the game is becoming too dangerous and too exigent to be played, except at a princely recompense that shall be both salary and insurance for limb and life.

THE TRAITOR.

In the little village of Padróo, in Galicia, during the French invasion, lived Garcia de Paredes, a crabbed old bachelor and licensed apothecary. It was on a cold and unpleasant night in autumn, about ten o'clock, that a silent group of shadows came into the square known to-day as the Plaza de la Constitución. They were going toward Garcia de Paredes's apothecary shop, which had been securely closed since nine.

"What are we going to do?" asked one of the shadows.
 "Break in the door," suggested a woman.
 "And kill them," growled many voices.
 "I will take care of the apothecary," said a little fellow.
 "They say that more than twenty Frenchmen are taking supper with him to-night."

"Ah, if it were in my house! Three, billeted upon me, I've thrown into the well."

"And I," said a monk, in a flute-like voice, "have smothered two captains by leaving burning charcoal in their cell, which was mine before."

"And that wretch of an apothecary protects them!"
 "Who would have thought it of Garcia de Paredes? It is not a month since he was the most valiant, the most patriotic, the most loyal man in the town."

"And to-night he is giving a dinner to the French officers."
 "Let us wait a while," suggested an old man; "then we will enter, and not one of them shall be left alive."

While these manifestations were occurring at the door of the pharmacy, Garcia de Paredes and his guests pursued the god of pleasure with ardor.

Garcia de Paredes was about forty-five years of age. He was tall and as yellow as a mummy. His bald head shone with a phosphorescent lustre, and his black eyes, deep sunken under shaggy brows, were like mountain-imprisoned lakes that threaten sullenly.

The food was abundant, the wine good, the conversation animated. The Frenchmen laughed, swore, sang, smoked, ate, and drank at the same time. Garcia de Paredes joked perhaps even more than any one else, and so eloquent had he been in favor of the imperial cause that the soldiers of Napoleon had embraced him, praised him, and improvised songs in his honor.

"Señors," the apothecary had said, "the war that we Spaniards are waging is as stupid as needless. You sons of the Revolution come to rescue Spain from her traditional lethargy; to dissipate her religious shadows; to reconstruct her ancient customs; and to teach her those useful truths that there is no God and no other life, and that penitence, abstinence, chastity, and other catholic virtues are but Quixotic absurdities improper and unnecessary for a civilized people; that Napoleon is the true Messiah, the redeemer of the people, the friend of humanity. Señors, may the emperor live as long as I hope to live!"

"Hurrah! Bravo!" cried the Frenchmen.

The apothecary bowed his head with an expression of unspeakable pain. Quickly he raised it, as firm and calm as before. He drank a glass of wine, and went on:

"An ancestor of mine, Garcia de Paredes, a barbarous fellow, a Samson, a Hercules, killed two hundred Frenchmen in one day. I think it was in Italy. You see he was not so fond of the French as I am. The king himself made him a knight, and he was more than once on guard at the Quirinal, when Alexander Borgia was Pope. Ha! ha! You didn't think I came of such distinguished ancestry. Well, this Diego Garcia de Paredes, this ancestor of mine, who has an apothecary for a descendant, captured Cosenza and Manfredonia, took Cerinola by assault, and fought honorably at the battle of Pavia. There we made a King of France prisoner, and his sword has been in Madrid nearly three centuries, until we were robbed of it three months ago by that son of an innkeeper, Murat, who is in command of your army."

Here the apothecary made another pause. Some of the Frenchmen were going to reply to him; but he, rising, and enforcing silence by his gesture, seized a glass convulsively and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"I give you a toast, gentlemen; for cursed be my ancestor, animal that he was, and now in the lowest part of hell, as he is! Hurrah for the Frenchmen of Francis the First and of Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Hurrah!" replied the invaders, acknowledging their satisfaction. All drained their glasses.

About that time a noise was heard in the street, or, rather, at the shop door.

"Did you hear that?" asked the Frenchmen.

Garcia de Paredes smiled.

"They are coming to kill me," he said.

"Who?"

"My neighbors."

"What for?"

"Because I am a French sympathizer. Several nights ago they surrounded my house. But what difference does that make to us? On with the feast!"

"Yes, on with it!" exclaimed the guests. "We are here to defend you." And, clinking the bottles and glasses, they shouted together: "Hurrah for Napoleon! Death to Ferdinand! Death to Castile!"

Garcia de Paredes waited till the toast was drunk, and then said, in a mournful tone: "Celedonio!"

The shop-boy advanced his head through a small door. He dared not enter that inner room.

"Celedonio, bring some ink and paper," said the apothecary, calmly.

The boy soon returned with the writing materials.

"Sit down," said his master, "and write the figures I will give you. Make two columns. At the head of the column at the right place, Debit, and at the head of the other, Credit."

"Señor," stammered the boy, "there is a mob at the door crying 'Kill the apothecary!'"

"Be quiet! Leave them alone, and write what I tell you."

The Frenchmen laughed with admiration to see the phar-

macist occupied in adjusting his accounts even while surrounded by death and ruin.

"Let us see, señors," said Garcia de Paredes; "we will finish our feast with a single toast. Let us begin in the order of merit. You—captain—tell me—how many Spaniards have you killed since crossing the Pyrenees?"

"I," replied the captain, arrogantly twirling his mustache—"I have killed—personally—with my sword—ten or twelve."

"Eleven at the right!" cried the apothecary, speaking to the boy.

The boy repeated, after writing: "Debit, eleven."

"And you?" continued Garcia de Paredes. "I speak to you, Señor Julio."

"I—six."

"And you, commandant?"

"I—twenty." "I—eight." "I—fourteen." "I—none."

"I—don't know. I fired with my eyes shut." And so on, each one in his turn.

"Let us see now, captain," continued Garcia de Paredes. "We will begin again with you. How many Spaniards do you expect to kill during the remainder of the war, supposing it to last—say three years?"

"Oh—well, call it eleven."

"Eleven to the left!" dictated Garcia de Paredes, and Celedonio repeated: "Credit, eleven!"

"And you?" inquired the apothecary, in the same order as before.

"I—fifteen." "I—twenty." "I—one hundred." "I—one thousand." And so on, replied the Frenchmen.

"Divide them by ten, Celedonio," murmured the apothecary, ironically, "and add each column separately."

At the end of a breathless silence, Celedonio, turning toward his master, read as follows:

"Debit, two hundred and eighty-five; credit, two hundred."

"That is to say," said Garcia de Paredes, "two hundred and eighty-five killed and two hundred sentenced to death. Total, four hundred and eighty-five victims."

At this moment the outer door of the shop was broken in. "What time is it?" asked the apothecary, with the greatest composure.

"Eleven o'clock. But don't you hear them coming?"

"Let them come; it is time."

"Time!—for what?" murmured the Frenchmen, trying to rise. But they were so intoxicated they were unable to leave their chairs. "Let them come!" they cried, however, grasping their sabres with great difficulty and vainly endeavoring to get upon their feet.

Below in the shop was heard the noise of the crowd, and above the clamor rang out the unanimous and terrible cry: "Death to the traitor!"

Garcia de Paredes, hearing that cry, sprang up as though electrified. He leaned against the table to prevent falling and cast around about him a glance of inexplicable joy. Upon his lips could be seen the immortal smile of the conqueror; and thus transfigured, he spoke the following words:

"Frenchmen, if you should ever be able to avenge the death of two hundred and eighty-five countrymen and to save the lives of two hundred others; if, by sacrificing your own life, you could avert the death of two hundred comrades—nay, two hundred brothers—and thus increase the hosts of the armies of the fatherland with two hundred combatants for the national independence, would you, for an instant, hesitate to die, as the price of destroying the enemies of God?"

"What is he saying?" questioned the Frenchmen.

"Señor! the assailants are in the ante-chamber!" cried Celedonio.

"Let them enter!" shouted Garcia de Paredes. "Open the door! Let them all come and see how a descendant of a soldier of Pavia can die."

The Frenchmen, terrified, stupefied, riveted to their chairs by an unconquerable lethargy, believing that the death of which the Spaniard spoke was about to enter the room, made desperate efforts to lift their sabres, which were lying on the table; but their fingers were unable to grasp the hilts.

At this moment the crowd poured into the room. There were more than fifty men and women armed with cudgels, daggers, and pistols, and all uttering wild cries.

"Kill them all!" shouted some of the women.

"Hold!" thundered Garcia de Paredes, with such a tone, such an attitude, such a look, that his cry, combined with the immovability and silence of the Frenchmen, infused a cold terror in the crowd.

"Put up your daggers," continued the apothecary, with a failing voice. "I have done more than you for my country. I have played the traitor—and—now you see the twenty officers of the invaders. Don't touch them; they are poisoned!"

A cry of terror and admiration issued from the breasts of the Spaniards. They moved a step nearer to the guests, the greater part of whom were already dead, with their heads fallen forward, their arms outstretched upon the table, and their hands yet on the hilts of their swords.

"Hurrah for Garcia de Paredes!" then shouted the Spaniards, surrounding the dying hero.

"Celedonio," murmured the pharmacist, "the opium is all gone. Send to Corunna for opium."

Then he fell upon his knees.

Only at that did the neighbors perceive that the apothecary was also poisoned.

Then you might have seen a picture as impressive as it was dreadful. Women, sitting on the floor, were supporting in their arms the expiring patriot. The men had caught up all the candles from the table, and, on their knees, were lighting up that group of patriotism and affection. Twenty dead or dying were in the shadow, some of whom were falling to the floor with horrifying thuds.

And at each dying gasp that he heard, at the fall of each Frenchman to the floor, a smile of glory illumined the face of Garcia de Paredes. A little later his spirit also took flight.—Translated from the Spanish of Pedro de Alarcon.

A FAMILY OF MILLIONAIRES.

Our Correspondent tells of Jay Gould's Sons and Daughter—The Office and Home Life of George Jay Gould—Edwin Gould—Helen Gould—Her Anticipated Early Marriage.

The fact that it has been found necessary to guard Lindhurst, the Gould mansion at Tarrytown, by a cordon of police night and day, to protect Miss Helen Gould from the persecutions of cranks, has set all New York to studying the family of the great ex-financier. It is not easy to get speech of George Gould, and it is impossible for a reporter to obtain access to his wife. But, somehow, the newspapers have managed to pick up a lot of information about both, and New York reads it with avidity. It is hard to name a reigning monarch about whose personal habits and belongings there is at this moment so much curiosity as there is about those of George Jay Gould—the coming king of the social as well as the financial world. People were never curious about the Vanderbilts. Cornelius is a hard-headed railroad man, who thinks of nothing but his New York Central and his Sunday-school. William K. is not suspected of thinking about anything at all. There is nothing in either which tempts people to want to know more about them. But about George Gould there are waifs and estrays of romance.

In the first place, he administers and partly owns the largest money fortune in the world. He is not so rich in land as the Marquis of Westminster. But he could raise a million more easily than the marquis could raise a hundred thousand. His "potential energy" is not equaled by that of any man in the world. He could buy an ordinary navy and give it to his government. He could buy Canada, if Great Britain were in the humor to sell. He could purchase all the diamonds in the world, if their owners were willing to part with them, and present them to his wife. With these unexampled capacities, he leads the life of a clerk who gets a couple of thousand a year. He leaves his house, where he breakfasts, at nine, goes down-town by the Elevated Railroad, and reaches his office at half-past nine. There he stays till four or five, working incessantly, often in his shirt-sleeves. He is his own telegrapher, and uses the telegraph in preference to the telephone. When he has business which can not be transacted by message, he visits his brokers, dashes from office to office with the haste that is characteristic of New Yorkers, stops to chat merrily with friends, but wastes no time, and is soon locked up again in his sanctum, into which a visitor must be a very grand personage indeed to obtain admission. His time is fully occupied with the management of his property and the exchange of one investment for another. He never speculates on the exchange, he never had a taste for gambling, and he observed that his father oftener lost than made money in the flyers he used to take by way of amusement in the stock-market. He keeps track of the price of his own securities—Manhattan, Western Union, Missouri Pacific—the others he ignores.

At four or five, he goes home. He stops at no club, being a member of none of the great moneries. The club he frequents has five members besides himself—his wife, Edith, and his four children. He romps with the latter till dinner, and the children have their seats at the table. He is choice in his eating, but no gourmand; a couple of glasses of wine suffice him. Their evenings the Goulds generally spend at home, though they enjoy the theatre when they muster up energy to go. A constant visitor at their house is George's sister, Helen, who is devoted to him, and who shares his confidence with his wife. He will miss her dreadfully when she marries, as she probably will soon.

George Gould has always been an athlete, and used, before his present cares fell upon his shoulders, to spend an hour daily at the gymnasium. He is a smart boxer and an expert fencer. But the sport he enjoys most is yachting. When it was whispered round New York that the *Valkyrie* was likely to carry off the cup, several gentlemen, concerned for the honor of the country, asked Gould to build a yacht for next year to surpass the *Vigilant*, and he did not say nay. If Vanderbilt's *Valiant* should do anything worth notice, it is odds that Gould's pennant would float over a cup-winner. Gould will spend any sum of money to thwart a Vanderbilt.

He never had a fancy for his father's splendid country home at Tarrytown. He built himself a retreat in the heart of the Catskills—on a rough estate of twenty-five hundred acres, comprising beetled crag, green gorge, brown lake, mountain stream, and virgin forest. Here he erected a log cabin, one hundred feet by forty-six, two-storied, and with a wide piazza on three sides. It is close to the highest peak of the Catskills, and from the piazza the view of rolling landscape, dotted with town and village, and traversed by the silver stream of the Hudson, has few equals in the world for beauty. To this rural home, where Mrs. Gould and the children spend the dog-days, the great financier contrives to escape once a week in summer. His stables are fine and his stud well chosen; there are saddle-horses for Mrs. Gould and ponies for the children. Mr. Gould himself never mounts a horse.

He has two brothers, Edwin and Howard, who are both in the Gould offices. Edwin is rather like his father. But none of the three has inherited the genius of the sire. They are simply steady, well-behaved, conservative men of business.

It seems singular that not one of three men so richly endowed with the world's goods, and so free to devote their time to any pursuit which attracted their fancy, should have ever evinced a tendency to embark in politics, or letters, or science, or art. One Astor is making himself conspicuous as a dealer in, if not a maker of, literature; another is leading the world in electrical dynamics; a Vanderbilt promises to become one of the great scholars of the age. The Goulds thus far aim at nothing but setting an example of an honest, modest life, and keeping their money.

NEW YORK, December 2, 1893.

FLANEUR.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt and a party of friends sailed down Sandy Hook, a fortnight ago, on his steam yacht *Valiant* on a pleasure trip which will last ten months. The party includes Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, Master Harold Vanderbilt, Mr. Wintrop Rutherford and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Mr. Frederick O. Beach, Mr. J. Louis Webb, and Dr. E. L. Keyes, and the itinerary will probably be to Gibraltar, to Malta, to Alexandria, to Suez, to Aden, to Bombay, to Kandy, and to Calcutta. The trip may be extended to China and Japan, but it is said that no definite plan has been arranged. From first to last, the *Valiant* will be sailing under halycon skies. The deck-awnings which she set before leaving will remain up until she returns. On her broad, snowy after-deck, steamers, chairs and India rattan couches and hammocks will remain undisturbed throughout the voyage, affording a luxurious lounging-place by day and by night. The cost of a trip like this is very great. In the first place, the *Valiant* is the largest steam yacht afloat and cost half a million dollars. The crew of sixty-two men is divided almost equally between the three departments—the navigating, the engineer's, and the steward's. The wages paid amount to not less than two thousand dollars a month. To this must be added the expense of running the vessel, the coal, and the supplies. Then comes the maintenance of the crew, and, by no means least, the cost of supplies for the cabin. The total can hardly be much less than seven thousand dollars a month.

The saloons and staterooms of the *Valiant* are in keeping with the rest of the appointments. The social hall, through which is the entrance to the saloon, is a finely finished apartment in the style of Francis the First. The smoking-room is paneled with mahogany, and contains card-tables, divans, and cabinets for tobacco and cigars. The saloon is eighteen feet long and thirty-four feet wide, the full breadth of the yacht. It is fitted up in the style of Louis the Fourteenth; its wood-work in white enamel, picked out in gold. The paneling is richly carved in high relief. Against one wall is a piano and against another an ornate sideboard. The furniture is Chippendale, white, inlaid with brass, and upholstered in crimson plush. There is a dome jutting up through the deck, set with opalescent glass. A long, arched passage, handsomely decorated and carpeted with a thick rug, leads to the library. Upon either side of the passage the staterooms open. The library is finished in carved walnut. The panels of the ceiling are made of small paintings. A massive mantel-piece at one end is wonderfully carved. The fire-place is of glazed tile, and a big iron cauldron serves as a grate. The sitting-room is a handsome apartment, about sixteen feet square. It is in dark mahogany, the upholstery being of apple-green flowered silk. At one side is an open grate, with fittings of brass. The panels over the mantel-piece are formed of Wedgwood plaques. The largest stateroom is the one to be occupied by Mr. Vanderbilt himself. The furniture is of carved oak. The bedstead is elaborate, and has a silk canopy. There is a large wardrobe, a cabinet, a hook-case, a writing-desk, and many lockers. There is also a luxurious lounge, and, in one corner, a semi-circular divan. A carved swing-door connects with a bath-room elaborately fitted and decorated. The bedroom designed for Mrs. Vanderbilt is Sheraton, in white and pink and gold. The furniture and hangings conform to the scheme. An enameled white bedstead has draperies of old-rose silk. The carpet is of light drab. The bath-room adjoining has an enameled tub, with fittings of silver. The twenty staterooms for guests are smaller, but are fitted up hardly less handsomely, and have many conveniences not to be found even on transatlantic liners.

The following bit of experience was elicited from a mother who had been complimented on her daughter's graceful carriage: "I tried everything—dumb-bells, calisthenics, braces; nothing did her any good until finally the happy idea occurred to me to test the moral effect of clothes. I gave her very pretty frocks, discarded the loose blouse-waist altogether, and had everything fitted with the greatest care. And it really wrought a miracle. Like every true woman, she loves pretty clothes, and she soon took a pride in the fit and appearance of her frocks, while I spared no pains in showing her how the nicest-looking dress may be quite spoiled if worn by a dowdy, round-shouldered person. Certainly, the prescription has worked wonders, and I do not believe if I moderate my tactics, now that I have won my case, that I will find that I have fostered an undue love of apparel."

Of gambling in Russian society, a correspondent of *Vogue* writes: "The responsibility for much of the high play that now goes on in the salons of St. Petersburg lies at the doors of Marie Pavlovna. When the grand duchess first started roulette at her weekly receptions, even the cynical, worldly, and somewhat unprincipled society of St. Petersburg confessed itself startled. The grand duchess, however, declared she was passionately fond of the game, and consequently when, a week later, she attended a party given in her honor by her intimate friend,

Princess Betsy Bariatinski, the hostess felt in duty bound to provide a roulette-table for the entertainment of her imperial guest. That settled the matter, for next to the grand duchess, Princess Betsy is the best known and most influential leader of Russian society, and thenceforth the roulette-wheel was considered as *de rigueur* at all the receptions and social functions of the Muscovite *gratin*. While roulette is now practically played everywhere at St. Petersburg, I doubt if there are any private houses where such high play goes on as that of Princess Betsy, who receives every evening throughout the season. Her salon is the most ultra-exclusive of the Russian metropolis, and admission thereto is sufficient to stamp both men and women as belonging to the *crème de la crème* of the St. Petersburg *grand monde*. Although she rarely says an ill-natured word or utters a sarcasm concerning any one, yet the smile on her thin lips and the scarcely perceptible shrug of her lean shoulders constitute a far more damaging blow to the status of the person under discussion than could any mere words."

A New York paper says the subscription afternoon teas at Sherry's are practically a failure. Of three hundred invitations sent out, only about one hundred have accepted; and of the one hundred, only about half show any disposition to attend. These invitations bore the names of the prettiest and most charming women in town. In addition to this, the place chosen was most convenient. Every one who is out passes that corner of Fifth Avenue about tea-time, and then the Hungarian Band is in attendance. But the women and the chappies will have none of it. They won't subscribe, they won't go, and tea is a drug on the market. If the word "gossip," or "conversazione," or "cocktails," had only been put on the card instead of tea, the whole of Sherry's establishment wouldn't have been big enough to hold the people who would have gone; but tea, even turned by such charmers as were named on the invitations, has proved to be a dull and flat failure.

When a man comes home and tells his wife he wants to give a business dinner, he has put to the test her amiability as a wife, her skill as a housekeeper, and her talents as a hostess (says the *Evening Sun*). A business dinner merely suggests to her the commercial importance of everything, from the table-cloth to her toilet. Of the tastes or preferences of her guests she has no knowledge. The one thing she is assured of is that they will appreciate the cost of her entertainment. The cloth must be of the finest, the decorations costly, the service as showy as her sideboard will allow, the viands pretentious, the courses numerous. These things being assured, she girds herself to leave a card on ladies whose names, most likely, have prefixes and terminations that she does not find in her visiting book. When the evening arrives she makes the gayest of toilets and puts on all her jewelry. Her developing business instinct, perhaps still faint, teaches her that business is business, and she puts the richest men's wives at her husband's right and left, appropriating to her own end of the table the richest men. Here her presence leaves her, and she takes her cue from her guests. Perhaps she finds that she has added acquaintances worth retaining. But these are not the usual developments at a business dinner. A woman who finds one of her responsibilities as a wife is the occasional giving of a business dinner, underwent the ordeal a short time ago. "What did you talk about?" she was asked. She sank back with the memory of exhaustion. "Oh, it was very gay," she laughed, with an echo of hysteria in her voice. "We talked chiefly about feet."

It has been rumored that society is so much offended by the recall of Secretary of Legation White, that it has seriously considered the propriety of setting him up in London as its own representative, and quite independent of Uncle Sam's ambassador. Society feels that Mr. White's "pull" in peerdom is quite too valuable to throw away, and it is credited with the belief that, backed by the best people in Boston and New York, he would get more business than Mr. Roosevelt—successor—will handle at the old stand. There are very interesting considerations in all this. Why (asks *Life*) should society not have a London agent of its own? Society can pay for all it wants, and is used to getting all that it can pay for. With its own hired man in London, it would not need to bother with the embassy at all. Even if its agent could not present it at court, he could invite it to dinner and probably get it due invitations to seasonable functions.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Forum* has followed the example set by the *Cosmopolitan* and cut its price—out quite in half, but from five to three dollars a year, the price of single numbers being reduced from fifty to twenty-five cents. There is profit in printing an unillustrated magazine, of that size, at twenty-five cents; more than twice as many people would pay twenty-five cents for a copy as would pay half a dollar. The *Forum* is well worth fifty cents, but it will probably find its new departure profitable.

It is the opioio of those who have come in contact with the South African ovelist, Miss Olive Schreier, that she has exhausted her resources as a writer, and that she will not be heard from again in a forcible and original way.

One of the curiosities of the December *Century* is a portrait of Napoleon, after a sketch made by the novelist Captain Marryat on board the *Bellerophon*. The original was preselected by the distinguished actor Henry Irving to the army mess at West Point. The sketch shows a corpulent man, with hands in pockets, who reminds one of Mr. Micawber when "the horizon is once more overcast."

The author of "With Edge Tools," H. C. Chatfield Taylor, has just completed his second novel, "An American Peeress."

The twenty-seven thousand autographs are all in their proper places in "The Book of the Author's Club," and the volume is almost ready to leave the bindery. Says a member of the editing committee:

"It has fallen to me to edit considerable good literature, first and last, but no book that was the subject of so much pride and satisfaction as this. Not only has every contribution been written purposely for it, but it has drawn from some of our most eminent writers articles that they never would have written for anything else. I might mention an exquisitely pathetic story from one who is known only as a humorist; interesting reminiscences of Lowell at Harvard from a writer on military topics; a deliciously humorous prose story from a sonneteer; a sonnet from a Roman Catholic bishop; a literary essay from a leader-writer on one of our great dailies; a poem that reminds one of Browning's best from a young novelist; and from an older one the verification of his religious creed. And the typography is a thing for a connoisseur to revel over."

"In the Track of the Sun," which the Appletons have just published, should be an interesting book. The author has spent two years in a leisurely journey around the world, and has recorded his impressions in a handsome book, which is copiously illustrated.

Mathilde Blinde, who spent last winter in Egypt, is writing a book about the country.

Mr. Cahle, after a vacation of several years, has produced a novel, which will appear as a magazine serial. It is to be called "John March, Southerner." The first chapters will be brought out in January.

G. Mercer Adam's "Sandow on Physical Culture" will be illustrated by numerous portraits of this modern Samson, who has posed in statuesque attitudes before Saroy's camera, and also by a series of "thumb-nail" sketches, made from life by M. Casarm, that will colivoe the margins of the book. Sandow, in this book, aims to show that his marvelous strength is due entirely to a method of traioing, which he describes in detail.

Among the literary contributors to the December *Century*, one finds the following list of names:

James Russell Lowell, Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Phillips Brooks, Kate Douglas Wiggin, F. Hopkinson Smith, Anna Eichberg Kline, T. Cole (the engraver), Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Nellie Macubin, William Bispham, Clinton Scollard, Howard Pyle, Charles Egbert Craddock, Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, John Williamson Palmer, Alice Williams Brotherton, William C. Church, A. W. Drake, W. Lewis Fraser, Alice Wellington Rollins, and Richard Watson Gilder.

Mr. William Morris, addressing the Arts and Crafts Society in London recently, gave the art of printing fifty years of life. After that people will have books in bottles with patent stoppers, he says.

The book on "The Brontës in Ireland," from which so much that is interesting is expected, will be issued at once by the Appletons.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been writing an introduction to verse for a new book by an Australian writer. It is in the form of a hallad, in which he describes Mother England as sending forth her sons to conquer new worlds. Here is the opening:

There dwells a Wife by the northern march,
And a wealthy Wife is she;
She breeds a breed of rovin' men,
And casts them over sea.

And some they drown in deep water,
And some in sight of shore,
And word goes back to the carline Wife,
And ever she sends more.

"Her Lord and King" is the somewhat bread-and-butter title of the new novel which the author of "Dodo" is about to present to the world. A volume of his short stories, to be called "Six Common Things," is also coming from the press. Mr. Benson is an archaeologist as well as a novelist, and intends to spend the coming winter in hard work at Athens. In spite of "Dodo," morbidity is the last thing to be imputed to him; he is a healthy and vigorous young man, with a strong love for athletic games.

The art work of the Christmas *Century* challenges attention, some of the notable features being thus enumerated:

The outside is embellished with a special cover adapted to the holiday season, and the contents include five engrav-

ings by T. Cold—four after Rembrandt, including "The Supper at Emmaus" and the detail of "The Night-Watch," and one after Jan Steen; also a portrait representing "General Grant writing his Memoirs at Mount McGregor," and a portrait of the composer Berlioz, both engraved by T. Johnson; hitherto unpublished sketches by Gérôme, Laurens, Bouguereau, Chavannes, Lefebvre, Maignan, Lenepveu; two drawings by Sir Frederick Leighton; "A Set of Sketches," by Howard Pyle; poems decorated by Du Mond and Brennan; an interesting portrait of Napoleon the First, after a drawing from life by Captain Marryat; and other works by Ella Condie Lamb, F. L. M. Pape, Alice Barber Stephens, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Wharton Edwards, Arthur J. Goodman, Howard Helmick, Henry Sandham, Louis Loeb, R. F. Zogbaum, J. Carrall Lucas, and Harry Fenn. There is also a characteristic portrait of Mark Twain, from an amateur photograph.

Professor Eher's oovel, "Cleopatra," is in the press of D. Appleton & Co.

New Publications.

"Dark Care Lightened," a printed sermon by the Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss, M. A., has been published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, 35 cents.

"The Abbott," by Sir Walter Scott, with copious notes and a glossary, has been issued in the English Classics for Schools published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Wild Poppies" is the title of a volume of verses by Grace Hibbard, which have a Californian flavor and are "dedicated to the Loyal Legion, and more especially to California Commandery." Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo; price, \$1.00.

Elizabeth Wetherell's novel, "Queechy," which has been popular with several generations of girls in the forty years of its existence, has been brought out in a new edition illustrated by Frederick Dielman. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The fifth part of "The Book of the Fair," by Hubert Howe Bancroft, which has just been issued, contains the conclusion of the eighth and a good portion of the ninth chapters, and describes, in text and in reproductions of photographs, American and foreign manufacturers' exhibits. Published by The Bancroft Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Zigzag Journeys on the Mediterranean," by Ezekiah Butterworth, the fifteenth volume of the admirable Zigzag Series of books of travel for young readers; "When I Was Your Age," by Laura E. Richards, who writes for children, and gives a glimpse of the home life of Doctor and Julia Ward Howe; and "Chatterbox for 1893," have been published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.50, \$1.25, and \$1.25, respectively.

"Seraph," one of the most striking oovelettes of the famous Hungarian writer, Sacher-Masoch, has been translated into English by Emma Maud Phelps—with whose work in this line the readers of the *Argonaut's* translated stories are already familiar. The scene of the story is, of course, laid in Hungary, and the subject is the reconciliation of Seraph's parents by their son, who has been brought up to manhood in ignorance concerning his father and only learns of his existence after they had fought a duel. Published by the Geo. M. Allen Company, New York.

A new edition of "Elizabethan Songs in Honor of Love and Beauty" has just been issued. It is a pretty volume bound in white cloth and handsomely printed, and contains about one hundred and twenty poems selected and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. The selection is well made and includes examples of Herrick's, Wither's, Fletcher's, Marlowe's, Ben Jonson's, Lyly's, Campion's, Shakespeare's, Carew's, Suckling's, Drayton's, Gascoigne's, and other poets' verses, which are indexed under authors' names and by first lines; and Andrew Lang provides an introduction. The illustrations by Mr.



Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

Garrett add much to the beauty of the book. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Our Dick" is the title of a little book by Willard Brown Harrington, in which he has recorded the achievements and sounded the praises of his canine pet. The dog was obtained from the pound, and evinced great antipathy to cats and showed other characteristics of his kind, but his sagacity and faithfulness endeared him to his master, and his biography is one that lovers of dogs will enjoy. It is illustrated from photographs and in pen-and-ink sketches. Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"Diana Tempest," by Mary Cholmondeley, is a good, old-fashioned novel with plenty of plot in it, and, at the same time, some excellent character-drawing. Colonel Tempest, a dissipated and very selfish man, is persuaded, while drunk, to sign a wager of ten thousand pounds that his brother's illegitimate son, John Tempest, will not live to inherit a fortune left him by his father. Recognizing the character of the wager, the colonel endeavors to buy off his opponent, and finally borrows the ten thousand pounds from his nephew to satisfy the wager; but he discovers that there are ten persons leagued to win the money by compassing John Tempest's death, whereupon, in despair, he kills himself. The story then follows the love affair of John Tempest—who has discovered his illegitimacy and takes the name of Fane—and Diana Tempest, both of whom are strong and likeable persons. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The second edition of "King's Handbook of New York City" is a model work of its kind. It is an octavo volume of more than one thousand pages, and yet it is not unwieldy, in spite of the fact that type, illustrations, and paper are excellent. Among its contents are a chapter on the history of New York and another on the city as it is to-day, and articles descriptive of the water-ways, transportation and transit, thoroughfares and adornments, "Overhead and Underfoot," "Life in the Metropolis," "The Rule of the City," the general culture, the higher culture, the literary culture, churches, charities, the sanitary organizations, reformatories, cemeteries, police and fire departments, clubs and social organizations, places of amusement, the press, financial institutions, architectural features, notable retail and wholesale establishments, and, finally, the notable manufacturers. All these topics are treated fully and concisely; the illustrations number about one thousand, and are clear reproductions of good photographs; and the book is carefully indexed. Edited and published by Moses King, Boston; price, \$2.00.

"The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," by William Winter, is such a book as one would expect the leading American dramatic critic to write of America's greatest actor. The sympathy of a life-long friendship, the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer, and the art and justice of a scholarly critic show in its pages. A good half of the three hundred and odd pages of the volume are devoted to a rehearsal of the leading events in Edwin Booth's life as an actor and in private in so far as the world should know in order to appreciate his character. Then Mr. Winter considers Booth's leading impersonations—Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Othello and Iago, Shylock, the second and third Richards, Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, Richelieu, Bertuccio, etc.—and finally he devotes some fifty pages to "memorials," including poems, letters, old play-bills, and other interesting documents. The illustrations comprise reproductions of various portraits—including that by Sargent, now in the Players' Club—and of photographs of Mr. Booth in various rôles. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.25.

How truly a man's letters show his character is well illustrated in those contained in the two large volumes of "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by President Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University. A more complete record of a man's life has seldom been made in his correspondence than in the official and familiar epistles the late poet wrote from his college days until the close of his long and busy career. Born on Washington's birthday in 1819, Mr. Lowell's first letter given in this book was written in 1836 to a friend whom he addresses as "Dear Shack," and in it he tells of recent additions to his small store of books. From 1839, in the first decade, he became engaged to and married Miss White, and wrote "The Bigelow Papers," "Fable for Critics," "Sir Launfal," and minor pieces; in the next five years he made his first and second visits to Europe, was appointed to a professorship at Harvard, and suffered domestic sorrow in the deaths of his son and Mrs. Lowell; from 1856 to 1872, he entered on his duties at Harvard, married Miss Dunlap, was editor of the *Atlantic* and *North American Review*, and did much literary work; and the remaining letters have to do with his extended visit to Europe in 1872, his ministries to Spain and the Court of St. James, and his final years in America. All the incidents of his public career, and such from his personal life as his editor has deemed essential to an appreciation of his character, are described and discussed from his own point of view in these letters; and, naturally, they contain much of his estimates and recollections of the many noted men with whom he came in contact. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00 for the set.

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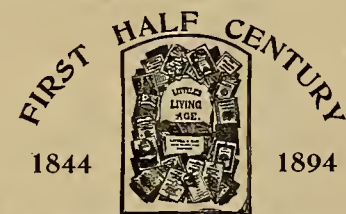
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SOCIETY.

The Detrick-Bowie Wedding.

A pretty, but very quiet, wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, 1909 Jackson Street, last Saturday afternoon, when his sister, Miss Jessie Bowie, daughter of the late Dr. A. J. Bowie, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Detrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edington Detrick. Only a limited number of relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors at half-past three o'clock, by Rev. Father Cottle. Miss Laura McKiosty acted as maid of honor, and Mr. H. St. Clair Boyd was the best man. After the congratulations an elaborate repast was enjoyed, and then the newly-wedded couple left to make a tour of the Eastern States. They will be away about two months. Mr. and Mrs. Detrick will reside at 1909 Jackson Street, and will receive on Fridays.

The Otis Tea.

Mrs. James Otis gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday at her residence complimentary to Miss Katherine Lee Jones, of New York, who is passing the winter here as the guest of her uncle, Mr. Winfield S. Jones. The following ladies assisted the hostess in receiving: Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Frederick Billings Lake, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Grace Jones, Miss Lillie Lawler, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Cora Smendberg, and Miss Henshaw, of Boston. A large number of friends were present during the afternoon and were hospitably entertained.

The Martin Tea.

A matinee tea was given by Mrs. Camillo Martin and her daughter, Miss Grace Martin, last Monday at their residence, 719 Geary Street. Quite a number of their friends called and were delightfully entertained. The hours of the tea were from four until seven o'clock, during which time concert selections were given by a string orchestra and light refreshments were served. The floral decorations were in admirable taste. Those who assisted in receiving were: Miss Marie Hyde, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Alice McCutchen, and Miss Graham.

The Ladies' Club.

The members of the Ladies' Club of '93 gave their second party last Thursday evening at the residence of Miss Behlow, 1807 Octavia Street. Attractive decorations of clusters of cornel berries and potted tropical plants graced the rooms. Dancing was enjoyed in the hall-room down-stairs until early morning, with an intermission at midnight for the service of a delicious supper. Miss Behlow was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. C. J. Behlow, and by Mrs. John Bradbury, Mrs. W. V. Bryan, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Virginia Stump, Miss Carrie McLaine, and Miss Maud Smith, all of whom are members of the club.

The Presidio Bazaar.

A bazaar was held in the hop-room at the Presidio last Saturday afternoon and evening under the auspices of Mrs. William M. Graham and the Golden Circle of King's Daughters. The hall was arranged with attractive booths at which fancy-work and refreshments were sold by the young ladies. The Presidio Band played concert selections during the afternoon and dance music in the evening. The attendance was large, the sales excellent, and a goodly sum was netted for the charitable work. Among those who gave their services were:

Mrs. William M. Graham, Mrs. J. E. Nolan, Mrs. Henry J. Kelly, Mrs. George E. Sage, Mrs. William Barber, Mrs. Moulton, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss McNutt, Miss Eibel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Agnes Lange, Miss Alice Barber, Miss Mary Barber, Miss Mamie Heath, Miss Mamie Williams, and Miss Mamie Van Wyck.

The Art Association.

A loan exhibition of works of art, contributed by members of the San Francisco Art Association, will be held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, beginning next Tuesday evening and continuing for five weeks thereafter. A full-dress reception for members and their invited guests will be held on the opening evening. The rules governing admissions to the reception will be as follows: A member's ticket, if held by a gentleman, will admit the holder, whose name it bears, and one lady. A lady's ticket will admit herself and one other person. Members, on application to the secretary, may secure invitations to the reception for members of their families or personal friends on the payment of two dollars for each gentleman's ticket and one dollar for each lady's ticket. A member's ticket is good for the period of the exhibition in accordance with the printed rules on the back thereof.

—COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY, THE MAZE will hold high carnival in its silk department. All of their pretty silks that have been selling for from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a yard will be put on sale at 98 cents and \$1.16 a yard, respectively. They will be divided into two different lots. They are all this season's goods and comprise all the new things in satin and crystal grounds, and in plain and changeable effects of every imaginable color. For waists, gowns, and dresses they will make up beautifully, and will not cost much more than nice wash goods do. It will be an important sale for ladies, and will be well worth attending.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales has just entered his fifty-second year.

Mary Anderson-Navarro and her husband will pass the winter in Geneva.

Minister Isaac Pusey Gray, according to an American just returned from Mexico, has not impressed the Mexican people favorably. The high-class Mexicans do not appreciate a man who eats with his knife. They have even spoken of him as a "sword-swallower."

Mrs. Cleveland has had only one photograph taken for several years, and only about half a dozen prints were made from it. To a publisher who asked leave to reproduce it, she replied that since her marriage she had had no picture that was not public property, and she wished to keep this for her own.

Miss Lillias Borthwick, only daughter of Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the London *Morning Post*, was married a few days ago to the young Earl Bathurst, whose family settled in Sussex in Saxon times. Lady Bathurst is an expert angler, having long been her father's constant companion in the gentle craft.

When the late composer, Peter Tschaikoffsky, was going to Cambridge last June to receive his honorary degree as the representative of Russian music, he was observed to be in a state of great nervousness. This, it subsequently appeared, was not due to any awe of the university, but to belief that the ceremony of conferring a degree was accompanied with the tortures which are popularly supposed to be employed among Freemasons.

The late ex-Secretary Jerry Rusk showed one of the many admirable traits of character for which he was noted when he attended the soldiers' reunion in Minneapolis, in 1883. Instead of taking with him as an escort his regular staff of blue-and-gilt ornamental officers, he commissioned a number of crippled veterans, some of them his old comrades-in-arms, as members of his staff, had them accompany him on the trip, housed them at a first-class hotel, and paid all their expenses.

Chang, the Chinese giant, was buried recently at Bournemouth. The coffin was nearly eight feet six inches long. A Congregational minister conducted the service. He leaves two sons who are of normal height. His wife, who was English, died a little while ago. The great point about Chang was that he was a genuine giant, well built, and well proportioned. He had a face of the typical Chinese wisdom and benevolence, and bore himself with the greatest courtesy and dignity.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria is said to submit herself to the severest regimen in order to retain the beautiful figure for which she is noted. She fasts morning and evening, making her only regular meal at noon, of grilled meat, biscuits, and a glass of wine. Occasionally she eats a raw egg or a little fruit. She wears heavy flannel underwear winter and summer, takes vapor baths and massage, and, by dint of all this and much horseback-riding, she keeps a waist-measure of twenty inches, in spite of her fifty-six years.

Among the young men whom we are sending to Brazil to fight for Peixoto and on Peixoto's ships is the executive officer of the *America*—the old *Brilantia*, of Boston—Thomas O'Halloran, who is the nautical expert in the United States hydrographic office in New York. He has signed an agreement by which, it is said, he will receive four hundred dollars a month. He will have charge of the *America* when she is in action. He is twenty-seven years old, a native of Pennsylvania, and a graduate with high honors of the naval academy at Annapolis.

Mrs. Elise Frank, a sister of the late Michael Reese, of this city, died in Chicago not long ago, where she had long been a financial power. She left an estate of two millions of dollars, made almost entirely by her own shrewdness and sound judgment. The *Chicago News* said of her:

"Some thirty-nine years ago Mrs. Frank was a poor widow with ten children to provide for. She had inherited a keen brain, like the one that made her brother, Michael Reese, a power in the world of affairs; and some money contributed by him to her was the foundation of her vast fortune. She appeared to know instinctively what a good investment was, and she made money and grew rich because her intelligence saw all the profits to be derived from a combination. And this intelligence dominated her family, it is said, and every member yielded a willing obedience to her counsels. These latter, so the family friends say, were almost always delivered under circumstances calculated to impress all present. The different members would be drawn up with their chairs surrounding a central one, in which Mrs. Frank would sit as presiding officer of the deliberations. Statements would be made to the aged lady in detail and figures, facts, and estimates would be read her from documents, and she would listen to it all, hear with patience objections from one side, attend to the words of favor that came from another, then, when everything had been said, the aged mistress would deliver her judgment; and this judgment, it was known to all, never erred. Clear-headed men of business, as all present were, they would yield to the old lady when she advised a measure, because they had found her to be always on the right side. Years ago, when the United States issued its first four-per-cent. bonds and financiers seemed slow to take them up, Mrs. Frank advised all her friends to buy these bonds, and set a good example by subscribing for one hundred thousand dollars' worth herself. Time has verified the soundness of her judgment respecting gold-bearing bonds. No better security was ever offered."

The late Sir Andrew Clark, the great London physician, was strictly economical of time. A little slip of paper in his dining-room was a reflection of this. On it was written in his own hand words to the

effect that his correspondence needing replies was at least sixty letters a day, which, allotting ten minutes to the answering of each, would consume ten hours. He therefore begged his patients not to waste their time nor consume his by unnecessary inquiries. He was one of the few men in London who could, without much trouble, deliver a speech equally well in Latin as in English. He used every available moment for reading, in railway train or carriage. He has been known to hold a fashionable dinner-party enthralled with his conversation. A patient exactly hit off Sir Andrew Clark when he said that the impression you had of him, as you left his room, was that he considered your case one of the most interesting he had.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Assistant-Surgeon Charles Wilcox, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Angel Island, and ordered to Boise Barracks, Idaho.

Major J. R. Roche, U. S. A., retired, is residing in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Tully McCrea, wife of Major McCrea, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver Barracks, Wash., after a year's absence in New York. Her daughter and her mother accompanied her.

Commander C. E. Clark, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Mare Island navy-yard and ordered to the command of the *Mohican*.

Commander Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Mohican* and given one month's leave of absence.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence from Boise Barracks, Idaho, and is visiting Florida with his family.

An interesting series of lectures is to be given at Golden Gate Hall under the auspices of St. John's and St. Luke's Churches. The first will take place on Tuesday, December 12th, when Professor Gayley, of the University of California, will give "Personal Reminiscences of a Home-Rule Campaign in Ireland," and thereafter on Tuesday evenings there will be the following lectures: "Geyser Action in the Yellowstone Park," by Dr. Marsden Manson; "Colors," by Professor Harold Whiting; "Nicea," by the Rt. Rev. Wm. F. Nichols; "Higher Education," by Dr. David Starr Jordan; "Photographic Revelations in Astronomy," by Professor E. E. Barnard; "Saint Columbia," by Bishop Nichols; and "English Comedy," by Professor Gayley.

Miss Bolte's school held a musicale last Friday. The following was the programme: Song, "Sunrise," school; piano solo, "Violets," Miss Mattie Logan; song, "La Styria," school; piano solo, rondo, Miss Emma Brown; violin solo, "Trovatore," Miss Mahel Kowalsky; piano solo, "Golden Rain," Miss Lola Lightner; recitation, "The New Bonnet," Miss Mattie Logan; song, "The Nightingale," Miss Edith Bode; German song, school; violin solo, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" Miss Mahel Kowalsky; piano solo, waltz, Miss Druscilla Dumble; song, "Little Birds," school; recitation, Miss Helen Taylor; piano duet, redowa, Miss Mattie Logan and Mrs. Renfro.

A Great Champagne House.

We understand that the house of Pommery & Greno, whose stock of fine champagne is believed to be the largest in the world, and commands the highest price in the market, has purchased the entire vintage of last year, which is of excellent quality in every way but proved small in quantity. The prices paid for this vintage being the highest ever known, the purchase has cost that great firm the large sum of over six hundred thousand pounds, a transaction of magnitude never equalled in the trade, by any firm or company. Their cellars are visited by about three thousand people in the course of the year, two men being regularly employed in showing them around through them. There are some five hundred work-people in all there, and the establishment is fitted up with the electric light and with private telephone communicating with the houses and offices in town. The proprietors are very conscientious in turning out only such wine which is of the well-known standard quality, and as the demand for Pommery Sec is still on the increase, the management is constantly kept very busy.—*London Illustrated News*.

—CLASSES ARE NOW ORGANIZED AT THE School of Delsarte and Dancing, north-east corner of Sutter and Van Ness Avenue, on Tuesdays, 3:30 P. M., for pupils over thirteen; Wednesdays, same time, for those under thirteen. Names for admission and also for a cotillion now forming should be addressed "Invitation Committee, care of Mrs. Dora Gray Duncan."

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. V. Huber, 720 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES FOR HOLIDAY presents will be fitted to the eyes later, at no extra charge. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bourn, sister of Mr. W. B. Bourn, to Mr. James E. Tucker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Daisy Ainsworth, daughter of Captain J. C. Ainsworth, of Claremont, Oakland, to Mr. Percy T. Morgan, of this city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Rose Rich, sister of Mr. Alfred Rich, of this city, to Mr. S. B. Livingston, of New York city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mariana Malarin, second daughter of Mr. M. Malarin, the Santa Clara capitalist, and Dr. R. Rocca, formerly of Spain but now a resident of Santa Clara. They will be married this month.

Cards have been received announcing the wedding of Miss Gertrude Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, of San Mateo, and Mr. Frederick Silsbee Whitwell, of Boston, which took place in Boston on November 23d.

Miss Lucy Banning, daughter of the late General Banning, of Los Angeles, and Mr. John T. Bradbury, of Los Angeles, were united in marriage last Monday by Rev. Benjamin Akerly at his residence in Oakland. It was a secret marriage, contracted without the knowledge of the relatives of the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury passed a couple of days at the Palace Hotel and then went to Los Angeles, where they will reside.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give its first german of this season at Masonic Hall on Friday evening, December 29th. Mr. Harry B. Ainsworth is secretary of the club. The second cotillion will be on January 26th.

Mrs. William H. Taylor will give a tea, from five until nine o'clock, this evening at her residence, 2128 California Street, to introduce her daughter, Miss Carrie Taylor, into society circles.

Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe will give a tea this afternoon from four to six, at her residence on Jones Street.

Mrs. James Moffitt will give a matinee tea to-day, from four until six o'clock, at her residence on Webster Street, in Oakland, in honor of her daughter, Miss Lucy Moffitt.

The Misses Feschheimer will give a dancing-party next Saturday evening at their residence on Broadway.

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, N. Y., has been here during the past few days on a visit. On Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a dinner-party in his honor at their residence, and on Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker paid him the same compliment at their residence. It will be remembered that Mr. Fassett was married to Miss Jennie Crocker, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Crocker, who was the wife of the late Judge E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento.

Mrs. Eva J. Coleman gave her first "at home" of this season last Tuesday evening at her residence, 1450 Sacramento Street, assisted by Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Mary Belle Gwin, and Miss Sophie Coleman. Many of their friends called and were hospitably entertained.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond gave a pleasant matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux gave an enjoyable progressive euchre party last Monday evening at their residence, and entertained quite a number of their friends. Mrs. Crux was assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. George H. F. Martinez, Miss Ruger, Miss Florence Hartsuff, and Miss Esma Deane.

Judge John H. Boalt was tendered a dinner-party at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening by a number of fellow-members.

Dr. Benjamin R. Swan was the guest of honor at a dinner-party which was given at the Bohemian Club last Monday by numerous members of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs gave an elaborate dinner-party on Thanksgiving Day at their residence in New York city. Among their guests were Miss Aileen Goad, Mr. Davis Barnes, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. James Brett Stokes.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Cronise, *nee* Haskell, gave their first post-nuptial reception last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Haskell,

2219 Van Ness Avenue, and entertained many of their friends who were at their wedding.

The Fruit and Flower Mission is in need of money to carry on its work of charity, and asks the assistance of the public in making a financial success of a kettle-drum that the members will give next Saturday afternoon and evening at Miss West's School on Van Ness Avenue. Flowers and delicious refreshments will be for sale and the Hungarian Orchestra will play concert and dance music. There will be a fashionable attendance, and it is to be hoped that the sale of tickets will be large.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Sir Thomas Hesketh left this week on his return to England.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have returned from a tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. C. T. Deane has returned from an enjoyable Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, and Mr. J. B. Lincoln have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel. They will soon move into the Moore residence, on Pacific Avenue, which they have purchased.

The Misses Simpson, of Stockton, have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling for a year and a half.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson returned last Saturday from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. J. B. Randol has returned from the East, where he has been for several months.

Miss Mamie Deming, of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. A. M. Easton at her residence, 915 Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. Belle D. Deane and Mr. R. R. Wallace were in India when last heard from, en route to Egypt.

Mr. H. Morgan Hill will leave on Sunday to join his wife in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Bagley will reside at 23 Liberty Street during the winter.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker have returned to the city after passing six months in the Eastern States.

Miss Bee Hooper, of St. Helena, is here on a visit to Mrs. Louis T. Hagglin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hood, *nee* Mau, are occupying their new home in Santa Rosa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries left last Tuesday for New York where they will remain for a couple of months.

Mrs. William B. Carr and Mr. Ralph M. Carr have returned from their Eastern trip.

Senator and Mrs. George C. Perkins left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Mrs. David Bixler and her brother, Mr. Rothwell Hyde, have returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will remain in Philadelphia throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan have closed their villa at Menlo Park, and will pass the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Rich, *nee* Hyman, have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier are expected to return to-day from their Eastern and European trip.

Miss Eleanor Dimond is expected to return from the East on December 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding are now residing on the south-east corner of Devisadero and Jackson Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Luis L. Arguello, *nee* Spence, of Santa Clara, have returned from their tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman, who have been East for several months, are expected home to-day.

Misses Ella and Aileen Goad returned last Thursday after a three months' visit to the Eastern States.

A Fashionable Conquest Repeated.

It is remarkable how the new note paper, Highland Heather, has become even more of a rage here than in New York, where it created so much of a sensation in the fashionable world. Everything else seems to have been set aside, and now the only proper thing is the Highland Heather, stamped with the monogram or crest in one of the new bronzes which harmonize so prettily with the delicate shade of the new paper. It was a grand coup which Cooper & Co. made in securing this new creation for San Francisco ahead of all the other cities, and they are reaping the benefit of their enterprise, as there is already a demand for the Highland Heather which far surpasses any other papers. Samples can be obtained by addressing the firm, J. K. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, together with any information regarding the engraving of monograms, etc.

A Most Remarkable Fact.

The New York *Herald* of November 4th, in its telegraphic news from Berlin, stated that the young German Emperor's cares of state had not destroyed his appreciation for a good thing, and mentioned that Moët & Chandon champagne was the wine used by him. Owing to the bitter feeling between the French and German Governments, the royal court of Germany had discontinued the use of all French wines at its entertainments. That the emperor should make an exception in the case of Moët & Chandon, is the highest compliment a champagne could receive.

"Our Society Blue-Book for 1893-94" has just been issued by Charles C. Hoag, and is for sale for five dollars a copy. It contains the usual list of residents who are "in society" in San Francisco and its suburbs and in the leading cities and towns of the Pacific Coast; the "private address directory" arranged alphabetically and numerically by streets; the membership of clubs, personnel of the press, diagrams of the theatres; and much other matter of greater or less value. By the way, the publisher would do well to take a leaf out of the new "Social Register" of New York and print a list of married maidens—i. e., the maiden names of well-known women of society, arranged alphabetically and followed by their married name. Such an innovation would prevent many awkward mistakes.

The fourteenth annual report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, for the year ending October 6, 1893, has been published, and makes a very satisfactory showing for that admirable charity.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Symphony Amateur Orchestra.

The Symphony Amateur Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Louis C. Knell, gave its third concert last Tuesday evening before a large and appreciative audience. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Ruth White, soprano; Mr. A. A. Solomoo, violinist; Miss Tressa Brooks, accompanist; and the members of the Neapolitan Maedolin and Guitar Club—mandolins, Miss Flora H. Walter, Miss Laura Thompson, Miss Fidelia Katz, Miss Ada Statham, Miss May Murray, Miss Helen Siegfried; guitars, Mrs. Robert White, Miss Roberta Willey, Miss Grace E. Morey, Miss Dorothy Mohms, Miss Gertrude Allen. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Spring Song," Mendelssohn; "Alpenlieder," Weiss, mandolin and guitar accompaniment by members of the Neapolitan Maedolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood; caprice berriquet, "Awakening of a Lion," Kontski; soprano solo, "Der Lorelei," F. Liszt, Miss Ruth White; overture, "Athalie," Mendelssohn, piano accompaniment, Miss Tressa Brooks; violin concerto, No. 22, *moderato*, adagio, allegro assai, Vintie (with orchestral accompaniment), Mr. A. A. Solomoo; grand march, "The Trompeter," L. C. Knell.

The Keith Concert.

Mr. William H. Keith gave a farewell concert at Metropolitan Hall on Friday afternoon, prior to his departure for Europe, where he will resume his musical studies. He was greeted by a large and fashionable audience that highly appreciated the following interesting programme:

Trio, from "Der Freischütz," Weber, Mrs. Keeley, Miss L. L. Lurie, and Mr. Knell; "Bachique," from "Hamlet," A. Thomas, Mr. William H. Keith; piano solo, "Scène Dramatique," Kathbrenner, Signor S. Martinez; song, "A Vision," G. Palloni, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; song, "Noël" (by request), Adam, Mr. William H. Keith; trio, Nocture, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Lawrie, and Mr. Knell; song, "Deine Blauen Augen," Bohm, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; song, "Easter Eve" (with organ, piano, and violin), Gnnod, Mr. William H. Keith; organ solo, offertoire in E flat, Wely, Mrs. Marie Hyde Keeley.

The Pasmore Musicales.

A number of professional and amateur musicians assembled last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, 1424 Washington Street, to witness the first performance of Lejeal's vesper service, op. 52. The programme was as follows:

"Hochzeit Klänge," violin and piano, Lejeal, Mr. Hoher Wismer and Mr. A. F. Lejeal; "Outward Bound," Grieg, Miss Kate F. Byrne; scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin, Miss Lydia Hamm; vesper service, Lejeal, Misses Eleanor Connell, Anne K. Flint, A. M. Forester, and E. A. Bergson, and Messrs. Keeley, Van der Meiden, Barron, and Pasmore; "Bell Song" from "Lakmé," Delibes, Miss Irma Fitch; (4) "Spinning Song," Wagner-Liszt, (5) mazurka, Godard, Miss Winnie Gonzales; (6) "Du bist wie eine Blume," (7) "Waldesgespräch," Miss Esther Needham.

The Lucchesi Musicales.

Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi gave a concert last Wednesday evening which was well attended and interesting. He was assisted by Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mr. F. Strebingen, and Mr. F. Meyer. The following excellent programme was presented:

Trio in E flat, allegro moderato, scherzo, rondo, Beethoven, Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, Mr. F. Strebingen, Mr. F. Meyer; prelude N. 21 op. 28, Chopin; "Araheque," Schumann; "Chant d'Amour" (first time), Paderewski, Mr. R. A. Lucchesi; (1) "After," (2) "Un Sogno," (3) "Shed No Tear," (4) "Eglogue" (first time; unpublished), Mme. Emilia Tojetti; Lucchesi; galop de concert, "The Nihilist," Lucchesi, by Mr. R. A. Lucchesi.

M. Louis Crépaux, formerly of the Paris Grand Opéra, will give a concert next Tuesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. He will be assisted by Mrs. Alfred Abbey, dramatic soprano; Miss C. Jacobs, pianist; Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, violinist; Mr. F. S. Guttererson, cellist; and Mr. Emil Cruells, accompanist. M. Crépaux will sing the classic aria, "Tamerlan," by Winter, "Ici Bas," by Hess, and the romance "Henry VIII," by Saint-Saëns, in addition to appearing in a duet from Mozart's "Magic Flute," with Mrs. Alfred Abbey. She will also sing "La Reine de Saba," by Gounod, and "Bruneild's Awakening," from Reyser's "Sigurd."

Rinaldo Rebagliati and his Spanish quintet will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall on Thursday evening, December 14th. An excellent programme has been prepared, in which Mr. Charles Dickman, Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher, Mr. Charles Coffin, Mr. Thomas Rickard, Mr. R. F. Tilton, and a double quartet from the Loring Club will assist.

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. F. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

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HIS CONFESSION.

SCENE.—A quiet alcove in a crowded reception.

TIME.—Present.

The two usually to be found in such seclusion.

SHE [quite happy in having him near her, and not thinking much of what she is saying, except that it is delightful to say anything to him]—How does the *Straight and Bias Fashion Journal* get along these days? You never send me copies any more.

HE—I really don't know anything about it. I haven't been in the office for nearly a year.

SHE [as before]—Isn't the lovely one there any longer?

HE [quickly, and looking at her with sudden interest]—What lovely one? Whom do you mean?

SHE [on the alert to find out]—Why, the lovely one you used to visit there!

HE [taken aback]—Do you—do you mean—Mrs. Rytup?

SHE [aware for the first time of the existence of Mrs. R.]—Certainly!

HE [ponderingly]—How on earth did you ever hear of that affair?

SHE [never having heard of it in any way]—You appear to be surprised.

HE [rallying a little]—Oh, no!—but it—er—seems strange that you should discover I mean—er—

SHE—Why is it strange? If you admired Mrs. Rytup enough to visit her, and to pay her those little attentions—

HE [eagerly]—Oh, I can explain how it happened between the flowers and fruit, and—that. Of course [deprecatingly] I know it sounds lame; but—really, I was indebted to her. You see, she wrote up and talked up my patent bicycle-brakes; in fact, made some good sales for me, and wouldn't take any commission; and so, of course, I felt it only right, now and then, to send her some little—er—acknowledgment. I know it sounds lame—

SHE [promptly]—Yes—doesn't it?—but, still—of course—and she's so very fond of music, is she not?

HE [in the deepest dejection]—Well, you see, she knew I could get tickets, and, of course, as she had no escort—

SHE [surprised]—Oh, did you take her to the opera?

HE [with silent anathemas on his own stupidity]—I thought you knew?

SHE [coldly]—No.

HE [bravely]—Oh, yes! A few times—I felt it really a duty. But I should like to know who told you all this? Is it any one I am acquainted with?

SHE—Oh, never mind!

HE [chafing]—It seems like a bit of woman's gossip. A man should be above such mischief-making.

SHE [gently]—Yet he is the best friend you have.

HE—Protect me from such friendship! I really can't name any friend of mine whom I think would be capable of this sort of meanness. Will you please let me know to whom I am indebted?

SHE [smiling slightly]—With pleasure; but you will not be at all angry with him—

HE—Oh, won't I?

SHE—And you will see that he certainly never meant to make mischief.

HE—Oh, will I?

SHE [very calmly]—You told me, yourself.

HE [in surprise]—I told you? I never mentioned Mrs. Rytup's name in your hearing until five minutes ago.

SHE—And I never heard it until five minutes ago.

HE [bewildered]—Never heard her name?

SHE—Nor knew there was such a person in existence.

HE [after a puzzled silence]—Why, you asked me if I still continued to visit her?

SHE—Oh, no! I only asked you if the lovely one had left the *Straight and Bias* office; but I had never heard of any lovely one being there, nor of your visiting her—nor of the flowers or fruit. You told it all yourself.

HE [after a pause for reflection]—Well—what a donkey I am!

SHE [dryly]—I don't see why, if there was really nothing in it.

HE [with great earnestness]—Nothing in the world—of course not! But—well—I never dreamed you would know. Doesn't it beat all how a thing of that kind—I mean—

SHE [sweetly, from an immense distance]—Oh, it is always discovered, sooner or later!

HE—But to think I should give it away, myself.

SHE [with majesty]—Will you have the kindness to take me to mamma, please?—Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.

BARBACK ON A PANTHER.

"While on the subject of tigers," said the truthful Jones, "I want to mention a little experience I had, a few years ago, with a mountain-lion in Montana. You may call it a mountain-lion, or a jaguar, or a panther, or what you will—it makes no difference, of course—the fact remains that it was some ten or twelve feet long, almost as big as the circus tiger. You may remember my dog Bones—I mentioned him recently in connection with certain wolf operations. Bones, you will recollect, did not make a specialty of wild beasts; he preferred the society of man, and the only wild animal I ever saw him bristle up to and put to flight was the common cotton-tail

rabbit. He went at rabbits with a ferocity which was awe-inspiring, but the mere sight of the picture of a wild-cat in a book of natural history would cause him to howl dimly and creep under my chair.

"I had a large cattle-ranch in Winchester Trigger Valley. The country was new then and overrun with Indians and wild beasts. I went out one day on horseback to look after some stray stock. When about twenty miles up the valley, my horse stepped in a prairie-dog hole and broke his leg. I shot the poor beast to put him out of his misery, and proceeded on foot. I forgot to say that Bones was with me. I soon found that my rifle was heavy, so I cached it and pressed on. I was going across a little open park, when I was startled by the fierce, almost human, cry of a jaguar. I looked back, and saw the beast bounding toward me, covering thirty feet at each jump. My first thought, of course, was of the unfortunate Bones. Tucking him under my arm, I ran. I reached a small cottonwood-tree about three yards ahead of the enraged panther, and climbed it, still holding close to my valuable dog.

"We remained in the tree some two hours, during which time the baffled jaguar screamed and roared below, and, as it were, beat the air to a foam with his tail. I remained calm. Poor Bones, however, was in an agony of fear, and clung to a small limb on which I had placed him with desperation. I was becoming sleepy, and was arranging for a nap on my limb, when my attention was attracted to a cloud of dust about a mile away. I soon saw that it was a band of mounted Sioux Indians, and that they were coming directly for me. Gentlemen, it was not a time for esoteric speculation; rather it was an occasion for prompt, decisive, buzz-saw action; and I hope I may venture to say that I am not altogether out of place at such a time as this.

"Reaching in my pocket, I drew out my knife, and hastily cut off the branch to which Bones clung. It was a small branch, and made a pole about ten feet long, with Bones glued to one end of it. The Indians were now less than two hundred yards away. Taking the other end of the pole in one hand, I hurriedly began to descend. The jaguar had spied the Indians, and stood looking at them. Their blood-thirsty yells swept down the valley like a destroying wind. The tiger screamed back at them in a voice which drowned their cries as Niagara might drown the ticking of a lady's watch. When six feet from the ground I made a flying leap and lit astride the back of the tiger. Swinging my pole around, I held Bones about a yard in front of the beast's nose. He leaped for the unhappy dog with all the fierceness of his cruel nature, whetted as it was by hunger. Of course he did not get him, as I retained my hold on the pole and my position on his back. Pointing Bones toward the Indians, I charged them, the tiger thinking to get the dog at every bound. My appearance so terrified the savages that they turned and fled ignominiously. I chased them two miles, scattering them right and left, and by joining my own cries with the yells of the tiger and the howls of poor Bones, I readily scared a number of the Indians to death. When the last one had disappeared, I turned the tiger in a broad curve by swinging Bones slightly to starboard, and rode him to my ranch. The distance was twenty miles, which I covered in one hour and thirty minutes, the optimistic animal thinking that he would grasp Bones at the next jump for the whole way. I was so pleased at the success of my experiment that I kept the jaguar, tamed him, and used him for a saddle-beast during the two years that I stayed in Montana. I soon taught him the use of the bit and spur, however, as the exertion of holding Bones out before him was too great."—*Harper's Weekly*.

The superintendent of the Indian Industrial Training School at Perris, Cal., which has been open only ten months and already has one hundred and twenty Indian pupils, boys and girls ranging from eight to eighteen years, writes that he will be glad to receive anything that the generous public may deem suitable as holiday gifts for his pupils. He wants his pupils "to feel that there are sympathetic friends in 'civilization' who are interested in their welfare and disposed to encourage them in their efforts to become self-supporting, useful men and women." Address communications to M. H. Savage, Supt. Indian Industrial Training School, Perris, Cal.

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In 1768, Gahrielli, one of the most beautiful of women and magnificent of sopranos, demanded five thousand ducats salary from Catherine the Second of Russia. The empress objected that it was larger than the pay of a field-marshal. "Then let your field-marshal siog for you," retorted Gahrielli.

A British regiment stationed in India had listened to a sermon on "the company of apostles," from its "padre," now a colonial hishop. As the officers sat at mess the sermon came up in the conversation and various opinions of its merit were heard. Presently the adjutant, a silent, saturnine man who had risen from the ranks, remarked: "To tell the truth, I don't think much of the apostles as a company—only twelve, rank and a file."

Mrs. Inchbald had a child-like directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most comical charm. Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the dripping coachman offered her his arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the amusement of her fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-y-you will give me my death of cold! Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man."

Saint-Foix, the French poet, had a large income, but was always in debt. He sat one day in a barber-chair, with his face lathered and ready to be shaved, when one of his creditors entered the shop. The man saw Saint-Foix and demanded the money due him. "Won't you wait until I get a shave?" quietly inquired the poet. "Certainly," answered the other, pleased at the prospect of getting the money. The poet made the barber a witness to the agreement and then calmly wiped the lather from his face. He wore a heard to his dying day.

It was resolved that each of the allied powers should designate a commissioner charged with the surveillance of Napoleon at St. Helena. Talleyrand proposed to the king for this office M. de Montcheou, described as "an insupportable hahler, a complete nonentity." On being asked why he had selected this man, Talleyrand replied: "It is the only revenge which I wish to take for his treatment of me; however, it is terrible. What a punishment for a man of Bonaparte's stamp to be obliged to live with an ignorant and pedantic chatterer! I know him; he will not be able to support this annoyance; it will make him ill, and he will die of it by slow degrees."

A drummer who had traveled all over California recently sat in a Pullman car with a Missourian, and, as the latter was a new-comer, gave him much information about the State. "By the way," said the Missourian, after a while, "you seem to know most of the towns in this yer State. Ever been in As-you-say?" The drummer gasped and then responded: "No; As-you-say is a new one on me. I have been in You-be-Dam, Shirt-Tail Flat, Hangtown, Jump-Off-Joe, and several other outlandish named places, but never in As-you-say. Where is it?" "I got the letter here," replied the Missourian; "it's from a friend of mine as lives there," and he handed over an envelope stamped "Azusa, Cal." The drummer will not believe all he hears in Missouri Spanish hereafter.

Sir William Jenner, the distinguished English physician, used to tell with great gusto a tale of a footman of Sir Andrew Clark, that other great English physician who has recently died. Sir Andrew was well known for his kindness to his servants, who regarded their master as the greatest man in the world. One day a gentleman in urgent need of Sir Andrew's services learned from James that it was impossible to see the eminent physician except by appointment. "But it is most urgent," cried the caller, in dismay. "Quite impossible, sir," "Well, cao you not tell me, then, of some one else near at hand?" "Well, sir," replied James, reflectively, "there is a very respectable general practitioner named Jenner on the other side of the street; I think I may recommend him."

Charles Coghlan and an actress of flippant reputation in London dropped into the Continental Hotel restaurant, which is a showy and convivial sort of place, for breakfast. They had finished breakfast, and had just stepped out into the glaring light of a

May morning, and stood side by side, when a cah was driven furiously up and stopped in front of them, and Mrs. Coghlan, the actor's wife, jumped out and faced the culprits. Without turning a hair, Mr. Coghlan looked at his wife inquiringly for a moment, then raised his hat and bowed to each of his companions in turn, and said, suavely: "As you ladies doubtless have something of a personal nature to say to one another, I will not disturb you." Then he stepped quietly into the cah and drove away, while the women stood gazing after him.

Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Aone, was very frolicsome; and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing-master with pearl-colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword, in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he, of course, followed himself. This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough, and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them he said: "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

During President Arthur's term, he, with Robert Lincoln and other members of his cabinet, took a trip through the South and West. Abraham Lincoln was born in Larue County, Kentucky, and a farmer living near his birthplace, known as "Uncle Boh." Hays, conceived the idea of cutting a cane on the old Lincoln place and presenting it to Mr. Lincoln. With great labor he prepared a speech, and practiced it daily. Just before starting for Louisville he wrapped the manuscript around the cane, and tied it with twine. When the President's party arrived, Uncle Boh, seizing his opportunity, began in a loud voice: "Mr. Lincoln—" Startled, they looked up. "Mr. Lincoln—Dear sir: I have the honor—as a humble representative of Larue County—in the great commonwealth of Kentucky—the birthplace of your illustrious father—to present to you this cane—not for its intrinsic worth—but as a memento of that great and good man—whose name is dear to all. Mr. Lincoln, in presenting this cane—ah—ah—Mr. Lincoln—in presenting this cane—I say—Mr. Lincoln, in presenting this cane—" In vain he tried to recall what came next, then, with a sudden return to his ordinary voice, and in a tone indicative of the greatest kindness and consideration: "Mr. Lincoln, I reckon you are tired, and the rest of the speech is wrapped around the head of that cane."

On the evening of the second day of the fighting in the wilderness of Spottsylvania, General J. E. B. Stuart, finding it necessary near nightfall to ascertain whether or not the line of Federal earth-works in his front had been abandoned, sent an orderly to the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry with the request that the officer in command would send him a good man for the performance of a hazardous duty. Private Jim O'Meara was selected. Geoerl Stuart, replying to his salutation, said: "You see that line of earth-works? I want to know if it is manned. Ride down within seventy-five or a hundred yards of it, and then turn to the left and gallop parallel with it. If the Yanks are there, you go fast and they'll shoot behind you." "All right, general. I know it," said Jim, with an appreciative wink. He rode within seventy-five yards of the line, started in the twilight on his run parallel with the line, which, being well manned, was immediately illumined. Wheo he had gone nearly half the length of the line his horse received a bullet through his nose, midway between the nostril and eye. Jim deliberately stopped, unslung his carbine, took as careful an aim as he would have done at a squirrel, fired, and, resuming his parallel course, completed his run the entire length of the line, and slowly riding to where the general stood at the head of his command, touched his hat and reported: "They're thar yit, gioeral."

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| LEAVE | From Dec. 1, 1893. | ARRIVE. |
|----------|--|----------|
| 7.00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East. | 6.45 A. |
| 7.00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, Ukiah, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis. | 7.15 P. |
| 7.30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. | 6.15 P. |
| 8.30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville. | 4.15 P. |
| 9.00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. | 8.45 P. |
| 9.00 A. | Stockton and Milton. | 8.45 P. |
| 10.00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 12.00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 6.15 P. |
| 1.00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers. | 9.00 P. |
| 4.00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. | 9.45 A. |
| 4.00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento. | 10.45 A. |
| 4.30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José. | 8.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. | 10.45 A. |
| 5.00 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. | 10.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East. | 9.45 A. |
| 6.00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José. | 9.45 A. |
| 7.00 P. | Vallejo. | 7.45 P. |
| 7.00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. | 10.45 A. |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 8.15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations. | 6.20 P. |
| 2.15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations. | 11.50 A. |
| 4.15 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos. | 9.50 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations. | 7.20 P. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 6.45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations. | 2.45 P. |
| 8.15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. | 6.26 P. |
| 10.40 A. | San José and Way Stations. | 5.06 P. |
| 12.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 4.15 P. |
| 2.20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations. | 10.40 A. |
| 3.30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations. | 9.47 A. |
| 4.25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 8.06 A. |
| 5.10 P. | San José and Way Stations. | 8.48 A. |
| 6.30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations. | 6.35 A. |
| 11.45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations. | 7.26 P. |

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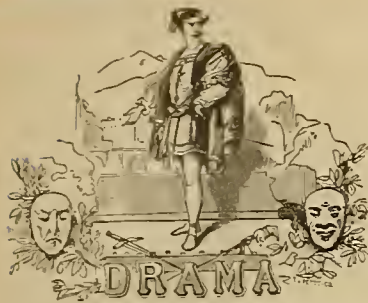
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The days for the American drama are at last beginning to look bright. We hear from New York that Hoyt's "Trip to Chioatown" has passed its six-hundred-and-fiftieth performance—one of the longest runs that any play has ever had in this country; from Chicago, that "The Girl I Left Behind Me" has passed its one-hundredth performance, and that "America" some time ago registered its two-hundredth.

Though the Palmer Company is coming to us with a bunch of English society dramas, though Irving and Terry and the Keodals are the theatrical sensations of the day in New York, the patriot need not despair. The drama of his native land has at last forced itself upon public notice and into public favor. It has had a feeble and sickly infancy, but that is all passed over. It has struggled up into a robust and healthy childhood, and promises to be a very fine specimen of its kind.

It was, roughly speaking, about half a century ago that this promising child was born. "The Drunkard," a sombre and gloomy drama, depicting the horrors of inebriety, was one of the attested spirits of its birth. "The Drunkard" held the stage for some years. Old Edwin Adams put it to his repertoire. It was, perhaps, the first American play that really aroused any attention.

On its heels came a great many others. Foremost of these—one of the most successful American dramas ever produced, holding the fort manfully for forty-one years—was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Over that pre-historic relic one can not oow enthuse. But it has had its day and it has been a great one. Peace to its ashes! With it came a flock of others. "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," was a pioneer play, which, it is believed, still revisits the glimpses of the moon to remote localities. Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia, also about this time bestrode the back of Pegasus and soared to Parnassian heights in several dramas that the great Troer belled through to the delight and terror of the gods. Dr. Bird was the guilty man who conspired against the peace of the public in writing "Metamora" and "The Gladiator." The former has passed to the shades; the latter we have all seen the Roman-browed McCullough act. With revision, "The Gladiator" might still evoke rousing applause from the gods. It is a bravoy, blusteriog, swaggeriog play, full of gore and glory.

The year 1865 was made memorable forever by the first production of "The Black Crook." The spectacular drama was the young and very yellow, and those who survive from that distant period say that over to dramatic aocals has there been such a sensation as was roused by this first introduction of the play-ger to those tinselled realms, where large, pink fairy-queens have birthday fêtes, and where to-clad Amazons glitter in the glare of calcium-lights. This unfortunate country, which has so many things to answer for, is spared the responsibility of having originated "The Black Crook." It was a German adaptation, and its adapter, a man by the name of Barras, is said to have been the first playwright in this country who made large sums of money. Barras's royalties on "The Black Crook" amounted to about seventy thousand dollars. Before that, meo wrote plays as Triplet did in "Peg Woffington"—went home and dashed off a tragedy between luech and dioner. For this they received about twenty-five dollars, which makes one think that probably there was no lunch or dioner, as ideas for a tragedy do not grow on every bush.

The American drama, as it stands to-day, began with "Saratoga," Brooson Howard's earliest play. This was not such a very long time ago, as Fanny Davenport, who still fills the public eye with her pooderously elaborate personality, was then in her regal prime. From then the American drama began to flourish, or, at least, to show some signs of a determined vigor. Augustin Daly himself wrote some plays. One of them, "Pique," was as American as the game of base-ball and the ice-water habit, and had quite a good run. Lester Wallack wrote "Rosedale" and "Central Park." Bartley Campbell "My Partner" and "Risks." Then John T. Raymond produced "The Gilded Age," and the Florences "The Almighty Dollar"—two of the most distinctively and delightfully American of plays. Colonel Sellers and Mrs. Gilflory are characters that can go down to posterity with Gilbert's Sir Peter Teazle and Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres. They are two great creations.

With the opening of the Madison Square Theatre began an era of American plays of the five-o'clock-tea, thin-bread-and-butter kind. To enact these refined and unoffensive dramas, the Madison Square Company had a large and varied assortment of

sleeder, large-eyed, low-voiced, ingenuous young persons, who wore simple frocks, large sashes tied to big bows, and drooping curls. As there was merit in many of the plays, there was talent in many of the young persons. "Hazel Kirke," one of the first of the Madison Square dramas, had the third longest run of any play given up to the present. "Esmeralda" was successful, and so was "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Of the young persons introduced, Annie Russell, a charming actress whose health has since broken down, was one; Enid Leslie was another; Carrie Thomas was a third; and the superb Olga Brandoo, with the velvet dark eyes, made her first appearance there as one of the giggling school-girls in "The Private Secretary."

At the present time the American drama has, like the American oovel, broken itself up into pieces, and, instead of being the drama of the great whole, has become the drama of the section or locality. DeMille and Belasco, at the Lyceum, have, with some assistance from the plays of France and Germany, when it is a question of dialogue, undertaken to depict the life of the home circle in a series of plays to which the young person may go without a tremor. They are commonplace, moral, and highly popular. Ginger is never hot in the mouth in these peaceful productions, and Cornelia may take the Gracchi and feel that all is well.

The war plays have become a class by themselves, and since the Southern writers have begun to lift up their heads and write tenderly of the noble Southerner who ever pays his bills, but is the pick of honor and propriety all the same, the drama of post-bellum days has risen to an important place. Whatever one may think of the types depicted in "Alabama" and "Colonel Carter," one can not deny that as dramas they are charming. "Colonel Carter," with Hollard and Charles Harris, was as perfectly artistic a performance as has been given on the American stage for many a day.

Harrigao, at whom the scornful finger of the loftiest artists has been so often pointed, has undertaken to make drama of the obscure foreign life that is hidden away in so many corners of New York. He has drawn the veil from the home of the peaceful Tammany hauger-oo, showing to patrician Gotham how that other half, of which Fifth Avenue is so ignorant, disports itself in the crowded purlieus of the teeder-loio district. Hoyt, with all his vulgarity and clap-trap, has given some very clever pictures of the pure American type that is found in small flats in cheap localities. He shows us the *vie intime* of the households of under-paid clerks and small tradesmen. His people are more sootately vulgar than even the types they are drawn from; but, oow and then, they are true to life and have real humor. The household of the Brooklyn Bridges, in an absurd farce of his called "A Tio Soldier," has a good deal of truth in it. The Brooklyn Bridges are deadly people, but they are good examples of the sort that crowd together in huge flat-buildings, watch their neighbors with breathless interest, and have no other subjects of cooversatio than what is furnished by local gossip varied by quarrels.

As the dramas of the war are all laid in the South, the hayseed drama comes from New England. This draws its strength from the truthfulness, not so much of the depicting of rural life as of the types depicted. The old man in the "Old Homestead" is what has given that remarkable play its extraordinary vogue. He is a perfectly natural human creature, of the good, simple, trusting kind that the patrons of the theatre invariably like, and, as the character was portrayed by Archie Boyd, became a dramatic figure that might rank with Mrs. Gilflory and Colonel Sellers.

Siogularly enough, the hayseed drama is always set in New England. The hayseed from the great West has not yet taken his place upon the boards. This national figure is still secluded on his suo-burnt prairies, and it will require some one with a not too realistic pen to put him upon the stage. The only person now capable of doing it is Hamlio Garland; and when Mr. Garland wakes to ecstasy the living lyre, he always does it in such a savagely realistic manner that his "barbaric yawp," as Walt Whitman would have said, makes the welkio ring. Tim Burns and his wife are powerful pictures in a story. On the stage they would be horrifying.

Beside the American dramatists of localities, there are the American dramatists who seek their material in other countries and other times. Henry Guy Carleton, who has had a certain amount of success, has written one good American comedy, "The Gilded Fool," and one American historical drama which is dull, "The Early Trouble." His successful melodrama was laid in old Venice in the days of the Doges and the Lion's Mouth. Clyde Fitch, who promises oow to be the leading American playwright, has produced several dramas, only one of which—the last one, now being played by Sol Smith Russell—is of this country. Mr. Fitch's star has arisen with startling rapidity. A few years ago he was a raw college graduate. Up to date he has written "Beau Brummel," for Richard Maosfield, a capital piece; "April Weather," for Sol Smith Russell; a play for the Kendals, to be produced next year across the water; and another in which Mionie Seligman starred a year or two ago. "Beau Brummel," considering that it is the work of a young author, is one of the best plays of its kind that this country has produced. Mr. Mansfield is said to have been emoldened by its success to try an

American play of the same period. Some one has written a drama for him on the life of Aaron Burr. This is a subject from which, in skillful hands, a great play might be made.

At the theatres during the week beginning December 11th: The American Extravaganza Company in "Siobad" at the Grand Opera House; the stock company in "The Bat" at the Tivoli Opera House; Charles Dickson in "Admitted to the Bar"; Katie Putnam in "The Little Maverick"; and the Raokins in "Tennessee."

A particularly blind dispatch from Paris was printed in the daily papers of Wednesday last. It stated that Baron de Rahdeo, a Russian officer charged with the murder of Lieutenant Casterkiold, of the Danish army, had been acquitted, and that the baroness, a very beautiful young woman, was so unstrung as to be unable to testify. Though letters from her to the Lieutenant had been found in his rooms, there was nothing to justify suspicion that their relations had been other than purely Platonic. The story behind all this is quite interesting, and runs as follows:

It was to seek a livelihood, rather than the desire for notoriety, that induced Eugénie Weiss to adopt a circus life. Thrown on the world by the bankruptcy of her father, a German banker, it was not surprising that his daughter, an exceptionally fine rider and devoted from her childhood to horses, should turn her natural taste to profitable account. She made the tour of Europe as a circus rider, and, while in St. Petersburg, was won and wed by the Baron de Rahden, on the express condition, however, that she should be permitted to continue her profession, of which she had become now thoroughly enamored. A year or two slipped by in complete happiness, she drawing crowds nightly to the circus, while her husband arranged all business details. Unfortunately, about three years ago, M. Casterkiold, a young Danish officer, fell madly in love with the charming baroness while the circus was in Denmark. Following her from town to town, his attentions became so pronounced that a duel between him and the baron was the natural sequel, but neither was wounded. However, the principals seem to have settled their differences, until last August, when M. Casterkiold renewed his persecution of the lady by actually engaging himself as a rider in the same troupe. Appeals to the proprietor of the circus and to the police, made by the baron, to rid his wife of this persistent lover, were equally unavailing, so with his own hand he shot and fatally wounded M. Casterkiold one evening in the circus, at Clermont-Ferrand, in front of the audience. The portrait of the Baronne de Rahden was prohibited from being exposed in the shop-windows in Paris a few weeks ago—not out of due consideration of the immoral influence it might engender in appearing to advocate personal vengeance, but that not the slightest cloud of unpleasantness concerning a Russian nobleman should dim the thorough enjoyment of the Russian naval visitors to France.

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An entertainment and ball will be given by the San Francisco Post-Office Clerks' Association next Saturday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Rosser's Huogaria Orchestra will play for the dancing.

—THE CHILDREN OF THE MARIA KIP ORPHANAGE will hold a fair and entertainment at the orphanage, 570 Harrison Street, on Saturday, December 9th, from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Refreshments will be served and the faocoy tale promises to be most attractive. Much of the work has been done by the children. They cordially invite their friends and the public in general.

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Extensive purchases of fine art-goods and beautiful fabrics of all descriptions have been made recently in Europe and are now being displayed in the various departments of the store.

Two features of the establishment are notable. One is the fact that there is no lack of space; there is plenty of room to exhibit goods, and customers are not crowded and crushed as is the case in small stores. The other point is the splendid light, which affords purchasers the finest opportunity to inspect goods. Added to this is the fact that the proprietors give their personal attention to every detail of the business, and the clerks are most attentive and polite.

The first floor is devoted to all kinds of dress-goods, silks, satins, velvets, mourning goods, laces, ribbons, gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description, linen, table damasks, napkins, white and colored flannels, satens, printed cottons and skirtings, lace curtains, portières, table-covers, rugs, and an infinite variety of the materials that form necessary adjuncts to the person or the household. It will be noticed that every article has its price marked in plain figures, and also that these figures are always a shade lower than the same materials can be purchased elsewhere. On this floor are three apartments that are illuminated day and night exclusively by electric lights so that customers may see exactly how a dress will appear at night.

On the second floor is the immense stock of ladies' linen and cotton underwear, corsets, matinees, jerseys, cloaks, and wraps. The variety is bewildering and seemingly endless. From the plainest fabrics and styles they progress upward to the daintiest and prettiest materials and the styles that turn the heads of the fashionable world. In the new addition on this floor is the special dressmaking department, wherein a large number of seamstresses are busily engaged in reproducing, under the most competent management and direction, gowns and robes that are the counterpart in style and finish of the finest work done in Paris, London, or New York.

But we have not completed the tour, for there is still another floor above, and it is the *bijou* of all. It is the fine-art department, and is most luxurious and attractive. The spacious room is a perfect maze of elegance and beauty brought from the art centres of Europe. There are magnificent bronzes and pedestals, round and square cabinets of plate glass, finished in white and gold and cherry and gold; beautiful ivory miniatures from Paris representing famed women of the world, choice vases, jardinières, and bonbonnières of enameled copper, Sevres vases, elegant lamps and shades, inlaid tea and card-tables, chairs of the First Empire and Louis Quinze styles in gilt and exquisitely embroidered silk, terra-cotta figures, Rockwood ware—the firm being sole agents for it—the most magnificent display of cut-glass ever seen here, Royal Hungarian, Choisy le Roi, and Gillé pottery, Royal Berlin tête-à-tête sets, French gilt clocks and candelabra, and tableware of the finest description, of such makes as Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Doulton, Haviland, Dresden, and Nancy. Then there are cups and saucers from all over the world, that range in price from one to thirty dollars each; an elaborate array of fine plates, that are marvelously cheap. A specialty is made of French traveling-clocks in gilt with leather cases. In fact, anything that one may think of in the way of fine art-goods is procurable at the White House, and the display is so perfectly equalized that the rich and poor alike can make their purchases to accommodate the contents of their purses.

As we are now on the eve of the holiday season, the time when presentations are given, it is certainly advisable to commence to think of what we are to give and where the articles are to be selected and purchased. It does not do, to delay in these matters. The wisest people always make their selections early, and by so doing have the cream of the assortment to choose from. Hence an early visit to the White House is advisable. There are hundreds of beautiful things there to select from, and any one would be a gift that would be appreciated very highly by the recipient. Everything kept there is exactly as is represented, and there is no possible fear of imposition. Visitors are always welcome in any part of the establishment, and they are assured in advance of the most courteous treatment.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Baldwin Theatre will be closed after this (Saturday) evening for a brief interim before the arrival of A. M. Palmer's stock company.

The opening performance of "Sinbad" at the Grand Opera House this (Saturday) evening will be an ovation. Every desirable seat in the lower part of the house was sold by Friday.

W. T. Carleton has had enough of being a high-salaried tenor, and is going to try his hand at managing again. He will soon take out a new troupe of singers under the old name of Carleton's Opera Company.

Oscar Wilde's social satire, "Lady Windermere's Fan," will be the opening play of the Palmer company's stock season at the Baldwin. "The Dancing Girl," "A Woman's Revenge," and "The Shadow" will also be presented.

Manager Henderson has brought from Chicago his own scenic artist to mount "Sinbad" and his own electrician to manage the novel electric effects. The latter will also introduce electric lights, instead of gas, throughout the Grand Opera House.

Signora Eleonora Duse, who came out of Italy and astonished Paris, and then captured New York and London with the strange power of her acting, is now in Buda-Pesth. She fits from place to place like a will-o'-the-wisp, but she will not soon leave Buda-Pesth, for she has been laid up there with the influenza.

This will be the last time the "Sinbad" troupe, or, indeed, any large company of that sort will occupy the Grand Opera House, for it will soon pass into the hands of Morosco, the energetic trans-Market-Street manager. There is talk of supplying its place by enlarging the Baldwin Theatre by using a portion of the hotel space, but no plans have been formulated as yet.

Edwin Booth's estate at the time of his death, last June, has been valued by the New York surrogate at six hundred thousand dollars, and this with the two hundred thousand dollars he gave the Player's Club before his death, make his earnings in sixteen years about eight hundred thousand dollars, without mentioning his living expenses, which must have amounted to enough to make the total a round million.

Strauss's charming operetta, "Die Fledermaus," will be sung at the Tivoli next week under the translated title, "The Bat." The cast will be as follows:

Von Eisenstein, Phil Branson; Rosalinde, Tillie Salinger; Franke, Ferris Hartman; Prince Orlofsky, Fannie Liddiard; Alfred, Robert Dunbar; Dr. Falke, George Olmi; Blind, Ed. Torpi; Ida, Carrie Roma; Olga, Irene Mull; Frosch, Thomas C. Leary.

"The Island of Jewels" is the title of the Tivoli's holiday spectacle, which promises to be amusing and beautiful.

Palmer's Stock Company as it will appear at the Baldwin theatre during the Fair months, comprises Wilton Lackaye, J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, E. M. Bell, George Fawcett, Walden Ramsay, Reuben Fax, J. A. Thompson, Carroll Fleming, H. S. Millward, Alfred Beggs, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss May Brooklyn, Mrs. Dora Goldwaith, Miss Ada Conquest, Miss Madeline Bouton, Miss Ann Uphart, Miss Rose Barrington, Miss Staunton Heron, and Miss Ellen Prom.

London is much amused at the prudish concession to Puritan principles shown in Augustin Daly's excisions and condensation of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," now being presented by the Daly players. From the decorative standpoint no fault is found with the setting of the play, but the players are not so generously praised. Miss Rehan calls forth the usual encomiums on her "infinite humor, grace, and variety." William Farren's Sir Peter is, of course, "the best to be met with at present on our stage." But James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Percy Haswell, and the others are faintly praised, and George Clark "unhappily failed almost entirely to suggest the seductive side of Joseph's character."

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DCCXXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 10, 1893.

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Broiled Quail.
Baked Tomatoes. String Beans.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Lettuce.
Frozen Pudding.
Coffee.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Fill a mold with alternate layers as follows: first, slices of sponge cake, then slices of banana, then some smooth jelly, then macaroons; and so continue, until the mold is full. Make a steamed custard, in which dissolve a teaspoonful of Knox's Gelatine. When cool, pour it over all and freeze.

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Sylvia Grey, the pretty danseuse of the London Gaiety, was married, not long ago, to R. L. Fenwick, whom the Londoners call an American, while American theatrical people say he is an Australian whom she met when the company visited the antipodes in 1891.

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Massenet's opera, "Manon," has been performed two hundred times, and the receipts amounted to some \$235,000. This was in Paris alone, where only Sihal Sanderson and Mme. Heilbronn have appeared in the title-role. In Holland, Marie Roze has sung the opera, and Mile. Renard has sung it in Austria.

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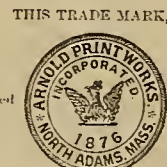
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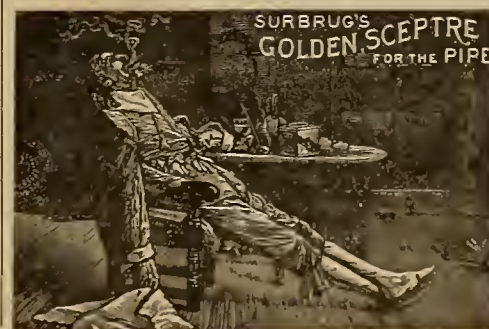
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May—"If you were I, what would you do?"
Jack—"Well, first of all, I'd let me kiss you."—
Life.

Nell—"Miss Passée hasn't a very beautiful form, has she?" Belle—"No; but she makes up for it."—
Bazar.

Maud—"I should like to have a chance to jilt him." Ethel—"I know you would. You'd accept him."—Life.

"No," she exclaimed, with emotion, "I can never forgive you, but—but I will try to forget you."—
Boston Transcript.

"Named your baby Dorothy, as you intended, Jimson?" "Nope." "Why not?" "James seemed more suitable."—Bazar.

Patient—"Ah, doctor, I feel that I am at death's door!" Doctor (enthusiastically)—"Oh I don't fear. We'll pull you through."—Puck.

Clara—"Did Mr. Spooner tell you he was going to try and kiss me last night?" Maud—"He didn't say anything about trying."—Truth.

She (from the Huh)—"Crematioo has become quite a fad in Boston." He—"What degree of heat is required to thaw out a Bostonian?"—Life.

Visitor—"I've just come from Niagara Falls." Ardent Chicagoan—"Great guns! Has that been running during the World's Fair?"—Chicago Record.

Primus—"My fiancée is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her." Secundus—"Yes. I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her."—Life.

Jorkins—"I see there is a play on called 'The Coro-Cracker.' Now, what is a corn-cracker?" Perkins—"A womao who has to stoop up in a crowded street-car."—Truth.

Mrs. Bicker (petulantly)—"Oh, it's all very well to talk, but you'd be glad if I were dead!" Mr. Bicker (hlaodly)—"Whatever you do, dear, is sure to be the right thing."—Boston Transcript.

Penelope—"Doo't you see the advantage?" Richely—"No; I do oot." Penelope—"Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!"—Life.

"Hullo! Sec Dohhs's picture up there?" "By Jove! it's sold. It has the placard oo it." "Well, well! I wonder who bought it?" "I doo't know. Poor Dobbsey! That breaks his set."—Truth.

Miss Gossippe—"She is such a seositive girl that she wou'dnt wear a soog-bird's wing in her bat." Miss Cynique—"I suppose that's the reason she bought a plush coat instead of a sealskio!"—Vogue.

"Doo't you," said the pious laodlady to the boarder, "believe that all flesh is grass?" "No," hesitated the boarder, as he took aother hold on his knife, "I think some of it is leather."—Detroit Free Press.

"Madam, have you the recipe for this pie?" said the tramp. "Yes; would you like to have a copy of it?" replied the good womao. "No, madam; but I should like to destroy the original," said the tramp.—Bazar.

Father McNally (with righteous iodiogatioo)—"Fer shame an ye, O'Beary; ye're half dhruok." O'Beary (apologetically)—"O! know it yer worship; but it's oot my fault. O!ve shpint all the money O! had."—Puck.

Tramp—"Say, pard, gimme a nickell!" Citizen—"Oh, go along with you! Well, here's a quarter!" Tramp—"A quarter! Say, geor'al, is this quarter for me?" Citizen—"Certainly." Tramp—"Well, I'm— Come aod have a drink!"—Truth.

"Why did you shoot this man?" "To self-defense," answered the policeman. "Why, he was running away from you!" "I know it looked so; but I was afraid he was going around the block to attack me from behind."—Washington Star.

Mr. Putancall—"Jack Dashing has just wired me to ask if he has our consent to marry Ethel," Mrs. Putancall—"What had we better do about it?" Mr. Putancall—"Well, he seems a business-like young fellow, so I think we had better unload before the market breaks."—Truth.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it. "Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he could not forhear asking of the young woman he was calling on. "It does remind me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she. "And what is that?" "Who the frost is oo the pumpkin." And his hair went on whitening at a more rapid rate than ever.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did you see the President about your appointment when you were in Washington?" asked Mr. Nagger. "No," said Mr. Noodleman, "but I saw his secretary, and from what he said I should say I was sure to win." "What did he say?" "He said that the President had remarked, when my name was presented, that I was *persona non grata*." "What's that?" "Why, it's Latin, and means 'no person greater!' Pretty high praise to come from a President, eh?"—Boston Courier.

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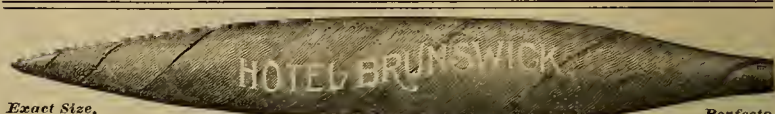
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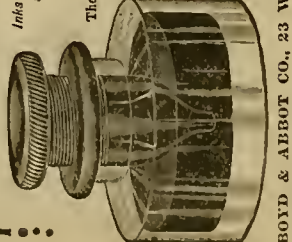


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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The news from Hawaii is not of a nature to comfort Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet. The Provisional Government has not only shown no disposition to step down and out at the polite request of United States Minister Willis, but it has shown every disposition to remain. It has fortified the Government Building, and has several hundred men under arms. Its troops are provided with repeating rifles and machine guns. The Provisional Government has flatly refused to give way to the Royalists unless compelled to do so by the superior force of the United States.

In the incipency of this Hawaiian imbroglio, the Argonaut did not look with a favorable eye upon the Provisional Government, as that body was avowedly organized for the purpose of securing annexation to the United States, and this journal is unalterably opposed to such annexation. But as the months rolled by, we have been forced to admit that the Provisional Government has conducted its

difficult task with moderation and wisdom. It has certainly shown more wisdom in its dealings with the present Democratic administration of the United States than that administration has shown in its dealings with Hawaii. And the latest move of all has been to place the Democratic administration in a hopeless and ludicrous dilemma. Mr. Cleveland in his message admitted in so many words that he had sent Minister Willis to the islands to restore the monarchy. Now the Provisional Government refuses to permit such restoration, unless it be done by the armed forces of the United States. Mr. Cleveland is rather a hull-headed man, but he will scarcely be hull-headed enough to order United States marines and blue-jackets to overturn a republic and erect a monarchy.

Whatever may be the geosis of the Provisional Government, it is now the *de facto* government of Hawaii. It has been in power as such ever since January of the present year. To it the various European powers have accredited diplomatic and consular agents. Mr. Cleveland also has accredited a Minister to the Provisional Government, as well as having previously commissioned that curious extra-legal, super-naval, and non-constitutional person who has come to be called—for lack of any legal title—"Paramount Blount." In view of these facts it would be an unwarrantable and extraordinary act for this administration to overturn by force of arms this government of a friendly nation. It would be an act of war. And although Mr. Cleveland is a very great personage indeed, and does a great many curious and arbitrary things, he will scarcely declare war without the advice and consent of Congress. For if he should do so, it would be a declaration of war not by the United States or by President Cleveland, but by plain Mr. Cleveland.

The present Democratic administration has reached a point where it is forced to pause. The people—not Democrats, or Republicans, or Populists alone, but the whole people—have demanded in no uncertain tones that the President shall take into his confidence in this Hawaiian business the Congress and the country. There has been enough mystery. The people want to know what their executive is doing. He has already admitted that he is trying to overturn a republic in a friendly and weak nation, in order to restore a monarchy. If it is further developed that Mr. Cleveland is hargaining with the British Foreign Office to maintain that monarchy after it has been restored by American guns, there will arise such a storm of wrath as has not been seen in these United States since the eleventh of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

Some three or four weeks ago the city morning dailies contained dispatches from Spokane, Wash., describing disorderly proceedings by laboring-men in that city, involving an attempt to mob a newspaper and threats to assault officials of a water company. Upon this news the Argonaut made editorial comment, pointing out the folly of mob violence. We are now in receipt of a number of letters from Spokane, in which we are informed that the information upon which our article was based was false, and implying, though not positively asserting, that there was neither mob nor disorderly proceedings at that pleasant, though rather bustling, city. On investigation it turns out that the statements which were published in the morning papers, and upon which our comments were based, were furnished by the editor of the Spokane Review to the Associated Press—the Review being the paper which the Spokaneans were said to have threatened to mob. It also appears that the Board of Trade of Spokane, rightly appreciating the injurious effect which stories of riot would have on the fair fame and the business prospects of their city, endeavored to induce the editor of the Review to recant what he had said, but failed in the attempt. The editor insisted that he had stated nothing but the truth, and refused to take anything back.

A careful study of the probabilities of the case leads to the conclusion that the original story is more likely to have been true than false. The editor of the Review had nothing to gain by spreading accounts of attempts to mob his office;

but the business men of Spokane had much to gain by suppressing the fact that their town was a centre of lawlessness. It argues well for their common sense that they should have exerted themselves to prevent a renewal of the lawless outbreaks. It has been remarked that after the first demonstration by the Spokane mob, the turbulent party subsided into quiet.

The incident may teach a lesson to rural communities in this State. Every now and then the papers contain dispatches describing the haiting of Chinamen or the lynching of suspects. The local editor weaves a wreath of laurel round the brows of the leader in these disorders. He wins the sympathy of that large, though red-nosed class which haunts bar-rooms and frequents the purlieus of race-tracks and pool-rooms. The city papers publish, in stern silence, the record of his exploits, and blush when a callow sub-editor prefaces it with sympathetic head-lines. Meanwhile, the substantial citizens of the place where the disorder occurred groan in spirit when they realize its ultimate effects. The merchant who is building up a business, the land-owner who has acres for sale, the citizen who takes a pride in the growth of his home, reflect with bitterness that such incidents are calculated to defeat their hopes. The class of men who build up communities want to go where law and order reign and mobs do not. They do not want to pitch their tents among people who are a law unto themselves, and who, when a wrong has been committed, take its redress out of the hands of the proper officials and constitute themselves district attorney, jury, judge, and executioner. Without passing sentence on Judge Lynch, they do not want him for a next-door neighbor. The spot in which they propose to dwell is one where the machinery of civilization is kept oiled and revolves smoothly.

No lesson is more emphatically taught by our history than this. The several States of the Union did not grow at a uniform rate of progression. Some grew fast, others slowly. And this was not always by reason of the superior fertility of the States which led the procession. It often happened that a comparatively barren State outstripped its neighbor with a richer soil when law and order were maintained at all costs in the former, and more lightly esteemed in the latter. Heads of families preferred higher civilization in a poorer soil to a lower civilization in fatter land. This, as much as slavery, kept the best class of European immigrants out of the South, and drove them beyond Indiana into those noble commonwealths of the river valleys, where the supremacy of law has never been disputed. We see the operation of the principle in this State. In certain counties, with unexampled resources, loose methods of dealing with public grievances have repelled settlers to adjacent counties with narrower opportunities. Every man who hopes to raise a family desires his sons to grow up in allegiance to law. Where an appeal lies from the court to the gin-mill no wise man will consent to live, if he can help it.

How much San Francisco was hurt in past days by the usurpation of authority by mobs, and by the cowardly deference of the press to the Jack Cade order of demagogues, it is hard to say. It was believed in the East that the leaders of the Sand-lot dominated the city, and this impression was confirmed by the proletarian provisions of the constitution of 1879. The belief and the impression were erroneous; but they served to keep capital out of the city, and—what could less easily be spared—honorable, law-abiding, broad-minded men. They account for the slow growth of the city in comparison with such interior cities as Minneapolis, Denver, and Kansas City. It was—and it is still, to some extent—the opinion of Eastern men that San Francisco is dominated by the Sand-lot, and is liable to be overrun by a mob without protest from the press. It is that notion which deprives the coast of its proper share of immigration; it will continue to injure us until we furnish to the world some overwhelming proof that this is a city of law and order, and that the Jack Cades are only tolerated because they are known to be harmless.

Spokane has set the coast a good example in repelling indignantly the imputation that it can be ruled by mobs.

Whatever the facts were, it is now certain that the people of that city are imbued with the right spirit.

In the shipping columns of a San Francisco daily there appeared one morning last week the following paragraph:

"The ship *Fingal*, which brought one hundred tons of glass from Antwerp to this port, went over to Oakland yesterday to discharge it, but came back again without having left a single pane. The reason given for this performance was that her master had concluded to wait awhile to see what the Democratic Congress is going to do about the new tariff bill. As the tax stands now, there is 1 3/4 cents per pound on glass. If this should be removed or reduced, it would make, so the captain thought, quite a difference, and he, therefore, decided to keep the glass aboard for awhile."

This paragraph is calculated to bring a smile even to the face of a free-trade Democratic stump-speaker. It is very evident that the ship *Fingal* is not an American vessel, and that the *Fingal's* master is probably a Briton. No one else but a British ship-master could become so enthusiastic over the "contemplated action" of a Democratic Congress. If the *Fingal's* master knew this country and the Democratic party better, he would know that that party never does anything in a hurry, and never does anything at all if it can help it.

We are sorry for the *Fingal's* skipper. He has "concluded to wait and see what the Democratic Congress is going to do about the new tariff bill." We hope he is not in a hurry. If the *Fingal* has charters ahead within the next few years, we should advise that they be canceled. And we further suggest to the *Fingal's* master that he buy some real estate in San Francisco, and grow up with the country while he is waiting for the Democratic party to act upon the tariff bill. Twenty years from now, when his real estate shall have made him a millionaire and he is still waiting for the Democratic party to act, he will thank us for our advice.

But if this sanguine skipper really intends to hold his hundred tons of glass while waiting for the Democratic party to act upon the tariff, what a picture rises before the eye of the fate of the *Fingal*. Many years from now, the intelligent New Zealander who is sketching from Telegraph Hill the ruins of the City Hall will see moored at the sea-wall a rotting hulk. Her anchor-chains will be coated thick with rust; harnacles will cling to her hilde; crabs will crawl in and out of her hawse-holes, going to and from their home in her venerable hull; from her galley will rise no cheerful smoke; at the wheel no seaman will stand, as the steering-gear creaks with the hanging of the decaying rudder, swayed to and fro by the lazy tides. Her ship's bell will be silent—the hours will not clang forth from its iron tongue, and its once brilliant hazy sides will have turned green with verdigris. On the poop-deck will be seated a venerable man, bent and worn with years, his thin fingers pulling at his long white beard, and gazing from time to time with bleared and filmy eyes through an ancient spy-glass across the bay to where Oakland used to be—to that city where he had expected to discharge his glass so many years before, when Grover Cleveland was President.

It will be the skipper of the once stout ship *Fingal* waiting to see what the Democratic party is going to do about the tariff.

In both New York and Maryland the Roman Catholic Church, emboldened by its numerical and political strength in those States, has resolved to have American public opinion and make a campaign for the capture of a share of the public-school fund. In each State the legislature is to be invited formally to recognize the parochial schools and extend to them government aid. Already this movement has excited a good deal of attention elsewhere, and if it shall be persisted in—as we hope it may—the notice of the awakened nation will be drawn. For it is obvious that if the church shall succeed in New York and Maryland, or come near to success, it will be encouraged to try its luck wherever any promise of results offers. Papal Delegate Satolli's recent address in Washington to the faculty and students of Gonzaga College may be taken to be a command to the church and an announcement to the public. "The more," he said, "public opinion and the government favor the Catholic schools, more and more will the welfare of the commonwealth be advanced." Mgr. Satolli also declared that he desired there should be no doubt left as to his attitude on the school question, and his wish is gratified. He has receded from the position which he took by the side of Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons in qualified favor of the public schools—that is, that Catholic parents were justified in patronizing them when the parochial schools were not so good or too expensive—and has returned to the traditional ground of the Romanist, which is irreconcilably hostile. It is true that in his address he discreetly refrained from the customary misrepresentation and abuse of the public schools, as he is shrewd enough to know that conciliation is the best policy of a minority; but he made it clear that he deems the church better fitted than the State for the function of the educator. "The Catholic education," he modestly averred, "is the surest safeguard of the perma-

nence throughout the centuries of the constitution and the best guide of the republic in civil progress."

It is kind of Mgr. Satolli, an Italian priest, who knows no English, who made this speech in Latin, who has been in the country scarcely a year, and who has not yet taken out his first naturalization papers, to instruct the government and the people of the United States on what is good for them, not only in the present but in the centuries to come, and to point out how may be preserved a constitution which is founded on political principles which are at the poles from the Roman Church's theory of divine right in government. The spectacle of this ecclesiastic from musty Rome standing up in our national capital lecturing us in Latin would be amusing merely were his authority not held in profounder respect by millions of voters of the republic than is the authority of the government under which they dwell in liberty. In New York city alone there are six hundred thousand Roman Catholics, every one of whom, if he would keep on good terms with his church and not imperil his immortal soul, must give profounder reverence to the ukases of the Papal delegate than to the enactments of Congress or the judgments of the Supreme Court. That is true also of every Roman Catholic citizen of the Union, native or naturalized.

So it is necessary to take this Italian stranger seriously. He represents a power to which most of our politicians bow and before which the American press is abject. This power is bent on destroying the system of popular secular education that has more than any other one cause contributed to civilize the republic and make it great and strong. His panegyric on the education which his church imparts to the young is too long to be quoted in whole, but here is an average sample of it:

"We may be sure of this, that all the Americans, of whatever church they may be members, even if of none, recognize the value of the Catholic school; they are interested in it; they honor it; they wish it to continue and progress; they have learned by experience that citizens educated in those schools do not fall short in knowledge and in love of the American Constitution; that they do not lag behind the most progressive of the American people; they are endowed with steadiness of character, with constancy of right purpose; they are just, active, charitable, and generous unto sacrifice. Such, then, is the magnificent spectacle presented to America by the Catholic schools, not unlike the spectacle given by the first Christians to the whole world in the early centuries of the church."

The audacity of this need not surprise. Audacity is what the Roman Catholic Church lives on. It has the audacity to deny the discoveries of modern science, and it denies the reality of modern civilization. Its answer to any fact which conflicts with any of its doctrines or purposes is ever simple denial. There is no American who owns his eyes and feels free to receive in his mind the things they see who does not know that what Mgr. Satolli asserts of the Roman Catholic schools is untrue—conspicuously and flagrantly false. The education they give is distinctly inferior to that received by children in the public schools, and they do not produce good citizens. For the Roman Catholic Church is in a chronic state of complaint against what it chooses to call the discrimination of the government against it. It complains that the taxes collected for the support of the public schools, open freely to all, are not diverted to the maintenance of the private schools wherein its exclusive religious tenets are taught. It complains against our laws of marriage and divorce, to which it refuses assent. It complains if the question of religion is raised in politics to its disadvantage, though it is forever dragging religion into politics to serve its own ends. It complains, in sum, that there is not a union of church and state in the United States, and Roman Catholicism the established faith. Its priests and nuns and lay teachers are possessed by this spirit of complaint, which of necessity breeds disloyalty, and these give to the parochial schools their atmosphere. False history and garbled science are taught in these nurseries, and the pupils are, so far as may be, kept from mingling with the American life around them—from the influence of the common sense of their time. It is not because the public schools are "godless"—in the sense of ignoring theology in their curriculum—that the Roman Catholic Church abhors them, but because they are modern in spirit, and that spirit is fatal to mediaevalism, which is the breath of life to Romanism. The parochial school turns out intellectually distorted boys and girls, who, if they have brains, require years of contact with the real world and painful mental struggle to harmonize themselves as American men and women with the sane and unsuperstitious age into which they have been born. Between the Roman Catholic education which Mgr. Satolli belauds and American institutions, ideals, and activities, there never has been and never can be true sympathy. It is in spite of such conceptions of life as the parochial school fosters—conceptions which have put Spain to sleep and kept South America semi-barbarous—that this republic has developed its energy and enlightenment. Our material, our intellectual, our moral and religious progress owe nothing to the stationary Church of Rome.

Tolerance is a blessing for which Roman Catholicism is ungrateful. The instant it feels the thrill of power it casts aside the meek maxims which serve its turn in seasons of

weakness, and exhibits the same old bared teeth and sharp claws. It is deceived by its local strength in New York and Maryland into fancying that a change has come over the American people, and that it may dare to advance in the open against non-sectarian, State-paid education. By its mistake it invites a reuff that will go farther than a mere refusal to let it plunder the school fund. Mother Church shows how much it stands in need of being taught anew that the vast majority of the men of this republic are resolved to keep the priest in his ecclesiastical paddock, where it took humanity so many bloody and weary centuries to get him. America is still American.

Professor V. C. Vaughan, M. D., of the University of Michigan, has recently published an interesting collection of facts and figures concerning typhoid fever. He gives a number of figures based on the census reports, from which he estimates that typhoid fever kills every year in the United States 50,000 human beings. The last cholera epidemic we had in this country was in 1873, and resulted in 7,356 deaths. Yet during the twenty years that have elapsed since then there has been an annual loss of from 40,000 to 50,000 lives, due to typhoid fever. Yet there has never been a tithe of the excitement over this terrible mortality that was caused by the "cholera scare" of last year. It is estimated that the life of the average adult is worth to the State about \$1,000. This would mean a loss to the country of about \$50,000,000 from typhoid fever deaths. In addition to the deaths, there are about 500,000 people every year ill with typhoid. The minimum duration of the disease is about twenty-eight days. This time lost amounts to about 14,000,000 days, or about 38,356 years. Putting the time of the patient at fifty cents per day, this makes a loss of \$7,000,000 annually. But every person suffering from typhoid requires the attendance of another person as nurse. The time of this attendant added to the lost time of the patient makes \$14,000,000, which added to the death loss of \$50,000,000, makes a total loss to this country every year of \$64,000,000.

Yet this enormous loss in money and in lives, as Professor Vaughan says, is caused by an entirely preventable disease. Up to the year 1859, the city of Munich was a nest of typhoid. There were no sewers and there was no public water supply. There was a system of cesspools, and the drinking-water was taken from shallow wells. The deaths from typhoid were 24.2 per 1,000. In 1859, the citizens began a system of sewerage, and introduced a supply of wholesome drinking-water. The result has been that the death rate from typhoid has fallen from 24.2 to 1.4 per 1,000. If the death rate from typhoid in the United States were reduced to the Munich percentage, it would result in the saving of 40,000 lives per year.

The disease is entirely preventable. There is absolutely no way in which the typhoid bacillus can find its way into the digestive tract except through food or drink. Some physicians hold that it is contained in the inhaled air, but the bulk of the authorities are overwhelmingly against this conclusion. It therefore may be truthfully said that entire immunity may be gained from typhoid by avoiding infected food and water. Yet there are many large cities in this country whose entire water supply is more or less polluted. Chicago discharges her sewage into Lake Michigan, and takes her drinking-water from the same place. Boston, Philadelphia, and many other cities take their water supply from rivers running through thickly settled communities, and receiving sewage therefrom. San Francisco is one of the few large cities in the country whose water supply is uncontaminated. The water-sheds which feed its catchment system are almost entirely free from dwellings and from animal life. Most of the land within the catchment area is owned or controlled by the water company. It is to the advantage of the company to see that the land is kept clear, and it does. The result is, as we have said, that San Francisco has the purest water supply of any large city in the United States. This statement is strikingly borne out by the annual report of the health-officer of San Francisco for the last fiscal year. In it, the total number of deaths is given as 6,873, and of these 113 are ascribed to typhoid fever. The population of this city is about 300,000; if our death rate from typhoid were the same as it is in Munich now (which is called a low rate) the number of deaths would be 312, or nearly three times what it is here. The question of Chicago's polluted water supply was made the subject of a special investigation by the London *Lancet* prior to the opening of the fair, and its report doubtless kept many thousands of British travelers away from the Columbian Exposition. Considering that report and its effect, the importance of widely disseminating these facts about the water supply of San Francisco and our comparative freedom from typhoid fever will be patent to all, in view of the near approach of our Midwinter Fair.

What Mr. Andrew Carnegie lacks in height and bulk is more than made up to him in other ways. Though a small

he is a great man, and, what is better, knows it. And generous, too. Whenever his less gifted fellow-creatures call upon him for assistance, he gives freely of his wisdom. The Congregational Club, of New York, which is composed of clergymen, took advantage of Mr. Carnegie's presence in the metropolis recently to give a feast at the Hotel St. Denis in his honor, and, in return, this good and eminent man read them a paper on "The Obligations of Wealth." He took issue directly with the Saviour of Mankind, who had a poor opinion of rich men, and held that the millionaire is really the finest flower of our Christian civilization. "Look," said the modest millionaire, "at the countries which are without millionaires. Take India, where there are no millionaires, excepting the Indian princes, and there is no country in the East where the mass of the people are in such poor condition." Most of the woes of Russia, Germany, and France he attributed to the paucity of millionaires. Millionaires are thicker in England and America than elsewhere, and that is why these two favored countries are so much better off than other lands. On the whole, however, Mr. Carnegie does not think the millionaire is to be envied greatly. In proof:

"It is true that a millionaire may live in a finer bouse than some of his neighbors; he may wear finer clothes; he may eat a finer quality of food; he may adorn his dwelling with paintings and a few trifles of art-fancies—after all, what does he really get? And frequently he toils like a slave at his business. Why, the community simply gives him his board and lodging."

Mr. Carnegie is to be encouraged. Whatever he or anybody else can do to lessen the common envy of the millionaire, the representative of mere money, should be gratefully acknowledged. Whoever makes it vividly manifest that the possession of wealth does not necessarily imply better brains and better character than the average, is a benefactor. Unold good, indeed, can be done by a "horrible example" of his truth who is willing to travel up and down the earth exhibiting himself, writing books, and reading papers, and talking endlessly. When the people see a fussy little man, with a hump of self-esteem that gives him resemblance to a unicorn, swelling and strutting and bragging of what he means to do with his money some day (meanwhile hanging fast to it), and are told that he is a millionaire, who once was an immigrant and worked for days' wages, several impressions are conveyed to them. They may marvel at the eccentricity of Providence in bestowing its bounty, or they may wonder that it takes so little intelligence to get rich, or they may resent so much egotism and impertinence, but never after can they revere a millionaire as such. They will insist on knowing what kind of a man a millionaire is before bowing down and worshipping. Really Mr. Carnegie is, in his way, one of the most useful personages in the United States.

The lady who is troubling George Gould for his money or his peace of mind is the latest type of the *aventurière*: whom Mme. Hading lately showed us at the Grand Opera House. In Augier's smooth Alexandrines, she would almost command sympathy were it not for the repulsive brother who is her pal in iniquity; but when M. Coquelin gets drunk, his sister falls to the bacchanalian level, and her subsequent contrition strikes the spectator as bogus. It is with women as with the girl with the curl—when they are mad, they are horrid. A man may get down pretty low and yet preserve some redeeming traits; but when a woman takes the plunge, she goes down to the caves where the sirens comb their hair, and stays there.

French novelists have a natural gift for depicting adventures. A swarm of them, with Zola's Florinde at their head, troop through the modern French novel. There is a family likeness among them. They all spring from theregs of the people; the mother is generally a *concierge*, who beats them and sells them to an old *roué*. They ripen in a hot-house in the Quartier Breda, and burst upon the reader's vision, marvels of beauty, and wit, and refinement, and manners. How they came by them, heaven only knows. They go roaring up and down the world seeking what they may devour. The original type of the class was Manoelescaut; Edmond About surpassed the *abbé's* creation in Madelon, who stands at the head of the class, with Fifioe—who was found under a cabbage-leaf in the *coulisses* of a Paris theatre, and fifteen years afterward turned up, first as secretary to a paralyzed Finnish baron, next as the sainted mother of his son and heir—a good second. It is odd that the novel-writers in our own tongue have seldom depicted the adventures. Becky Sharp is an exception to the rule that the Anglo-Saxon villain of fiction must be male. Becky is a splendid piece of work. Those dark shades of the Bohemian *atelier* of her girlhood, and the still darker shades of the time when the brandy-bottle clinked against the plate of sausages under the counterpane, throw upon a dreary background of injured innocence, are very fine art, indeed. In comparison, how coarse and raw is Phillips's outline of the adventures in "As in a Looking-Glass!"

The police say that the fashionable adventures of the

day was, in the chrysalis stage, a thief and something worse. The history of some of the girls who are sheltered by the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is hardly fit for general perusal. Some of them, as they grow up, are endowed with beauty and wit. After an apprenticeship to the trade of petty larceny, they aspire to a larger sphere, and it is then that they become dangerous, especially after they have acquired the taste of blood. Novel-writers usually imbue their adventures with a secret romantic love for some one, who is generally a thief or a drunken sot—the idea is that an honest passion shall offset sordid cupidity. But the conception is false. The genuine adventures loves no one, having nothing left to love with. Her heart withered long ago. She has two aims: to acquire money—a great deal of money—and to lead a life of luxurious sloth, with *pâté de foie gras*, champagne, gambling, and music.

Augusta Hares, the beautiful American who fined some venerable debauchees of London and Paris from one to ten thousand dollars, and finally fixed the ransom of an old English coal-haron at one hundred thousand dollars, was a clear-headed, cold, calculating woman of business. She probably cherished a dim and distant vision of an old age of decent propriety, in which a fat coachman should drive her to church in a carriage drawn by two fat horses, a boy in buttons should hand her a prayer-book, and the clergyman should smirk as she dropped a piece of gold into the plate.

Such adventures as the lady who has tackled George Gould, and that other lady who, strange to say, quitted the opera to New York last week on the opening night of the arm of Detective Armstrong, in the very middle of Marguerite's spinning song, have not yet reached that stage of development. The latter had just served a term in an English jail for stealing a brooch from a jewelry-store in Cheap-side. Yet she filled a prominent seat at the Metropolitan Opera House, and her infantile beauty, her candid blue eyes, her golden hair, the diamonds in her pink ears, her oriental fan, and her point lace attracted the men around her in the audience. Every large city is fruitful of men who are willing to be duped at a price.

George Gould is not that kind of a man. His soul runs to figures. To him a golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty is nothing but a female of the human species—a sort of yellow primrose on a river's brim. In this case, too, the lady's tactics were defective. She said she had a check for forty thousand dollars signed by George Gould. The thing to do with a check is to present it at the bank on which it is drawn and to get the money; unless, indeed, it should happen to be a forged check. It is not easy to understand the purpose of the lady's move. If she had the check, and an uncommonly nice sized check it was, what more did she want? It was because that other lady could not get a check out of Russell Sage that she made trouble for that eminent philanthropist. In a like case, another lady applied for a check to the late Jacob Little. "Certainly, ma'am, certainly," said the suave financier; and calling to his cashier: "Mr. Underhill, examine this lady's collaterals, and, if they are all right, let her have a check."

It is not improbable that the check was given to the thrifty Mrs. Nicholas by George Gould's brother, Howard, as the papers hint, and that the decisive young millionaire did, as the woman alleges, attempt to wrest it from her. It is to be hoped that Mr. George Gould will carry out his threat, and send the woman to jail for black-mail. If we all resisted black-mail, there would be no black-mailers, male or female.

Governor William E. Russell, the gentleman who last month so gallantly led the Massachusetts Democrats to a bloody grave, hospitably prepared for them by Republican hands, has written a piece for the paper. The paper is the December *North American*, and the piece is called "Political Causes of the Business Depression." Governor Russell makes a labored attempt to prove that fear of Democratic tariff-tinkering had nothing to do with the present depressed condition of the country. He ascribes it all to the purchasing clause of the silver bill. But that bill has been repealed. Nearly two months have elapsed since its repeal. On October 17, 1893, a senator made this prophecy while addressing the United States Senate:

"If we repeal the bill to-morrow, we would gladden the hearts of thousands of laboring men now out of employment, and relieve the business cares of thousands of men whose whole fortunes are embarked in trade. Repeal the bill, and in ten days from this time the skies will brighten and business will resume its ordinary course."

Much more than ten days has passed, yet the business skies have not brightened. Mr. Cleveland and his henchmen predicted an "immediate revival of business" and a "wave of prosperity" as soon as the bill was repealed. So did Governor Russell. But let us take a look at the figures. According to Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency, the bank clearances of the whole country for the month of November, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), were \$5,443,235,918; for the

month of November, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), they were \$4,051,057,546. This is a decrease of about \$1,400,000,000, due, we suppose, to the Democratic "revival of industry." The bank clearings of San Francisco in November, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison), were \$74,534,209; in November, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland), they were \$55,529,248, a falling off of about \$19,000,000 in a month. This is probably due to the Democratic "revival of business." There were 185 mercantile failures in the United States during the last week of November, 1892 (under Mr. Harrison); there were 358 in the last week of November, 1893 (under Mr. Cleveland). This is nearly double the number of failures of a year ago under a Republican administration, and it is, we suppose, what Mr. Cleveland and his henchmen call a Democratic "wave of prosperity."

If Governor Russell thinks this widespread ruin is due to the silver bill he will have a hard time proving his case. The skies were going to "brighten" immediately on repeal. What is the matter with the last two months?

The separation of Mrs. John W. Mackay's daughter from her husband, the Prince of Colonna, scarcely deserves the great publicity which has been given it on both sides of the Atlantic. Though the actors are new, the drama is ragged with repetition. A bankrupt nobleman makes merchandise of his title and gets an American wife and fortune. The Prince Colonna seems to be merely an average specimen of his class. His tastes for the gambling-table, the race-course, the greenroom, and the bottle were given full play when the possession of his wife's money made that possible. She bore with his extravagance and brutalities till flesh and blood could bear no more, and then confessed, by a return to her mother's protection, that she had got much the worse of a shameful bargain. But not all American girls who give their purses and persons in exchange for titles are to be judged alike. Miss Mackay was reared abroad in luxury and a fashionable atmosphere. She could not be expected to know, perhaps, that in the eyes of the polite and deferential nobles who danced about her, her American birth was a disadvantage that only great wealth might partially counterbalance. For any nobleman, however poor in pocket, intellect, and character, to wed an American, however beautiful, accomplished, and rich she may be, is in his view, and that of his order, a *misalliance*. When the princely blackguard Colonna took Miss Mackay to wife, he probably could not have felt this more acutely had she been a quadroon. Of course there have been happy marriages between our countrywomen and titled foreigners, but that has been when there was something like equality of fortune, and when love broke down traditional barriers. The majority of American heiresses who seek such marriages do so with their eyes open. They know what they are buying and the price they are paying. Vulgar vanity prompts the purchase of husbands who as men without title would be scorned. Such women deserve their unhappiness. Every separation, every divorce that follows these discreditable unions is rather to be welcomed than deplored. The failures, the scandals, are just punishment inflicted upon the American plutocracy for an ambition that betokens an equal want of sense and pride. The illusion of the nobility that marriage with an American woman involves an immense condescension is due as much to American abjectness of adulation as it is to foreign laws of caste. It is natural, to be sure, for a woman to aspire to social eminence; but the American woman who can not find in her own country heights sufficiently elevated to gratify her ambition, and lets a money-hunting noble lead her up to a high mountain there to tempt her with a vision of aristocratic kingdoms beyond, is not an object for tender sympathy when she rolls to the bottom and finds herself all bruised and befouled in the mire of divorce.

The hordes of tramps who now afflict the land like the locusts of Egypt, are seriously puzzling municipal authorities everywhere. The jail has no terrors for the tramp—in fact, he rather prefers it, in winter, to the box-car; in the jail, he is kept warm, is fed, and has nothing to do. We commend to these puzzled municipal officers the plan adopted by the authorities of Tacoma. In that city there has been built in the jail a species of cell which might be called the "Tacoma torture-chamber for tramps." It is about eight feet high and three feet square. Around the ceiling, the walls, and the floor there runs a perforated one-inch pipe. The tramp is made to disrobe, given soap and a brush, and induced to enter the torture-chamber. Then the water is turned on full head. The awful shrieks and yells which emerge from the torture-chamber are said to strike terror to the soul of the stoutest tramp. When the victim has been released, he strikes out from Tacoma, bearing his tale of horror to unnumbered tramps. The result has been a marked falling off of tramp travel in that locality. The people of Tacoma have discovered how to get rid of the tramp. They wash him.

A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

How a Misplaced Switch Threw him on the Wrong Track.

Colonel Goudelin retired to live on half-pay in Rocheville, a little village in Normandy. He had been through the campaigns in Africa, the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico, fighting like a lion and never receiving a scratch. But he had come up from the ranks, he was not a man of education, and, with the coming of the days when army officers must know as much as college professors, his career came to an end. He had never been a particularly amiable man, but after his retirement he became more peppery than ever.

But the war with Germany, while it did not bring him promotion, brought him a fortune; for his brother, a wholesale merchant, died of fright when he was carried off as a hostage by the Prussians, and the colonel inherited his fortune of some three hundred thousand francs. Then he bought a little place in Rocheville and committed the one unworthy act of his life—he married a pretty woman, well brought up, quite young, and very poor. The day after the wedding he began inculcating in her the three virtues that had been his guides through life: economy, silence, and unquestioning obedience.

As you can imagine, Mme. Goudelin's life was not a gay round of pleasures. To be sure, among the young bachelors of Rocheville, there was more than one who would ask nothing better than the privilege of beguiling this charming and ill-mated young woman's days. But the colonel did not like those "popinjays," as he called them, and at the mere sight of a masculine face, however innocent it might be, his old bristles would stand up like those of a wolf that hears a noise near its den.

Some years ago the Comte de Seineport was appointed prefect of Rocheville, and, to signalize his entry into office, he issued invitations for a grand ball, at which his mother, who had come with him, would do the honors. The colonel's wife had a great desire to attend this festivity—one of those insane desires of secluded women which suddenly, like an unexpected meteor, flash across the empty sky of their starless existence. But would the old soldier consent? It was extremely doubtful. Would he allow his wife to go to the expense of a new gown, a carriage, and, above all, would he let her bare her plump shoulders to the light and abandon her supple waist to her partners in the dance? An old uncle of Marguerite's—her confidant, and, too often, her consoler—took upon himself to conduct the negotiations; and so well did he carry out his campaign that after two hours' talk he obtained a grudging consent from the colonel, on the condition that she should have no more than one hundred francs—not one sou more—for all her expenses, and that she should return to him any surplus there might be left over. It was part of his system that his wife should never have a franc in her pocket.

Mme. Goudelin was the queen of the hall. Seineport, who recognized that fact, danced with her five or six times, and paid not the slightest attention to the colonel's eyes, which glowed like live coals from under the shadow of his shaggy brows. Poor Marguerite saw them; but she had made up her mind that that night she would enjoy herself for all the rest of her life.

She knew that her husband was in a rage at her. What would it be if he knew that she had run into debt three or four hundred francs for her pretty gown, her dainty satin slippers, her filmy silk stockings, her fan, to say nothing of what was not visible—for she had determined, innocently enough, for once in her life to satisfy her instinctive love for elegance—to be a real woman, in fact.

The old soldier did not unlock his clenched teeth while the railway bus—suborned for this occasion from its habitual uses—brought them to their little house after the ball.

The next day, Marguerite, still intoxicated with the pleasures of the night before, passed hours at the piano, her eyes half-closed, playing over to herself the waltzes that had lulled her senses when she gave herself into Seineport's arms. He was, to tell the truth, the first man she had ever met in her life. But, could one have read her thoughts, one would have found nothing wrong in them, scarcely more than the vague uneasiness of the young girl who has received a visit from her cousin in the school parlor.

The colonel thought otherwise, however. He, who had passed through all the physical trials that can assail human existence, experienced now a torment to which all the others were as child's play. Poor Goudelin was jealous—jealous for the first time in his life, and at sixty years!

He had passed the entire night in a chair, seeing always before him the pretty woman who was his wife, whirled away by an unknown man whose blonde mustaches seemed almost to touch the ear of his tireless partner. And all day long he had stalked in the garden about the house, mechanically spying for an intangible enemy, as in former days he had wandered among the outposts, trusting nothing to the vigilance of the sentinels. He seemed to feel instinctively not only his wife's regret for the past pleasure, but also a vague inquietude, a mysterious agitation he had never known before.

In the evening the postman came, bringing a letter for Mme. Goudelin. The colonel took the missive, and, going to his own room, opened it without the slightest hesitation, just as in war one does not think it wrong to read the dispatches one finds on the cold breast of a hostile courier. It read as follows:

MADAME: I have been debating all the morning what a man should do when he finds—what you have lost. Should he burn it or return it? As the result of my reflections, I think it best that I should reassure you and inform you that it fell into my hands.

I saw it fall as you were going, and I managed to pick it up immediately without being noticed.

Rest assured, I shall be discreet, and no one shall know. Besides, all women are the same, more or less; but if I had the honor of being an old friend of yours, how I should scold you! So young, so fair, and already resorting to deception! But I am not going to read you a sermon. I shall bring you this terrible piece of evidence to-morrow.

You can imagine how much I should like to keep it if it were more—personal.

But, in view of the circumstances, it would be simply theft, without extenuating circumstances. I write this to set your mind at rest, for others may find it. I dare not present myself at your house to-day, for you must be fatigued; but I shall call to-morrow to demand the honest recompense due to Yours, very respectfully, SEINEPORT.

"Ten thousand thunders!" roared Goudelin, pounding the table with his fist. "I understand it all! My wife let fall from her bosom a love-letter, and this cursed prefect wants to take my place and give her wise advice. By the horns of the devil, he won't be giving advice long! I'll show him that the—mystified Goudelin is no fool. I'll show him what a *ruse de guerre* is, by the great chain-shot!"

Having slipped the letter back into the envelope, he gummied it again and put it in the box where the postman usually left the mail. Then he resumed his round, his hair bristling, his eyes blood-shot, older by many years, but as terrible to look upon as in those far-off days when he made ramparts of human bodies about him and wiped his hand on his horse's mane when the blood made his sword-hilt slippery.

At about nine o'clock in the evening, the colonel saw a female form gliding toward the garden-gate. He bounded upon her, seizing her arm so tightly that he drove his nails into her flesh. The woman uttered a feeble cry.

"Silence, or I'll strangle you!" he muttered through his clenched teeth. "Where are you going?" He had recognized the house-servant.

"Oh, sir," stammered the girl, who was devoted to her mistress, "my—my mother is sick, and I—"

"You lie! You have a letter?"

"No, sir," sobbed the unfortunate girl, whose arm was bleeding under the man's grip; "I haven't any letter."

"Listen," said Goudelin; "I am going to search you, and if I find what I am looking for, I'll kill you."

The poor peasant-girl fainted away, and it was an inert mass that the colonel searched with hands trembling with rage. He was looking for a letter. He found two, and hurried off to read them, leaving the servant prone upon the walk.

One of these missives, addressed to the count, ran as follows:

SIR: I am overwhelmed with shame, and can never look you in the face again. Please restore what you have found to the person who will come to you on my behalf. It is to him that the estray belongs by right. I have every confidence in your discretion, and believe me, etc., MARGUERITE GOUDELIN.

The second note read thus:

It was M. Seineport who found it. Fancy my confusion! Go and reclaim it from him on my behalf. How I regret having listened to you! At last it is found, that is the essential point. But you are very much to be blamed! M. G.

The address was as follows: "Monsieur Alexandre, Rue des Hautes-Treilles, Rocheville."

The colonel had all the information he wanted. He snatched from the mantel a pair of pistols as big as young howitzers, rushed out of the house, and, five minutes later, was at the prefect's door.

Seineport was reading in his library when the colonel was announced. What to the world could a man he had not seen three times in his life want of him at ten o'clock at night?

"Show him up," he said, with a frown, for he was getting sleepy, as he had scarcely closed his eyes the night before.

"Sir," began the colonel, bounding into the room, "my wife lost a letter in your house last night. Give it to me."

Ordinarily the Comte de Seineport was the most amiable of men. But he had a temper of his own and was not a man to put up with rudeness, especially when he was digesting his dinner.

"Sir," he replied, in the same tone, "Mme. Goudelin has lost no letter, so far as I am aware. But if she had lost fifty, you do not imagine, I hope, that I would return them to any one but herself?"

"Then," said the colonel, producing his artillery from his immense pockets, "we shall fight here, at once."

The prefect stared with astonishment, but not with fear, at the enraged madman before him.

"You are out of your senses," he replied; "if you wish to fight with me, send me your seconds and wait until daylight. For the present, do me the favor of leaving me."

"You stickle for forms," sneered Goudelin; "it is your privilege. Very well, at daybreak to-morrow you shall hear from me. Meanwhile, I shall kill Alexandre," and he hurried out of the room, leaving Seineport dumfounded.

A few minutes later, an old man who was busy putting out the gaslights in the Rue des Hautes-Treilles, was almost knocked over by a giant who seized him by the collar and yelled in his ear: "Where does Alexandre live?"

The poor devil, thinking he was in the hands of an escaped lunatic, dropped his ladder and tried to make off. But the grip that held him grew only the stronger, and the same hoarse voice demanded again: "Alexandre! Where is he? Quick!"

"Heavens, is it you, M. Goudelin? Why, everybody knows where Alexandre lives. There's his shop, over there."

In fact, by the light of the last gas-lamp, one could read over a closed door, this inscription:

"ALEXANDRE, HAIR-DRESSER."

"Oh, shame!" Goudelin blushed; "a hair-dresser! Worm, your last hour has come!"

Already with hands and feet the colonel was assailing the door, which, happily, was a stout one. Through the blinds of the upper floor a feminine voice was heard.

"What's the matter?" it cried; "what's wanted? How long are you going to keep up that din down there?"

"I want to kill Alexandre," the assailant cried. "Let him come forth if he is not the greatest of cowards. I'll show him what it is to trifle with Colonel Goudelin!" and the panels of the door were attacked anew.

On the side of the besieged, profound silence reigned. Evidently Alexandre had no wish to come down.

"Wretch!" shouted Goudelin, "I shall get at you if I have to set your old harracks afire."

At this threat a despairing cry pierced the shutters, and was soon repeated from many neighboring windows, where shadowy forms began to appear:

"Fire!"

Further and further the cry was reproduced through the village. Already slipped and trousered hurgers, in shirt-sleeves and comically hatted in firemen's helmets, crowded about Goudelin, who was still raining blows on Alexandre's door. The colonel was soon recognized, and every one thought he was trying to open a way to get at the fire. Firemen came with axes, the door and windows were broken in, and the entire fittings of the shop were dragged into the street, which was presently blockaded with pots of pomade and broken bottles of perfume. Never had the Rue des Hautes-Treilles smelled so sweet.

Meanwhile drums beat in the neighboring quarters, then the great bell of the church was rung. The fire-machine had arrived, and the crowd made a line to pass buckets in the darkness. Everything was in place and ready for the conflagration; the only thing lacking was the fire to light up the scene; but, at any rate, the house was deluged with water from cellar to garret. Squeezed in the crowd, unable to make himself heard in the indescribable tumult, the colonel shouted incoherently and gesticulated, jostled from one side of the street by the movements of the rescuers. Everybody was struck with admiration for his enthusiasm and energy.

Suddenly there was a clearing in the crowd. The prefect had arrived, in full uniform.

"Well, captain," he said, addressing the chief of the firemen, "how are we coming on?"

"I think we have got the upper hand of the fire, sir," said the officer, though he was not very sure of it, for he had just reached the scene himself.

Just then Seineport saw the colonel, who was beginning to shiver with cold. The night air was sharp, and there was no chance to get warm by the flames of the conflagration. Recalling the state of super-excitement in which he had seen him not long before, the prefect wondered if it were not possible that Goudelin had set fire to the shop of the hair-dresser—who, by the way, was not to be found. The unhappy man, half dead with fear, had sought refuge over the roofs in a neighboring house. There, shut up in an empty closet, he awaited, in a sort of syncope of fear, the end of this incomprehensible nightmare.

At Seineport's suggestion, the chief of police had passed his arm through that of the colonel, and, under pretext of getting him to change his wet clothes, had led him to his office, where an inquiry was begun at once. Alexandre, who had finally been found, was brought in to give his evidence, for the letter Mme. Goudelin had addressed to him, found on the colonel, seemed to indicate something out of the way.

"My word!" said the hair-dresser, after having read the note. "It was not worth the trouble to wake up a whole city for such a trifle. Night before last I dressed Mme. Goudelin's hair for the ball, and I put on a little switch of false hair. I suppose it must have been badly secured, since the lady lost it while dancing. Such accidents will happen to anybody."

Goudelin, much relieved, extended his hand to the capillary artist.

"This will teach you better than to attach false hair so carelessly," he said. "But let this matter end here. Do not harbor ill feelings. Send me your bill and I will pay it."

The next day, the colonel paid Alexandre's bill, which was itemized as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| 1 hair-dressing..... | 5 fr. |
| Hire of 1 switch..... | 3 " |
| Cost of fire..... | 3,500 " |
| Total..... | 3,508 fr. |

"Whew!" sighed the colonel, as he locked the receipt away in his desk; "it's pretty expensive, just the same, having a wife who goes into society."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinsau.

Frank Leslie's Weekly says: "Now that the Republicans have control of the New York Legislature there are several things which they ought to do in the interest of sound public policy. They ought, for instance, to institute an examination into the condition of the big life insurance companies of this city, with a view of ascertaining the actual value of their assets, the character of their investments, and the precise nature of their business methods. There have been so-called investigations of these companies in the past, but they have resulted in nothing practical or satisfactory. Let us now have an honest examination, made by men who cannot be bought. If the companies are, in every respect, what they claim to be—if they are economically and honestly conducted, and their business rests on a secure basis—they are entitled to the benefit which would accrue from a demonstration of the fact. If the fact is otherwise, then it should be made known in the interest of the public. Give us by all means a thorough, searching, and impartial examination of these great companies."

William Somers, of Atlantic City, patentee of the round-about wheels, has secured a verdict against the Ferris Wheel Company, of Chicago, for an infringement of his patent. The case was carried to the United States Court in Philadelphia. Mr. Ferris, on the witness-stand, testified that, in 1892, he was in Atlantic City, and rode on the Somers wheel. He considered it a popular amusement, and afterward built from this suggestion the big Ferris wheel. The court has not yet fixed the amount of damages on royalty.

With the cheapening of silver has come an extension of its use in the fine arts that promises in time to widen the market for the products of the Colorado mines. People are buying in solid silver many small articles that used to be plated, and silver plate has been substituted in other cases where hitherto the baser metals have been almost exclusively used.

THE OPERA OPENING.

Our Correspondent on the First Night of the Opera Season in New York—Emma Eames's Reception—Melba soon to Appear—The Women in the Boxes, and their Gowns.

The opening of the opera has always been the opening of the season here. This is the great occasion on which all the "buds" are, for the first time, genuinely on view. They have been seen at receptions, and the Horse-Show, and a scattered dinner or two, but on the opening night of the opera they are arrayed in their freshest frocks, modestly décolleté, with primly drawn back hair and slender throats only adorned with the simple string of pearls which is one of the few ornaments allowed to a "bud," and placed out boldly against the velvet ledge of the box for all the world to gaze upon, and criticize, and speculate about, and praise, and depreciate.

On this gala night, too, there is the first great showing of the season's new toilets. At the Horse-Show there is a superb display of high-necked, long-sleeved millinery. There you may see the latest thing in hats and capes, and watch Beauty, in her stunning street-dress just out of its tissue-paper wrappings from a fine French house, fascinating the Beast, with a high hat on and a chrysanthemum in his coat. But at the opera, all swagger female swelldom goes with bare shoulders, in the full glory of *grand toilette*. The belles of many seasons' standing, the blooming young matrons, the mothers with "buds" just ready for launching—all have sought out the most brilliant of their new gowns, and, with their jewel-cases emptied on their heads and their necks, go rattling over the cobbles to the opera, as fine a sight as the Empire City has to offer in the course of the season.

But the opening of the opera this year has been a greater occasion than ever, for it is virtually a new opera-house that has been created inside the shell of the old one, and it is two years since the New Yorker has had his opera. And in truth, despite all the talk of inattention and noisy greetings in the boxes, the Gothamites loves his opera as he does his cigar after dinner and his *crème de menthe* with the coffee. It is a luxury that he can not do without. Nothing begins an evening so well as the opera does. Nothing so charmingly whiles away that two hours between the end of the dinner and the opening of the dance. There is nothing that takes its place. Long live the opera!

The house that welcomed back this beloved institution was one of the finest New York has ever seen. The boxes were filled, the seats were all taken, and a dark fringe of "standees" edged every portion of the building where these unfashionable ones are allowed to remain. In the glittering borseshoe sat that "Tout New York" which boasts among its members so many flower-faced, long-throated, clear-eyed women, so many dark, thin, intellectual-looking, high-collared men. Swelldom from Gotham was augmented by sporadic specimens of swelldom from Boston, from Chicago, from Baltimore, from San Francisco—all massed together for one splendid showing of how fine we Americans can be when we group together the bravest and the bonniest of our "bra" lads and sonsie lassies."

The opera chosen for this great night was "Faust"—the "Ideal Faust" of two seasons ago. The four stars of the cast were the same as then. Mme. Scalchi was ill, and so could not sing Siebel. But the two De Reskes and the adorable Mme. Eames were as brilliant as ever. Mme. Eames is dear to the New Yorker's heart. It satisfies these people, who have a dash of the Puritan in them still, that she is a lady whom they can receive upon the domestic hearth, and claim the kinship of nationality with pride. She has a noble voice and she is beautiful, with the perfect type of the beauty of New England. She has grown stouter, and her voice has warmed and deepened in feeling. She seems to have matured in every way, and her fine face, which had in it something too proudly spirited and superbly disdainful, has a touch more of humanity and softness about it. She wore her own hair as Marguerite—soft, dark, curly hair; and, after the brilliant rendering of the "Jewel Song" and the very tender and dreamy singing of "The King of Thule," the ladies hung over the edges of the boxes and applauded her to the roof.

To Californians Mme. Eames should be of some particular interest, as she was, while in Paris, the rival of Miss Sanderson. In the gay Lutetia, the fair Californian has carried off the palm. Outside that home of the blessed, Mme. Eames's star is far in the ascendant. In London, where they sang together at Covent Garden, Mme. Eames was a great success, while Miss Sanderson was not.

Mme. Eames has met with her most marked successes in New York. It will be hard to dispossess her here. People who are interested are curiously waiting to see how Melba will be received. It will be not uninteresting to see whether a great artist, with a great voice, no beauty, and less character, will dispossess in public favor a good singer, with a good voice, who has great personal beauty and an unblemished reputation.

In the glittering curve of the tiers of boxes at this splendid performance most of the choicest beauty of New York was gathered. Mrs. Paran Stevens's box contained, of course, some of the prettiest women, and was always crowded with men. Mrs. Stevens is an extraordinary old lady. What her age is, no one dares to speculate. With her old cheeks rouged to the redness of a buxom milkmaid's, and her old, wrinkled eyelids hanging down over her old, sbrewd eyes, she sits and receives the homage of numerous beardless boys as if she was sixteen, and shy at that. But she is a great power. She is enormously clever, and is as well able to see the social possibilities of young men with aspirations for fashionable life as Ward McAllister can see the paying possibilities of the Western recruits of his noble army. With Mrs. Stevens was the younger and more beautiful Mrs. Alfred Stevens, of Hoboken. This splendid-looking young woman, looking more splendid than ever in black, with a heavy bertha of Florentine lace, is one of the daughters

of Judge Brady, and some years ago married one of the Hoboken Stevens. They have money galore. Mrs. Stevens is said to have the finest eyes in New York.

All the old and new beauties shone from other boxes. Mrs. Henry Clews, who must be well on to forty, looked prosperous, plump, and handsome, with her daughter, a débutante, by her side, in the foreground. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid sat in an upper-tier box, looking as gorgeous as the Queen of Sheba in Goldmark's opera, in pale Nile green, with a superb parure of rubies and diamonds in her hair. Over against her one saw the charming, dainty head of Mrs. Elisha Dyer, a Baltimorean, divorced from Donnell Swan and married to Elisha Dyer, a young man of the german-leading, high-collared variety. Mrs. Jay, once a Miss Oelrichs, now the wife of the redoubtable Colonel Jay, looked superb with a pair of pointed diamond wings standing upright in her dark hair. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Miss Fair reflected credit on their native State, as both these pretty, dark-haired women looked charming and were charmingly dressed.

All this brilliant company were quite ready to testify their delight in the reappearance of the opera by applauding the singers to the echo. The De Reskes received as much of an ovation as Mme. Eames. The charming Jean—*preux chevalier* of tenors—has grown a trifle stouter, and his tender, mellifluous voice shows a trace of wear. But he is artist—all artist to the finger-tips, and always will be when the voice is quite gone, as Capoul and Niemann both were. Edouard is gorgeous as ever—gigantic in stature, tremendous in voice, the most triumphant, superb, dashing devil who ever came down to make mischief here below. Lassalle, too, came in for some enthusiastic applause, and even little Bauermeister was welcomed back with all the joy of old acquaintance. It was a great night. Old *habitués* of the opera shook their heads over it and called it the greatest since Jenny Lind sang at Castle Garden.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1893.

FLANEUR.

A MAD RIDE.

How a Post-Boy Wagered his Brother's Life with the Prince Regent.

There lived a young man in Tregarrick in the time of the French War. His name was Dan'l Best, and he had an only brother Hughie, just three years younger than himself. Their father and mother had died of the small-pox, and left them, when quite young children, upon the parish; but old Walters, of the Packhorse—be was great-grandfather of the Walters that keeps it now—took a liking to them and employed them, first about his stables and in course of time as post-boys. Very good post-boys they were, too, till Hughie took to drinking, and wenching, and cards, and other devil's tricks. Dan'l was always a steady sort; walked with a nice young woman that was under-bousemaid up to the old Lord Bellarmine's, at Castle Cannick, and was saving up to be married, when Hughie robbed the mail.

Hughie robbed the mail, out of doubt. He did it up by Tippet's Barrow, just beyond the cross-roads, where the scarlet gig used to meet the coach and take the mails for Castle Cannick and beyond to Tolquite. Billy Phillips, that drove the gig, was found in the ditch with his mouth gagged, and swore to Hughie's being the man. The lord chief-justice, too, summed up dead against him, and the jury didn't even leave the box. And the moral was: "Hughie Best, you're to be taken to the place whence you come from, an'cetera, and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

You may fancy what a blow this was to Dan'l; for though fine and vexed with Hughie's evil courses, he'd never guessed the worst, nor anything like it. Not a doubt had he, nor could have, that Hughie was guilty; but he went straight from the court to his young woman and said: "I've saved money for us to be married on. There's little chance that I can win Hughie a reprieve; and, whether or no, it will eat up all, or nearly all, my savings. Only he's my one brother. Shall I go?" And she said: "Go, my dear, if I wait ten years for you." So he borrowed a horse for a stage or two, and then hired, and so got to London, on a fool's chase, as it seemed.

The fellow's purpose, of course, was to see King George. But King George, as it happened, was daft, just then; and George, his son, reigned in his stead, being called the Prince Regent. Weary days did Dan'l air his heels with one minister of the crown after another before he could get to see this same regent, and 'tis to be supposed that the great city, being new to him, weighed heavy on his spirits. And all the time he had but one plea, that his brother was no more than a boy and hadn't an ounce of vice in his nature—which was well enough known to all in Tregarrick, but didn't go down with his majesty's advisers; while, as for the Prince Regent, Dan'l couldn't get to see him till the Wednesday evening that Hughie was to be hanged on the Friday, and then his royal highness spoke him neither soft nor hopeful.

"The case was clear as God's daylight," said he; "the lord chief-justice tells me that the jury didn't even quit the box."

"Your royal highness must excuse me," said Dan'l; "but I never shall be able to respect that judge. My opinion of a judge is, he should be like a stickler and see fair play; but this here chap took sides against Hughie from the first. If I was you," he said, "I wouldn't trust him with a petty sessions."

Well, you may think how likely this kind of speech was to please the Prince Regent. And I've heard that Dan'l was in the very article of being pitched out, neck and crop, when he heard a regular caprouse start up in the ante-chamber behind him, and a lord-in-waiting, or whatever he's called, comes in and speaks a word very low to the prince.

"Show him in at once," says he, dropping poor Dan'l's petition upon the table beside him; and in there walks a young officer, with his boots soiled with riding and the sea-salt in his hair, like as if he'd just come off a ship, and hands the prince a big letter. The prince hardly cast his eye over

what was written before he outs with a lusty hurrah, as well he might, for this was the first news of the taking of St. Sebastian.

"Here's news," said he, "to fill the country with bonfires this night."

"Begging your royal highness's pardon," answers the officer, pulling out his watch, "but the mail-coaches have left St. Martin's Lane"—that's where they started from, as I've heard tell—"these twenty minutes."

"Damn it!" says Dan'l Best and the Prince Regent, both in one breath.

"Hulloa! Be you here still?" says the prince, turning sharp round at the sound of Dan'l's voice. "And what be you waiting for?"

"For my brother Hughie's reprieve," says Dan'l.

"Well, but 'tis too late now, anyway," says the prince.

"I'll bet 'tis not," says Dan'l, "if you'll look sloppy and make out the paper."

"You can't do it. 'Tis over two hundred and fifty miles, and you can't travel ten miles an hour all the way like the coach."

"It'll reach Tregarrick to-morrow night," says Dan'l, "an' they won't hang Hughie till seven in the morning. So I've an hour or two to spare, and, being a post-boy myself, I know the ropes."

"Well," says his royal highness, "I'm in a very good temper because of this here glorious storming of St. Sebastian. So I'll wager your brother's life you don't get there in time to stop the execution."

"Done with you, O King!" says Dan'l, and the reprieve was made out, quick as lightning.

Well, sir, Dan'l knew the ropes, as he said; and, moreover, I reckon there was a kind of freemasonry among post-boys; and the two together, taken with his knowledge o' borseflesh, helped him down the road as never a man was helped before or since. 'Twas striking nine at night when he started out of London with the reprieve in his pocket, and by half-past five in the morning he spied Salisbury spire lifting out of the morning light. There was some bitch here—the first he met—in getting a relay; but by six he was off again and passed through Exeter early in the afternoon. Down came a heavy rain as the evening drew in, and before he reached Okehampton the roads were like a bog. Here it was that the anguish began, and of course to Dan'l, who found himself for the first time in his life sitting in the chaise instead of in the saddle, 'twas the deuce's own torment to hold himself still, feel the time slipping away, and not be riding and getting every ounce out of the beasts; though, even to his eye, the rider in front was no fool. But at Launceston soon after daybreak he met with a misfortune indeed. A lot of folks had driven down overnight to Tregarrick to witness the day's execution, and there wasn't a chaise to be had in the town for love or money.

"What do I want with a chaise?" said Dan'l, for of course he was in his own country now, and everybody knew him. "For the love of God, give me a horse that'll take me into Tregarrick before seven and save Hughie's life! Man, I've got a reprieve!"

"Dear lad, is that so?" said the landlord, who had come down, and was standing by the hotel door in nightcap and bedgown. "I thought, maybe, you was hurrying to see the last of your brother. Well, there's but one horse left in stable, and that's the gray your master sold me two months back; and he's a screw, as you must know. But here's the stable key. Run and take him out yourself, and God go with 'ee!"

None knew better than Dan'l that the gray was a screw. But he ran down to the stable, fetched the beast out, and didn't even wait to shift his halter for a bridle, but caught up the half of a broken mop-handle that lay by the stable door, and with no better riding-whip galloped off bare-back towards Tregarrick.

Aye, sir, and he almost won his race in spite of all. The hands o' the town-clock were close upon seven as he came galloping over the knap of the hill and saw the booths below him and sweet-stalls and standings—for on such days 'twas as good as a fair in Tregarrick—and the crowd under the prison wall. And there, above them, he could see the little open doorway in the wall, and one or two black figures there, and the beam. Just as he saw this, the clock struck its first note, and Dan'l, still riding like a madman, let out a scream, and waved the paper over his head; but the distance was too great. Seven times the clapper struck, and with each stroke Dan'l screamed, still riding and keeping his eyes upon that little doorway. But a second or two after the last stroke, he dropped his arm suddenly as if a bullet had gone through it, and screamed no more. A body had dropped and hung dangling from the beam. Less than a minute after, he pulled up by the bridge on the skirt of the crowd, and looked round him with a silly smile.

"Neighbors," says he, "I've a-got great news for ye. We've a-taken St. Sebastian, and by all accounts the Frenchies'll be drove out of Spain in less'n a week."

There were *two men* condemned at Tregarrick, that assize, and two men put to death that morning. The first to go was a sheep-stealer. Ten minutes after, Dan'l saw Hughie, his brother, led forth, and stood there with the reprieve in his hand. His wits were gone, and he chit-chattered all the time about St. Sebastian.

So poor crazy Dan'l stood there and watched his brother Hughie hanged.

Q.

During the entire summer of 1894 the main exhibition buildings will stand in Jackson Park. The public will be admitted everywhere in the park free. The work of beautifying the park will progress steadily. On the first day of the new year the park commissioners will assume control. All state and foreign buildings will be out of the north end of the grounds by May 1st. The commissioners will at once begin the work of restoring that end of the park to its former appearance, and continue to improve it. What may be done with the buildings the following year cannot be said. The board will take no action on that matter for some time.

AN EMPEROR'S AMOURS.

Our Paris Correspondent writes of "Napoléon et les Femmes"—
His Two Wives and His Many Loves—Incidents
in His Private Life.

A chatty historiographer has lately given to the world a series of papers, entitled "Napoléon et les Femmes," which is spicy reading at times. There are, of course, two women who nominally divided Napoleon's life between them—Josephine and Marie Louise. Frédéric Masson is by no means tender in his appreciation of Josephine, that vain, coquettish, sensual creole, whose every movement is affected, but who is grace personified and whose whole form, from the sweep of her long lashes to the soles of her exquisitely moulded feet, was made to excite admiration in the minds of men. The young general of twenty-four knew nothing of hounds and had never been in the society of women of fashion when he was introduced to Josephine Beauharnais, and she captivated him completely, utterly. Before a fortnight was over he was her lover—men carried things with a high hand in those times. It was only two days before he started on his Italian campaign that Napoleon and Josephine were made man and wife—a purely civil contract which contained a double perjury, the bridegroom's age being increased by twelve months and the bride made younger by three years. The widow of Beauharnais was more than thirty-two at the time, and looked it. There were lines about her velvet eyes and rosebud mouth.

It is typical of Napoleon that he should have carried the citadel of Josephine's heart with a rush; we find him forestalling events many years later, and snapping his fingers at etiquette when he set out to meet Marie Louise, who had been married to him only by proxy and taking her to wife before the second ceremony could be performed. As for Josephine, she was not squeamish, M. Masson believes. But she spread a net for the ambitious young soldier, being over head and ears in debt. If all that he says is true—and he quotes the evidence of contemporaries to prove it—posterity has wasted a great deal of sympathy on a woman who really did not deserve it. Her conduct during Napoleon's absence in Italy and Egypt was contemptible. It was only at his express command that she finally decided to join him in Italy, and after she had exhausted every possible excuse, that she set out. A serious flirtation with one Charles occupied her frivolous mind, and she preferred the pleasure of his society and the gayeties of Paris to the part she was called upon to play by the side of the conquering hero. Napoleon's letters to her during the Italian campaign are full of the most passionate devotion. Only later, when his triumphant progress had carried him to Egypt, and Josephine had returned to her beloved Paris, and echoes of the life she led there had reached him, was he unfaithful to her, though we may presume he had many opportunities afforded to him of being so. In the meanwhile, Josephine was getting herself talked about. She seemed utterly callous to public opinion, and after quarreling with her brothers-in-law—there was always considerable hostility between her and the Bonaparte family—she seems even to have leagued herself with some of the enemies of Napoleon. The latter's absence had lasted so long that his wife seemed almost to have forgotten his existence, when suddenly couriers arrived post-haste to announce that Napoleon was on his way home.

The return of Bonaparte is very graphically described. The husband comes home by one road, and the wife, in a great hurry and fright, rides out to meet him by another; then she learns her mistake, and rushes back to find Napoleon has closed his doors against her. It may be more charitable to imagine that Josephine, when she feared she had forfeited her husband's love, should begin to realize what she had lost; but we are not allowed to put this construction on her conduct—we are told of half a million of debts and clamoring duns. Well, anyhow, Josephine found Napoleon's door closed against her, and so she knelt down before it and humbled herself in prayers through the keyhole. Just as she had begun to despair of softening him and, after hours of lamentations, was preparing to depart, her maid—a useful woman in an emergency—suggested she should get Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais to plead for her. So the two children knelt down, too, and joined their juvenile petitions to those of their mother. Then, at last, the door was thrown open, and there was Bonaparte, his arms extended, and the three sprang into them.

One amusement never seemed to pall on the great emperor; he loved the theatre, and music affected him so much as to make him forget everything else while he listened. Therefore it is not surprising that the list of his mistresses should include several actresses and singers. Guiseppina Grassini, who had the most lovely voice in the world, captivated him for a time. In the triumphal days at Milan, which followed the Battle of Marengo, she sang for him in public and private. But the prima donna was ambitious, and when the First Consul talked of love, she responded with politics. Nevertheless, La Grassini accompanied the Consul to Paris (he was not yet emperor), and was installed by her lover in a small house, where she holed herself extremely. Fidelity had never been a virtue of hers; it was soon the talk of the town that she had "distinguished" Rode, the violoncellist. Bonaparte broke with her, but continued to show himself the generous patron to the last. As late as 1813 she sang at the court concerts, but when the allies entered Paris, old benefits were forgotten, and her ex-lover's triumphant foe, Wellington, is said to have obtained a rendezvous! The admirable tragedienne, Mlle. George, with less reason to be grateful, is said to have been devoted to Napoleon, and, when she was old and withered, would talk of the emperor with tears in her eyes and tears in her voice. He admired her not only for her beauty, but for her vivacity and wit; one autumn that he prolonged his sojourn at Saint Cloud, George used to be sent for continually, and a little apartment was fitted up for her in a wing of the palace. But Napoleon's admiration for an actress who had pleased

him on the stage would sometimes cool down even before he had satisfied his caprice. Frequently he set to work on returning from the theatre, and forgot all about the *belle* whom a chamberlain had been instructed to bring to the Tuileries. It was told of him that once, when he was hard at work, a knock came at the secret door. "Tell her to wait!" cried the emperor. Soon the summons was repeated. He cried from the midst of his paper: "Tell her to go away!" Mlle. Deschamps is said to have suffered this rebuff, which she took in good part, though Mlle. Bourgois—also of the Français—never forgave Napoleon for a trick he played her, and which cost her a powerful lover. Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, used to go about boasting of Bourgois's attachment to him, and it suited his master's fancy to disabuse the love-lorn swain. So, one night, the actress was hidden to come to the Tuileries. The emperor was closeted with his minister when the chamberlain announced her arrival. "Let her wait," was the autocrat's answer. Chaptal gathered up his papers and took his leave, and the next morning sent in his resignation. History adds that the erring fair one was sent to the right-about at once.

Light burned night and day in the dark passage that led from the secret stair up which Constant and Rostam—the emperor's familiars—marshaled these frail specimens of humanity. Josephine, cooped up by imperial mandate within the golden bars of the palace, was rather addicted to taking young girls into favor who interested her and whose beauty pleased her fastidious taste. She was kind-hearted, too, and a piteous story would kindle her sympathy. That people traded on her foibles is well known; mothers with pretty, portionless daughters would throw them into her way, often with the hope that a still more powerful protection might one day be extended to the dowerless innocents. And when the sovereign thought fit to throw the handkerchief, these pretty little dears knew better than not to pick it up. Sooner or later Josephine's jealousy took alarm, and the Dulcinea was sent home the richer by some thousands of dollars, or married to some impecunious—and not over delicate—hanger-on of the court. Before they went, Napoleon had generally grown tired of his toy, and, indeed, whenever he could do so, he was always pleased to gratify his wife in this or any other way. One of the most famous of the emperor's mistresses was a Mme. de Vaudrey; hut, in point of fact, her reign was a short one, and the impression she made on the heart of her lover was of the shallowest description. At one moment she presumed to vie with the empress in extravagance, and ran up debts to an alarming amount. Once, twice, Napoleon paid them, but the third time Mme. de Vaudrey was seen no more at court.

Much more important was the liaison between Napoleon and a lady, who, out of respect to her descendants, M. Masson does not mention by name. She was the wife of a personage of importance, no easy-going husband, and for many years it was presumed that she had been helied by her contemporaries. A child who was born about the time that scandal had begun to be busy with her name having, as he grew up, manifested neither physically nor morally the slightest likeness to the Bonapartes, helped to throw a doubt on the supposed intrigue; but nature has its freaks and cruelties, and a second generation could hardly help tracing in the children horn of him half a century later a likeness to the man who held for a time the destinies of Europe in his hand. On this occasion, Napoleon's heart was really touched, and for a few months he showed himself the most devoted, discreet, and *empressé* of lovers. Nevertheless, the empire that Josephine always had over him triumphed in the end, and, after a fortnight spent at Malmaison by the court—during which the emperor was at greater liberty to enjoy the society of Mme. X., and the empress sulked openly—he one morning entered the apartment of his wife, confessed that he had been very much in love, but that it was over, and asked her to help him to break off the connection. This Josephine proceeded to do, nothing loth. In this instance, undoubtedly, Napoleon was loved for himself; to her rival's upbraids, Mme. X. answered nothing, but stood like a marble image of despair. Nor did she exhibit anything but sorrow at the treatment she had received. After the return of Napoleon from Elba, when so many of those who had been loaded with benefits held aloof, she was one of the last to speak with the emperor before he left France forever.

Napoleon Bonaparte's amours were never very lasting, and the only woman for whom he had a deep and unalterable love was Josephine. He was naturally of an ardent temperament, and youth and beauty hardly ever failed to arouse it. Therefore, when the desire of leaving an heir to whom to bequeath his imperial crown made him divorce Josephine to marry a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, he was able to act the part of ardent bridegroom so as to deceive himself into the belief that he was really in love with the fresh, huxom Marie Louise, whom political necessity had forced into his arms. Extremely indulgent and very generous, he loaded his young bride with gifts. We have seen how kindly and generous he had in former days been to his first wife. Possibly it may have been the shallowness and superficiality of Josephine's character that caused Napoleon to have such a low opinion of feminine human nature. He was wont to say that a woman's faithfulness or unfaithfulness was entirely a matter of opportunity.

No nun in a convent was more carefully guarded than the young empress, therefore the imaginary episode which forms the principal feature in the plot in Sardou's new piece, "Madame Sans-Gêne," is not only untrue to history but improbable. Nor do we relish seeing the great emperor in the part of a jealous husband—it lowers him in our esteem. True, his jealousy is excited by appearances only, and Neipperg, who is surprised as he is being stealthily introduced into the apartments of Marie Louise, is only invited thither to receive his *congé*. This Neipperg, who was in subsequent years the lover of the empress, did not enter into her life until after the fall of Napoleon, and was then the envoy of her father, who used him as a decoy to win away her affections from her absent lord.

PARISINA.

PARIS, November 17, 1893.

RECENT VERSE.

The Blazing Heart.

Who are ye, spirits, that stand
In the outer gloom,
Each with a blazing heart in hand,
Which lighteth the dark beyond the tomb?

"Oh, we be souls that loved
Too well, too well!
Yea, for that love, though sore reproved,
(Oh, sore reproved!) have we 'scaped hell.

"Scaped hell, but gained not heaven,
Woe, woe, and alas!
Only, to us this grace is given,
To light the dark where the dead must pass.

"Behind us the shadows throng,
And the mists are gray;
But our blazing hearts light the soul along
From the grave to yon gate that hides the day."

Who may this lady be
At my right hand?
"This is the heart which for Antony
Changed from soft flesh to a burning brand.

"This for Aeneas glowed,
Is glowing still.
This kindled for Phaon. The flame it showed
No waters of ocean could quench or kill."

This shape, with the flowing hair?
"She loved so much
That even the Sinless heard her prayer,
Pitied her pangs, and suffered her touch."

Bid the sounds of crackling cease!
"They blaze, they burn!
Let me flee back to my coffin'd peace!
"Pass on, they hearken; there's no return."

Spirits, why press ye close?
I am faint with fear!
"Already thy heart like an ember glows:
Pluck it forth from thy bosom; thy place is here."

Happy Francesca, thine
Is the fairer lot.
Better with him to hell to pine
Than stand in cool shadows by him forgot!
—Alice Williams Brotherton in the Atlantic.

Her World.

Behind them slowly saak the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide—
"Yonder," he said, old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide.
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red,
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea,
And Naples slept beneath her olive-trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the Master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"

Dowd from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast;
"What does she see?" he whispered, "can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no," she said, "she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so, to night, I held my little lad."

"If you could choose," he said, "a royal booo,
Like that girl dancin' yonder for the kioo,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to briog?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering baquet-hall,
Swam in a mist of tears along the wall—
"Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"
—Emily Huntington Miller in the Independent.

A Fairy Love Fair.

| | |
|--|---|
| Forty little Fairies Held a Fairy fair; Everything that rare is Sold those Fairies there. | Wheo her heart's all pity For a heart all true? |
| One had bits of "wishes," Ripe for maids and beaux, Served in heart-shaped dishes, Any wish you chose. | "Wheo she wants to love him, Who she tries to try; To cooole her lover What shall maideo buy?" |
| One sold "lovers' quarrels," Also sweet "make-ups," "Hasty words—with morals," Lovers' "brimming cups." | Spoke ooe little Fairy: "Here are 'cousinships' Sold with kisses airy, Fresh from cousins' lips. |
| Came a lovely maiden To the Fairies' fair; Cheeks with roses laden, Suoshine in her hair: | "Here's a 'smile from Mollie,' 'Blush from Susie's cheek,' Here's a 'laugh all jolly,' Here's a 'glance all meek.' |
| "Have you any 'love mes,' Roland teases so, 'Love me I love me I love me I' Cries my sighing beau. | "Here's a 'sigh of pleasure' Breathed by Marguerite, Here's the 'rhythmic measure' Of her dancing feet. |
| "Have you any 'yeses' Free from maiden's whim? Roland pleads for 'yeses' And I've no 'yes' for him. | "This is 'Cupid's Doll-land,' Joys for every whim, Buy these things for Roload, They will comfort him." |
| "Ah! my lover sighs so, Have you any 'sighs,' Any 'sob' or 'heigho' That my heart could buy?" | Theo the maideo, flushing, Anger in her eye, Checks aflame with blushing, Cried "I will not buy." |
| "Tell me, Fairies witty, What is maid to do? | Soft the Fairy whispered "Wise resolve yours is, Since all your Roland sighs for Is already his." |

—N. P. Babcock in Life.

Scientific investigation shows that the seas around the British coast are being exhausted of fish. The subject is receiving very grave consideration, and in all probability there will have to be very elaborate means established of stocking the English waters.

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible, it is called philosophy."

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Paynton Jacks, Gentlemen," by Marian Bowers, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"None-Such?" by the Rev. Emory J. Haynes, is a novel in which the modern American millionaire is the central figure. Published by the North Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Jenny Wren's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of newsboy life in New York, which proved decidedly popular while appearing serially in *St. Nicholas*, has been published, illustrated by W. A. Rogers, by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Dodo," the sensational story of London society life by E. F. Benson, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was noticed at length in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*, has been published in paper covers by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Transgression of Terence Clancy," by Harold Vallings, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library, and "The Captain of the Janizaries," by James M. Ludlow, is issued as the third number of Harper's Quarterly. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Dr. John Lord, the author of "Beacon Lights of History," has made up from two of his lectures a new book, entitled "Two German Giants," in which he sketches the lives of Frederick the Great and Bismarck, "the founder and the builder of the German Empire." A feature of the volume is the witty autobiographic "forty years' tableau" with which Bismarck carried the Reichstag for national defense. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.00.

A handsome new "Souvenir View Book of San Francisco" has just been published. It contains half a dozen pages of descriptive text and twenty-five full-page half-tone illustrations. The latter are reproduced from excellent photographs, taken recently especially for this work, and present in small compass a notably characteristic series of views of the city as a whole, its prominent buildings, Chinese quarter, Golden Gate Park, cable-cars, and other peculiar features. It will doubtless prove very popular with visitors to the Midwinter Fair. Published by Hartwell & Mitchell, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

"A Woman of Forty," by Esme Stuart, has for its heroine a woman who is fair, plump, and pleasing, in spite of her two-score years and the fact that her young affections had been blighted by a craven knight who loved and rode away—to New Zealand. She remains a belle, and, when she is forty, a man who had known her recreant lover in New Zealand falls desperately in love with her, though he is engaged to marry another girl. The woman of forty struggles against her love for him, but when he is ill with diphtheria, she goes to him, kisses him, and so contracts the disease, which carries her off and so cuts the Gordian knot. The tale gives opportunity for an interesting character-study, but Esme Stuart does not make the most of it. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"At Long and Short Range," by William Armstrong Collins, has a pleasing binding, heavy paper, wide margins, and other indications of a luxurious and scholarly taste to commend it to the eye, and one takes it up expecting a feast of dainties. But it is veritable Dead Sea fruit. It is a collection of what seem to be long and short meditations, *penstes*, and epigrams, which are so in form, but utterly lack subtlety, philosophy, or brilliant diction. Such expressions as "stove-pipe hat" and "'Prince Albert' coat" are scarcely what one expects to find in an epigram, but Mr. Collins uses them. We may be permitted to point out to him that only "gents" wear "pants," "plug hats," and "stove-pipe hats." The "Prince Albert coat" is worn by "statesmen," we believe. Ordinary persons wear frock-coats. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Photography, Indoors and Out," by Alexander Black, is a helpful little book for amateurs. The author is of opinion that photography is a science, and requires a clear understanding of the optical and chemical laws upon which it has developed. To furnish that understanding is the first purpose of his book, and the second is to add to it such practical tricks of the trade as will aid the amateur to produce artistic photographs by the best methods. The first half-dozen chapters are devoted to a brief history of photography; and thereafter follow discussions of modern photography in all its aspects, such as "The Home Gallery," "Flash-Light Photography," "The Hand Camera," "The Negative," "The Dark-Room," developing and printing, "Transparencies, Lantern Slides, and Enlargements," "Mystery Pictures," and so on. An appendix contains much technical information, and the illustrations include diagrams and reproductions of photographs. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Theory of Development and Heredity," by Dr. Henry B. Orr, of the Tulane University of Louisiana, is a new book on biology that the lay

reader can study with pleasure and profit. The doctor's theory is based on the broadest generalizations of natural science, and he has made it clear in a book of comparatively small compass; in fact, he simply announces his idea and gives other investigators opportunity to prove or disprove it in detail. In brief, it is "an effort to extend the application of the law of the conservation of energy to the phenomena of living matter, and to resolve the premises given us by the science of physics to their logical conclusion in the realm of biology," and "it is the extension to all living matter of certain fundamental properties of life which psychology has either proved or tacitly assumed to exist in the higher animals, the possible existence of which in the lower animals has aroused so little interest that it has, perhaps, never been discussed. I mean here those properties expressed by the law of repetition and association." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Delectable Duchy" is the title of the new volume of short stories, studies, and sketches by "Q."—under which well-known initial is veiled the identity of Arthur Quiller-Couch. This young man is an English journalist, who first came before the public as the author of a delightful novel of old England, "The Golden Spur." At about the time of its publication, he was also making a stir with "The Two Householders" and other extracts from "The Memoirs of Gabriel Foote, Highwayman." Since then he has put out two or three collections of short stories, in which he has made Troy Town in Cornwall as famous as J. M. Barrie's Thrums; indeed, he has made Cornwall his own field as Kipling has appropriated India, and Harding Davis the Tenderloin District of New York and the metropolitan haunts of Van Bibber. Of the tales in "The Delectable Duchy" some are tragic, some pathetic, others again are humorous, and all are strongly written and deeply interesting. Their style may be judged from one which is reprinted on another page of this issue of the *Argonaut* under the title of "A Mad Ride." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"In the Track of the Sun," by Frederick Diodati Thompson, is a handsome book of travel. The author is evidently a man of leisure who has been around the world, carrying with him, as far as may be, the luxuries of his New York clubs and seeing everything that one can see without going out of the conventional track. The resulting narrative is little more than a bald diary, and, from the common writer's point of view, an extraordinary production. Mr. Thompson, for example, never omits to say that he sent his luggage aboard, or to the hotel, or elsewhere, while the manner in which he makes brief allusion to matters most writers would describe at length is extremely naïve; as when he ventures the opinion that, in view of the development of arid lands in the United States, Japanese methods of irrigation may be worthy of investigation; but it never enters his head that he himself might make some slight investigation. So he wanders along, hinting at various curious and interesting matters, but evidently keeping in mind the fact that he is due in London for "the season." His journey took him from New York to Tacoma, thence to Japan, and so to China, Ceylon, Hindostan, Western India, and Egypt, up the Nile, through Palestine, and home through Europe. The notable feature of the book is its illustrations, which are reproductions from photographs. There are a great many of these—three hundred or so—admirably taken and clearly reproduced. They present the most interesting features of modern life, of architecture, and of historical remains in all the countries Mr. Thompson visited, and make a very desirable collection. The book is a handsome one, intended for the holidays. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A large publishing firm in Paris is going to start, in January, probably, a rival to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is supposed to have somewhat lost favor in France of late under the editorship of the younger Buloz. The new venture will have two editors—one for its frivolous and mundane columns, another for its more serious contributions.

An interesting book entitled "The English Town in the Fifteenth Century" will be issued early in 1894 by Macmillan. It is by the widow of John R. Green, whose "Short History of the English People" has become a classic.

Du Maurier has been illustrating his new novel, "Trilby," with lavish pencil. It is to begin in the January *Harper*, and it is described by those who have seen the manuscript as something remarkable. It deals with the fortunes of three English art students in Paris, and the setting is in the Latin Quarter of the 'Fifties. The heroine is a model, of mingled Irish and Scotch extraction, whose name gives the title to the story.

W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass., has in preparation an index to American literary periodicals "which are no longer published, or which are rarely found in libraries."

Mr. I. Zangwill, author of "The Children of the Ghetto," a novel enjoyed as much by Christians as by Jews, has a new book which Macmillan & Co. will soon publish. It is a collection of short stories with the title, "The King of the Schnorrers, and Other Grotesques." "Schnorrer" is Hebrew for beggar. A new book by the author of "Mark Rutherford," soon to be published by the same firm, is called "Catherine Farge."

Mrs. Deland's new novel, "Philip and his Wife," will begin in the January *Atlantic*. This story, which those who have read the manuscript say is the strongest yet written, deals with divorce without making the subject unnecessarily disagreeable.

An essay on "The Function of the Poet," which was found among the papers of James Russell Lowell, will be published for the first time in the January *Century*.

That clever novelist, Lucas Malet—who in private life is Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley—has finished a new story. It is to bear the strange and suggestive title of "The Power of the Dog." They are the words of the Psalmist: "Save my soul from the lion and my darling from the power of the dog."

Professor Goldwin Smith is now in England, but on his return he will probably take up the second volume of his work on the United States. Another book by Mr. Smith, entitled "Essays on the Questions of the Day," has just been issued by Macmillan & Co. It deals with political as well as with social questions, some of the topics being: "Social and Industrial Revolution," "The Political Crisis in England," "Woman Suffrage," "The Jewish Question," "The Irish Question," and "Temperance versus Prohibition."

Harper & Brothers have just ready these two important holiday books:

"The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving," by Willis O. Chapin, which offers a brief historical and critical summary of two arts in which collectors are more and more interested, illustrated with photogravure reproductions of notable prints and etchings. The other is the illustrated edition of Charles Reade's delightful romance of the Middle Ages, "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is lavishly and gracefully illustrated by William Martin Johnson, whose pencil bestowed fresh attractiveness on General Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur." The pictures illustrate almost every phase of life at the period of the famous story.

There are some interesting letters in the current *Atlantic* which were addressed to Thoreau years ago by his clever English friend, Thomas Chalmers-deley.

Mr. Benson, the author of "Dodo," has just finished a new story, entitled "Her Lord and King." A volume of his short stories, to be called "Six Common Things," is also coming from the press.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has nearly finished a novel which will be published early in the year by Macmillan & Co. It is now three years since the publication of "David Grieve," which has sold much more extensively than "Robert Elsmere." Not only its first sale, but its sale even at the present time, is very large. "Robert Elsmere" was probably the most discussed of Mrs. Ward's novels, but "David Grieve" is evidently the most read. The latter is now in its fourth edition.

A number of the unpublished letters of S. T. Coleridge will appear in the pages of the *Atlantic* during the coming year.

Senator Dawes has written for the *Century* a paper on "The Garfield-Conkling-Blaine Controversy."

Thomas Hardy and the Hon. Mrs. Henniker are collaborating in the writing of a short story entitled "The Spectre of the Real," which will probably be printed first in a periodical.

Both the limited large-paper editions of Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" have been entirely exhausted within three weeks of their date of

publication, while the smaller volume is temporarily out of print during the preparation of its second edition by Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been writing a series of Parisian sketches which will appear—richly illustrated—in *Harper's Magazine* during the coming winter. The same magazine announces an illustrated article by W. G. Tiffany on "Four-in-Hand Driving in England, France, and America."

Miss Ethel Arnold, sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, is an uncommonly brilliant talker, and is about to prove what she can do in a volume to be called "Platonics."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just ready:

"Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott," edited by David Douglas; "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry," by Professor Richard C. Jebb; "Twenty Years at Sea; or, Leaves from My Old Log-Books," by Frederick L. Hill, a book for boy-readers; a book of "Pastoral Offices," by Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness; the New Handy Volume Edition, in five 16mo volumes, of Longfellow's complete poetical works, printed from new plates, each volume having a different portrait, representing the poet at various periods of his life; "Greek Lines, and Other Architectural Essays," by Henry Van Brunt, well known as a successful writer on architectural and related subjects; "White Memories," three poems on Bishop Brooks, Whittier, and Lucy Larcom, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; a volume of "Poems," by Dr. Thomas W. Parsons; "The Divine Comedy of Dante," translated into English by Dr. T. W. Parsons, with a biographical sketch by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and an introduction by Professor Charles Eliot Norton; "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "Excursions in Field and Forest," and "Miscellanies," three more volumes in the New Riverside Edition of Thoreau's works; "Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims," a chapter in diplomatic history, by J. C. Bancroft Davis; and "The Bench and Bar of New Hampshire," brief biographical sketches of New Hampshire's judges and lawyers, by ex-Governor Charles H. Bell, of New Hampshire.

The author who, under the name of "Ada Cambridge," has published several clever novels—"A Little Minx" being one of them—is the wife of an Australian clergyman, and her true name is Mrs. Cross.

A third edition, with a few minor corrections, of Professor Goldwin Smith's "Political History of the United States" is now in the Macmillan press.

The January *Harper's Magazine* will contain an important illustrated article on recent discoveries in Egypt and Chaldea, which go far toward settling the origin of civilization. The author is Mr. W. St. Chad Boswell, lecturer of antiquities in University College, Oxford.

The last of the Sherlock Holmes stories appears in a current magazine. Therein Dr. Conan Doyle kills off his hero, in company with a criminal as marvelous in his criminality as Holmes is in his detective powers. Strange to say, a presiding justice in Natal was heard, not long ago, to advise the police in the court-room to study the art of detection in the Sherlock Holmes stories.

The table of contents of the *North American Review* for December is as follows:

"Political Causes of the Business Depression," by Governor Russell, of Massachusetts; "The Battle-Ship of the Future—A Reply to Admiral Colomb," by Captain W. T. Sampson, U. S. N.; "The Mission of the Populist Party," by Senator W. A. Peffer; "Are Our Patent Laws Iniquitous?" by ex-Commissioner of Patents W. E. Simonds; "What Dreams are Made Of," by Dr. Louis Robinson; "Parliamentary Manners," by Justin McCarthy, M. P.; "Railroad Accidents in the United States and England," by the editor of the *Railroad Gazette*; "The Servant-Girl of the Future," by Kate Canwell Wells; "Thoughts on English Universities," by the late Professor Freeman; "The Hawaiian Situation," by the late Professor Freeman; "The Invasion of Hawaii," by Eugene Tyler Chamberlain; "A Plea for Annexation," by ex-Minister John L. Stevens; "Our Present Duty," by Hon. William M. Springer; "New York Tenements," by Edgar Marshall; "Amateur Chesses in Nurseries," by Gertrude B. Relfe; and the index to Volume CLVII.

Baroness Tauphous, the authoress of novels which Thackeray thought the best in the German language, died last month.

Macmillan & Co. have just published "The Humors of the Court," a comedy, and some other poems, by Robert Bridges.



Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. K. Vanderbilt is said to have a powerful weakness for a quiet game of poker, which he plays only with men who can afford to lose the money without feeling it.

The Princess of Wales has a remarkable collection of hats and bonnets, consisting of all those she has worn during the thirty years she has led London fashion. Each hat or bonnet, carefully put away, bears the date of the season of its use.

John J. Wise—whose father hanged Joho Brown, Robert T. Lincoln—whose father sustained the war this brought on, and Fred D. Grant—whose father fought it to a conclusion, were observed in a group by themselves talking to each other on a recent evening in New York.

Secretary Carlisle writes nearly all the time while he is working on his report. He never did care much about sleep. He finishes his work at the office and then begins another day's labor at home. He writes easily and never erases or changes anything. He chews tobacco all the time.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's proffer of his services to play the "Wedding March" on the organ in St. George's Church, when Miss Adele Grant is married to the Earl of Essex, recalls the rumors that had the English composer and the American beauty engaged to each other half a dozen times in as many years.

Ruhenstein has declined an offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a three-months' tour, and henceforth he intends to stick to his own music. He proposes to give three recitals of his own pianoforte works at Berlin this winter, but no charge will be made for admission, which will be limited to music students.

The Empress of Germany shares her husband's taste for hunting, and frequently accompanies him upon his shooting expeditions. She carries a light rifle and a revolver, and wears a picturesque costume designed especially for such occasions, and so cut as to show her fine figure to the best advantage. The Kaiser's crippled arm does not prevent his being an excellent shot.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria recently was out riding and noticed a pile of stooges placed across the track over which the Buda-Pesth express was to pass in a few minutes. Springing from her horse, she ordered the groom attending her to remove the obstruction, she herself assisting him. The work was hardly completed when the train, crowded with passengers, passed over the spot.

The young Duke of Marlborough celebrated his coming of age with great *débat* at Blenheim Castle recently. The affair was expected to be so gay that the duke's associates—Oxford students—were forbidden to attend, except under severe restrictions. The students resented this by painting on the outside of the cathedral at Oxford the words: "God bless Marlborough. Damn the Dons."

Edward Payson Weston, the man who first popularized pedestrianism in this country, is seen occasionally in the New York Press Club. Mr. Weston has done no walking in public for ten years. He has a record of sixty-two thousand miles covered in endurance tests, and he did it all on a cold-water and vegetable-diet basis. He is fifty years of age, and is a hale, handsome, active man.

"Young Mrs. Blaine," as she was once called, but now the wife of William T. Bull, has grown stout and handsomer since her divorce from James G. Blaine, Jr., and her marriage to Dr. Bull. She has been abroad, and returned with many bewildering triumphs of the great Worth. She has taken a beautiful home, and has servants, horses, and carriages at her command. Her husband stands near the head of his profession, with an income of fifty thousand dollars a year.

Belle Boyd, the rebel spy, famous during the war, has gone on the lecture platform. She is now past fifty, and her reddish-blond hair has become almost white. She has three children, and is divorced from her third husband. She is chiefly remembered from her scheme by which she caused Lieutenant Harding, of the Federal army, to permit a Confederate officer to escape, after which Harding deserted the Union army and fled to England, where he married Miss Boyd. Afterward both returned and became spies to the Confederate service.

Coraelius Vanderbilt never sees reporters. He never attends public dinners or other functions. He seldom goes to his clubs. In a word, he avoids publicity and keeps himself entirely in the background. He devotes his time (writes Foster Coates in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*) to his great railroad interests, his home, and his religion. Years ago he used to teach a Sunday-school class. Even now he sometimes goes to the Young Men's Christian Association and talks to the boys there. But he is as nervous as a witch all the time, and breathes more freely when his task is over. Although he gives away to charity each year one hundred thousand dollars or more, he is very exacting in all money matters. It is believed that he has added ten million dollars or more to the large fortune left him by his father. But even with this there are half a dozen others whose fortunes are much larger.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SPECIAL ARTICLES

On subjects of public interest will be contributed to the WEEKLY by the writers best qualified to discuss them. During 1893 among such contributors were numbered the Hon. Carl Schurz, F. R. Coudert, Charles Dudley Warner, Senator Wolcott, Congressman Warner, G. W. Childs, Joseph H. Choate, Emilio Castelar, Prof. Taussig, of Harvard University, and Prof. Richard T. Ely.

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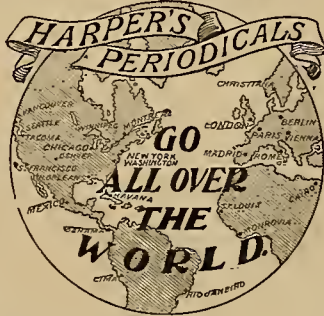
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SOCIETY.

The Taylor Matinée Tea.

The residence of Mrs. William H. Taylor, on California Street, was the scene of a most enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday, which she gave for the purpose of introducing her daughter, Miss Carrie Taylor, into society circles. Beautiful flowers adorned the rooms in artistic profusion, and Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played concert music at intervals. The hostess and her daughter were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George A. Pope, *née* Taylor, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Emily Carolan. There were several hundred callers, and many of the young people remained during the evening and enjoyed dancing. Light refreshments were served under Ludwig's direction.

The Goewey Reception.

Mrs. James M. Goewey's regular evening "at home" last Tuesday took the form of a *soirée musicale* in honor of Mr. William H. Keith, the young baritone, who is soon to depart for Paris. The spacious residence, on the north-west corner of Page and Laguna Streets was ablaze with light and abloom with floral decorations and ferns. At midnight an elaborate supper was served by Ludwig. During the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell and Miss Nora Connell each sang. Miss Ella Laurie presided at the piano and Mrs. Goewey also played. Mr. Keith sang in his finished style Pallidike's "Patria" and an English composition. Among those present were:

Mr. William H. Keith, Miss Eliza D. Keith, Miss Ella Laurie, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Sterling, Miss Wells, Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mr. Edward Rideout, Mrs. L. S. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mr. J. Alexander Stevens, Miss Nora Connell, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willis, Mr. Irving Mills, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Miss Ella Smith, Colonel W. H. H. Benyard, Mrs. G. R. Bishop, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bowman, Miss Gertrude Goewey, and Mr. Frank Bates Goewey.

The Hobart Lunch-Party.

Miss Alice Hobart gave a delightful lunch-party last Tuesday at her home on Van Ness Avenue as a surprise to her sister, Miss Ella Hobart. The dining-room was handsomely decorated with flowers, and all of the arrangements were in perfect taste. The menu was a delicious one and a couple of hours were devoted to its enjoyment. Those present were:

Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Miriam Moore, and Miss Julia Crocker.

The Poindexter-Mosgrove Wedding.

In Los Angeles, on Wednesday evening, December 6th, at the residence of Mr. Henry Mosgrove, uncle of the bride, Miss Elizabeth R. Mosgrove—eldest daughter of the late Samuel Mosgrove, of San Francisco—was married to Mr. Theodore Poindexter, formerly of Alameda, but for some months past located in Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the Methodist Church. Owing to the recent death of the father of the bride, the wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties and a few very intimate friends being present. Mr. N. Clifford Page, of Alameda, officiated as best man. The parlors were brightened with tasteful floral decorations, and a string orchestra stationed in the hall, played the wedding march as the bridal party entered the parlors and took positions in the large bay window.

The bride, a demi-blonde, looked lovely in a gown of white satin and Chantilly lace. She wore a small cluster of Cecil Bruner roses in her hair. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter left on a short trip to Coronado and San Diego. On their return they will reside at 903 South Olive Street. The bride received a number of handsome and costly presents from her numerous friends and relatives.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Emily G. Britton, daughter of Mrs. G. W. Britton, and Lieutenant John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, December 26th, at the First Congregational Church. Miss May, a cousin of the bride, is to be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Lillian Dean, Miss Emma Fraser, Miss Marguerita B. May, and Miss Anna Sheppard. Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr.,

U. S. A., will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathryn Voorhies, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of this city, to Mr. James Malcolm Henry, of the Louis Johnson Banking Corporation, of Washington, D. C. The wedding will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, 2111 California Street, on Monday evening, January 8, 1894. The bride-elect passed much of the past season in Washington, D. C., where she met her fiancé.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marian Albright and Mr. Howard Bray, both of Fruitvale, Alameda County.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., to Miss Blanche Bates, daughter of Mrs. F. M. Bates. The wedding will take place on February 1, 1894, at the residence of Captain H. S. Thompson, 1901 Baker Street.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence, corner of First and Bryant Streets.

Mrs. Percy Preston Moore will give a matinee tea to-day, from five until seven o'clock, at her residence, 1415 Taylor Street.

A matinee tea will be given to-day by Mrs. Asa R. Wells and the Misses Wells at their home, 1711 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Thomas R. Church will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence, 1018 Franklin Street, to introduce her daughter, Miss Genevieve Church, into society circles.

The Misses Feckheimer will give an elaborate dinner-party this evening at their residence, on Broadway, after which there will be dancing.

A bazar will be held at the residence of Mrs. John I. Sabin, 2828 California Street, on Saturday evening, December 30th, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Miss Irene Sabin, Miss Leila McDermott, and Miss Frankie Glass have the affair in charge. There will be booths for the sale of fancy goods, and among the attractions will be the presentation of *tableaux-vivants*, a comedietta, and musical selections.

The members of the Fruit and Flower Mission will give a kettledrum this afternoon and evening at Miss West's School, on Van Ness Avenue, to endeavor to raise funds to enable them to carry on their work of charity. Flowers and refreshments will be offered for sale, and the Hungarian Band will play concert music. During the evening the Glee Club of the University of California will sing.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair gave a very pleasant tea last Sunday afternoon, at their residence on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Miss Burke, who is here on a visit. Mrs. L. P. Drexler assisted them in receiving. Quite a number of friends called, and were delightfully entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave quite an elaborate dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, on Bush Street, and entertained several friends in their usual hospitable manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained a number of their friends at dinner, last Friday evening, at their residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a most enjoyable dinner-party at her residence, 1090 Eddy Street, last Wednesday evening. Covers were laid for twelve, the menu was quite elaborate, and the decorations were in exquisite taste.

Mrs. George H. Palmer gave a very pleasant matinee tea recently at her residence, 2500 Fillmore Street, in honor of her daughter, Miss Mary Palmer. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. Alden Trask, Miss Alberta Bancroft, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Whittier, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Moulder, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Rambo, and Miss McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Ethel Murphy received party-calls last Tuesday evening at their residence, on California Street, and pleasantly entertained many of their friends who were present at the matinee tea they gave last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison C. Bonnell entertained quite a number of their friends in a most pleasant manner last Tuesday evening, in their parlors at the Hotel Pleasanton. Vocal and instrumental music and a delicious supper made the affair thoroughly enjoyable.

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Mr. Jules Mersfelder, the artist, will give a talk on art next Tuesday afternoon in the parlors at the Hotel Pleasanton. He will speak of marine and landscape painting as depicted by foreign and modern masters in oils.

The Pioneer Kindergarten Society will hold its Christmas festival at Golden Gate Hall next Wednesday afternoon. The pupils of the four schools will be present. The programme will be a most interesting one.

The Abbey Cheney Amateurs will give a piano-forte and song recital this evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Alward Morey, a soprano from Boston, will appear here for the first time.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. F. W. Sharon and Miss Lena Blanding have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis at their ranch near Bakersfield.
Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers have returned from a tour of the Eastern States.
Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Jennie Catherwood are in New York city, where they will remain until next February. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne has been brightened by the advent of a son.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith are visiting New York city.
Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.
Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., is in New York city.
Dr. H. B. de Marville was recently made a Knight of the Military Order of Christ by a decree of the King of Portugal.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Taylor, wife Cole, have returned from their wedding trip, and will receive on the first Thursday of each month at their residence, 1719 Geary Street.
Mr. A. H. Wilcox is staying at the Holland House, in New York city.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith are at the Grand Union Hotel in New York city.
Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Blake have taken rooms at The Colonial for the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Hearfield left New York city last Saturday on the steamer *Lucania* for Liverpool.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe have returned from New York.

Miss Gertrude Wilson, who has been visiting the Columbian Exposition and the Eastern States for several months, has returned, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton, where she will pass the winter.
Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, who has been East for a couple of months, is expected home about Christmas.
Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger are stopping temporarily at the Palace Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sewall, wife Ashe, were in India when last heard from.
Mr. and Mrs. William Fries arrived in New York city last Monday. They will remain there during the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, and Miss May Friedlander left last Tuesday on a month's visit to New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and the mining districts of Idaho.
Mr. Louis Greenebaum and Mr. Jesse Triest have returned from a prolonged visit to the Columbian Exposition and the principal Eastern cities.

Mr. George D. Toy and family are at The Colonial, and will remain there during the winter.
Mr. Henry E. Bothin is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.
Mrs. W. H. Ball has returned from an extended Eastern trip, and is at The Colonial.
Mr. Frank B. Peterson has returned from a prolonged visit to Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and San Antonio. He was slightly injured in the railroad accident at Lordsburg, N. M., where the entire train was wrecked.

Miss C. L. Playter and Miss Grace Playter, of Oakland, are visiting friends in New York city.
Miss Minnie Houghton is expected home before Christmas, after a prolonged visit to Hon. and Mrs. Morgan C. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn.
Mr. Rothwell Hyde, who is at his vineyard near St. Helena, is expected to pass the Christmas holidays in this city.

Mrs. William S. Barnes will receive on Wednesdays at her residence, 1523 Sacramento Street.
Dr. Charles A. Clinton has returned from his European trip.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding have returned to the city after passing a couple of months in the Eastern States.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. A. Boyers and Miss Stone are staying at The Colonial.
Senator and Mrs. George C. Perkins are at the Hotel Shoreham in Washington, D. C., where they will pass the winter.
Miss Mercado is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury.
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have come up from their ranch at Bakersfield to pass the holidays here.

General W. H. Dimond returned last Wednesday from a visit to Honolulu.
Mr. Hugo Toland is here on a visit from New York to his mother, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, who is at the Hotel Pleasanton.
Mr. Ffolliott St. J. Phillips has returned to the city after a prolonged absence in Mexico and the Southern States.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., has been retired from naval service, at his own request, owing to physical disability. Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner will reside in this city henceforth.
Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed as judge-advocate of the general court-martial that is now being held at the Presidio.
Mrs. Edward Eberle, wife of Lieutenant Eberle, U. S. N., has returned to the city after an absence of eighteen months in China and Japan, and will pass the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, at their residence, 1223 Webster Street.

Surgeon William Martin, U. S. N., has returned from Marseilles, France, where he was on special duty, and has been retired from service, owing to physical disability. He will soon return to this city.
Colonel and Mrs. Evan Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Miles

are residing at 1829 Sacramento Street, and will receive on Tuesdays.
Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed to proceed to Fort Sheridan, Ill., on official business.
Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is at the Ebbitt House in Washington, D. C.
Captain J. H. Dorst, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed military attaché to the United States Legation at Vienna.
Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of three months on his leave of absence.
Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.
Lieutenant William F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the War Department exhibit at the Columbian Exposition on January 1st.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Crépeux Concert.

M. Louis Crépeux, who was formerly a member of the Paris Grand Opéra, gave his first concert here last Tuesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. He was favored with a large and fashionable audience that was well entertained by the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Trio, allegro, Beethoven, Miss Charlotte Gruenhausen, Mr. F. S. Gutterston, Mr. Emil Cruells; classic aria, "Tamerlan," Winter, M. Louis Crépeux; "Mazourka Caprice," C. Bobm, Miss Charlotte Gruenhausen; aria, "La Rue de Saba," Ch. Gounod, Mrs. Alfred Abbey; piano solo, "Caprice Espagnol," M. Moszkowski, Miss C. Jacobs; (a) "Ici Bas," mélodie, Ch. L. Hess, (b) "Henry VIII," romance, Saint-Saëns, M. Louis Crépeux; cavatina, Hugel, Mr. F. S. Gutterston; "Brunchild's Awakening," "Sigurd," act 2—E. Reyner, Mrs. Alfred Abbey; trio, minuetto, Beethoven, Miss Charlotte Gruenhausen, Mr. F. S. Gutterston, Mr. Emil Cruells; duet, "Il Flauto Magico," Mozart, Mrs. Alfred Abbey, M. Louis Crépeux.

The Putnam Song-Recital.

Miss Elizabeth W. Putnam gave a song-recital last Tuesday evening, assisted by Miss Van Wyck, accompanist, and Mr. Frederick M. Biggenstaff, pianist. The programme was short, but good, and comprised the following selections:

(a) "Souviens-toi," Robert Fischhof, (b) "Deuil d'Avril," Ch. Lenepveu, (c) "Soupir," (d) "Cant Vénitien," H. Bemberg; ballade, A. flat major, op. 47, F. Chopin; (a) "Vine, Vine, and Eglantine," Sir Arthur Sullivan, (b) "Ask Me no more," Edith Bracken; (c) "The Lark now Leaves his Wat'ry Nest," Joseph Hutton; (a) "Printemps Nouveau," Paul Vidal, (b) cantabile, from "Samson and Dalila," Camille Saint-Saëns; "Giga con variazioni," from D minor suite, op. 91, J. Raff; (a) "Come raggio di sol," Antonio Caldara (1671-1763), (b) "Lucia," Luigi Luzzi, (c) "L. Serenata," F. Paolo Tosti; (a) "Ständchen," Richard Strauss, (b) "Ich kann's nicht fassen nicht glauben," R. Schumann, (c) "Waldwundern," E. Grieg; phantasie, F sharp minor, op. 28, F. Mendelssohn; (a) "Were I But His Own Wife," James G. Maeder, (b) "The Oak and the Ash" (air popular before 1650), (c) "Fly Not Yet," Thomas Moore (air, "Plankty-Kelly").

The Rebagliati Concert.

The Rebagliati Spanish Quintet gave its first concert last Thursday evening at Metropolitan Hall, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The following excellent programme was presented:
Organ solo, "Marche Célèbre," Guilman, Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton; bass solo, "Vision Far," Massenet, Mr. Thomas Rickard; selection, "Carmen," Bizet, the Rebagliati Spanish Quintet; soprano solo, "My Fate and Thine," Watson, Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher; violin solo, "Omaggio a Verdi," Rebagliati, Mr. Rinaldo Rebagliati; double male quartet, "Lullaby," Brahms, Messrs. Graham, Shawhan, Howland, Atherton, Stadfield, Humphrey, Dickman, and Nielsen; overture, "Spiramide," Rossini, the Rebagliati Spanish Quintet; contralto solo, "Happy Days," Strelzki, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, with cello obligato by Señor F. Bracamonte; tenor solo, "The Holy City," Adams, Mr. Frank Coffin; intermezzo pizzicato, "Le Secret," Gautier; "Mexican Serenade," Langley, the Rebagliati Spanish Quintet.

The Bluetta Concert.

Mme. Carletta Bluetta, formerly of Leipsic, gave a concert last Monday evening at the First Methodist Church, in Oakland, with the assistance of Mr. H. A. Melvin, Mr. Henry Strauss, and the Henry Heyman String Quartet. The following interesting programme was presented:

Quartet, op. 44, No. 1, in D, (first movement), Mendelssohn, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. B. Jaulus, Mr. F. Knell, and Mr. F. S. Gutterston; song, "Werther to Charlotte," N. Clifford Page, Mr. H. A. Melvin; piano solo, "Variés," op. 12, No. 1, Frederic Chopin, Mr. Henry Strauss; "Ave Maria," with piano and string quartet accompaniment (violin obligato, Henry Heyman), Bach-Gounod, Mme. Carletta Bluetta; song, "Idéale," Tosti, Mr. H. A. Melvin; quartet, (a) "Traumeri," Schumann, (b) Gavotte, Arditi, the Henry Heyman String Quartet; recitative and aria, "Fidelio," Beethoven, Mme. Carletta Bluetta; piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12," Liszt, Mr. Henry Strauss.

Mr. Frank H. Belcher, the popular young tenor who has so often sung for society and charitable entertainments, has decided to go East to cultivate his voice, and will give a farewell concert and vaudeville entertainment at Metropolitan Hall next Tuesday evening. Among those who will assist him are Miss Mabel Love, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Dr. Arthur Regensburger, the Stanford Trio, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. Robert C. Mitchell, and others. The sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The will of Mrs. Kate Johnson, widow of the late R. C. Johnson, was filed for probate. Her estate consists of real property in this city and county and in Sonoma County, stocks, bonds, and other property, estimated to be worth \$2,000,000. The will was executed July 19, 1892, and is witnessed by T. B. Berry, of San Rafael, and Montell Taylor, of Oakland. The bequests are as follows:

To Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan, of San Francisco, Cal., all my pictures and valuable bibelots; also certain real property situate in San Francisco described as follows: Horner's Addition blocks, numbered 173 and 174, bounded on the north by Twenty-Ninth Street, on the east by Castro Street, on the south by Thirtieth Street, and on the west by Diamond Street; also the Gibraltar Warehouse and the lot on which the same is situated, at the south-east corner of Sansome and Filbert Streets; also such a sum of money as will, with the real and personal property aforesaid, com-

prise one-third of my entire estate, to be held in trust by him to found and endow a free hospital in San Francisco, all said money and property to be by said trustee delivered over to a corporation to be hereafter formed by a society to be composed of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, R. C. Tobin, Dr. C. F. Buckley, Dr. W. S. Thorn, and Dr. Luke Robinson, or the survivors of them, and such other persons as they or their survivors and successors in their discretion shall elect to all vacancies in said society; said corporation to be Mary's Help Hospital, a free hospital for sick women and children of the poor without regard to religion, nationality, or race, excepting such as the officers of the hospital consider dangerous to other inmates; such hospital to be conducted by the Roman Catholic sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, commonly called the Sisters of Charity, under the direction of the board of directors of said corporation; the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco to be a member of said society and ex-officio one of the board of directors of said corporation, and the other directors shall consist of one business man and three physicians, and the medical staff of the hospital shall have the right to give clinical instruction in the hospital to students and graduates of medicine.

To her sisters, Sarah J. Dillaye, Elizabeth Henry, Ritzpah B. Kellogg, and her brother, Henry Birdsall, and to Jane Birdsall, widow of her brother, \$25,000 each, subject to a provision that \$8,000 be deducted from the share of Elizabeth Henry because of a house and lot previously given her; to Henry Fenton and Bruce Fenton, sons of a deceased sister, \$10,000 each; to Adelaide Birdsall and Ben Birdsall, children of a deceased brother, \$12,500 each; to her nieces and nephews, Florence Vann, and Florence Vann, her daughter, and Dillaye Vann, her son, Fenton R. McCreary, Lizzie Welty, Ritzpah Phillips, Sarah Feindel, Adelaide Kendall, Elizabeth Bangs, Suzette Birdsall, Kate Birdsall, Grace Birdsall, and Bailey Birdsall, \$5,000 each; to her nieces, Adelaide and Katherine McCreary, \$10,000 each; to Benjamin Bangs, \$5,000; to Ida Johnston, a young girl who lived with the testatrix, \$6,000, to be held in trust until she attains the age of twenty-one years, she to have only such sums from time to time as she shall require for expenses; it is requested that Sister Rosalia, superior of the Technical School, be appointed the girl's guardian, and be given \$5,000 to cover the expenses of her living and instruction; to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. Humphrey Moore, is bequeathed \$25,000; to William Newton, of Flint, Mich., \$10,000; to Julia Sherrin Hamilton, \$2,000; to Mrs. E. Deakin, \$5,000; to Bertha Kellogg, Lillian Marsh, Katharine Marsh, and Mrs. George Cass, \$5,000 each; to the two daughters of A. H. Ward, deceased, formerly book-keeper with George C. Johnson & Co., \$2,500 each; to Julia Steere, \$2,000; to Mary and Agnes Cook, daughters of Harriet Cook, \$2,000 each; to Annie Gould, \$4,000; to Mary Gill, \$5,000; to Annie Gill, \$3,000; to Mrs. Maria Cahill, \$2,000; to John Furk, of Sonoma, \$1,000; to Islo and Vone Akiyama, \$3,000 between them; to John and Maggie Kusel, \$3,000; to George, a Japanese boy-servant, \$200; to Willie, her gardener, \$500; to Lizzie Cunningham, \$2,000; to Ernest and George Gust, \$1,000 each; to Miss Helen Shalard, \$2,000; to John Gustenberg, \$1,000; to all persons in her service at the time of her death, \$100 each; to Father Brennan, parish priest of Sonoma, \$3,000; to Father Sasia, \$5,000; to the Presentation Convent in Sonoma, \$5,000; to Joseph Schorr, \$5,000, in accordance with an agreement.

The residue of her estate the testatrix bequeathed to her sisters, Sarah J. Dillaye, Elizabeth Henry, Ritzpah Kellogg, and her brother, Henry Birdsall, the heirs of her deceased sisters and brothers, Adelaide Fenton, Benjamin Birdsall, and Maurice Birdsall. Each of the brothers and sisters or, if dead, their legal representatives, are to receive one-seventh.

The will names Father John J. Prendergast, James M. Taylor, and Benjamin James to serve as executors, without bonds. Father Prendergast has declined, and in accordance with the terms of the will, has appointed Michael Flood to serve in his place.

President Carnot in the Pommeroy Cellars.

The day was a very flattering one for the house of Pommeroy. The establishment on the Boulevard Gerbert was fronted by a grand triumphal arch bearing the inscription, "Vive la République," and the court-yards and cellars presented a grand sight. The flags of all friendly nations were displayed.

After the reception by the city authorities, the Cross of the Legion of Honor was presented by the president to M. Vasnier, as the representative of the trade of Reims, and as the assistant and successor of Mme. Pommeroy in the philanthropic cause for which she was so well known. M. Carnot, in decorating M. Vasnier, accompanied the ceremony with a few impressive remarks, and expressed his gratification in having an opportunity of distinguishing one of the champions of France's fame. Among the medals that were distributed we note the following to persons engaged with the house: A gold medal to M. Victor Lambert, a silver medal to Emile Porot, and a bronze medal to Victor Cayot.

After the banquet, at which M. Vasnier was present, the president paid a visit to the establishment of the house. He was received with all the honors, and first paid his attention to the bust of Mme. Pommeroy, by the distinguished sculptor, Charailland. M. Vasnier and Mme. Louise Pommeroy, Comtesse de Polignac, then presented to the head of the state a glass of Pommeroy. While he was enjoying it, a choir of children sang a beautiful song composed for the occasion.—*La Depeche l'Est.*

Christmas Presents.

If you are hunting Christmas presents or want nice things at fair prices, such as silver novelties, albums, plush sets, decorated china, statuary, framed pictures, onyx tables, Christmas-cards and souvenirs, go to Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street, where you can get nice, clean, honest goods at fair prices.

They have no job-lots to offer at fifty cents on the dollar, consequently you will get full value for your money. The display of decorated china by members of the Ceramic Club is delighting hundreds of visitors every day. Open evenings until Christmas.

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fé Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel Del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. V. Huber, 420 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

FOR THE WINTER STYLES IN FINE NECKWEAR and gloves call on J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

XNAS NOVELTIES IN BASKETS AND CANDIES at the new candy store, 205 Sutter Street.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Duke of Leinster, just dead, and the duchess were at a great London ball. The duke was bored, as the husbands of professional beauties usually are, and wanted to go home. The duchess refused, so the duke went home by himself and ordered the lights out and the front door locked. When the duchess was surfeited with flattery and supper she went home, only to find herself barred out. She threw herself down in her diamonds and finery before her own door and wept bitterly. The duke finally let her in, after exacting a promise that she would allow him to regulate her hours thereafter. "Did the duke do right, or was he an unmanly brute?" is the question which now agitates the young married men. There is no doubt that some of them have a hard time to get their wives to bed. Pretty married women invariably have a better time at balls than their husbands do. Society pays special homage to young married women. The little debutantes are fairly overshadowed and suppressed by them. The men flock about them, flirt with them, dance with them, sup with them, and keep them up and amused until all hours. Their husbands, at first flattered by all this attention bestowed upon their wives, become bored by it in time. They find themselves grouped together in the supper-room after dancing has been resumed in the ball-room; they fall into the habit of going off to their clubs for a game of cards, telling their wives that they will return at three A. M.; a very few of them may have "mashes" of their own, with whom they contrive to pass the time, and fewer still are fond enough of their wives to stand round the ball-room door and watch their wives accumulate the German favors which they will have to lug home. No one can decoy, theo, that nine-tenths of the men who have married beauties are bored to death by the late hours they are forced to keep. If a husband allows his wife to go out without him, society immediately busies itself with the so-called bit of scandal, and makes matters ten times worse. Now, what would these wives say if he asks a writer in the *Recorder* if they were treated as the Duchess of Leinster was by her noble lord and master? How many husbands are there who would dare to lock their wives out at night; who would have the nerve to treat the avenue to the spectacle of a beautiful woman praying for admittance at a front door at four o'clock in the morning?

Some people are proceeding to earnest protests against a dress that is actually being worn by many lady cyclists in Paris, and that is making way in England. It is a costume like that used for ladies' gymnastics, consisting of full knickerbockers and a loose jacket belted round the waist, and made with skirts long enough to cover the knees, to which gaiters, from the shoes to the knees, are sometimes added. In much the same sort of dress have fashionable Englishwomen gone shooting with the men on the moors, or fishing in the Scotch salmon waters, for years past; but the objectors evidently are unaware of this, and the middle-class girl who wears it will have to bear the brunt of the attack that waits on novelty.

Among attractive and useful things for Christmas gifts (says the *Bazar*) are pocket-books, card-cases, or both combined, made of the various fancy leathers, mounted with silver or gold. New pocket-books are nearly square. Card-cases are enlarged to take in the square cards of ladies, or else are extremely small, for holding men's cards. Lizard, kangaroo, pig, or seal are the skins most used. There are also many odd books of elephant-skin, camel, giraffe, or zebra, while small frog-skins are large. Pocket-cases for letters and papers are of leather, mounted in silver, and make excellent gifts for men; they cost \$8.50 and upward. Bill-books and check-books are the same price. Men's card-cases of leather, without metal, are \$1.50, and pocket-books to match are \$4, while combinations of both are \$5. The fad for Dutch silver continues, and many effective pieces of quaint design and pierced-work decoration are of light weight that brings them within the reach of contracted purses. A low vase for a few flowers is \$7. Small and pretty dishes for lump-sugar are \$4. A sugar-sifter of good size, but light and much pierced, is \$7.50, and at the same price is a broad flat knife for serving cakes or fried oysters. A bell for the tea-table or library represents a mediæval lady with spreading skirts, and costs \$11. The quaintest of Dutch tea-caddies is \$12. Low and broad candlesticks are \$12 to \$15. Bonbon boxes are in slipper shape, and little trays may be used for either jewels or hair-pins. While pens of jade, with gold and jeweled tips, are shown for millionaires, there are also pen-holders of silver sold for \$1, with *repoussé* blossoms from end to end, handsome enough to please the most fastidious. A book-marker and paper-knife of dark silver has for a handle a tiny youth doffing his hat, and "Your Page" is inscribed on the blade below, the whole costing but \$1.75. An envelope-opener and paper-knife is a long slender dagger of bright silver, with carved handle, for \$2.50. For the same price is a useful combination of an ink-eraser and letter-opener. For the work-basket are silver cherubs for silk-winders, a pair with outspread wings costing \$2.50. For the library-table and desk are useful letter-clips, for \$2.50, of varied kinds.

Bonbonnières and trinket-boxes of silver gilt in open designs have mother-of-pearl tops holding a small miniature. Prayer-book markers, with three ribbons holding a cross, an anchor, and a heart of silver, are \$1.75, while those with gold pendants are \$3.75. Pencil-holders of silver are 50 cents. Bag-tags of silver, with the name and address engraved, are \$1.25. Whist-counters in the shape of coins are \$3.25. A small pocket-comb is \$3 when of tortoise-shell and silver. For travelers is a drinking-glass included in a silver case. Among trifles for the table are individual pepper-boxes of bright silver for \$1.50 each. Bonbon dishes of new deep shape, with much carving on the round or oval brim, are \$8.75, and if a small pair of tongs is added, the gift comes within \$10. A pretty little stand for holding a tea-ball is \$5.75. Small vases of silver beautifully chased are \$15, and those in the taller cylinder shape are \$40. For personal adornment are inexpensive corsage-pins of silver in graceful sword shape, five or six inches long, the hilt studded with turquoises or garoets; a slight chain holds the scabbard, and the price is \$3.50. Other quaint brooches, representing South American beetles in enamel and dark-tinted silvers, are \$7. Prettiest of all is the moss rose-bud pin, the bud of pink enamel, with calyx and leaves of silver, for \$5.75. More costly are the dragon-fly brooches of transparent enamel, showing lovely iridescent hues, for \$16. A long chain for the locket or watch, made of silver in fine links, with large balls at intervals, costs from \$7 to \$10. Pretty little open-faced American watches of silver, enameled with bright blue, are \$15, while others, provided with a brooch for attaching them, are of transparent enamel of rich color on silver, and cost \$26. Very beautiful pierced work in silver forms comb-shaped tops of hair-pins that are only \$3. Garters of light-colored ribbons have a silver heart daintily chased beside the bow that affects to fasten them, and are sold for \$4.50 a pair.

The Frenchwoman of late has made wonderful strides in taking healthy and vigorous exercise, and, seemingly, throws herself thoroughly into the enjoyment of them. A stranger to Paris would be struck at the numbers of women—old and young, fat and slim, ugly and pretty—who are to be seen in the Bois every morning pedaling their bicycles along, arranged in all manner of *chic* and fantastic costumes. In the afternoon, he would see the same fair ones at one of the many fencing-schools, and, in the evening, might find them indefatigably skating, either on real ice at the Pôles Nord or at the Columbia Skating Rink on rollers. After a programme like this, who shall dare to insinuate that Frenchwomen are lazy?

A young person has been writing an article on the bringing up of mothers. Thirty years ago mothers were not brought up; they just grew. They wore caps early, gave up dancing when their children were in short frocks and knickerbockers, and developed all sorts of incorrect ideas about chaparrons and flirtations. Formerly the young idea was trained the way it should go. Now the old tree is pruned and pared into shape. Girls have assumed the responsibility of looking after their mothers. Mothers are kept to see to a well-ordered house, coax refractory fathers, and attend to bores. They must, moreover, be ornamental, look well at the head of the table, dress becomingly, keep up with the fashions, look nice when the girls take them out with them, and smile encouragingly at the young men. Now are their morals forgotten. Frequently one hears a girl say: "It is an interesting show, but not one I'd care to take my mother to."

In London, when a woman wearing a tiny silver star meets a man with a silver star, she will say: "How d'ye do, brother?" and he replies: "How d'ye do, sister?" Either is the one privileged to extend any courtesy or ask any favor of the other, without the act being misapprehended. If, for example, she desires an escort to the theatre, she can ask a man to go with her without his thinking she is expressing a too flattering preference for his society. If he wishes her companionship on any occasion, she accepts it in the spirit it is offered. Owing to men's conceit, nice girls are afraid to behave naturally to young men. Owing to the conceit of the girls, men are afraid their attentions will carry more weight than they intend. "The Order of the Silver Star" (says the *Evening Sun*) arises out of the necessities of a social civilization, in which men and women are more and more indispensable to one another. For this the new organization provides. Otherwise, it is called the "Anti-Matrimonial League." This by no means prohibits marriage. In fact, it has been called the "Anti-Matrimonial League." But this was by persons ineligible to membership. Neither widows nor widowers are admitted.

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I had for dinner
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

While in the show business in Pennsylvania, Artemus Ward was put to sleep in an attic where the sash had been taken out for ventilation. In the night it turned cold. Artemus got up, and was hasty at the window. "What are you doing, Artemus?" his companion asked. "I'm so cold," he chattered; "I was hanging up some of these hoop-skirts. I thought they'd keep the coldest of the cold out."

The story is told of a parent who had become a recent convert to hypnotism. His small son, who had heard him discussing the subject, asked what hypnotism was. He did not answer, but with the imperative manner of a professional mesmerist, said: "Now, Jimmie, do you hear? That is not a clock, but a dicky-bird, chip, chip!" Jimmie turned and fled precipitately, crying: "Mamma! Mamma! Papa's got the jim-jams!"

A party of tourists went to visit a famous chateau on the Loire. On entering one of the rooms, the guide remarked: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the hall in which the Duke of Guise was assassinated." "Pardon me," interrupted one of the tourists, "when I came here three years ago, you told me it was in a room in the other wing." Thereupon the cicerone replied, with perfect serenity: "Yes; but the chateau was then undergoing repairs."

Charles the Second, for whom the Earl of Rochester made this epitaph: "Never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," could convey a reproof with wit and gentleness. When Penn stood before him, with his hat on, the king took off his own. "Friend Charles," said the Quaker, "why dost thou not put on thy hat?" "Tis the custom of this place," returned the king, "that never more than one person should be covered at a time."

A gentleman entered Mr. Lincoln's private office, in the spring of 1832, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President; "why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there are a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who takes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than two hundred thousand others passes to Richmond, and not one of them has got there yet."

As the Duke of Marlborough was one day riding with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing the cloak immediately, he called for it again. The servant, being embarrassed with the straps and huckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot and said, very coolly: "Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

A prominent Englishman was dining lately in Paris with the British Minister (says the *Bazar*), and next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle. The conversation drifted to a discussion of things American, and the Briton made some rather disagreeable remarks. "Why, d'ye know," he continued, "at some of the places I dined in America, I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the table-cloth." The American girl was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied, with an apparent unconcern: "What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord!" There was no more unpleasant talk about America that evening.

Kate Field's *Washington* tells of a millionaire who was known as being exacting in his demands upon his employees. One of these having been drawn for jury service asked leave of absence, saying that he had no reasonable excuse to offer. "You can go if you like," said Mr. Moneybags, "but if you go you need not come back again." The man went to the judge and asked to be excused from service, saying that his employer had threatened his discharge in case of his absence. "Who is your employer?" "Mr. Moneybags." "Ah," said the judge, dryly, "your reason is sufficient." Then turning to an officer at hand: "Summon Mr. Moneybags as this

man's substitute. From Mr. Moneybags no excuse will be accepted."

In his younger days Sir Richard F. Burton belonged to a regiment of which the colonel was one Henry Corsellis, and neither his color nor his temper was in his favor. Burton had been making doggerel rhymes on men's names at mess, and, knowing something of the commanding officer's touchiness, passed him over, whereupon he took offense; and, seeing well that he was in for a row, Burton said: "Very well, colonel, I will write your epitaph," which was as follows:

"Here lieth the body of Colocod Corsellis;
The rest of the fellow, I fancy, is hell is."
"After which," concludes Burton, "we went at it hammer and tongs."

Old John, the orangeman, that historical personage who presides over the affections of Harvard men (says the *Boston Budget*), was showing strangers through the yard at Harvard. On every hand they saw the college seal, hearing this motto: "Christo et Ecclesiae." Not heing on speaking terms with Cicero, Caesar, and the other Romans, this did nothing but to arouse their curiosity. Finally they asked John. "I say!" said one of the visitors, "I see these words everywhere. Can you tell me what they mean?" John looked carefully at the Latin inscription, hit his pipe a little harder, and then replied, gravely: "O! don't jist know, hut Oi tink it means 'To h— wid Yale.'"

James Payn tells of a connoisseur in giants who discovered one at Cremorne Gardens, and in an evil hour flattered him. "You are a fine fellow," he said; "you should not allow yourself to be exhibited with the straight-haired negress at sixpence a head. You should have more self-respect, and insist upon a separate show all to yourself." "But do you think our proprietor," said the giant, "will agree to that? His temper is short." "Yes, but his head is long; he knows your value." Advice *gratis* was, in this case, a misnomer, for the next day the giant arrived in a cab—half in and half out of it—at his new friend's house. "I did as you told me," he said, "and have got the sack, so I must stay with you till I get another place." The connoisseur always spoke of the ten days during which that giant was his guest as the most terrible experience in housekeeping of his life.

A detachment from one of the French armies under Napoleon was once passing through a small town in a Roman Catholic part of Germany, when the troops being in want of provisions, the general sent to require a certain amount to be furnished by a convent at a very short distance from the town. The superior consulted with the monks, and all agreed in not complying with the general's request; but it was resolved that an apologetic letter should be written in Latin. Napoleon, not having had a classical education, did not understand a word of it, and gave it to his secretary to read. The secretary gathered that it was a refusal of the supplies. "How!" cried the general; "do the rascals dare not only to refuse my demands, but also to write to me in Latin?" He then directed his secretary to write them as follows: "Fripionibus de moinibus si vous ne m'en envoyibz instantanhus, je mettrai le feu à votre conventibus, et je vous feral pendihus, toutihus." This may be freely translated thus: "You rascally monksihus, if you do not sendihus to me instantly, I will burn down your conventibus and hangihus you allihus." The monks, seized with a mortal panic, at once sent the desired supplies.

Kidney Trouble.

Some most excruciating pain comes from derangement of the kidneys. This is the testimony of Senator Henry C. Nelson of New York as to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in such cases: "On the 27th of February, 1883, I was taken with a violent pain in the region of the kidneys. I suffered such agony that I could hardly stand up. As soon as possible I applied two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, one over each kidney, and laid down. In an hour, to my surprise and delight, the pain had vanished and I was well. I wore the plasters for a day or two as a precaution, and then removed them. I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the last ten years, and have always found them the quickest and best remedy for colds, strains, and rheumatic affections. From my experience I believe they are the best plasters in the world."

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|------------|--|-----------|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... | 6:45 A. |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... | 7:15 P. |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa..... | 6:15 P. |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville..... | 4:15 P. |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... | 8:45 P. |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... | * 8:45 P. |
| 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 6:15 P. |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | * 6:15 P. |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... | * 9:00 P. |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... | 9:45 A. |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... | 10:45 A. |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José..... | 8:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... | 10:45 A. |
| 5:00 P. | Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... | 9:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... | 9:45 A. |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... | 7:45 A. |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... | 8:45 P. |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... | 10:45 A. |

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| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... | 6:20 P. |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... | * 11:50 A. |
| 4:15 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... | 9:50 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations..... | † 7:20 P. |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

| | | |
|------------|--|------------|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations..... | 2:45 P. |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... | 6:26 P. |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... | 5:06 P. |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 4:15 P. |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... | * 10:40 A. |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... | * 9:47 A. |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | * 8:06 A. |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... | 8:48 A. |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... | 6:35 A. |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... | † 7:26 P. |

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—
*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 and 11:00 A. M. *12:30
*1:00 *2:00 3:00 *4:00 5:00 and 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—6:00 *7:00
8:00 *9:00 10:00 and *11:00 A. M. *12:00 12:30
2:00 *3:00 4:00 and *5:00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted—
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only. * Monday, Wednesday, and Friday only.

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NOTE—When the sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched following Monday.

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China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 30, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, February 17, at 3 P. M.

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Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 9, 1894

Belgie.....Thursday, February 8

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 27

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As day broke over the port of Balsora, on Saturday evening, Cupid, in a white tunic and trunks, a pair of wings, and a bow and arrow, came peacocking—the word may not be in the Century dictionary, but it is highly descriptive—on to the stage of the Grand Opera House, and, in a voice that would have filled a parrot with envy, began “unfolding the plot”—it is of no consequence what it was—to the aroused inhabitants of Balsora.

Cupid, with her little, nancing walk and her little, squeaking voice, goes parroting and peacocking all through the play. She—it is a female Cupid, by the way—is the good genius of the persecuted good people, and the awarder of justice to the persecuting bad people. She comes in and aims her little bow and arrow, and wickedness takes to its heels and virtue is rewarded. If one's memory mistake not, this is the same Cupid who some years ago went through the same repertoire at the Baldwin. It does not seem probable that two people—even though they come from Chicago—could have that kind of voice.

Other old familiar faces and old familiar voices were there. Henry Norman is still the only talented person in the company. His song is still the only clever one in the piece. His voice is still the only good one heard during the evening. He has an absurd part, and has to make merry with his head-dress and his heels. That he triumphs over his surroundings and manages to make something of the idiocies intrusted to him in the dialogue, proves that there is still some spirit left in him. “Sinbad” has not quite crushed him. He may even survive another season or two of Chicago extravaganza. But it must be a terrible ordeal. Fancy listening to those ghastly jokes night after night! Chicago can stand them, but Chicago can stand things that would bow the crested head and tame the heart of fire of any other metropolis in the republic and leave it prone in the dust.

The irrepressible Mr. Foy is also to the fore. He still furnishes the gods with much unalloyed delight. He still chants his merry roundelays with a fine, sweeping disregard for tune or time. He still recounts many jokes that we may imagine Aaron telling Moses to enliven the tedium of their forty years' stay in the wilderness. He still makes puns in a way that would have made Theodore Hook blush for his lost laurels. And he still, for some unexplained, unaccountable, unknown reason, seems to fill with rapturous, appreciative joy the hearts of a large number of spectators, of which, it is but charitable to suppose, only three-quarters are fools and the other quarter are there to see what it is that the fools find so funny.

While the gentlemen have remained, and are still sturdily holding the fort, the two leading ladies have deserted. Miss Eissing and Miss Mülle no longer cast the spell of their beauty and the glamour of their singing over “Sinbad.” Their places have been filled by Miss Louise Royce and Miss Frankie Raymond, who wear some fine feathers and warble some cheerful ditties, and appear to be still blithe and gay as befits two strangers not yet crushed and subdued by the creeping melancholy that invades the soul at the performance of “Sinbad.” Miss Royce is not ill-looking, and wears many costumes which in diversity of hue and richness of fabric make up for their scarcity of material. The dreadful old-maid parody is still there, and is as horribly dull and vulgar as ever. It is very strange that this sort of thing should amuse people. Such humor as there is about it is as old as the jokes of the boarding-house turkey and the mother-in-law. If they must have jokes that have had the sanction of public approval for some years, why can not they take a few good, well-seasoned ones out of *Life* and *Puck* instead of going back to the days when New York was in the possession of the British and “the third George was king”?

The extravaganza itself has not suffered much change. Age has not withered it, and its infinite variety has not been tampered with in an effort to make it any more varied. It is just as it used to be, except that there is some new scenery and many new costumes. The dialogue is as sordid in its dullness as ever, the story as flat as such a splendid story can be made by the interpolations of innumerable “gags,” gallery witticisms, local jests, and topical allusions. If the plain story of “Sinbad the Sailor” was plainly told in simple, straightforward dialogue, then the performance would have at least the attraction of presenting that beautiful fairy tale in a beautiful setting. But the fine story is clogged and hampered by the refuse of the “funny columns” of half the papers in the country, and its original, oriental beauty is lost sight of under the heaping up of farcical and witticisms.

That such a performance should draw well for one season is comprehensible, but that it should draw well season after season is astonishing and depressing. What can be the intellectual level of the average men and women who take pleasure in this stale and vulgar show? Is the sense of color so highly developed in “the great middle class” that it revels in a burlesque where—to give the devil his due—there is a feast of color, always cleverly and at times artistically blended? Do Mamie and the young man with whom she “keeps company” so rejoice in a mingling of rich and sumptuous hues that they take pleasure in patronizing “Sinbad,” and “Ali Baba,” and “The Crystal Slipper”?

The vogue that these pieces have enjoyed is very singular and puzzling. The Kiralfys, who gave the best performances in this style given in this country since the days of the Ravels and the Foxes, finally broke down for lack of patronage. To see the difference between what is good and what is poor in this line of theatrical representation, one has only to recall the performance of “Around the World in Eighty Days” that the Kiralfys gave some years ago at the old California theatre and compare it with the performance of “Sinbad” at the Opera House today. In the former there was a coherent, interesting story, its course unimpeded by slang or silly burlesque, a fine ballet, in which some of the dancers were premières of real talent, a few actors and actresses who took their characters seriously and acted, if not brilliantly, at least not idiotically, and a medley of colors and costumes which, if not so gorgeous as those of “Sinbad,” were quite as artistic in grouping and blending.

In “Sinbad” we hear a very dull dialogue used to relate a very good story, which is continually stopped for the introduction of outside burlesque bits, a little singing which is neither well done nor pretty, an inordinate amount of slang and stupidly vulgar gags. We see a large ballet, which does not boast half a dozen good dancers, and four or five actors and actresses, the only clever one of whom came from the Tivoli, while any one of the others could be equaled, if not excelled, by the Tivoli actors of to-day. The whole merit of “Sinbad,” therefore, lies in the scenic effects and the costumes. Both these are well done, are what they are advertised to be—handsome, new, harmonious, and artistic. That fine clothes, well-chosen color effects, and resplendent scenery are so much admired that they can pack the Grand Opera House while Coquelin and Hading could hardly half fill it, is a melancholy and an astonishing state of things.

It may be said for the honor of the country that “Sinbad” seems to draw its most faithful admirers from the masses rather than from the classes. The intensest appreciators of the brilliant Mr. Foy seem to be descended gods who have swarmed down from the galleries to greet their pet with welcoming applause. And, of course, the masses are more numerous than the classes, and, when they turn out to do homage to a favorite, they make a very fine showing. Financially speaking, it is a great deal better to be the object of their not very discriminating homage than the recipient of the extremely limited and stingily bestowed admiration of the cultured few. If Coquelin and Hading, when they next return, would enliven their repertoire with some cheerful bits of burlesque and the careful introduction of the song-and-dance element, they would probably fill the Opera House and have the glad satisfaction of seeing a sign of “Standing-Room Only” hanging out over the box-office. San Francisco does not, however, have to take the booby prize. It is Chicago that furnishes forth and launches out upon the stormy waters the “Sinbad” extravaganzas, and it was in Chicago that Coquelin and Hading are said to have played to audiences to which their Grand Opera House audiences were surging crowds.

Still, while San Francisco has it upon its conscience that it let the greatest comedian of the age play to half-empty benches and turned out in a body to see a stupid, commonplace extravaganza, it can not make any rash brags about artistic taste. It was a very hopeful sign when the theatre-going public rose in revolt against the whaleboned art of Blanche Walsh. It showed that the wild and woolly was getting tamed down and domesticated. Before this, when the gorge of the public rose at farce comedy, it really looked as though we had struggled out of the savage state, and the optimistic prophets began to have high hopes of an artistic millennium near at hand. The success of “Sinbad” and the comparative failure of the French actors rather dash these. Still Rome was not built in a day, and it is said that a people in the process of civilization often have unaccountable backward lapses into their original state of barbarism, which are only temporary and must be patiently endured in the hopes of the good times coming.

At the theatres during the week beginning December 18th: The American Extravaganza Company in “Sinbad” at the Grand Opera House; the stock company in “La Fille de Madame Angot” at the Tivoli; Charles Dickson in “Admitted to the Bar”; and Katie Putnam in “The Little Maverick.”

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Belasco's new play for next year will be called “Heart of Maryland,” and Mrs. Louise Leslie Carter will return to the stage in one of its rôles.

Rosina Vokes is ending her theatrical career in Washington. Heart disease is said to be the cause of her retirement. She will soon join her sisters, also retired actresses, in London.

“La Fille de Madame Angot” will be revived at the Tivoli Opera House until just before Christmas, when an elaborate holiday spectacle, entitled “The Island of Jewels,” will be produced.

Mme. Melba is said to be very beautiful and very haughty, and her associates of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York call her Mme. la Duchesse—not to her face. They also speculate as to when Le Petit Duc will appear in Gotham.

Camille d'Arville's starring season for next year is an assured fact, so far as a contract signed with Manager John Stetson can make it so. Her repertoire will consist of “Venus” and another new opera, “Camilla,” which is now being written by the same authors, Byrne, Harrison, and Kerker.

An international match in which American millions are set against British rank is the theme of a play now running at Terry's Theatre in London. It is called “Gudgeons,” and has been generally praised, one critic declaring it second only to “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.” The gudgeons are an American “oil king” and his pretty daughter, and they are almost landed by a ruined scamp, but the latter's schemes fail and the girl happily marries the scamp's worthy young nephew.

We do not hear of negotiations for the American rights to Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, “Utopia (Limited),” not because it is not a success, but because D'Oyly Carte is hesitating between two bundles of hay. John Stetson has made a very tempting offer for the New England rights, but will not touch the opera outside of his particular territory, while Manager Palmer has made another tempting offer for the American rights outright, all or nothing. How it will all come out the cable will probably inform us in a few days.

Christmas night (December 25th) has been set for the premiere of the Palmer stock-company season at the Baldwin, which will remain closed until then. Oscar Wilde's social satire, “Lady Windermere's Fan” is to be the opening play, and a succession of notable Eastern and London successes will follow it during the four months' engagement. The revised 1st of the company is as follows:

Wilton Lackaye, J. H. Stoddard, E. M. Holland, Edward Bell, George Fawcett, Walden Ramsey, Reuben Fox, J. A. Thompson, Carroll Fleming, Hugo Toland, H. S. Milward, Alfred Beck, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss May Brooklyn, Miss Jennie Eustice, Miss Ida Conquest, Miss Madeline Bouton, Miss Ann Urhart, Miss Rose Barrington, Miss Staunton Heron, Miss Ellen Prom, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

Henry Irving spoke of the ambition of some literary workers to distinguish themselves as dramatists, at a dinner of the American Dramatists' Club, in New York, recently, and being asked his opinion of Tennyson's play-making, replied that, in his opinion, the great poet might have become a very successful dramatist if he had begun when young, in time to get the requisite training. In his latter years it was his fondest hope and most strenuous endeavor to write a play that would gain a place for him in stage literature, and in the case of “Becket,” he was willing and glad to give permission for all the alterations that were deemed necessary to make it presentable in action.

Adam Eck, a blind pugilist of Ohio, has issued a challenge to fight any blind man in that State for a wager.

“Our Society” Blue Book.

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Robert C. Mitchell, Mr. Richard Whelan, Mr. David
McLaughlin, Dr. W. H. Siebert, R. Fletcher Tilton,
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A WOMAN'S WAY.

Why Mrs. Muggins Telephoned for her Husband.

The telephone message, as repeated to him by one of the clerks in the office, was: "Come home as quick as you can," and, of course, it startled him. "Was any reason given?" he asked.

"No; that was the only message," returned the clerk; "it was to be given to you the moment you came in."

"Some one must be sick," he said, "or there has been an accident. Was it a woman's voice?"

"Yes, sir; and she seemed to be excited."

"My wife!" he exclaimed. "Something has happened to the childre."

A cable-car would take him home quicker than anything else, but, somehow, the cable-cars that day seemed barely to move, and he nervously shifted about on the seat and thought of all the horrible things imaginable. The house might have been huroed, or one of the children might have been run over. They were always running out into the street, and there were some people in the neighborhood who had a trick of speeding their horses along there in spite of the ordinances. Or the children might have been stolen or lost, or the clothing of one might have caught fire from the gas-stove. Or possibly his wife had been hurt and a neighbor had dooe the telephoning. One never knows how many things he can conjure up until he finds himself on his way to face some unknown evil. The most consoling thing that he could think of was that possibly it was only a case of burglary.

His wife was waiting for him on the corner of the street on which he lived, so his mind was relieved on one score—she was not hurt. But the fact that she had come to the corner to wait for him indicated something serious, and, in addition, he could see that she was terribly agitated.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried, as he jumped off the car; "oh, it seemed as if you never would come."

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he half ran down the street with her.

"I went out oo to the steps for a moment," she explained, as they chased along, "and the wind blew the door shut, and I was locked out. I didn't have my latch-key. Aod no one knows what may have happened."

"Oh, I guess there's no great harm done," he said, considerably relieved.

"Oh, you don't know all—you don't understand!" she exclaimed; "give me your key. Here we are oow."

He had visions of the children playing with carving-knives and hatchets, as he followed her into the house. She made straight for the kitchen, but stopped in the doorway.

"I knew it!" she cried—"I knew it! Burned to a crisp!"

"What?" he asked, aghast, trying to look over her shoulder.

"The roast that I left in the stove," she replied.

"And the children?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, they're playing in the back-yard."

"Rats!" he said, fiercely. "Mrs. Muggins, you make me tired—d—d tired."

He jammed his hat down on his head and went out again. And he did not come back for dinner—in fact, it was midnight before he got back, and then his first words were: "Mrs. Muggins, you're sheven kinds of a—hic—sensationalist, burglar alarm, an' drink provoker. Shee? You'd—hic—drive a total abshainer to abshiothe cocktails and push-cafees."—*Chicago Post.*

The Art Association.

The San Francisco Art Association commenced its loan exhibition of paintings at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance of members and guests, who enjoyed the music and an inspection of the many paintings, some of which are among the best examples of high art that we have in our private galleries. The exhibition will be open about four weeks more. On Thursday evening a concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, and the following programme was presented:

Organ, overture, "Zampa," Herold, Mr. Henry Strauss; arie, "Nobil Signor" ("Les Huguenots"), Meyerbeer, Miss Florence J. Doane; violin solo, "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," Gounod, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "If Doughty Deeds my Lady please," Sullivan, Mr. G. B. McBride; organ solo, (a) fugue in C sharp minor, Bach, (b) nocturne, Chopin, Mr. Henry Strauss; song, "To Sevilla," Dessauer, Miss Florence J. Doane; violin solo, romance op. 87, Jadasohn, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Only in Dreams," De Koven, Mr. G. B. McBride; organ solo, "Selections," Wagner.

The Manchester Canal, now finished, has cost the lives of one hundred and fifty-eight men, the permanent injury of one hundred and eighty-six, and the temporary injury of one thousand four hundred and four.

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DCCXXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 17, 1893.

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Broiled Shad, Mashed Potatoes.
Steamed Beef.
Green Peas, Oyster-Plant Fritters.
Roast Leg of Veal, Stuffed.
Carrot Salad.
Pineapple Ice-Cream.
Mixed Cakes.
Coffee.

STEAMED BEEF—Take some slices of cold roast beef, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or walnut catsup, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of currant jelly, one saltspoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper. A little raw, finely chopped onion may be added. Steam in a double kettle half an hour. The beef must be underdone.

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There were sixteen hearse in the funeral procession of the victims of the bomb thrown in the Liceo Opera House in Barcelona, and fifty thousand persons watched it file through the streets. Some interesting details of the outrage are given by a correspondent of the *Independent*, who writes:

"Friday was the first sunny day since the bomb was thrown in the Opera House, and every one appeared in the streets. No one thought of passing a friend without stopping to exchange congratulations and ask questions. My friends spoke to me about how fortunate it was that the American war ships did not delay here as was first planned. The police report of the disaster shows that eighteen pieces of shell penetrated the box which was offered by the Spanish officials for the use of our navy men if they remained there for the opening performance. It is lucky the admiral changed his plan.

"Some of my friends had very narrow escapes. One of them found a stranger in his seat, and so went to a box for a few minutes. After the explosion, the stranger was found dead. A business acquaintance of mine was going back to his seat when the explosion took place, and those in the seats next to his were horribly wounded. It looks now as if all places of amusement would be closed, as the people are so nervous. The city has been placed under military law. There is less monotony here than in the other countries in which I have lived.

"On Sunday I had a long walk with a friend, and, although it was Sunday afternoon, the streets were not crowded, and we missed many familiar faces. The truth is, the people fear bombs will be thrown in the streets, and so they stay at home."

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"I know I'm a little irritable, John, but if I had to live my life again I'd marry you just the same." "H'm! I have my doubts about it."—Judy.

Professor of logic—"I put my hat down in the room, I can not see it anywhere; there has been nobody in besides myself; ergo, I am sitting on it."—Ex.

Bridegroom (at the end of the wedding)—"Well, I am glad it is all over." Married friend—"All over? Great Scott, man! You have only just commenced!"—Puck.

Lady of the house (just returned from a visit)—"Poor Polly! All alone so long!" Parrot (feverishly)—"Give me a stack of whites."—Detroit Tribune.

Judge—"If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stocking feet?" Burglar—"I heard there was sickness in the family, your honor."—Puck.

"My papa gave me a dollar for Christmas," said Tommy. "My, how nice! What did you do with it?" "I lent it to papa the day after Christmas," said Tommy.—Puck.

"And what," said the New York man to the Boston girl, "did you get in your stocking this morning?" "Not much," said she; and then she blushed so that her glasses cracked.—Puck.

She—"I am not up in the language of flowers. What did that hunch of Jacqueminots mean that you sent me?" He—"I don't get the translation from the florist until the end of the month."—Life.

Mrs. Peachblow—"Why does your husband carry such a tremendous amount of life insurance when he's in such perfect health?" Mrs. Flicker—"Oh, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel."—Life.

Miss Pinkerly—"I hope you will see me in a new gown when you call again." Young Tuttle—"When do you expect to get it, Miss Clara?" Miss Pinkerly—"Oh, not for several weeks!"—Puck.

"Dear father," wrote James from his college, "if you don't let me have the money, the boys will think me stingy and miserly." "Dear son," replied his parent, "they will then, perhaps, call you a close student."—Chicago Record.

"Some men have the sense of touch developed to an extent that is little short of phenomenal." "Yes, indeed! There's Closeboy, for instance. I've known him to say he hadn't a cent before I opened my lips."—Detroit Tribune.

Housekeeper—"Trying to get to Boston, eh?" Tramp—"Yes, mum; an' if y'll give me a little to help me on my way—" Housekeeper—"Now, what do you expect to do when you get to Boston? Tell me that." Tramp—"I intend, mum, to call on Mr. Atkinson, an' get his recipe for livin' on ten cents a week."—New York Weekly.

An envious contemporary (to Miss Budlong)—"And so you are really engaged to Mr. Timid Smithkins?" Miss Budlong (quite provokingly)—"Yes, dear; and I want you to suggest something sweet and tender to go in my engagement-ring." Envious contemporary—"If I were in your place, I'd just have the simple word 'Eureka.'"—Puck.

The seedy individual, hlear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central depot, the other morning, and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him. "How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked. "Five cents." "And a steak?" "Ten cents." "Fried eggs?" "Five cents." "Potatoes?" "Five cents." "Bread and butter?" "Five cents." "Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?" "Oh, no." Then he ran his hand down into his pocket. "Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head; "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—Detroit Free Press.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The special message of President Cleveland on the Hawaiian muddle is a most ingenious brief. The President dwells at length on his unquestionably strong position against annexation, and then skims lightly over his dangerous and unconstitutional attempt to restore the monarchy. In this part of the message, he contents himself with some vaguely moral maxims about the rules of conduct which should govern nations.

There is no dispute about the proposition that a nation

should do right and not do wrong. The dispute generally arises over what is right and what is wrong. Mr. Cleveland may remember that in 1870 the French emperor was wiring pious telegrams to Eugenie and that she and all her good French subjects were offering up prayers for the success of the French arms; but on the other side of the Rhine, King Wilhelm was wiring even more pious dispatches to Empress Augusta, and more people apparently were praying the other way. The result was, as usual, that Divine Providence leaned to the side of the largest battalions. But how about settling the question of right and wrong? There can be no doubt that both the French and the German peoples to this day believe that they were right.

So with Hawaii. There may be a question in the minds of many as to whether United States Minister Stevens was right or wrong in his attitude toward the deposed Hawaiian monarchy. But whatever his attitude, and whether right or wrong, are matters now outside the issue. The Provisional Government is now the *de facto* government of Hawaii, and the United States is not called upon to interfere in the domestic affairs of the islands. To say that we have brought about the downfall of the defunct monarchical government, and hence should set it up again, is absurd. The United States Government is not an international constable.

If the Hawaiians are satisfied with the Provisional Government, they will maintain it. If they are dissatisfied with it, they will overturn it. If they are not satisfied with the Provisional Government, and yet allow it to remain in power, they are an abject people, and any government, no matter how oligarchical, is too good for them.

Mr. Cleveland will have to revise his ideas of international morality, and bring them up to date. This country has been concerned in the overthrow of more than one government. The United States was the first power to recognize the Brazilian Republic, when Deodoro da Fonseca overthrew the imperial régime, exiled the venerable emperor, Dom Pedro, and drove out the House of Alcantara-Braganza, which had reigned over that vast empire for generations. Had this country not promptly recognized Fonseca, it is not probable that there would be a republic there to-day. The European powers were all hostile to the new republic. The parent House of Braganza in Europe is enormously wealthy. Its head is a reigning monarch. It is allied to the Bourbons. It is allied to many reigning royal houses. The great wealth, alliance, and power of the exiled imperial house would most certainly have resulted in the downfall of the embryo Republic of Brazil had it not been for the speedy recognition of the United States. This made Europe pause.

This country, then, is directly responsible for the exile of the Brazilian imperial dynasty. The Emperor Dom Pedro was a man of unblemished character, of fine intellect, and a kind and philanthropic ruler. There are many Americans who regretted the downfall of this good old man, yet who rejoiced that the vast empire of Brazil had become a republic. Mr. Cleveland, apparently, is not one of these. If he is logical and consistent, he should assist in the restoration of the imperial dynasty in Brazil; he should order the American naval officers in Rio Bay to recognize Admiral Mello and Admiral Saldanha da Gama, who have declared for the empire; and he should help to place upon the throne of Brazil Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, grandson of the late emperor.

If Mr. Cleveland's Presidential conscience afflicts him so, there is another ghost will haunt the White House. After our Civil War, when England and France were trying to squeeze some borrowed money out of Mexico, and Napoleon the Third was attempting to place Maximilian upon the throne of the Montezumas, the United States sent a sharp notification to the two European powers that it would permit no further meddling in Mexico. Both made haste to comply. Napoleon speedily abandoned the hapless scion of the house of Hapsburg, and Maximilian was stood up in front of a file of soldiers at Queretaro, and was shot. Carlotta, his beautiful empress, went mad, and is still a raving maniac.

All of this mixture of madness and murder is directly due to the interference of the United States. This country

had absolutely no right to concern itself with the affairs of Mexico. Our "Monroe Doctrine" was simply an expression of opinion by an American President, and did not in any way hind England, France, or Mexico. If Mr. Cleveland's reasoning is correct, this country should at once demand the deposal of President Porfirio Diaz, and in his place put the insane Empress Carlotta. It might, however, be a kindly act to the Mexicans to appoint a regent as well, pending the empress's recovery of her wits.

If Mr. Cleveland's advocates should urge against this that Maximilian's title was bad, we could reply that so was Liliuokalani's. From the Kamehamehas down through Lunalilo, Queen Emma, and David Kalakaua, the Hawaiian "royal line" is one of the most curious of modern dynasties. But whatever it may be, it is not the duty of the United States to unravel questions of pedigree, color, morals, or legitimacy in the reigning houses of foreign nations. We have enough, and more than enough, to attend to at home.

This country will submit to no restoration of monarchies by American troops and money, however deposed. The administration has had notice served upon it to that effect by about sixty millions of people.

Mr. Cleveland has blundered. Mr. Gresham has blundered. Mr. Blount has blundered. And if the Democratic Congress attempts to support them in their blunders, it will blunder too.

When a person, holy or unholy, dwells habitually among those who hold his own opinions and share his wishes, he is prone to fall under the delusion that the whole world thinks his way. But when, possessed by this notion, he goes beyond his circle and acts on the delusion, he commonly gets a rough awakening. Mgr. Satolli, the Italian ecclesiastic sent over from Rome a year or more ago to reside in the United States as the Pope's representative, is at present undergoing correction of this kind. Surrounded by Roman Catholic priests, moving day by day among the deferential Roman Catholic laity, and noting the profoundly respectful tone of the American newspapers toward himself and his church, it was not unnatural that the pleased *padre* should have come to imagine that he and his master had been grossly deceived by those who reported the American people to be hostile to or suspicious of Mother Church. Encouraged by his year's experience and the advice of microcephalous prelates, like Corrigan, of New York, the monseigneur withdrew from the conciliatory position on the school question which he took upon his arrival on our shores and gave his consent to a bold attempt to get at the public-school fund of two States. Cardinal Gibbons, it is said, and probably with truth, did his best to dissuade Satolli from this course. But it is hard, in the nature of things, for the delegate of an infallible superior to convince himself that he can be wrong. Consequently the confident Italian, in an address to the faculty and students of a Roman Catholic college in the national capital the day before Thanksgiving, delivered a panegyric on Roman Catholic education, and by the strongest implication committed himself to the policy of asking government aid for the church's parochial schools. There could be no mistake as to why the occasion for these utterances had been made. The address was an indorsement of the bills that had been prepared for introduction to the legislatures of New York and Maryland providing for State support of Roman Catholic schools on the same footing with public schools.

The results have not been such as to confirm Mgr. Satolli in his modest conviction that a year's residence in America—whose language he has not learned and of which he has not declared his intention to become a citizen—had enabled him to sound the depths of public opinion. He finds himself in the predicament of an interloper on a stranger's grounds, who has come up against a high stone wall and hears the watchman shouting behind him. He now knows that he is but the alien head of an alien church in the United States, with no authority out of ecclesiastical bounds which American citizens not of his faith will recognize. To Satolli's astonishment, his speech practically indorsing the New York and

Maryland hills raised a storm which has shaken the church and scared the priests. It blew from unexpected quarters, too. This Papal immigrant presumably assumed that the more powerful Protestant sects would see their interest in the opening of the public treasury for the maintenance of denominational schools. But he miscalculated both the patriotism of these sects and the intelligent detestation of Romanism which exists among them. The Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian pulpits of the East rang with denunciations of the scheme. Wherever Protestant preachers met in public their voices were lifted in protest. Still more surprising, he encountered the opposition of a good many daily newspapers. In New York the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Post*, and *Commercial Advertiser* braved the six hundred thousand local Roman Catholics and stood by secular education. The *World*, and *Sun*, and *Herald*, though Democratic, and therefore ordinarily obedient to Archbishop Corrigan, felt compelled to "print the news," which news was of an equally astonishing and distasteful character to Mgr. Satolli, since it consisted of reports of meetings, and speeches, and sermons, and interviews, all vigorously proclaiming that the Roman Catholic Church must keep its hands off the public schools. Even an Italian priest fresh from the Vatican could not remain in any doubt as to public sentiment in the two States in which it had been planned to make the legislative campaign for the recognition and support of the parochial schools by the community.

So the newly enlightened and alarmed Papal delegate has sounded the retreat. It is announced that the Maryland bill will be dropped, and Mgr. Farley, "Vicar-General of the Diocese of New York and principal adviser of Archbishop Corrigan," caused an interview with himself to be published by all the newspapers, in which he disavowed the church's responsibility for the Spellissy bill, petitions in favor of the passage of which have been receiving Roman Catholic signatures in all the nine hundred parishes of the State. The responsibility for the measure has been unloaded on the editor of a Roman Catholic weekly paper.

The most interesting and significant product of this impudent attempt of the Romanists to saddle the cost of their private schools upon the public is an address issued by the National League for the Protection of American Institutions. This league is not a new organization, and its membership embraces some of the most eminent men in all the States. Among its honorary vice-presidents are President Jordan, of the Stanford University, Joseph Medill, Noah Davis, Rear-Admiral Crosby, and hundreds of other citizens of equal standing. The league utilizes the Roman Catholic movement in New York and Maryland to enforce the necessity for the adoption of a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which it has advocated for some years. The proposed amendment has been published in the *Argonaut* before, but it is timely to print it again:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property, or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for the services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

That is so reasonable, so thoroughly American, that if a Congress can ever be found sufficiently free from Roman Catholic influence to submit it, there need be no doubt of its adoption by the people. And we think such a Congress will be found ere long. Such an addition to the organic law of the republic would put an end forever to the now perpetually recurring endeavors of the Roman Catholic Church to break down the public schools. The most recent attempt, inspired by Mgr. Satolli, is a new proof of the necessity for the amendment, and the state of the popular mind, as disclosed by the earnest and indignant opposition which that attempt has called out, will not be without effect upon politicians.

It is about time for the curtain to fall upon the drama which has been played in Matabeleland. Thanks to machine guns, the negroes have had no chance in their contest with the British chartered companies; the story of one battle is the story of all: From ten to fifteen per cent. of the Matabeles are left dead and wounded on the ground, while the companies' loss is three or four men wounded; the last scene in the play is the headlong flight of the natives and the establishment of English corporate sway over their lands. There is Bible precedent for the operation:

"Behold I have divided unto you these nations to be an inheritance unto your tribes from Jordan unto the great sea westward; and the Lord your God, he shall expel them from before you, and drive them from out of your sight, and ye shall possess their land, as the Lord your God hath promised unto you."

We need not go further back than our own colonial history for examples which are pat. The stalwart Puritans who, on landing in New England, first fell on their knees and then fell upon the aborigines, as Evans said, pointed the way for the South African Company, with the torch of civilization in

hand. They seem to be a simple people, these poor Matabeles. The report says:

"On the capture of Lobengula's capital, Fairbairn and Usher, white traders, whom everybody had supposed dead at the hands of the exasperated Matabeles, were found well and happy, having been treated with strange forbearance."

The mistake made by the native "rebels" was twofold. First they were guilty in being found in possession of land which they could only cultivate in their rude fashion so as to supply themselves with food, but which in the hands of Englishmen might be made to yield regular crops of sugar and cotton; second, they were inexcusably remiss in being born with black skins. For this shortcoming there can be no justification. They have only themselves to blame for what followed. Had they been wisely minded, they would have first seen the light in England and with the ruddy complexion of the English yeoman. Thus introduced to the world, they would have owned their land by an indefeasible title, and he who molested them would have done so at his peril.

Being foolish persons, devoid of foresight, and prone to trifle, these Africans insisted on being born black, and on living on the spot where their fathers had lived—perhaps ever since the times of the Shepherd Kings. And now they have the reward they earned. The South African Company is eating them up.

The mild temper of the jury which convicted Evans, the train-robber and murderer, but delivered him over to the warden of the penitentiary instead of to the hangman, has occasioned a good deal of surprise and disappointment in those who are not familiar with local conditions in Fresno and the contiguous San Joaquin region. To such as are acquainted with those conditions the surprise is that any punishment at all was decreed. They expected an acquittal, or at best a disagreement. Of course it was not possible to doubt the guilt of the prisoner. That was as notorious and unshakable as the high fire-insurance rates that prevail in Fresno. By the testimony it was proved that Evans had assisted in "bolting up" a train of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; that by the use of dynamite they had first blown open and then rifled the express-car of Wells, Fargo & Co.; that he and his comrade, Sontag, had opened fire on the officers who came to his house to make the arrest; and that after his escape to the mountains he ambushed and shot down two of his pursuers. That he had done murder was as clearly in evidence before the jury as was the loss of the band and eye of the desperate villain in his final fight with his captors. As on this showing Evans deserved death under the law, the jury, in sparing his life, must have conceived extenuating circumstances to exist. None were developed by the testimony, but the speeches of the eloquent attorneys for the defense urged the jury to regard their client not as a criminal at war with the laws of the State of California, but as a foe of the Southern Pacific and Wells, Fargo & Co., who, when attacked, had exercised the rights of a helligent. After conviction, the prisoner himself expressed this dignified view of his case: "The court," he graciously conceded, "was fair, the prosecution was all right, and the press treated me well—but the Southern Pacific and Wells-Fargo were too much for me." Herein the "extenuating circumstance" that had influence with the jury is revealed. The corporations named, as well as the State, offered a reward for the arrest of the robber who had stopped the train of the one and despoiled the other. These corporations—deservedly or otherwise does not matter—are highly unpopular in and about Fresno. Because Rohrer Evans's capture would be pleasing to them, the prevalent desire of the inhabitants to "get even" by thwarting any of the corporations' wishes gave the thief and murderer a kind of sympathy in which he trusted, and not vainly, to keep the rope from his neck.

Reference has been made to the high rate of fire insurance in Fresno. The "moral risk" is also extraordinary. Moral risk is a term employed by underwriters to express the state of civilization of a community. In the older portions of the country, where inherited respect for the law and public opinion cause incendiarism, either for gain, revenge, or love of excitement, to be rare, the moral risk is nominal. In Fresno it is abnormally high. It likewise ranges high throughout the entire region affected by the sort of sympathy from which Evans, the highwayman and assassin, has profited.

If the verdict falls short of what the evidence and justice require, at least it betokens a growing sense of right in the Fresno section, and the State has reason to be glad of this. The condition of mind which can find excuses for an Evans, because, when he turned robber, he robbed unpopular corporations, is obviously one hostile to the civilized spirit, and therefore weakens all the guards which organized society erects around life and property. If the unpopularity of a corporation is held to palliate crimes committed at its expense, it is inevitable that the principle will be extended to include unpopular individuals. As popularity is a shifting and uncer-

tain thing, every citizen with a life or a home to lose is in more or less peril where such barbarous notions of right and wrong obtain. Evans ought to have been hanged, and would have been hanged in a wholly civilized community, beyond doubt. But his imprisonment for life by the vote of a Fresno jury is so unexpected an instance of reason and duty prevailing over lawless inclination and prejudice that the highest hopes may be entertained of the moral evolution of the locality in which this triumph was achieved.

In such spare time as Grover Cleveland gives the Democratic Congress for doing anything besides wondering what he will be guilty of next, its mind appears to be anxiously engaged in efforts to find things to tax. It has its rattled eye on sugar, whisky, and incomes, but as a combination of the first two, with a little water, results in toddy, much party opposition has been developed. As to incomes, the corporations do not want those meddled with, and Mr. Cleveland has a tender corner in his heart for Standard Oil and all other aggregations of wealth which subscribe to reform campaign funds. So the Democratic Congress is bewildered and does not know just where to let the incidents of taxation fall. It is strange that the piercing gaze of the harassed statesmen in sweeping the national plain in quest of prey has not descried the Bachelor. This unpleasant creation roams the field in great numbers, and has no friends except himself. Nobody would care how heavily he might be taxed; no, not though, under the weight of the burden, he should disappear as swiftly as has gone the more useful hufalo.

Such an impost would not be without precedent; but no precedent is needed to show its essential justice. There is no human trait more odious than selfishness, and the Bachelor is its embodiment. Though a man and a citizen, he willfully evades the duties of both. Righteously, therefore, the band of every married man and unmarried woman is against him. He may plead that class taxation is unconstitutional, but the plea is obviously frivolous. At any time, by assuming the responsibilities which he ought to assume, he can escape from the unworthy class to which he now has the hardihood to belong. No adult male who lives for himself alone, depriving some woman of her natural right to his support, and who, by his conduct, withholds from the community new members who in future would pay taxes and bear arms for its defense, has any rights which a civilized State is bound to recognize.

The bachelor is a social anarchist. To be sure, it may be urged that the odorous single man incurs risks which offset the pleasures of his irresponsibility. Professor Darwin, for instance, in his "Descent of Man" approvingly quotes Dr. Stark, of Scotland, who gives statistics to show that the mortality among unmarried men is twice as great as among the married, and draws the conclusion that "bachelorhood is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades, or than residence in an unwholesome house or district where there has never been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvement." But what then? Are we to deal kindly with men who are so insulting to the fairer and nobler sex as to accept even these perils rather than adventure the joys of wedlock? America is a gallant nation, and it prefers the heroes who marry to bachelors, however brave. Moreover, there is reason to question the application of Darwin's appalling language to this country. He was speaking of Scotland a quarter of a century ago, and more attention is paid to hygiene in the United States than in the land of oatmeal and cutaneous irritation. Besides, a tax here would not disturb bachelors who live in unwholesome districts, but those who have money which they waste in clubs and on other idle luxury when it ought to be applied for the use and benefit of ladies whose maintenance is borne by fathers. The present Congress should be able to see at a glance that a tax on such persons would necessarily be extremely popular with the Democracy, since bachelors of this grade are nearly always Republicans. But the Republican party is able to rise above partisan considerations where the public good is manifestly involved, and it is willing to sacrifice every bachelor in its ranks upon the altar of our common country.

It is difficult to ascertain what is really happening in Brazil, the dispatches are so contradictory. The world has two sources of news supply from Rio—the correspondent of the London *Times* and the correspondent of the New York *Herald*; they have espoused opposite sides, and whatever one says the other contradicts. Both communicate with the outside world through the submarine wire from Rio to London.

It looks, however, as though the war would narrow down into a naval conflict. The commander of the insurgent fleet, Admiral Mello, has quite a powerful fleet under his command. It consists of the big battle-ship *Aquidaban*, the armored cruiser *Republica*, five or six smaller vessels of war at Rio, and a fine fleet of torpedo-boats. Against this

Peixoto has the *Nietheroy*, now at Pernambuco, the *America*, now at Port de France, the torpedo cruiser *Aurora*, the *Richuello* and *Constant*, undergoing repairs at Toulon, in France, and two or three smaller vessels at Rio, with a torpedo flotilla of some strength. It will be observed that the most powerful vessels of the government fleet are still in expectancy, while Mellin's vessels are all at his hand in the harbor of Rio. This accounts for the stories that Mellin proposes to force the fighting by a bombardment before the government receives its ships from France and New York; but, as a rule, in recent wars, ships have not accomplished much against forts. They can destroy, but they can not conquer.

In the interest of naval science, it might be hoped that the two fleets would meet in square, open fight. The problem of the efficiency of torpedo-boats against properly handled battle-ships is unsolved; naval officers say that the vessel which was blown up by a torpedo in the Chilean war was lost through the carelessness of her commander. It seems to be agreed that the *Richuello*, now at Toulon, is a match for the *Aquidaban*, while the *Constant* can take care of the *Repubblica*. This would leave the *Nietheroy* and the *America*, both armed with dynamite guns, to deal with the smaller vessels of the insurgent fleet, provided they can get within range of them.

The insurgents talk of compelling France and Germany to intervene by blockading Santos and cutting off the world's supply of coffee. This is the idea which Jeff Davis had during our Civil War; he felt sure that England would break the blockade to get cotton. But nations rarely go to war for a purely mercantile gain. There is a good deal of coffee grown outside of Brazil, and, if the present war should last, other sources of supply would be developed. Under pressure, Central America could supply all the coffee wanted at Havre and Hamburg, and Java's capacity is by no means strained.

Brazil is so vast a country that the pending war affects only one corner of it. Trade and industry are going on just as usual at Para, and in Mattm Grosso and the other huge states of the interior it is odds that they have not heard of any war.

Business men report that the country has not known for years a month in which it was more difficult to effect collections or sales than last November. Houses which had never been known to postpone payment of a bill asked for delay, and persons in easy circumstances, accustomed to refurbish their houses and to renew their adornments before the holidays, absolutely declared this year that they could not afford luxuries. Retailers report that they never found business so dull. And yet in these dull times, when money was so tight, the amount of money paid out for pleasure was almost as great as ever. Coquelin and Hading nearly filled the Opera House at two dollars a seat; everybody seemed to be able to afford the money for two or three seats. An extravaganza is now crowding the same place of amusement, while the minor theatres are doing a good business.

New York was never more lavish in its expenditure for amusements. During the last three weeks of November it is reckoned that \$2,500,000 were spent for amusement-tickets, divided as follows: Theatres, \$962,000; foot-ball, \$300,000; horse-show, \$900,000; opera, \$250,000; Patti concerts, \$10,000; candy-show, \$17,000; flower-show, \$8,000. The cost of admission-tickets is only a small part of the expenditure which these pleasures involved. It is a drop in the bucket in comparison with the cost of the dresses worn by the women who attended. Scores of ladies at the Horse-Show wore gowns which cost five hundred dollars each; hundreds wore gowns which must have cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Over these they wore pelisses of the most expensive velvet, reaching to the feet, lined with the costliest material, and trimmed with furs and laces of untold value. No flowers were worn but violets; these cost seven cents apiece. What the ladies spent for head-gear, wraps, and minor articles of toilet can only be conjectured. There were five thousand ladies present on an average each day of the show. One thousand ladies are said to have spent an average of two hundred dollars each for gowns, etc., at the opera. Another body of ladies—not enumerated—spent not less than \$150,000 to see the foot-ball game at Springfield. This was for admission, transportation, and commissariat.

Nor is New York the only centre of extravagance. There are in the United States a thousand professional theatrical companies on the road. Their average nightly receipts are about \$400 a night. Thus the people of the small towns spend \$400,000 a night, or \$2,400,000 a week to see shows, or \$2,800,000 if there is a matinee on Saturday. This sum supports about 15,000 people, who have taken to the stage as a profession.

The peculiarity of this vast expenditure is that it is due mainly to women. Men spend very much less than women on their dress, nor would they go to shows, as a rule, if they were not importuned by their women to take them. It is

the woman who insists on going to a theatre. The persistence with which the wife of a man's bosom drags him to see good plays is an admirable trait in her character; nothing tends to refine the mercantile mind so much as a good comedy or a heroic tragedy. Still, if men were left to themselves, they would forego the refinement and save the money; they go to please their women-folk. They might do worse.

The parts in life are thus apportioned according to the old rule—the man makes the money and the woman spends it. The law of this State assumes that a wife gives to her husband, in the delight of her society, an equivalent for one-half his gains during marriage; but the practice, as it seems, is that she takes much more than three-fourths. A man's expenditure, even assuming that he lives well, nourishes his system on the fat of the land, wears good clothes, and takes an occasional outing East or elsewhere, constitutes a small portion of his outlay; it is difficult to reckon what a woman spends. It is for her that the home is decorated, carpeted, and refurnished; it is for her that carriages and horses are kept—no sensible man uses any other vehicle than a cable-car; it is for the woman that trips to Europe are planned and halls and dinners given. There is absolutely no limit to what a woman may spend on dress and jewels. Five hundred dollars is no extravagant sum to pay for a Paris gown and three hundred and fifty dollars for a sealskin coat; as to jewels, at the first night of the opera in New York it was reckoned that nineteen million dollars' worth were on exhibition.

When paterfamilias contemplates the limpid light in his pet daughter's eye, and the radiant beauty she reveals in her ball-dress, he says to himself that she is worth every dollar she costs, though, in truth, she does come high. But female expenditure considered in the aggregate is a feature of the times which must figure as a factor in all reckonings of social life in the future. A few generations ago, women's personal expenditure was no heavier than that of the men to whom they belonged. A few wealthy women spent money on laces, and India shawls, and fine brocades; but the great mass of the women of the middle class in this country dressed with simplicity and at small cost. A man's son generally cost him more before he had reached the self-supporting stage than his daughter. Now this is all changed. From the time a young lady comes out till she marries, she costs her father more than his father spent to support his whole family. She costs as much after she marries, but after that event it is the husband, and not the father, who foots the bills. Still the money is spent all the same, and, looking at it in the aggregate, we find that a sum which must be reckoned in the hundreds of millions is expended every year by our women.

Let not the ladies hasten to defend themselves against the statements made in this article. There is no need. These are not "accusations," they are "statements." The sardonic philosopher might condemn the women of America for this vast expenditure; the social philosopher does not. If they have the money to spend, it is well to spend it. It goes into a number of channels where it does good. It supports bonnet-makers, sewing-girls, milliners, modistes, shoemakers, glove-makers, jewelers, carriage-makers, harness-makers, and an infinitude of artificers of every description. If the money were piled away in vaults, it would do neither the possessor nor any one else any good. Therefore it is well that it should circulate—well for the community as a whole. Individual families may at times go under and be trampled on, but as their money remains with the community at large, there is no loss to that community except the social one.

But the cogent factor in this study—that which strikes the social philosopher as most curious—is not only the amount of the vast expenditures of the women of America, but its strange proportion. It is entirely probable that the women have the disbursement of seven-eighths of the money accumulated by the men.

If any man thinks that women do not occupy their fair share of space in the scheme of American civilization, he had better take a wife.

In historic and mythologic lore there have been numbered many ages on the calendar of the world. There was the Age of Stone, the Age of Bronze, the Age of Iron, the Age of Gold. This is the Age of Slop.

It would seem as if nothing vile could be done in the present day without bringing maudlin tears to the eyes of the feeble-minded dwellers in this, the Age of Slop. Is it a question of putting a lazy tramp to work? They weep. Is it a question of flogging a cowardly footpad? They weep. Is it a question of flogging and branding some brutal wretch for crimes against the person? They weep. Is it a question of hanging by the neck some red-handed murderer? Tears flow like water from the lachrymal ducts of the dwellers in the Age of Slop.

In the ages gone, there was perhaps too much cruelty, but there was certainly not so much slop. It would be refreshing for a dweller in this, the Age of Slop, to go back two or

three centuries for two or three days. More he could not stand, for the fibre of men has become weakened under the Age of Slop. But after he had seen knaves' ears cropped closely to their skulls, or their right hands stricken off, for brutal crimes, and other men beheaded for what we now call "emotional insanity," he would come shuddering down the ages, and tearfully join us, his sentimental companions, in this, the Age of Slop.

The Golden Age for the tramp, the thief, the footpad, and the murderer, is this, the Age of Slop. The most severe punishment known to the law-books is hanging, and that is known only in the books. We have ceased to hang murderers in this sentimental age. We try them, and sometimes sentence them, but that is all. We have one in this community, Murderer McNulty, who has been tried over and over again and sentenced six times, but we do not hang him. We only sentence him. His case has been up to the highest court in the land; judges and juries have repeatedly found him guilty; his crime was deliberate and cold-blooded murder; but now, after the law's delays have been exhausted, the Daughters of Boorishness gather round gathering names to a petition for his pardon; eight thousand names are appended to this petition; judges, jurors, and attorneys beg the governor not to hang him. The governor will not dare to let him hang. Why should he? We are living in the Age of Slop.

In one of the counties of this State Bandit Evans has recently been tried. He "held up" a train, fled to the mountains, and when pursued killed two men. His attorney was most eloquent in setting forth to the jury that Bandit Evans was only exercising the "natural right of self-defense" in killing the officers of the law who pursued him. He painted in sombre colors the bandit's abandoned home. The women in the court-room wept. The jury wavered, weakened, and at last brought in "a verdict of imprisonment for life. But imprisonment for life means about ten years, and then a pardon. Why? Because this is the Age of Slop.

In this city last week one Martin O'Neil was tried for the murder of Katherine Griffes in a manner so horrible that even the San Francisco dailies dared not print the medical evidence. The man was either guilty or he was innocent. Yet the jury brought in a verdict of "manslaughter." One tender-hearted jurymen could not make up his mind to let the murderer hang. The other eleven, rather than see him go free, compromised on a verdict of manslaughter, and Martin O'Neil gets ten years for his awful crime. This ten years will be reduced to six if he is real good while in prison. But can a man murder a woman, and only get six years? Yes—in the Age of Slop.

In Chicago, Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast is being tried for the deliberate murder of Carter Harrison. The murderer has gloried in his crime. He had wits enough to plan the murder adroitly and to execute it well; he has wits enough to take the best method of convincing people that he has none—he denies that he is insane. But the sleuth-hounds of the Age of Slop will prove him so, whether or no. Already his attorneys have dug up a great-great-grandfather on the maternal side who was insane. It would be odd if any man did not possess some insane ancestors; every one of us has had in the tenth generation over a thousand grandparents. But this crazy great-great-grandfather will probably save Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast; like him who passed "softly through the ivory gate into the land of dreams," the grandfather will probably pull Michael Patrick Eugene Prendergast safely through the hangman's noose into the Land of Slop.

In France to-day they hold behind the bars one Vaillant, the anarchist who hurled a bomb into a mass of human beings in the Chamber of Deputies. This man belongs to the same secret order as the unknown anarchist who threw a bomb into the orchestra of the Barcelona opera-house, blowing some sixteen men and women into bloody shreds. In France many ideas have come down from the old days about the criminal classes. It is whispered that they sometimes torture criminals to draw forth clues about their accomplices. This is not openly admitted, but they certainly punish them with relentless vigor, and the head of Vaillant will shortly be severed from its trunk by the cunning hand of "Monsieur de Paris." But why waste such a vicious and interesting scoundrel? Why not utilize the depraved and complex beast? His brain, if laid bare while working, would surely be most valuable to medical science. Why not vivisection Vaillant?

What a cry of horror it would raise! What a shudder would run through the civilized world! Over the vivisection of Vaillant—a boon to science—there would be shed more tears than ever flowed over the victims of all the anarchists and assassins since Abraham Lincoln fell.

And why?

Because the people's mind is feeble; because the people's fibre is flabby; because this is the Age of Slop.

PARSON TOM.

How a Snow-Slide in the San Juan Mining District Saved his Life.

Saddle-Hoss Pete's record in the mining-camps of the San Juan District was as unsavory as his crouching form was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable. He was a short, thick-built man—if man he really was, for he had more the appearance of a hoy—who shuffled about and leered at you with a devilish grin which made you feel uneasy in his presence.

His brain was quick though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a heast. His record was that of tin-horn gambler and all-round thief. Added to this he bore the reputation of having been run out of Leadville for horse-stealing, and having escaped from Tomhstone's ready-made justice, charged with a like offense. Thus he came to the mining-camp lying in a pretty basin under the shadow of old King Solomon, one of the grandest mountains of Southern Colorado.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky Mountains. Only about one hundred men and women remained in camp that winter, and they had little else to do than amuse themselves. They were law-abiding, and had little use for peace officers. So the town and county officials took their usual vacation with others who did not feel like facing the rigid winter which was predicted.

Saddle-Hoss Pete did not go out with the majority. In fact, Pete seldom acted with the majority. He usually formed a minority—of one. But he was not disappointed at their leaving him. He thought he would be able to stand it for one season. But Paymaster Bill and Big Frank, who seemed to be looked upon as guardians of the affairs of the camp, plainly told him that he must get out—that the penalty of his return would be sudden death. So Saddle-Hoss Pete departed before the second storm had come—whither, nobody knew.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him, and did not care whether he remained or not. None of them were church-going people. But as the parson said he had no idea of preaching, nobody objected to his staying in camp. He gave as a reason for staying that in case of death his services would be needed. Beyond that he would not intrude his offices.

The extreme length of the winter had led Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances; and, learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return, Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised.

His suggestion was acted upon, and Paymaster Bill himself presented the handful of money, accompanying the presentation with an appropriate extempore speech, in which he advised Parson Tom of the appreciation of the donors.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it.

"But we don't none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "jist ter give ye a chance ter earn the money. We'd ruther pay ye ter pray fer our continued good health, jist as we drinks ter your good health w'en we makes up that purse."

Parson Tom laughed, and said he had no desire for the demise of any one, but merely wanted to give them some return for the money.

That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the Corner saloon early in the evening.

The appearance of the parson created a flutter, and one or two superstitious players lost every bet they made for the balance of the deal. When the end of the deal had been reached, the parson asked their attention for a few minutes, and, mounting the platform which held the lookout chair, he thanked them kindly for their generous donation, and said if they would come to the little school-house on Sunday evening for a half-hour he would endeavor to entertain them without preaching a sermon. He declared that he could not accept their money without earning it.

The invitation was accepted, and the parson was asked to have a cigar, which he lighted, while the crowd drank "to the health of Parson Tom." He bowed his acknowledgments without further interruption of the game.

Upon entering his cabin, Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and, after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself, he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, to look at the little hoard of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated.

It was not there! Perhaps, in his excitement at his good fortune, he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding-place. But, no, it was not in the cabin!

The parson was troubled. He could not believe that any of the men who had been so kind to him would be guilty of rohhery. And yet the money was gone. The long huckskein bag, in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread, he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal, "at any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and, while it was a mystery to some, the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited, and that it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration. But Parson Tom had promised not to preach. Besides he was not quite sure

that the incredulity concerning the loss of his money had entirely disappeared. So he must be careful what he should say to them that night.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little school-house, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half-hour was devoted to reading stories, which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations.

When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good-night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them, it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church. Then he added:

"I don't reckon none of ye has got a notion o' hackin' down on thet ther' proposition. Ef ye has, let's hear it."

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty huckskein bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin'."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that steady monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in, when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded:

"Give me that money! Quick!"

The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust. Muttered curses and a tighter grip upon his throat met his resistance.

"Damn this snow; if this job could have been done an hour earlier, I'd 'a' him all right," muttered the voice as the form moved away in the darkness.

That was the last the parson heard. The light snow fell straight from the sky. There was no wind to disturb its course, and the soft, fine flakes were hardly plentiful enough to furnish a bed for footprints.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and, despite the warmer temperature, he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

When he awoke, the snow was falling in great sheets, like drifts, from the gulch above. He opened the door and looked out. He could see nothing but the blinding storm and the darkness which was scarcely subdued by the ghastly whiteness of the snow. He dared not venture out. No man could live an hour in that terrible storm.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money. If he could only recall that, he would be able to identify the man who had robbed him. Without that recollection, his claim that he had been robbed the second time would be only laughed at by the men who had been so generous in their gifts.

But it was impossible to recall it, though he knew he had heard it and remarked its peculiar tone. And there he sat through the long, black night, boping against hope.

It was broad noonday when he awoke, sitting by the dying embers on the hearth. The sun shone brighter than it had shone for weeks. Its hot rays melted the snow on the roofs of the houses, and the day was like a day in spring. But it brought no joy to the heart of Parson Tom.

The habits of Big Frank's saloon had hardly settled themselves down to the pleasures or pastimes of the day—their morning hour being the noon-time—when they were startled by the ghost-like appearance of Parson Tom. In a trembling voice, he told his story.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank; "that's a purty good make-up ye've got on yer face. Ye'd ought ter be a performer. There'll be chance fer ye when the variety show opens up in ther spring."

This speech was greeted with laughter by the crowd, and the poor parson was dumb—but not deaf—with mortification. How could he face these men who disbelieved his very first utterance? He turned to go.

"Hold on ther'!" cried Paymaster Bill; "this is twicet yer say yer hin robbed in this camp. Both times it was our money as ye was robbed of—money 'at we give ye. Now ye've got ter prove it; fer we don't 'low no man t' accuse none o' us o' robbin' him the second time 'thout be perduces ther proof."

"Ther proof's w'at we wants!" shouted the crowd.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak. "An' ther's another thing ye've got ter prove," continued Bill, as he saw the parson would not reply; "ye've got ter prove thet ye didn't rob some other parties hesides yerself. More'n one cabin was hurglarized last night; an' ef ye ain't ther burglar, then—prove it!"

But Parson Tom could utter no sound, save a groan of anguish. Could he but recall that voice! But, no! His memory failed.

There he stood as dumb as though he had been horn without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

During this trying ordeal for the parson, three men, selected by Big Frank, had gone to the parson's cabin, and there, upon the floor, had found a nugget of gold belonging to Big Frank.

This they brought and flouted in the face of the trembling victim. Well he knew how it had come there, but it was idle to assert or protest. His words—if he could have spoken—would have been, to these infuriated men, like the screech of a wild bird borne on the wind in a howling storm.

"Ye hev no proof o' yer innocence," said Paymaster Bill, hotly, "an' we hev this proof o' yer guilt. W'at d'ye say now?"

Parson Tom saw that all hope was lost, but with dying hope his speech returned, and he said with evident effort:

"Gentlemen, I see no hope of establishing my innocence; but still maintain it. That nugget of gold must have been dropped by the robber in our struggle in the cabin. If I could recall the voice I should convince you. It was none of you who did the deed, but one who has once lived here among you, though I can not tell his name. He can not live far away—perhaps at one of the idle mines or in some deserted tunnel. He went toward the gulch, for had he come this way he would have had to cross my body, as I lay there in the snow. That is all I have to say. Do with me as you must."

It was useless to search the gulch—the heavy snow would not permit. And, then, these angry men had no doubt of the guilt of the parson. Only the production of the man he claimed had robbed him would destroy their belief in his guilt. The crowd grew angrier as the minutes passed.

"The parson has lied," coolly remarked Big Frank, whose faith in the preacher sort had never been strong.

"He's an ungrateful robber," Paymaster Bill added.

"Hang him!" yelled a man in the crowd.

The excitement increased like the roar of the wind through the gulches in the coming of a storm. A minute more and the infuriated mob who, in the absence of a court, had tried, convicted, and sentenced the accused, was eager to execute the sentence of death.

Like wild men they flew to the upper end of the camp, dragging the parson with them. Convinced of his guilt, and maddened by thoughts of his ingratitude, no band could stay them.

Quickly the preparations for the execution were made. Two barrels, each of which supported an end of a broad plank, placed under the stout limb of a great tree, formed the scaffold. One end of the rope was fastened to the limb, the other formed into a noose and placed over the head and around the neck of the trembling parson.

"Aire ye ready?" cried the leader of the mob to the two men who were stationed at the ends of the plank ready to lift it out from under the feet of the doomed man.

"Give him one more chance ter tell who robhed him," demanded Paymaster Bill.

Standing there upon that plank, with the death-rope around his neck, Parson Tom's memory returned. The ugly face of his assailant, which he could not see the night before in the darkness, was now plainly visible, and the crouched form of the robber appeared as plain as on the day he had sneaked out of camp at the command of these same men.

The crowd waited almost breathlessly.

"Quick!" shouted Big Frank, who was leader.

"Saddle—Horse—Pete!" almost shouted the parson.

The crowd broke out in jeers.

"Oh, no!" they said; "that can't be. He was drove out, an' he's not likely to show his head anywheres 'roun' this camp. That won't do. Guess agin."

"Ye'll hev ter perduce ther body of Saddle-Hoss Pete afore the court'll admit ther evidence," said Bill.

"Once again. Aire ye ready?" shouted Big Frank.

"Yes," came the calm but determined voices of the two men at the ends of the plank.

"Give him time ter pray," begged an unwilling participant.

"Pray, then!" shouted the leader.

Parson Tom stood erect, with bowed head. Slowly and with firmness he lifted his voice. Suddenly he faltered, turning his face toward the mountain.

Hark! Look! The excited group of men stood there riveted to the ground. The hands of those who held the plank were frozen as if in death's clutch. The tongue of him whose word was law was paralyzed. The sound which filled their ears carried more terror to their souls than the awful roar of battle, the rushing of the mighty waters in a storm at sea, and the rumbling of an earthquake, all combined, could have inspired.

On, on it came, tearing from their roots great trees that had withstood the storms of generations; curling heavy branches, logs, timbers, and rocks a hundred feet above the heads of the frightened witnesses.

Great clouds of snow filled the air and hid from view the surrounding mountains.

Not a man in that group, all huddled together like so many frightened animals, but comprehended the situation in an instant.

These men who were brave enough of heart to have fought with the inspiration of patriotism on the field of battle, or faced with fearless courage the ocean's wrath, or listened without the faintest dread to the earthquake's fearful rumblings, stood trembling like little children in the face of a snow-slide!

Swift as a meteor it came, and, like the bursting of a thunderbolt, had spent its wrath; and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battle-field.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held the life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form. Tight against the breast, the clutched and stiffened fingers of the dead held the huckskein bag of money—the evidence of Parson Tom's innocence!

The crowd fell back aghast!

It was Saddle-Hoss Pete!

LEWIS H. EDDY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1893.

The postmaster-general of Austria-Hungary has decided to ask the government of that country to give a pension to Jeseeph Jagello, a letter-carrier of Lemburg, Poland, and treat him as a member of a royal family. Jagello is a direct descendant of the Jagello family, which formerly ruled over Poland and Lithuania. He is an industrious, simple-minded fellow. A few weeks ago he received a reward of about two dollars and a half for extraordinary diligence. He is married and the father of a number of children.

"THE BABBLING BROOKE."

Our Correspondent writes of the Lady who Divulged the Baccarat Scandal—Lady Brooke is Now the Countess of Warwick—Her Beauty and her Independence.

The death of the Earl of Warwick last Saturday has erased from the lists one of the most famous names in English society, for Lady Brooke is Lady Brooke no more, but the Countess of Warwick. Her husband, who has hitherto borne the courtesy title of Lord Brooke, succeeds to the titles of Earl Brooke, Earl of Warwick, and Baron Brooke of Beauchamp's Court, and his lady is now the châteline of Warwick Castle, founded by the Romans, rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and since added to and repaired until it is one of the most magnificent as well as famous of England's great homes.

But, though the name of Lady Brooke will not be used hereafter, it will not be forgotten. After the queen and her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, there is no Englishwoman so widely known by name and reputation as "Daisy," Lady Brooke. From the day she was presented at court, in 1880, she was an acknowledged beauty; her fortune made her a still greater matrimonial prize; at her marriage, a year later, a son of the queen—the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany—acted as best man for his college chum, Lord Brooke; she at once took a leading place in London society, which her beauty, originality, audacity, and brilliant wit have since maintained. She has been singled out by the Prince of Wales as the object of his most favored attentions; she it was whose indiscreet tongue brought the baccarat scandal of Tranby Croft to the light of day, and thereby gained for her the *sobriquet* of "the babbling Brooke"; and she is the only woman of whom the Princess of Wales has been known to evince jealousy.

Frances Evelyn Maynard was born thirty-one years ago. Her father was Colonel Charles Henry Maynard, and his death preceded that of his father some five months, so that he did not inherit the title of Viscount Maynard, and, consequently, his daughter is not, technically, of noble birth. But the fairies who attended her birth forgot no other gift of fortune. She is one of the most beautiful women in the world; her hair is a golden brown, her eyes are deep violet in color and wonderfully attractive, her complexion is that delicate peach-like bloom that England has given her fairest daughters, her features just escape being "faultily faultless" by an indefinable something that makes her look more human and less like a statue, and her figure is such as a Venus—a *fin-de-siècle* Venus—might envy. There are those who say that she knows her perfection of form, and that she allows others to know it too well; but her shoulders are absolutely faultless and she undresses them superbly. Her costumes, too, are always in perfect keeping with the occasion, and devised and worn with a taste unknown among Englishwomen. They say one of the Princess of Wales's most bitter scores against the former Lady Brooke is that she is disputing, with much appearance of success, the position of dictator of English fashions that the princess has held for so many years.

Her birth, her fortune, and her beauty assured her position, and gave opportunity for the development of her originality until she is like the *hochgeborenen* of the Viennese court in her indifference to public criticism. The leader of the "Marlborough House set," she handles the gossip that comes on the *tapis* with an airy audacity peculiarly her own, and her perfect knowledge of French and Italian enables her to skate lightly over conversational danger-spots where her more downright English sisters cannot follow without breaking through. It is undoubtedly her amusing and brilliant talk that has held the Prince of Wales her loyal friend. Her beauty attracted him, of course, but it alone could not have held him these twelve years and more. He first met her at her wedding, when his name was inscribed first on the registry, and since then no social pleasure was complete for him without her company. The gossips have wagged their tongues, of course, but Lady Brooke's sharp wit paid them back in kind, and she has gone her own gait. Her husband is a phlegmatic man, more fond of fox-hunting and a country gentleman's life than of courts and civic scenes; but those who know him find refutation of the scandals about his wife and the prince in the belief that he would never accept the rôle of *mari complotant*, even to his sovereign's son, and in the entirely cordial relations existing between Lady Brooke and all the members of her husband's family.

It was the prince's predilection for Lady Brooke that laid bare the Tranby Croft scandal three years ago. The prince had been invited to stay during the Doncaster races at Welbeck Abbey, the country-seat of the Duke of Portsmouth. But when the prince handed in the name of Lady Brooke as one of those whom, according to custom, he would like to have invited to Welbeck Abbey during his stay, the duke informed him that Lady Brooke was *persona non grata* to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, therefore, he could not have her as his guest. The prince thereupon declined to go to Welbeck Abbey, and accepted instead an invitation from Mrs. Wilson, wife of the enormously wealthy Hull ship-builder, to spend the week at Tranby Croft, where he could have whomsoever he wished. Lady Brooke was unable to join the party at Tranby Croft, owing to the sudden death of her step-father, the Earl of Rosslyn, but she seems to have heard of the scene at the baccarat-table there. It will be remembered that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was accused of cheating at baccarat, and that he promised never again to touch a card if the persons present preserved absolute secrecy about the affair. Some time later Lady Brooke made some taunting remark to Sir William that showed she knew something about it. Then the whole affair came out, and it became evident that the Prince of Wales must have violated his promised word and told Lady Brooke. In any event, the fact is incontestable that Lady Brooke it was who gave the Tranby Croft scandal to the world. It may be interesting to add, by the way, that many people

suppose the whole affair was a conspiracy got up by certain ladies against Sir William Gordon-Cumming, whose offense may be inferred from the nickname by which he was known in London society, "William Tell."

The whole story of the Tranby Croft affair was written up by Lady Charles Beresford in the form of a novel, in which Lady Brooke was thinly veiled as Lady Rivers; but she could get no publisher to take it, and it was circulated from hand to hand in type-written manuscript until almost every one in society had read it. The fair author's animus in this spiteful attack was insane jealousy of Lady Brooke, to whom her handsome husband, "Condor Charlie," had been very attentive some time before.

The new Countess of Warwick is not, however, exclusively a butterfly winging her erratic flight in dangerous paths. She is a talented woman in many ways. She sings and paints far better than the average amateur. What she has done in literature may be judged from her recent articles on English society in the new *Pall Mall Magazine*. She can tool a four-in-hand along a road with the best whips in Europe, and her pink habit is often seen in the hunting-field. She is one of the best judges of fine cattle and sheep in her county, and her popularity among the peasants and shop-keepers there has kept her husband in Parliament as the Conservative representative of what should be a Radical borough for several years. She also does much in the way of charity, her pet project being a school which she maintains at Easton, where more than one hundred girls are constantly being taught embroidery, lace-making, and other feminine crafts that fit them to earn a comfortable living. Many graduates of this admirable institution now hold responsible positions with London milliners and modistes.

LONDON, December 3, 1893.

PICCADILLY.

"THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL."

By Joaquin Miller.

The following poems are taken from the above-named new book by the Poet of the Sierras, which is noticed elsewhere in this issue.

THE CHRIST IN EGYPT.

O land of temples, land of tombs!
O tawny land, O lion dead!
O silent land of silent looms;
Of kingly garments torn to shred!
O land of storied wonder still, as when
Fair Joseph stood the chiefest of all men!

The Christ in Egypt! Egypt and
Her mystic star-built Pyramids!
Her shoreless, tiger seas of sand!
Her Sphinx with fixed and weary lids!
Her red and rolling Nile of yellow sheaves
Where Moses cradled 'mid his lily-leaves.

Her lorn, dread temples of the dead
Had waited, as mute milestones wait
By some untraversed way unread,
Until the King, or soon or late,
Should come that tomb-built way and silent pass
To read their signs above the sand-sown grass.

Behold! Amid this majesty
Of ruin, at the dust-heaped tomb
Of vanity came Christ to see
Earth's emptiness, the dark death room
Of haughtiness, of kingly pomp, of greed,
Of gods of gold or stone, or storied creed.

And this His first abiding-place!
And these dread scenes His childhood's toys!
What wonder at that thoughtful face?
That boy face never yet a boy's?
What wonder that the elders marveled when
A hoy spake in the Temple unto men?

PUT UP THY SWORD.

And who the bravest of the brave;
The bravest hero ever born?
'Twas one who dared a felon's grave,
Who dared to hear the scorn of scorn.
Nay, more than this; when sword was drawn
And vengeance waited for His word,
He looked with pitying eyes upon
The scene, and said, "Put up thy sword."
Oh God! could man be found to-day
As brave to do, as brave to say?

"Put up thy sword into its sheath."
Put up thy sword, put up thy sword!
By Cedron's brook this spake beneath
The olive-trees our valiant Lord,
Spake calm and king-like. Sword and stave
And torch, and stormy men of death
Made clamor. Yet He spake not, save
With loving word and patient breath,
The peaceful olive-boughs beneath,
"Put up thy sword within its sheath."

AWAITING THE RESURRECTION AT KARNAK.

Lorn land of silence, land of awe!
Lorn, lawless land of Moslem will—
The great Law-giver and the law
Have gone away together. Still
The sun shines on; still Nilus darkly red
Steals on between his awful walls of dead.

And sapphire skies still bend as when
Proud Karnak's countless columns propped
The corners of the world; when men
Kept watch where massive Cheops topped
Their utmost reach of thought, and sagely drew
Their star-lit lines along the trackless blue.

But Phthah lies prostrate evermore;
And Thoth and Neith all are gone;
And huge Osiris hears no more
Thebes' melodies; nor Mut at On;
Yet one lone obelisk still lords the spot
Where Plato sat to learn. But On is not.

Nor yet has Time encompassed all;
You trace your finger o'er a name
That mocks at age within the wall
Of fearful Karnak. Sword nor flame
Shall touch what men have journeyed far to touch
And felt eternity in daring such!

"Juda Melchi Shishaki!" Read

The Holy Book; read how that he
With chariot and champion steed
Invaded far and fair Judea.
Yea, read the chronicle of red hands laid
On "shields of gold which Solomon had made."

BEAUTIFUL BLACK-MAILERS.

Our New York Correspondent talks of the Modern Man-Eater—The Woman who is Trying to make Money out of Gould—Some Famous Black-Mailers.

The talk of the town is the attempted black-mailing of George Gould by pretty Zella Nicolaus. The facts are, of course, familiar to your readers. A few important links in the chain are missing. How did Mrs. Nicolaus obtain possession of a forty-thousand-dollar check signed by George Gould? Was there ever such a check? If there was, and it passed into the lady's hands, how did George Gould get it back? All sorts of theories have been formed to answer these queries, but none of them wear an official stamp. In the meantime, Howe & Hummel are prosecuting the case against Mr. Gould with their customary vigor, Bourke Cochran, on behalf of Mr. Gould, is filing a demand for a bill of particulars, and Superintendent of Police Byrne is drawing a picture of the fair Zella in colors which would entitle her to a high place at the court of King Beelzebub. She seems to be a person of such fascinating plausibility that she would deceive the very elect. Superintendent Byrnes says that when she sat in his presence telling him lies, he actually found himself believing her. She was beautiful, diffident, and modest. He thought that a story told by her to twelve jurors, no matter how false they believed it to be, would incline them to give her the benefit of a presumption of innocence.

According to the police, her record leaves Old-World adventuresses far in the shade. While she was still a slip of a girl she had achieved a reputation for rapidity. At sixteen she married a widower of the name of Nicolaus, whom she shortly afterward left. Then she began a career of black-mailing at Chicago and New York, and seems to have succeeded in getting many rich old men into her toils. She eschewed young men. Her habits were extravagant. Last winter she went to live at the Sturtevant House, where her weekly bills rarely fell below \$250 a week, and often exceeded \$300. She rarely went out; when she did, she drove in a cab, which was always kept standing at the door. She was fond of good eating, but being uneducated in gastronomy, she ordered indiscriminately from the top to the bottom of the bill of fare and ate what pleased her. She said she was going on the stage, and employed an elocutionist to train her, saying that she had plenty of money, and, at the right time, she would hire a company of her own and star. Her bills she paid promptly.

Superintendent Byrnes says that he has the names of many men of wealth and social position whom she has black-mailed. Numbers of gentlemen of high standing have confessed that they have paid her money. On the other hand, her lawyers say that she is innocent and the victim of intolerable slander. They defy the district attorney to institute proceedings against her for obtaining money under false pretenses. Society is on Gould's side, but, like Goethe, would like to have more light.

According to the superintendent, the business of black-mailing middle-aged or old men by young and fascinating adventuresses is old and flourishing. It is rarely brought to public notice, because the victims are more afraid of publicity than the black-mailers. Of the cases which are finally brought to the notice of the police, not over one per cent. comes to light. A few transpire. There was Sophie Lyons, the daughter of a thief, who got a Boston millionaire into her clutches and black-mailed him to the tune of ten thousand dollars. With this she went to England and operated among lords and dukes, till the officials of Scotland Yard invited her to leave the country. In Paris she victimized a dozen rich men, including some New Yorkers.

Another keen operator was Bertha Heyman, who was a vision of loveliness. She got twenty thousand dollars out of two men, and had sharpened her knife for a third, when she forgot herself and was one morning presented with a steamer ticket by a detective, who politely saw her on board. Yet another was Mrs. Peck, who got twenty thousand dollars out of a soap-man and thirty thousand dollars out of a junk-man. When her victims went to the police, Mrs. Peck offered to compromise by deserting to the ranks of the enemy. She was taken into service and did some excellent detective-work for the Mulberry Street office. Yet another was named Markee. She operated in Wall Street, and, under gentle but effective pressure by the detective office, she exhibited two lists, one of fifty brokers who were paying her regular tribute once a month, and another of men whom she had marked down for future slaughter.

It will be understood that the levies of these adventuresses were not in every case black-mail. But a large proportion of them were. A quiet old bank-director is seated at his desk, when a vision of beauty appears before his eyes and solicits sympathy. His kindly feelings are roused, and he listens. Suddenly the beauty bursts into tears which are accentuated by shrieks. She flings herself around the room, and when the people in the next office come in to see what the matter is, a vision of disarranged drapery strikes their eyes. When the bank-director, indignant and furious, places the matter in his lawyer's hands, the man of law answers, hesitatingly: "Yes, yes, Mr. Blank, she ought to be in State prison, and we'll try to send her there if you insist; but when your book-keeper testifies as to what he saw when he entered your private office, what do you suppose a jury would think? What would your wife and daughters think?" And the old man pays.

Occasionally a man is found with nerve enough to defy these adventuresses. The late A. T. Stewart gave battle to one of them, and routed her horse, foot, and dragons. So did one or two others, who shall be nameless. But a man must be very sure that he can stand fire before he engages in such a battle. And in these days, there are so few sleek, round, well-fed millionaires who can lay their hands on their hearts and say that there is no sin in them. FRANK R.

NEW YORK, December 16, 1893.

HENRY GRÉVILLE.

Our Correspondent discusses a Famous Woman Writer—How She Came to be an Author—Her Works, Her Personality, and Her Home Life.

In the centre of the artistic and literary quarter of Paris, at 68 Rue Blanche, resides the celebrated and gifted authoress, Madame Alice Durand, better known to the world under the nom de plume of Henry Gréville.

As we enter her large apartment a wealth of flowers and roses greet our eyes, and we divine at once that the owner of the place must be a passionate lover of the beautiful in nature, for not only is the ante-chamber filled with flowers, but in her artistically and beautifully furnished salon we find as well great vases and *étagères* overflowing with roses.

The room is filled with works of art, bronzes, statuettes, and *alto relievos*, all by celebrated artists, and also with many interesting souvenirs of Henry Gréville's Russian life. The walls are covered with exquisite pictures presented to Madame Gréville by her celebrated friends—Henner, Raffaelli, Guillaumet, the late great painter of oriental life, Degas, etc.

In a smaller salon, which is filled with books and furnished in perfect taste, and with flowers, of course, stands, thrown into relief by hangings of red plush curtains, a bust of Henry Gréville, by Louis Lefevre, which is an admirable portrait of the original.

When the door opens and Madame Gréville enters, the visitor is at once struck by the charm of her gracious, genial, and unaffected manner. She very frankly tells you that she was born at Paris in 1842, and, therefore, is in her fifty-third year. She won her great literary renown long before she was thirty.

In appearance she is short in stature and plump. Her face, which is extremely mobile, displays at once the power of her mind and the great goodness of her nature. Heavy masses of dark chestnut-colored hair are coiled around her head. Her brown eyes, soft, velvety, are singularly expressive.

Mme. Gréville's conversation is always most interesting, and is characterized by sallies of wit and of brilliant repartee which are, never studied, but seem to come forth spontaneously.

One quality she possesses which is rare in persons who have a great deal to say themselves—she is a most conscientious listener, giving you her heart and mind as well as her magnetic eyes.

Persons are never her theme, unless public characters are under discussion or friends are to be praised, which kind office she never fails to take upon herself. Yourself, not herself, is always the pleasantest subject to her. In her political sentiments, Mme. Gréville is an ardent, moderate Republican, and has firm faith in the permanent establishment of that form of government in her country.

So much has been universally said on both sides of the ocean in praise of Henry Gréville's writings that it seems almost superfluous to discuss their merits here. She made for herself, in a few years, the first place among female authors, not only in France but in other countries, and has frequently been favorably compared by critics to George Sand and to George Eliot.

In her native country, where pruriency is so common and powerful a means of exciting interest, the moral tone of her works has given an especially high position to the gifted authoress. There is no sensationalism, no straining for effect in her writings, the great charm of which lies in her marvelous delineation and analysis of character and in her quick and sensitive observation. She relies for her effects wholly upon the legitimate method of her skill in portraying human nature. She writes her novels in a singularly interesting manner, full of the delicate and fine touches for which she is essentially remarkable.

Mme. Gréville was born, as we have said, in Paris in 1842, and, having lost her mother at an early age, accompanied her father to Russia, where he held, and still holds, a professor's chair in the University of St. Petersburg.

In that city Mme. Gréville met and married her husband. After spending fifteen years in Russia, in which country she lived among the highest circles of society and traveled far and wide over that interesting land, whose scenery, customs, and inhabitants she so admirably describes in her novels, she returned to France, with her husband, on the breaking out of the war, in 1870, in order to lend their aid to their then unfortunate country.

At this time and for this reason Mme. Gréville was obliged to pass many dark days, as the condition of France at that epoch sadly impaired their income. Then it was that she determined to devote herself to literature as a means of repairing their dilapidated fortune, and few authors, indeed, have met with the financial success which has followed her magic pen.

Her first novel, "A Travers Champs," was written and published in *feuilleton* form in St. Petersburg. Her first book published in Paris was "Dosia," which appeared in 1876, and was, as is well known, crowned by the French Academy. Then appeared the "Expiation de Saveli," which has been followed by fifty-seven works, all of which have earned great praise for their authoress.

To those who have read her "Ariadne" and "Un Violon Russe," it will be no surprise to hear that Mme. Gréville is as great a musician as she is a writer, and that for some time she was undecided whether to appear before the public as a composer or an author. She speaks in her musical novels, if we may so call them, with such passionate love and comprehension of that art that we can easily divine in her something more than an amateur, and she is, in truth, a veritable artist whose compositions, it is to be hoped, will some day be given to the world, and not kept, as they now are, for the circle of her intimate friends.

Mme. Gréville is exceedingly hospitable. Her salon is opened to her friends and acquaintances on Saturdays; and

she and her husband devote Thursday evenings to receiving their men friends. These *Causeries de Jeudis* begin with a dinner of eight or ten guests, after which there is a reception—for men alone—at which may be found those who bear the highest names in literature and art—poets, authors, painters, sculptors, artists, and other persons of note. The Gréville household is a most harmonious one, M. Gréville also being devoted to literature. He is one of the first art critics in France. He publishes his artistic articles in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, *L'Artiste*, *L'Art*, and the *Bulletin des Musées*. He has made an especial study of Rembrandt and of the question of the changes produced in that master's coloring by the varnish becoming brown or red. As an archaeologist, he has written for the *Revue Archéologique* articles on the colors in the decoration of antique Greek vases. As a savant—for M. Gréville is at once all of these—he has published in the *Revue Scientifique*, etc., articles on physics and aeronautics, and especially on meteorology. He is now preparing a memoir on showers and storms, which will appear in the *Annales du Bureau Météorologique*, and he is deputed to write meteorological articles in the *Grande Encyclopédie*. He has also translated from the Russian several novels by Ivan Tourguenief, Marie Krostovsky, and several dramatic works of Astrovsky, as well as having published many articles on Russian writers.

M. and Mme. Gréville have but one child—a charming young girl, very clever and sympathetic, but who does not, however, inherit her parents' literary taste. In speaking of the Gréville household, one could not pass over a much-beloved and very celebrated member of it—their dog Bop. He is of no high pedigree, being only a "*chien de la halle*," as the French express it, but he has all the instincts of a dog of race—a *talon rouge* of the canine tribe. Bop is a great favorite with the *habitués* of the Gréville mansion, and has had his portrait painted by several great artists—Raffaelli and Degas among others. His mistress declares that he has a strongly characterized moral sense, reflection, and a certain faculty of reasoning. His actions bear the impress of it to such a degree that there are many who share Mme. Gréville's opinion. At all events, it seems impossible to give greater evidence than does Bop of attachment and of sensibility, as this story will prove, which was told to us by his mistress: "During a voyage of six months which we made in America seven years ago, Bop stayed with some friends, where he received my letters. These letters were little pieces of old *batiste* which I had worn in my corsage a few hours. When they would open the envelope, Bop would smell the piece of muslin, put his head on my friend's knee, and great tears would roll down his cheeks. The following days he would go and pull her dress with his paw until she got the letter and let him smell the muslin, when he would begin to cry again. I would not have believed it if the fact had not been affirmed to me by many witnesses." Is it not really touching this communication between the poor animal and his beloved mistress from whom he was so far separated, and does it not especially do honor to her as well as to her faithful friend?

It may be interesting to hear that Mme. Gréville, like Balzac, does all her writing at night. She writes with extreme rapidity, and considers a manuscript of five hundred lines an ordinary evening's work. She is an indefatigable housekeeper, and, during the day, her time is divided between her daughter, the duties of her house, and—when she is at her country place, near Angers—in her garden, in which she takes immense delight. She is a great reader, and, as she reads and speaks English, German, Italian, and Russian with extreme fluency, she is always *au courant* with the best literature of those countries.

It is a marvel that one small woman should find time for so many varied occupations. DORSEY.
PARIS, November 24, 1893.

The Marquis of Castellanos, the head of the family just recognized by the Mexican Government as descendants of Montezuma, resides at Salamanca. The family descended from a sister of Montezuma, who married Hidalgo Abrantes. On her behalf there were created entailed estates, one for the male and the other for the female issue. The former estate now belongs to the house of the Duke d'Abrantes and the latter to the house of Castellanos. The Marquis of Castellanos holds the right to one of the estates through the marriage of his father with a daughter of the late Duke d'Abrantes. The female branch of the Abrantes family regularly received the revenue of the estate until 1850, when the estates of both the Abrantes and the Castellanos families were seized by Mexico. The Mexican Government now promises an annual pension to the family.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., City Railroad Company has decided to introduce on the trolley-cars the life-saving fender invented by Louis Phingst, which has been for some time in use in Boston and other cities. The device consists of a fender, which is pulled out from the car, when necessary, at either end. A person standing in front of the car would be struck by the fender about ten inches from the ground, thrown on the fender, and carried along until the car is stopped. The contract calls for one thousand fenders, which will equip five hundred cars. The cost is about thirty-five dollars for each car.

The appearance of "for sale" signs on the Louisiana Lottery Company's big granite building in New Orleans a few days ago is taken as conclusive evidence of the concern's intention to move to Honduras or elsewhere in the near future. The company has purchased two steamships to ply between the United States and its new home.

In a little coffin about fifteen inches long, the heart and other portions of the body of a man, whose disgrace and suicide last year brought about the overthrow of a cabinet, issued forth from the morgue in Paris a few days ago on its way to the Pere la Chaise cemetery. They were the remains of Baron de Reinach.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Princess of Wales began her fiftieth year on the first of this month.

Mark Twain looks old. His fuzzy hair is almost white, and he stoops more than ever.

John Ruskin is not likely to resume his literary labors. Although in good health, Mr. Ruskin is entirely unequal to any mental effort, and is allowed to converse only on subjects which do not agitate his mind.

Florence Nightingale recently celebrated her seventy-third birthday. She has been confined to her boudoir for many years by constant ill-health. She makes her home with her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Vernon, in Devonshire.

Prince Peter Trubetskoi, the Russian nobleman who is painting Mr. Gladstone's portrait, is engaged to be married to a young Englishwoman, Miss Ethel Wright. He is six feet four inches tall, and said to be an unusually handsome man.

Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern writer, who married the widow of the late Henry Field, of Chicago, has established himself in a permanent home in Washington. Mr. Page is a cousin of Thomas Power O'Connor's clever American wife, who will soon visit him.

The thoroughly English appearance of Lady Henry Somerset gives little hint of her French ancestry. Yet her great-grandmother, Mme. d'Etang, was one of the maids of honor of Marie Antoinette, and the Chevalier d'Etang was a devoted adherent of the unfortunate queen.

Alphonse Daudet's thorn in the flesh is the letter-writer. No other novelist, he declares, can be so pestered by unknown correspondents as he is. Women and young girls are the chief delinquents, their object in writing being to get him to use them as heroines in his next novel. They invariably inclose photographs.

The Emperor of Germany, while hunting on the estates of Count Zichnowski recently, used four guns and two thousand cartridges, and killed seven hundred and thirty pheasants. After the dinner which closed the day's entertainment, the emperor took the baton of the leader of the band which furnished the music, and directed the men.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was eighty-nine on November 19th, but November 19th is not the only anniversary of his life. His crowning work, the Suez Canal, was completed on November 19th, and the highest honor he has attained—that of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor—was conferred upon him on the same date some years later.

The presents received by the Russian admiral, Avelan, and his officers while in France recently are estimated to be worth six hundred thousand dollars. Among the offerings were tallow candles, weighing all told three hundred pounds, thousands of bottles of champagne, fine wines of various brands, liqueurs, cognac, soap, perfumery, linen, and bric-à-brac.

The Comte de Montesquieu, a rich and eccentric French nobleman, lives in the neighborhood of Paris in a show-place, especially remarkable for the dining-room, which contains a winter garden. Walking about among the plants are a great number of small, live Venetian turtles, variously enameled and incrustated with diamonds and other precious stones.

John Palmer, the inventor of the railroad-check system, died a few days ago in a little town in Michigan. He was a fiddler years ago, and took charge of the hats and wraps of those who came to dancing-parties. He gave numbered checks for them, and some railroad men who attended one of his dances appropriated the idea, and in a little while the system was adopted all over the country.

Frederick Rückert, the famous German painter of animals, committed suicide by drowning himself in the Spree, near Berlin, a few days ago. He inherited a fortune from his father, a wealthy Hamburg merchant, but spent it in aiding unfortunate colleagues, paying for the education of many of them, and in purchasing the work of poor artists. A second fortune, received after the death of his brother, went the same way.

Pastor Kneipp, discoverer of the "barefoot cure," was recently appointed chamberlain by the Pope. He did not take the trouble to open the letter announcing the appointment, and first learned of the honor conferred upon him by the arrival of a deputation to congratulate him. He declined to be addressed, however, as "monseigneur." It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to go to Rome to thank the Pope.

The litigation over the will of the late Earl of Clancarty has been settled. The present earl, who achieved notoriety by his marriage, in 1880, to Belle Bilton, a music-hall singer, and his subsequent unsuccessful attempt to procure a divorce from her, obtains the furniture, pictures, and plate left at Garbally, the earl's residence at Ballinasloe, County Galway, Ireland, and thirty thousand dollars from his mother, the Dowager Lady Clancarty. The latter also pays the costs of the litigation. The earl and his wife are now living happily together, and have twins.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth is, if we may believe the Italian papers, writing his memoirs for the perusal of one person only—the next Pope. His Holiness works several hours a day dictating to his private secretary, who is bound by an oath not to reveal what is told him. The Pope proposes to incorporate in the book the principles which have guided his career, his opinions on political questions, and reports of conversations which he has held in past years with famous persons and rulers. It is the custom of the Pope to make elaborate notes of the interviews which he grants to visitors, high and low.

VANITY FAIR.

One sees many women presenting an unattractive appearance, which inspection shows to be unnecessary (says the *Basar*). For instance, a woman whose two hundred pounds of avoirdupois ought to be out of sight as much as may be will be found putting every ounce of her weight in evidence in a big plaid which has taken her fancy, but every line of which is in reality like a chalk mark to fix the glance and rest it and let it begin again. And if she has not arrayed herself in a plaid, she has encircled and magnified her form with ruffles that increase her circumference like halos round the moon. Yet such a woman should preferably wear black, or the darkest shade of invisible green, blue, or prune-color, and should always remember that the cut of her clothes which allows long lines of slow curves is that which will make her seem less unwieldy than any other. Yet strange contradiction, few things are more becoming to a large woman than a white cambric, or muslin, or an India silk; it acknowledges at once that she is stout, but it gives her stoutness an air of wholesomeness and sweetness that overbalances any disadvantage of superfluous flesh. White, indeed, is one of the colors that are becoming to almost all women, especially with ribbons, or flowers of the colors that suit them best. And next to white, a fair and rosy woman seldom looks so well in anything as in pale pink. Pink—the delicate pink with a yellow cast in it—is peculiarly suitable to the red-haired woman who has a clear complexion; yet such a woman should avoid scarlet and crimson as she would fire; pale blue suits her, but she will look delicate and, perhaps, a little pinched in it; in pale green, she will be as fresh as Galatea—other things being equal; in dark green, as blooming as a wood nymph; and there are tints of terra cotta and brown bronze that will shade up to her hair and mingle with it as if she were a picture. But all women should bear in mind that the brightest and most striking colors, like yellow and scarlet, are seldom to be used in a mass, except for very striking effects, and as a luxury, and in the ornament rather than in the body of a toilette. If they are of the blown and blowy sort, the high colors will only make their defect more noticeable; and if they are of the washed-out and gray-skinned type, then the contrast is disagreeable. The former variety can tone themselves down; the latter would best accept their fate, and they will find themselves in the dull blues and soft rose-colors much pleasanter objects to the eye than in anything abrupt, or even in the grays and browns that make them seem all of a piece and as if they were fading out of sight. The woman who has no avoirdupois at all should put far away from her black, and all the deeper shades, but especially black. She is already thin, and black makes her seem like a mere exclamation point, and, unless she is of rather extraordinary beauty, makes her look much older than she is, and now as gray as eld, and now as yellow as a lemon; it needs a very fine color, indeed, in black not to look sawlow. The woman in middle life who wears her widow's weeds deliberately places herself as an old woman.

"The most extraordinary and *bizarre* effects I ever witnessed," writes Harry Fenn in an English paper, "were at a most elaborate supper given by Van Beers, the painter." The table consisted of plate-glass, covered, of course, by the table-cloth, and the electric light was placed underneath so as to come up through the glass. It was called a "surprise supper"; and it fully justified its name, for the light would suddenly change from bright yellow to crimson, then to white, and, just as you had a delicate morsel to dissect, it would go out altogether. The guests consisted exclusively of men, as the erratic effects of the illuminations would have proved trying to ladies who make up for a light which comes from above—and not too much of that even. The mention of the light going out altogether at Van Beers's supper reminds one of a certain gorgeous function given by a leading English musical composer. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present, together with all fashionable London; and, after dinner, the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, were preparing to display their talent, when suddenly out went the light, and performers and audience were left in total darkness. As the light was electric, and was supplied from a private engine which had chosen this inopportune moment to go completely wrong, there was nothing for the giver of the feast to do but to collect all the available bedroom candlesticks and empty bottles, and sick candles all over the place. The effect was most comical, and seemed to cause amusement to everybody but the host.

It is only a few years since the C-spring victoria was considered the very epitome of everything that was elegant. Many a little maid from the country (says a New York fashion writer) has thought herself very splendid as she has driven up Fifth Avenue in her hostess's carriage; she has never allowed herself to relapse for a moment, thinking, with her limited experience of city manners, that she must hold herself perfectly erect. Now it would be no effort to sit bolt-upright. Those who habitually drive have discovered that it is much less fatiguing to have one's back well supported, and the ultra-fashionables now use a very straight, high-backed, short-bodied vehicle,

which is properly called a chariot. The coupés, too, are altogether different from the ones of a year or two ago. These are strangely suggestive of a Sedan-chair; the windows are small and placed very high in the panel of the door. Of course there are many new styles of traps; but these chariots and coupés impress one more by their novelty and their number than anything else—they are the fashion. There are many smart English hansom to be had in New York, lined light gray, and fitted up with numerous receptacles for cards, cigars, etc.

Skirt-dancing, high play, and the perpetration of practical jokes seem to be the leading amusements of country-house parties in England, according to a recent chronicler, who says: "November is preeminently the month for big shoots, and the country houses are full to overflowing just now. In quiet houses moderate hours are kept, gambling for heavy stakes is at a discount, and a certain sobriety prevails from sunrise to sundown. In other houses, however, the fun waxes fast and furious. No dancing is considered 'sport' unless it be of a nature imported from the Gaity, such as the unforgettable *pas de quatre*. A few smart girls go so far as to take unto themselves the voluminous skirts of the serpentine frock and try to imitate Miss Lettie Lind's dexterities." After explaining that the serpentine skirts are made out of "no less than a hundred yards of the very finest Chinese silk or crepe cut in triangular pieces to give the appearance of an infinity of yards," our authority resumes: "It is regrettable to add that under some roofs pretty heavy gambling is indulged in, and baccarat and nap with high stakes have as many women as men votaries, to say nothing of practical joking of a suspiciously rowdy sort, such as apple-pie hed-making and booby-trapping. A certain most distinguished lady amused herself one whole evening by standing in a gallery and throwing pillows on the men's heads as they passed in and out of the smoking-room."

If Cleopatra were alive to-day (says the *Evening Sun*), the length of her nose would have little to do in determining her career. Noses, as other traits in the present advanced state of surgery, are merely determinate features. If a pug nose does not harmonize with the other features or a pensive disposition, it is easily changed by removing a wedge-shaped piece between the nostrils. This is done without pain by spraying the nose with cocaine. If a Roman nose gives one the air of being too dominant, the hump is removed by making an incision, cutting the flesh away, and a steel burr, run by an electric motor, easily grinds down the bump. The skin, then trimmed to fit, sewed, and properly bound, soon heals. Cocaine again renders the operation a mere detail. In the same manner large mouths are transformed into dainty shapes by removing the surplus at the corners and sewing them up. The surgeon who is the authority for these statements says that the time will come when skin-grafting will be so easily managed that another countenance may be ordered, like a new bonnet.

An astonishing exhibition of girlish charms was seen recently at the Pottstown, Pa., Opera House. A benevolent order gave a benefit entertainment, the chief feature of which, according to the official programme, was a "night-gown drill." This drill was just what the name implied. The lights in the room were slightly lowered, to give the scene a more realistic effect. The audience sat breathless for a minute or two, and then, from the wings of the stage, emerged a vision of maiden loveliness. A pretty girl, of interesting years, walked slowly before the footlights. Her only robe, so far as the charmed spectators could see, was a white flowing gown of the simplest make. The soft material clung nicely to the prettily rounded shoulders. Her hair fell loose upon her shoulders. Her snow-white feet and ankles twinkled beneath the filmy lace at the bottom of the gown. Hardly had the audience recovered its breath before another girl, dressed just as the first, appeared. Then another and another, until seventeen bewitching girls, with loose flung hair and twinkling feet, were upon the stage. Each young lady carried a lighted candle. They marched back and forth across the stage and performed various evolutions. They refused to respond to an encore.

In a magazine article on Constantinople, Marion Crawford, the novelist, declares that, in the matter of beauty, Turkish women are not what they used to be. Since the veil, or *yashmak*, has fallen into partial disuse, the beauty of the women has also departed. Mr. Crawford says: "The *yashmak* is not what it was ten years ago, and has almost ceased to hide the face at all. Strict as the Sultan's ordinance is, there is not the slightest pretense of obeying it, and, in the great majority of cases, a thin white veil barely covers the forehead, and is but loosely drawn together under the chin. The cross-band which used to cover the nose above the eyes has entirely disappeared, or is worn only when ladies appear in public at such places as the Sweet Waters, or in their *kais* on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. It must be admitted that, with the disuse of that old-fashioned veil, a great illusion has disappeared from the streets of Constantinople. There was something very mysterious about it. Black eyes never looked

so black, and deep, and liquid as when seen by themselves, as it were, between two broad bands of opaque white. In those days, every *yashmak* veiled an ideal beauty, very different from the ugliness of the pale and flaccid features which its absence now generally discloses. One is inclined to doubt whether the mirror is in common use in the harem of to-day."

"Englishwomen are growing more beautiful, while Frenchwomen have changed little if at all in the past twenty-five years," if we may believe Grant Allen. Comparing his observations now with twenty-five years ago, when he first went to France, he says: "I was struck by the extreme plainness of the French peasant girls, the visible unintelligence of the *bourgeoise*, and the mere sprightliness, without real beauty, of the upper-class women. In England, judged by American standards, I thought the women of the lower classes heavy and dumpy, of the middle classes often dull-looking, though frequently pretty; of the upper classes cold, but handsome. After twenty-five years I see little change in France, but much change in England. Beauty, to my eye, is distinctly more frequent. Intelligent beauty is immensely commoner. Bright, pretty girls now abound here and there in the lower class. The upper class remains much where it was, but in the middle classes the improvement is unspeakable. Prettiness is general, and real beauty, are much more frequent than formerly. Girls are better grown, have finer figures, look much more intelligent, and possess better chiseled features, on an average, than their mothers."

The dances given by the cigarette girls, who are known under the title of "The Lady Flashes," and by many of the other small associations on the east and west sides of this city (says the *New York Sun*), are beginning to attract the attention of the old crowd of men about town who at one time patronized the French balls, the Liederkranz, the Arion, and similar entertainments. Of recent years the annual balls of these large organizations have been toned down through the efforts of the police and the influence of the respectable members of the organizations, until the ideal masquerade ball has become a thing of the memory only. But the small, so-called "tough" associations still retain much of the spirit of fun and frolic which characterized the entertainments of a dozen years ago. There is more dancing of a sensational and attractive character in the East Side halls than can be seen nowadays at the Madison Square Garden or the Metropolitan Opera House. The tickets for the small dances on the East Side often reach people curiously out of harmony with the dancing organizations, and there is a heterogeneous and complex crowd of spectators at every one of these so-called "affairs." The police regard the antics of the boys and girls with entire indifference. They seem to realize that there is a wide divergence between a lot of young men and women, who work for their living, out on a lark, and a concourse of professional women out on parade. The working-girls are permitted to indulge in nonsense which the attendants at the Liederkranz would be restrained from exhibiting.

Every foreigner who has visited Paris has been struck by the enormous number of men wearing the rosette either of the Legion of Honor or else of some foreign decoration in the button-hole of the lapel of their coats. Indeed, it seems to be the sole aim of the Frenchman of every class of society to become *décoré*, and once they have attained that distinction, they never dream of moving out of the house without the rosette in their button-hole. You may imagine, therefore, the sensation created during the past few days by the almost complete disappearance of these bits of ribbon. The cause is sufficiently amusing to be worth relating. It seems (according to *Vogue's* Paris correspondent) that the young anarchist who committed the murderous onslaught on the Serbian envoy while the latter was dining at the Bouillon Duval restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opera the other day, explained that he had selected the diplomat as his victim simply because he happened to be the only person in the place who was wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. He informed the police authorities that on the evening before the tragedy he had visited another restaurant, hoping to find there an aristocrat of whom "to make an example," and that while he saw a great many well-dressed men, none of them happened to be wearing a decoration; hence he postponed his design. The unfortunate misfired is at death's door, his wound being regarded as mortal, and, meanwhile, the idea that a decoration worn in the button-hole is sufficient to mark one out as a suitable victim for an anarchist's sentiments of hatred and hostility toward society has got the better of the men's vanity, and empty button-holes are, until further notice, *de rigueur*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An English paper states that "Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the American poet and novelist, is preparing his autobiography, and it will be found to contain five or six answers to an English letter, none of which was posted. The English letter was from an editor, who asked Mr. Aldrich for a Sonnet of a page and a half, *Harper size*, for his magazine."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "The Recipe for Diamonds," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

General Lew Wallace is at work on a fourth novel, the material for which he has been quietly collecting for several years. He has been taking life easy since he completed "The Prince of India." General Wallace refuses to state with what age or people he will deal in his new work, nor will he even say when he expects to have it finished.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for January is as follows:

"Tribby," a novel—Part I, by George du Maurier; "Egypt and Chaldaea in the Light of Recent Discoveries," by William St. Chad Boscawen; "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf—III., from Isphahan to Kurrachee," by Edwin Lord Weeks; "The West and East Ends of London," by Richard Harding Davis; "Balaam and Pedro," a story of life in Wyoming, by Owen Wister; "Captain Napoleon Bonaparte at Toulon," by M. Germain Bapst; "The Mission of the Jews," by Vignettes of Manhattan—II., A Midsummer Midnight, by Brander Matthews; "Monsieur Le Comte," a scene of the French Revolution, by William McLennan; "The Ending of Barstow," a novel, a story, by Helen Campbell; "The Bread-and-Butter Question," by Junius Henri Browne; "The Dutch Influence on the Social Life of New England," by Rev. William Elliot Griffis; poems by Margaret E. Sangster, Charles D. Roberts, and Annie Fields; and the editorial departments.

The Chicago *Tribune* announces that a magazine is about to be started there—an outgrowth of the University of Chicago—which hopes to rival the *Century* in its own field. It is to be called the *Lakeside Magazine*, and is said to be well backed by capital. C. W. Ricketts is to be business manager, and S. A. Harris editor-in-chief.

W. D. Howells is said to have enough literary work mapped out and contracted for for the next year to assure him, with the royalties on his published books, an income of thirty thousand dollars.

In the London *Athenaeum* of November 18th Mr. A. S. Bicknell finds fault with Lady Burton for not giving the name of his brother, Herman Bicknell, as one of those who visited Mecca in 1862. Mr. Bicknell says: "Far too much, indeed, has been made of the Mecca pilgrimage, and it is time that the drum-beating about the deadly peril of the exploit is estimated at that true value my brother modestly and exactly assigned to it." Mr. Bicknell accuses Lady Burton of having endeavored to conceal his brother's name "under an Arabic pseudonym."

Paul Verlaine, the *decadent* poet, recently paid a visit to London, and the *Critic's* correspondent, who saw him there, describes him as follows:

"Verlaine is certainly the most extraordinary of men. His life as a convict, as a vagabond, as a being for whom the conventions of society do not and can not exist, is sufficiently notorious; but much is forgiven to genius, and more to a candor which resembles, in its simplicity, that of a little child. And, indeed, all that we have heard of his savagery and cynicism did not prepare us for a very gentle and suave demeanor, modest, demure, with the tips of delicate fingers, cooling modulations of a plaintive, murmuring voice. This lion, at all events, roared in London like a veritable sucking dove. His appearance is never to be forgotten. An immense, square skull, almost bald, with a forehead that overhangs the face; narrow, greenish eyes, like dips of jade, rising outward in Chinese fashion; a long, thin mustache falling about sensuous lips, that show red as blood in the midst of the parchment-colored skin; ceaseless movement and gesticulation of the hands, the eyes, the head—these are the main personal impressions we have received of a most extraordinary guest."

Mr. John Elliott, the painter, and his wife, Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, will sail for Italy on the thirtieth of December, to spend the winter and spring in Rome. Mrs. Terry—Mrs. Elliott's aunt and the mother of Marion Crawford—is said to be the oldest American inhabitant of Rome. She was living there when Hawthorne wrote "The Marble Faun," and her first husband, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, figures conspicuously in the story.

The popularity in foreign lands of "How to be Happy Though Married" continues. Five translations, into as many tongues, are already in print, and a sixth has been undertaken.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish this week six new volumes:

"Italian Gardens," by Mr. Charles A. Platt, illustrated from photographs and drawings; the first volume of "Orations and Addresses of the Late George William Curtis," edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton; the third volume of the illustrated edition of Green's "A Short History of the English People"; Mr. Richard Harding Davis's book of travels in the Levant and elsewhere, "The Rulers of the Mediterranean"; a new edition of "The Strange Adventures of a House-boat," by William Black; and the promised "Ben-Hur Referendum." In this last are set forth the sources of the many illustrations which appear in the Garfield Edition of General Lew Wallace's popular novel, "Ben-Hur."

Emile Zola always writes enough to fill four printed pages in the *Charpentier* edition of his novels every day. He has done this for years.

The Dean of Westminster is quoted as saying, during the Lowell memorial services at the Abbey the other day, that "Mr. Lowell is worthy to be counted among the greatest literary men of this country—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Shakespeare, and those poets whom England had lost so lately."

The editor of the *Century*, writing concerning

"the unknown author's chance," says something which will not please that supposed-to-be-abused person:

"Looking back over all the years of the *Century*, I sometimes think that the editors have wasted too much time and energy, have expended too much sympathy, in trying to fan feeble flames of talent. It is a question whether this method can not be overdone. It interferes with the opportunities of strong and original genius, scatters the attention of the public, and creates false hopes in many bosoms."

An English critic writes of Hawthorne's "American Note-Books" as "that inexhaustible store-house of psychological problems." This is apropos of the fact that the germ of the Jekyll and Hyde idea was found in the "inexhaustible store-house."

New Publications.

"What Christmas Says to New Year," a rhyme by Virginia F. Townsend, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat," by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort, a short story the subject-matter of which is sufficiently indicated in the title, has been published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Spinster's Leaflets: Wherein is Written the History of her 'Door-step Baby.' A Fancy which in Time became a Fact and Changed a Life," by Alyn Yates Keith, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Book of Strange Sins" is the curious title of a volume of short stories by Coulson Kernahan, which, though founded on unusual incidents, are not up to the expectation excited, either in construction or power of narration. Published by Ward, Lock & Bowden, New York; price, 50 cents.

Thackeray's "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," wherein he considers Swift, Congreve and Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, and Pope, Hogarth, Smollet, and Fielding, and Sterne and Goldsmith, has been reprinted in a small and tasteful edition by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champneys, who wrote the "Vassar Girls" series, has told a tale that will amuse children, in "Six Boys." Her hero is a minister's son who is mischievous and gets into trouble; but he gets out of it, finally, in a way that points a moral. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Told by the Colonel" is the title of a book of thirteen short stories by W. L. Alden which will please the reader who likes to have his jokes so elaborately explained that there is no further mental effort left for him than is involved in the physical process of laughing. W. L. Alden is a humorist who in this regard almost rivals Jer'me K. Jerome. Published by J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Last July, the Rev. Henry Austin Adams, M. A., withdrew from the Protestant faith and became a Roman Catholic. This action called forth letters from many of his former parishioners, to which he now makes reply by publishing several sermons, touching on the points of faith which led to his change of church, in a volume entitled "The Larger Life." Published by J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Rome of To-day and Yesterday," by John Dennis, is a handsome holiday book. It tells in a pleasant, chatty vein of the Italian capital as it is in our day, and then the author gives chapters on "Rome of the Kings (753-509 B. C.)," "Rome of the Republic (509-49 B. C.)," and "Rome of the Emperors (49 B. C.-330 A. D.)." A score of good illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, and an index makes it convenient for reference. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$2.50.

The recent death of Francis Parkman, the historian, had added a timely interest to the latest issue of his famous "Oregon Trail." It is nearly fifty years now since Parkman sought health in the far Western prairies and in the Rocky Mountains, and the country he described is now utterly changed; but the charm of his breezy narration still clings to his pages, and, in this edition, is enhanced by the bold illustrations Frederic Remington has contributed. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Among the new calendars for the coming year two of the prettiest are "The Lucile Calendar," by Thomas Melville, and "The Tucker Calendar," by Elizabeth S. Tucker. They consist of twelve large cards, each bearing the calendar of a month, accompanied by appropriate drawings in water-color tints. In the first the figures shown are those of young women, and the second shows Kate Greenaway children with birds, animals, and fishes. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; prices, \$1.50 and \$1.25, respectively.

Clara Ersline Clement, whose "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art" is well known, has written a new book prompted by the same love of the beautiful. "The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice, Medieval and Modern," is a pleasant compound of romantic legends, brilliant description, and poetical day-dreaming, and will be enjoyed alike by the visitor to the city of the Doges and by the stay-at-home reader. The illustrations consist of twenty handsome photogravures, the printing and

binding are admirable, and the contents are carefully indexed. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$3.00.

"The Little Queen of Hearts," by Ruth Ogden, is an international story for children. The little queen is a sort of feminine Fauntleroy, and goes to England, where she lunces in Windsor Castle with Queen Victoria and has other surprising and delightful adventures. It is thoroughly entertaining, and not a little historical information is worked into its clever pages. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"General George H. Thomas," by Dr. Henry Coppée, of Lehigh University and formerly an officer of artillery in the United States army, is the latest volume issued in the Appletons' Great Commanders Series. As with the other volumes, it is the military career of the subject that is considered; the first chapter alone covers General Thomas's early life and his experiences in the Mexican War. The second chapter discusses the campaign with Patterson, and the remaining chapters continue the general's record through the War of the Rebellion, and conclude with his last services and death. The great engagements in which General Thomas took part are clearly and vividly described, and the entire book shows how justly he is placed among the great commanders. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The two bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* for the past year constitute the twenty-second volume of that excellent periodical for young readers, for the official volume of a year is now issued in two parts, each of which contains nearly five hundred pages. Such a delightful storehouse of amusement and instruction as *St. Nicholas* prints in a year makes an older reader envy the good fortune of youngsters who have such a magazine prepared for their special delectation. During the past twelvemonth *St. Nicholas* has printed serials for boys and girls by Kate Douglas Wiggin, William O. Stoddard, and Mrs. C. V. Jamison; articles on the cities of the United States by T. W. Higginson, Talcott Williams, and E. C. Stedman; and general articles, short stories, and poems by Arlo Bates, Margaret J. Preston, Rudyard Kipling, Louise Chandler Moulton, Edith M. Thomas, Kirk Monroe, J. K. Bangs, Susan Coolidge, J. G. Whittier, Howard Pyle, C. F. Holder, John Burroughs, and many other noted writers; and the illustrations are as good as the best in the magazines for older people. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

Joaquin Miller has written a new book, which is entitled "The Building of the City Beautiful." It is a romance in which the author sets forth his scheme for a new Utopia. In the opening pages we are introduced to a strange, dark woman of wonderful beauty, who is private secretary to the late Sir Moses Montefiore, and is assisting the great Jewish philanthropist in his plans for the colonization of Palestine by the oppressed Jews of Europe. She is herself a Jewess, but she accepts the good in all religions, and she joins an American who loves his fellow-men in building an Utopia, the City Beautiful, in the great desert region of the South-West. Religion is the foundation-stone of their new state, and in it all work for the common good: all are producers, and distribution—well, distribution takes care of itself. It is a pretty story and poetically told, and each chapter is headed with a metrical epigraph founded on some Biblical idea. A selection of these is reprinted in another column of this issue of the *Argonaut*. The setting of this work is in keeping with its character: paper, types, and binding are of a high degree of artistic elegance, and, as the first book we have seen issued by a new firm, augurs well for the future productions of the publishers, Stone & Kimball, of Cambridge and Chicago; price, \$1.50.



Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

CHRISTMAS AT MARSABA.*

The monks CONSTANTINE and PAUL meet upon the monastery terrace above the gorge of the Brook Kedron.

CONSTANTINE—

A merry Christmas, brother, though forsooth
Were we elsewhere the day were merrier.

PAUL—

Merry's a word my weary heart knows not.

CONSTANTINE—

Bethink you then of dinner—a fat kid
Well-stuffed, and herbs from Artas gardens brought,
And rice deep-iced in juice of apricots,
A Christmas feast for any Bishop fit.
Say you not so?

PAUL—

Ay! truly though you mock me.

CONSTANTINE—

Nay, by Saint Sabas, in good faith I spake.
When we are better friends you will not doubt
The true and trusty lip of Constantine.
Came you last night?

PAUL—

At middle vesper hour.

The crazy bell that hangs from yon low dome
Shook its cracked sides and clamored an alarm,
While eager pilgrims at the outer gate
Shouted till Kedron's rocks gave answer back.
Methinks your knees were scarce so chaste in prayer
That such unwonted tumult moved you not.

CONSTANTINE—

Brother, our prayers here are not empty breath.

PAUL—

I know Marsaba.

CONSTANTINE [aside]—

And good cause, mayhap...

The noisy pilgrims were your comrades, then—
The men who wended Jordanward at dawn,
Singing their slow way through the wilderness?
Alas! the cruel manacles of fate
Clasp hold you here. Mine eyes have told my brain
That lonely Petra, or the wildest spot
On Sinai's slopes, or io bot Araby,
Hath greater charm for you than these gray walls.

PAUL—

Your eyes are keen, yet no more keen than mine
That counsel me our dear desires are twin;
And now your brow makes sign affirmative.

CONSTANTINE—

Does not the lifted brow mean "nay" in Greece?

PAUL—

How know you, brother, that Greece fathered me?

CONSTANTINE—

Aha! 'tis so, then! Faith, that paunch of yours,
So like the casks your dim wine-cellar holds,
As much as said you were no Syrian.
Soft—soft—a jest—but, in all earnestness,
Ere six months pass, you'll gird your loins like mine.

PAUL—

I have no stomach for such prophecy.

CONSTANTINE—

Most bravely answered!

But rest here awhile

Upon this wide, smooth seat, and let me hear
Why you have come to grim Marsaba's walls.

PAUL—

Will you, in turn, if I do thus confide,
Relate the wherefore of your coming, too?

CONSTANTINE—

Ay! you shall hear.

PAUL—

My brief and broken tale—

I pray you, hold it not beyond belief—
Is this: In youth I took the holy vows,
And after years of ministration, deep
To the wild quiet of the Thessalian dales,
I came to dwell 'neath that white-bearded mount
Whose crest looks down on level Marathon.
A lovely spot! The silvery poplars weave
In early spring a breezy web of shade—
A boon in summer hours—and night, a fount
Fills night and day with mellow melody.
One autumn eve, not many months ago,
I wandered forth along a winding way
That led me mountainward, and near the path
I saw a youth, footsore and faint and wan
From arduous climbing, who besought my aid.
When I had propped his steps and found him food,
Into the murky night he needs must plunge,
Despite my proffered hospitality.
Till dawn the wind made wall, and in my dreams
Red landscapes reeled, and wraiths with bloodshot eyes
Mocked merciless. Then broke the pallid day,
And soon around the monastery gates
There rose a clamor. In the heat of haste
I joined the press of peasants. Following one
To where the roadway elbowed, stark in death
My hapless youthful guest before me lay.
Then dizzy fear gripped sudden at my heart,
For by his side, encrimsoned with his blood,
I saw the knotted staff I late had lost.
Slow wore the days, while black suspicion grew,
Till from the church's bead a mandate came
That damned with banishment my innocence.
Thus was I made the butt of circumstance
Who ne'er had raised a life-destroying hand
Against the meanest thing God set on earth.

CONSTANTINE—

A woeful tale, if e'er I bearken oed.

PAUL—

A true one, too, by all men reverence!
Believe you not? That fitting smile of scorn
Breeds angry doubt in my impatient breast.
Deride me not, lest my endurance fail!

CONSTANTINE—

I can but think how good Saint Saba's beast,
The lion that he met in yonder cave,
And lived with long, had made a meal of you.

PAUL—

Methinks at last I see you as you are—
The sneering knave beneath the monk's white gown.
Now, bearken me! if you do think I'll brook
Your sneering insults, you do greatly err.

* Marsaba—a Greek monastery in the wilderness of Judea overlooking the rocky gorge of the Kedron. It takes its name from a celebrated anchorite, Sabas, who lived in the fifth century. Refractory monks are sometimes confined here.

CONSTANTINE—

One's food for mirth in these Judean wilds
Is sadly small. You prove a tempting bit.

PAUL—

By Olivet, and by the Holy Cross,
That jeering tongue of yours shall feel a vise,
And cease its mocking. [Springs upon him.]
Never hand of man
Closed round a clammy, baser throat than this.

CONSTANTINE—

Gentle, my brother, loose your heavy clutch
That I may beg forgiveness. Saints! I choke;
You force a jest too far.

PAUL—

A jest, indeed!

CONSTANTINE [muttering]—

How slight a feint deludes the easy fool!
A sudden hate grows hot within my heart;
Let me but press him toward the rail of stone,
One grip at his soft hands, a push, and then—

PAUL—

What mean you, wretch?

My God, be merciful! [Falls.]

CONSTANTINE—

When had the jackals such a Christmas feast
As this to-day, since payoim Persian hordes
Dyed Kedron's craggy bed with tides of blood?
By chance, to-morrow I will see his bones
As they lie white along the rocks below—
Should no one mark ere then—and point them out
With horrified amazement. Martyrdom
In yonder hillside cave claims many a skull;
There his shall rest. He should be satisfied
To find a place among such worthy men.
There will be mass, and many candles burned,
And aves said. [A bell sounds.]

But, hark!—I must to prayers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CLINTON, N. Y., December 12, 1893.

Should a novelist draw his friends? This is what the *Pall Mall Gazette* has to say on the subject:

"The question of taste which Mr. E. F. Benson (author of 'Dodo') states, but does not argue, is 'stated concretely' thus: 'Supposing a book were written in which the author described with much accuracy and completeness of detail the appearance, habits, and characters of some remarkably unpleasant intimate friends in an unmistakable way, giving them the setting experience a series of adventures which they actually had experienced, art and morality would join hands.' That is what Mr. E. F. Benson calls a concrete statement; we call it tautological and likewise nonsensical. He means to ask if a novelist, who loads the books he has the right and the mind to publish in these delightful days of universal scribbling, with ill-natured portraits of people he does not like, is contemptible. And we reply without hesitation that he is, even in these delightful days of universal scribbling and unlettered modernity, for he sins against art and good manners."

"Mr. Benson starts with the suggestion that 'they all do it,' and we reply that no novelist who looks to have more success than the circulating libraries can give him does anything of the sort. Daudet and Dickens have sinned by caricaturing their friends, and they are none the better in repute for having done so. 'But,' says Mr. Benson, 'no one can evolve a man or woman out of his inner consciousness,' so the novelist must take a model, and from the model he must construct a type. Here is a plausible excuse for caricaturing one's friends! An excuse, too, founded on the sandiest of foundations, upon the silliest of artistic fallacies. The novelist does not reproduce—unless he be utterly incompetent—not does he content himself with arranging and rearranging the facts he has observed. He must generalize. He must take his type—that is to say, an abstraction, as a kleptomaniac (say a pork-butcher or a gentleman of honor), and, having settled to his own satisfaction the elements which compose his character, he must proceed from the type and develop the individual by adding peculiarities of habit, speech and garment, remembering that these peculiarities are of the least importance, and that he, like Nature in the poem, must be careful of the type and beedless (to a reasonable degree) of the single life. Then, having chosen his type and his situation, the novelist must set the forces of character, and action, and environment to play upon him; not asking himself, 'How would Mr. M. or Mrs. N. behave here?' but, 'What would a person of a given character do under this given circumstance?' The right method and Mr. Benson's method are as different as the manufacture of a mosaic is from the carving of a statue."

Among the attractions of the January *Harper's Magazine* will be the first installment of Mr. George du Maurier's new novel, "Trilby," with fifteen illustrations by the author; the conclusion of Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks's narrative of his journey across Persia by caravan; and an article by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "The West and East Ends of London."

Edwin Booth's daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman, is writing some reminiscences of her father, and desires to secure copies of such letters as her father's friends may wish to have included in her publication. They may be sent addressed to Mrs. Ignatius R. Grossman, 12 West Eighteenth Street, New York.



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THE WEST AND EAST ENDS OF LONDON. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With 8 Illustrations by FREDERICK BARNARD.

BALAM AND PEORO. A Story of Life in Wyoming. By OWEN WISTER. With full-page illustration by FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated.
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On the Old Frontier. - - -
Or, the Last of the Iroquois. By Will Stoddard.
The White Conquerors. - - -
A Tale of Toltec and Aztec. By Kirke N.
The Brownies at Home. - - -
By Palmer Cox.
Half-Hours with Jimmieboy. -
By John Kendrick Bangs, author of "Tinkles Tales," "In Camp with a Tin Snare," etc. Illustrated.
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A Tale of the Conquest of the Punjab. Geo. A. Henty.
A Jacobite Exile. - - -
Being the Adventures of a Young Englishman in the Service of Charles XII. of Sweden. Geo. A. Henty.
The Wreck of the Golden Fleece. -
The Story of a North Sea Fisher-Boy. Robert Leighton.
Ivar the Viking. - - -
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SOCIETY.

The Gurney-Cook Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding at the residence of Mrs. Elisha Cook, corner of Sixteenth Street and Hoff Avenue, last Wednesday noon when her daughter, Miss Leoloide Cook, was united in marriage to Mr. Gilbert Gurney. Only a few relatives and very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins in the handsomely decorated parlor, which was adorned in tones of green and red with evergreens and Christmas berries.

Mr. Oscar Newhouse was the best man, and the maid of honor was Miss Mabel Gross, who wore a gown of white silk and gold brocade. The bride appeared in a becoming gown of white silk, and her mother wore a rich robe of white satin, with an overdress of black beaded jets. Mrs. Elisha Van Slyke Cook appeared in a gown of green cloth with a bodice of terra cotta colored satin and bouffant sleeves. About half an hour after the ceremony about thirty intimate friends called, and, after congratulating the newly wedded couple, participated in the wedding breakfast, during which Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played concert music. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Gurney left for Coronado Beach, where they will stay about two weeks and then return to this city. A trip to Mexico next spring is contemplated. They will receive their friends on Wednesday, January 17th, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Van Slyke Cook, at the home of the bride's mother. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Among those who were at the reception were:

Mrs. Elisha Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Van Slyke Cook, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lenti, Mrs. Robert Daugherty, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Perkins, Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mrs. M. A. Wightman, Mrs. Charles Green, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Anna Kohler, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Gertrude Severance, Miss Blaine, Misses Welch, Misses Grant, Mr. Carroll Cook, Dr. Grimm, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, and Mr. William Heath.

The Friday Night Club.

The second meeting of the Friday Night Club was a cotillion, and it was held at Odd Fellows' Hall, as the experience of the first meeting demonstrated that Golden Gate Hall was too small for the membership of the club. The hall appeared very attractive in its decorations of red and green, the effect being carried out with draperies, long garlands of evergreens, and clusters of scarlet cornel berries. The stage was banked with tropical plants, with brilliant poinsettias set here and there as a relief.

The cotillion was commenced at half-past nine o'clock, and six figures were danced to the music of Huber's Hungarian Orchestra. The figures were: "Grand Right and Left," "Double Columns," "Concentric Circles," "Gray's Figure," "The March," and "Four Circles." Mr. E. M. Greenway led the cotillion with Miss Mamie Holbrook as his partner. At midnight an elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall under the direction of Ludwig & Co. Afterward there was general dancing until two o'clock. The ball-room floor was newly canvased and the dining-room floor was covered with new heavy burlap. The calcium-light effects in the last two figures were very pretty. Their arrangement was by Mr. Martin Kruger, of the "Siobad" company. Those who were in the first set were:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. George H. Lenti, Mrs. George H. Lenti, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. Jerome Watson, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. W. B. Collier, Jr., Miss Edith McBean, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Miss Cohen, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Aileen Goad, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, Miss Julia Crocker, Mr. Faxon Macdonald, Miss Carrie Taylor, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Cara Smedberg, Mr. Fritz Coon, Miss Miriam Moore, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. Brooks Jones, Miss Katherine Lee Jones, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. Webster Jones, Miss Ethel Murphy.

The Mills Club.

The Mills Club, which is composed of graduates of Mills College, were entertained last Thursday afternoon by Mrs. James M. Goewey at her residence on Oak Street. The affair took the form of a musicale, and there were several vocal and instrumental numbers given by Miss Kimball, Miss Tidball, Mrs. Goewey, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Frank Mitchell, Miss Gill, Miss Fanny Danforth, Miss Ernestine Urrute, Miss Nora Allis, Miss Sunsbine Heydefeldt, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Wells, and Master Herbert Spencer Goewey. The selections were all of an interesting character, and made the hours pass very pleasantly.

The Wells Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, and hospitably entertained a couple of hundred of her friends. The house was handsomely decorated, a string orchestra played during the hours of the reception, and light refreshments were served. During the afternoon Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Miss Alvina Heuer gave a number of vocal selections in a charming manner. Mrs. Wells was assisted in receiving by Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Thomas Denigan, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. d'Ancona, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Beatrice Russell, Miss Alice Kinne, Miss Ruth Coffin, Miss Agnes Coffin, and Miss Mamie Klordan.

The Donahue Tea.

A most enjoyable affair was the high tea given by Mr. Peter Donahue and her sister, Mrs. Eleanor

Martin, last Saturday, at their residence on Bryant Street. Several hundred invitations were issued, and the guests commenced to arrive about five o'clock; the greatest number, however, was present about ten o'clock, when dancing was indulged in. Mrs. J. Downey Harvey assisted the hostesses in receiving. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections and also the music for dancing. Refreshments were served under the direction of Ludwig & Co. The hospitality of the entertainers was bounteous, and their many guests certainly enjoyed the affair very much.

The Church Matinée Tea.

The residence of Mrs. Thomas R. Church, 1016 Franklin Street, was the scene of a pleasant matinee tea last Saturday, which the hostess gave for the purpose of introducing her daughter, Miss Gertrude Church, into society circles. In receiving and entertaining the many guests, they were assisted by Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Miss Carrie Putnam, Miss Emeline Kirketerp, Miss Cora Glidden, Miss Buckingham, Miss Mary Lowell, Miss Helen Andros, Miss Alberta Bancroft, Miss Nellie Woolrich, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Houghton, and Miss Bernha Houghton. Flowers and foliage were used abundantly in decorating the rooms, and a string orchestra was in attendance. Music, conversation, and of refreshments constituted the pleasures of the affair.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, assisted by Mrs. J. Alva Watt, soprano, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, and Mr. Henry Strauss, pianist and organist. There was a large attendance, and the following excellent programme was admirably presented:

Organ solo, "Precious" overture, Weber, Mr. Henry Strauss; song, "When the Heart is Young," Dudley Buck, Mrs. J. Alva Watt; violin solo, romance, op. 7, Edmund Uhl, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "I Love," Sullivan, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; organ solo, (a) "Song of the Pilgrim," Batisia, (b) "Bride's Song," Jensen, Mr. Henry Strauss; songs, (a) "I was April," Nevins, (b) "Thy Blue Eyes," Holt, Mrs. J. Alva Watt; violin solo, polonaise, op. 10, No. 2, Lauterbach, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Good-bye, Sweet Day," Vannah, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; organ solo, selections "Tannhauser," Wagner, Mr. Henry Strauss.

Concerts will be given hereafter every Thursday evening, and on Sunday afternoons there will be sacred concerts.

A pleasant musicale was held at Miss Bolte's school on Friday afternoon, December 15th, and the following programme was presented:

Piano duet, Miss Mattie Logan and Mrs. Renfro; song, "Welcome," school; recitation, Miss Helen Taylor; piano solo, Miss Lola Lightner; song, Miss Emma Brown; violin solo, Miss Mabel Kowalsky; recitation, Miss Gladys Myer; German song, school; song, Miss Edith Bode; fan drill, Miss La Franchi's class; piano solo, Miss Gladys Myer; recitation, Miss Lola Lightner; piano solo, Miss Emma Brown; operetta, "Little Red Riding Hood"—cast: Red Riding Hood, Miss Gladys Myer; Queen, Miss Edith Bode; Wolf, Miss Lola Lightner; Mother, Miss Emma Brown; Sister, Miss Mabel Kowalsky; Fairies, school.

—THOSE MAGNATES OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE, Messrs. Moët & Chandon, whose famous "White Seal" brand is familiar in every part of the civilized globe, and whose half-score miles of cellars contain as many million bottles of champagne as there are millions of inhabitants in most of the secondary European States, have their head-quarters at Epernay, in a spacious chateau. Jeao Remt Moët, born in 1758, may be looked upon as the veritable founder of the present commerce of champagne wine.—*Extract from the "History of Champagne."*

The steamer *Croft*, belonging to the Royal Niger Company, has just been loaded in England for the Niger with 150,000 gallons of spirits, including 40,000 cases of gin. "The wholesale price of this stuff averages," says Labouchère, "I am told, less than six-pence per gallon." As Lord Aberdare, the chairman of the company, is a firm supporter of the temperance movement, he is presumably ignorant of this traffic.

The civil list or salary of King Humbert of Italy, the largest of all those paid by European nations to their respective sovereigns, is fixed annually at nearly \$3,000,000. Emperor William of Germany has a civil list of \$2,400,000, and Queen Victoria's is about \$1,800,000.

"Our Society" Blue Book.

The fashionable private address directory, containing the lists of names, addresses, and reception days of the leading society people, is now in press at the H. S. Crocker Company. Address all communications and changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

—A MAN ON KEARNY STREET

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"DINNER-SOWING."

An Experience with a Young Man of the Period.

I have come to the conclusion that I hate young men. Of course I don't include Edward in that term—he's much too serious to be young. It came about—the conclusion, I mean—in this way. As I am going to stay in town after all, I have made up my mind to have a "day." I've chosen Wednesday, and I'm going to print "Winter Wednesdays" on my cards. Rather neat, don't you think? Well, I was just full of this scheme, thinking how delightful my parties would be and how everybody would enjoy them, when I met Bertie Lathom. He was dressed with his usual elaboration, and he was just getting into a cab; but he looked dreadfully bored and disgusted, and, as I came up, I heard him say to himself (just like the White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland"): "That's five!"

"What do you mean, Bertie?" I asked. (He's Edward's second cousin, so I call him Bertie, you know.) "What are you doing?"

He looked at me with the most melancholy expression you can imagine, and ejaculated:

"Dinner-sowing."

"What?" I cried; "dinner-sowing?"

"Once a fortnight," he explained, "I take a cab and a bag of seed—a card-case, I mean—and go round. 10 process of time, the plant grows and the dinners bloom. I've sown five already—three 'at homes' and two common calls; but it's precious hard work." And he wiped his brow with a cambric handkerchief, calling out to the cabman: "What's next on the list, cabby?"

"Mrs. Majendie, sir," said the man.

"This is uncommonly awkward," said Bertie. "I didn't know it was you."

"You wretch!" said I. "Not a dioner of mice shall you eat—unless" (a brilliant thought struck me) "you come to every one of my 'Winter Wednesdays.'"

"Let me off," he groaned.

"I will not," said I, firmly.

"You can leave out Mrs. Majendie," said he to the cabman, and with a sad nod he got into the cab.

Now isn't that disgusting? And I believe it's absolutely typical of the way they all look at it. "A bag of seed!" Horrible! It's really extraordinary how much a man thinks about eating and drinkings. Even Edward, who is, you know, quite an intelligent person, goes on in very much the same way. The other day, as we were coming home from the Kennedy's musical "At Home," where Herr Neverstopofski had played simply divinely, I said to him:

"Sweet, wasn't it?"

"Beastly sweet," he answered. "Upon my honor, Kennedy's a miser, or else his wine merchant robs him."

"I meant the music," I observed, coldly.

"My darling, I beg pardon! I meant his champagne."

However, I didn't mean to let Bertie Lathom stop me, so I sent out my cards (I wrote "Remember I" large in the corner of his) to everybody I knew. Directly they were gone, Edward came to me and said: "By Jove! Aurelia, I'm sorry you've chosen Wednesday; the board meets in the afternoon, you know."

"Bother the board!" said I.

"Oh; yes, but it means that I have to stay at the office, and so I'm afraid, dear, that I may not be able to show up. Of course, if I possibly can, I'll come in—toward the end."

Isn't that tiresome? He was so evidently *really* anxious to come that I could say nothing, though I certainly thought that I had mentioned the day to him at least a week ago. But, in spite of all these worries, the first day was a great success. I cleared all the furniture out of the drawing-room, and it's very lucky I did, for by five o'clock we were packed as tight as herrings in a barrel, and everybody was talking so loud and so fast that nobody could hear what anybody was saying. Of course that meant that everybody was enjoying themselves, and so I was feeling perfectly happy. Then, just at that moment, I saw Bertie Lathom coming upstairs, and behind him, stretching down to the first landing, a line of young men, all as large, as impassive, as carefully attired, and as solemn as himself.

"What in the world—" I cried, before I could stop myself.

"This is the *amende honorable*," he said, gravely; "permit me to introduce the friends whom I have taken the liberty of bringing."

And then all of them—ten!—stood opposite me and bowed low, and said, "Pleasure!" and looked over my head into the drawing-room.

"Shall we go in?" asked Bertie, with a faint smile.

"If—if you think you can get in," said I.

"We'll try," they said amiably, and as they went by I heard one remark, to an admiring tone:

"Turning money away, by Jove!"

And get in they did, somehow, though I really don't know how, and everybody has been saying that Mrs. Majendie's party was so nice, because there were such a lot of men. Rather nice of Bertie, wasn't it? I suppose I must feed him after that. Do you think the whole lot of them will expect to be fed? They all left their cards in the most conspicuous place on the hall table, and the footman

told me that one of them tipped him to put his on the top! I think I must be becoming a popular hostess, don't you?

Poor Edward didn't get home till half-past six, when nearly everybody had gone. He was so vexed about it, poor fellow; but, of course, as he says, his work must take precedence of everything else. Supposing (as he says) that the directors had met and he hadn't been there, because his wife had a party! It would be as much as his place is worth, as the servants say. But I do hope that he'll be able to come next time. A man is such a convenience at an affair like that—especially one's husband: he takes all the old ladies to have tea—and that keeps them happy (an important thing, my dear, considering how they talk), and if I was a cynic, I suppose I should add that it keeps him out of mischief.—*Black and White.*

Breach of promise cases are becoming so frequent that the *Spectator* proposes a law for declaring all promises of marriage invalid unless put in writing.



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SOCIETY.

A Complimentary Banquet.

An elaborate banquet was given at the Pacific Union Club last Thursday evening by many members of the club, as a compliment to the proprietors and officers of the Union Inn Works and the members of the trial board that were on the new war vessel *Olympia*, when she made her trial speed trip. Covers were laid for one hundred and two gentlemen at a large table arranged in the form of a horseshoe. The table was adorned with a profusion of red and white chrysanthemums and roses massed harmoniously, and through this array of bloom ran a scarf of red, white, and blue. The walls of the room were artistically draped with American flags, and in one corner was a miniature model of the *Olympia*, wrought of confectionery and flying the national colors. The patriotic character of the decorations were also noticed in the illumination of the room, for over the centre of the table were three circles of incandescent electric light globes, colored red, white, and blue. The entire effect was beautiful, and reflected much credit upon Miss Mary Bates, who was the decorator.

It was about seven o'clock when the banquet was commenced, and several hours were passed at the festal board in the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu that had been prepared. A Spanish orchestra was present and played concert music at intervals. Mr. W. Frank Gnad was the presiding officer at the banquet. A number of toasts were given and responded to felicitously, and it was midnight before the affair ended.

The invited guests comprised:

Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer Joseph Triley, U. S. N., Commander Nichols Ludlow, U. S. N., Commander Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander F. P. Gilmore, U. S. N., Naval-Constructor Albert W. Stahl, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer John W. Moore, U. S. N., General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. George W. Dickie, Dr. George Chismore, and Mr. James O'B. Gunn.

The others present were:

Mr. William Alford, Consul Vladimir Artimovitch, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. John Berningham, Mr. Samuel C. Bigelow, Judge J. H. Boalt, Mr. George C. Boardman, Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. George F. Bowman, Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. William E. Brown, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. James T. Boyd, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Wilfrid E. Chapman, Mr. A. Chesbrough, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. John W. G. Coffan, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. George D. Cooper, Mr. Clinton Day, Mr. Edgar J. de Pue, Mr. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Frank S. Douthy, Mr. William J. Dutton, Mr. Daniel W. Earl, Mr. Charles P. Edles, Mr. Bernard Faymonville, Mr. Robert B. Forman, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. Charles M. Goodall, Mr. Edwin Goodall, Mr. Adam Grant, Mr. O. D. Greene, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Charles E. Green, Mr. Charles A. Grow, Mr. C. S. Givins, Captain Charles Goodall, Mr. William H. Harries, Mr. James W. Hart, Mr. Alexander G. Hawes, Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. William S. Hopkins, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. Josiah N. Knowles, Mr. George Loomis, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. P. McG. McBean, Mr. Frank McCoppin, Mr. George W. McNear, Mr. Robert McMurray, Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Dr. Edward Parson, Mr. Richard H. Pease, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. James B. Randall, Mr. A. W. Rose, Jr., Mr. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. George W. Spencer, Dr. B. R. Swan, Mr. Herman Schussel, Mr. William H. Taylor, Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. James E. Tucker, Judge W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. George Whittell, Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. E. C. Wright, Mr. A. A. Wigmore, and Mr. F. W. Zeile.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Helen Herndon Perrin, second daughter of Dr. E. B. Perrin, of this city, to Mr. Arthur Lee Robinson, of Louisville, Ky. The wedding will take place at Grace Church at nine o'clock, on Wednesday evening, January 17th. Miss Adèle Perrin will be the maid of honor and Mr. George Norton, of Louisville, Ky., will act as best man. The ushers will be Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. Cutler Paige, and Mr. Brooks Jones, of this city, and Mr. S. C. Henning, of Louisville, Ky.

Miss Emily G. Britton, daughter of Mrs. G. W. Britton, and Lieutenant John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will be united in marriage at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening, at the First Congregational Church. Miss May, a cousin of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Lillian Dean, Miss Emma

Fraser, Miss Marguerita B. May, and Miss Anna Sheppard. Lieutenant William R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., will act as best man, and the ushers will be Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence May Boruck, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck, to Mr. William T. Hicks, of Los Angeles, son of Mrs. John S. Hager, of this city.

The Misses Hobart will give a ball next Friday evening at their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Eyre will give a ball on new-year's night at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze will give a tea at her residence, 1330 Sutter Street, from four until seven o'clock, on Thursday, January 4th. There will be dancing in the evening from eight until eleven o'clock.

The West Terpsichorean Club will give a cotillion next Thursday evening. Mr. E. M. Greenway will act as leader.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give its first german of the season next Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

The members of the Harmonie Club will give a new-year watch on Sunday evening, December 31st. An elaborate supper will be served at half-past eleven o'clock.

The Children's Society of San Francisco will give a Christmas entertainment in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel at three o'clock next Thursday afternoon, for the benefit of the City Front Boys Club. The affair is under the direct management of Mrs. W. B. Bourne, Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Miss Alice S. Griffith, Miss Kittle, and Miss Ashe, who desire to have the earnest cooperation of every member of the society in the sale of tickets, which are one dollar and fifty cents each. A most interesting programme will be presented, and all who attend will be assured of being well entertained, beside having the satisfaction of knowing that they will be aiding a most worthy charity.

A large number of society people will go to the Hotel del Monte to pass the new-year holidays, and as new-year's-eve comes on Sunday, the management has decided to have the usual ball on Monday night. Elaborate preparations are being made for it. It is also announced that the bath-house will be open during the holidays.

The members of the San Francisco Verein will give a cotillion at the club next Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crucker entertained a number of friends at dinner last Wednesday evening at their residence, on California Street.

Mrs. Percy Preston Moore entertained many of her friends last Saturday at a matinee tea at her residence, 1415 Taylor Street. Mrs. Charles A. Moore, Mrs. Frederick Billings Lake, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Bee Hooper, and Miss Woolrich assisted her in receiving. Mrs. A. M. Easton gave a matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence, 915 Leavenworth Street, which was attended by many of her friends.

The Misses Fecheimer gave an elaborate dinner-party, followed by a dance, last Saturday evening, at their residence on Broadway. Covers were laid for sixty at table, and the decorations were quite novel. After dinner dancing was indulged in until early morning, to the music of Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra.

The Fruit and Flower Mission held a bazaar at Miss West's School last Saturday afternoon and evening, and through the sale of tickets, fancy work, and refreshments realized a handsome sum to enable it to continue its charitable work.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are now occupying their residence, on the north-east corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street.

Sir Thomas Hesketh arrived in Liverpool last Monday on the steamer *Britannic* of the White Star Line.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Florence Lockwood returned to the city last Thursday after a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mrs. John S. Hager returned from St. Louis a week ago. Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., has returned from a visit to his sister, Mrs. William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. William B. Collier has returned to Villa Ka-Bel on the shores of Clear Lake, after a month's visit here.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin will receive on Wednesdays in January.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné will pass the coming holidays at San Mateo.

Mrs. Barreda has returned from a prolonged absence in the East and Europe, and is staying at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Sherman.

Miss Eleanor Dimond has returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding will receive on Fridays in January.

Mr. Charles Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. H. L. Simpkins, and Miss Mary Eyre will depart next month on a tour of the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden returned from their Eastern trip a week ago.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson returned from Nevada last Wednesday.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is at the Corcoran Hotel, in Washington, D. C. She is expected home soon.

Mr. Henry W. Redington is staying at the Hotel Imperial, in New York city.

Mr. H. W. Severance has returned to Honolulu after a month's visit here.

Mr. J. Athearn Folger, of Oakland, sailed from Victoria, B. C., for Japan on December 10th, and will be away several months on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay-Riddell, nee Tilden, will

receive on Thursdays after January 1st at their residence, 2038 Steiner Street.

Miss Mollie Pierce, who has been visiting Chicago, Boston, New York, and Albany for the past four months, will return home on Christmas Day.

Mr. Duocan Hayne left last Tuesday to visit relatives at Santa Barbara for a couple of weeks.

Dr. R. E. Williams, who has been confined to his residence for the past two weeks by a fractured rib, is now able to be out.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has returned from a visit to Chicago, New York, and other Eastern cities.

Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith have closed their villa at San Carlos, and are occupying their city residence, 2328 Sacramento Street.

Miss Mary C. Brady, who studied art in Paris for five years, has lately returned, and is now busily engaged completing several studies that she intends to exhibit in New York. Her artistic career was commenced under the guidance of Emil Carlsen. While in Paris her work attracted the attention and praise of the best Parisian painters.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain H. C. Cochran, U. S. M. C., now at Mare Island, will leave about January 13th for Honolulu for duty on the steamer *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. K. Moore, U. S. N., left Mare Island a week ago for the East.

Major H. H. Bartlett, U. S. M. C., has been relieved from duty at the marine barracks at Mare Island, and ordered to the navy-yard at Charlestown. His position at Mare Island will be filled by Major Pope, U. S. M. C.

Commander W. W. Whiting, U. S. N., of the *Alliance*, arrived here last Saturday from Honolulu, accompanied by his bride, who was Miss Henrietta Patrinely Afoaga, daughter of the millionaire Chinese merchant of Honolulu. The wedding took place on December 5th at the Central Union Church, and was celebrated with full naval honors. During the week, Commander and Mrs. Whiting departed for Kansas City, Mo., to visit his sister, after which they will go to New York.

Assistant Engineer William C. Myers, U. S. R. M., who is connected with the steamer *Bear*, went to Mare Island last Wednesday to be present at the hop given by the officers of the *Mohican*.

Of Miss Agnes Repplicher and Andrew Lang, the following story is told:

Last summer Miss Repplicher was in England, and had the anticipated good-fortune to be asked to meet Andrew Lang at the home of the Repplicher made a mental toilet as she adorned her body to meet Mr. Lang. But a dinner in England is a serious matter. Course after course passed unseasoned by joke, unspiced by epigram, and without the grace of felicitous allusion. It at length came to an end. Nor did the conversation have any future. The great Andrew sat down on the floor and played for the rest of the evening with a kitten.

A Remarkable Woman.

The late Mme. Pommeroy was, in every respect, a most remarkable woman. Upon the death of her husband, she assumed the entire management of her vast interests, and it has been her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name the wine of the real aristocracy. Of course the partiality shown by the Prince of Wales in Pommeroy tended much to render her efforts in this direction successful. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. Confident that Pommeroy could rely upon its own merits, none but the legitimate channels were used in placing it before the public. It is a wine which appeals to the refined taste of all, and although it is the wine of the nobility, it is none the less the favorite of every one possessing a refined and discriminating palate.—*London Journal*.

Mrs. Mary G. Bryan, who has probably the largest salary of any literary woman in America, receives ten thousand dollars a year from the publisher of a New York periodical in return for writing two serials a year and a short story each month, as well as answers to correspondence.

Holiday Gifts.

The decorated china contributed by members of the California Ceramic Club, and now on exhibition at the art-rooms of Sanborn, Vail & Co., have drawn thousands of visitors to this popular establishment during the past week. All who have not seen the exhibition should do so at an early date.

The various articles suitable for Christmas presents, such as framed pictures, onyx tables, easels, silver-mounted leather goods, Christmas cards, and souvenirs of California and the Midwinter Fair, plush and celluloid albums, ladies' toilet sets, gentlemen's traveling sets, boxes of fine stationery, etc., are shown and being sold rapidly.

Any one who likes to shop in a large, well-ventilated, well-stocked store, where only honest goods are sold at honest prices, where there is no trash, no humbug, no liquidations, no 50 cents on the dollar, but where you get 100 cents worth of goods for every dollar spent, can do no better than to go straight to Sanborn & Vail's, 741 Market Street.

Mr. Best is an "artistic ladies' hair-dresser"; but the *Hairdresser's Weekly Journal* has been of opinion for some time that he was really Mr. Worst. Its "Gutter Laureate" addressed him, and its "Captain Cuttle" remarked on him. A London jury mulcted the jeering journal of two thousand dollars.

The Popular Winter Route.

If you are going East, arrange for a pleasant journey by purchasing your tickets via the "Santa Fe Route." The only line running Pullman Palace and tourist sleeping-cars through to Chicago, every day, on the same train. Personally conducted excursions leave every Tuesday. Union Depot connections at Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago with all of the principal Eastern railroads. Baggage checked to destination. W. A. Bissell, G. P. A., 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), San Francisco, Cal.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA, KNOWN AS HUNGARIAN Orchestra, is recommended for its excellent Concert and Dance Music. This orchestra played with great success at the Hotel del Monte during the past season; plays at the California Hotel between dinner hours, and furnishes the music at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club. Address Mr. V. Huber, 420 Eddy Street, or Sherman & Clay's Music Store.

—FOR THE WINTER STYLES IN FINE NECKWEAR and gloves call on J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

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To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of eruptions, impurity, and disease, whether skin eruptions, hereditary, or curative, no agency is so effective, so speedy, so economical, and so reliable as



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A PROPOSITION.

TUTTER—Say, you couldn't spare me five dollars, could you?

CASTLETON—Sorry, old chap, but I'm awfully short. Expect to take Miss Van Winkle to the theatre to-night.

TUTTER—You're in luck. Nice girl that.

CASTLETON—Rather.

TUTTER—Rather! Well, I should say so. Why, she's one of the most exclusive girls I ever met.

CASTLETON—I didn't know that.

TUTTER—That's because she favors you so. She won't have anything to do with me.

CASTLETON—Won't, eh? Why, I thought she liked you.

TUTTER—In a way, yes. But she's too particular. The man who goes out with that girl, old man, ought to feel highly honored. Mighty few can do it.

CASTLETON—[pleased]—That so? Why, I didn't think it was anything extraordinary that she accepted my invitation.

TUTTER—You didn't! Why she wouldn't go with me. You don't know when you have a good thing, old fellow.

CASTLETON [doubtfully]—Well, I don't know that I do. She's pretty, too, isn't she?

TUTTER—Pretty! Why, that isn't the name for it. She's an angel. All the fellows have been raving over her, but she doesn't seem to notice any one but you.

CASTLETON [immensely pleased]—And here I have been blind to it all.

TUTTER—Certainly you have. But you are so used to it, I suppose, you take it as a matter of course. Oh, by the way, old man, to return to that subject, couldn't you manage to squeeze out a fiver.

CASTLETON [doubtfully]—Well, I don't know. I'll tell you what I will do, though.

TUTTER [eagerly]—What's that?

CASTLETON—I'll let you have it, old fellow, when she proposes to me.—*Bazar*.

Christmas With the Dyaks of South Borneo.

We can not be too thankful, my young friends, that we live in a Christian country where the people are wise, temperate, and rational, and jealously guard the beautiful institutions of the past and prevent them from being corrupted.

I am now going to tell you about the Dyaks of South Borneo, who are, perhaps, the most degraded race of savages in existence, and to tell you how they spend their Christmas, so that you may be thankful that you live among a happier and wiser people.

These ignorant savages almost ruin themselves every time that Christmas comes round, by indulging in a horrible custom which they call "Giving Presents." Every Dyak feels it incumbent upon himself or herself to give presents in every one of his or her family, even in the remotest branches; and no matter how little the giver may be able to afford it, he or she must give—no lose social position. Upon their children, in particular, they lavish costly gifts, presenting them with elaborate and delicate toys which can only mar and break, and from which they can derive no enjoyment. They also give to their children a peculiar native product called "Candy," which destroys the digestion and ruins the teeth.

Another horrible practice of the Dyaks is called "Gathering at the Old Home." People who have left their home in early childhood, and who have had every reason for siding, and none whatever for returning, profane the sacred day that should be set apart for harmony and good-will toward men, by reassembling under the ancestral roof in an unhappy body of relatives inspired with a profound and thorough sentiment of mutual hatred. Thus they make what should be an occasion of gladness and merriment a day of unpleasantness to themselves and each to the other. You would think, would you not, that people whose tastes do not lead them to meet oftener than once a year would know enough to keep away from each other? Well, the Dyaks of Borneo know no better than this.

Let me tell you one more thing about the Dyaks of Borneo, and you will see how completely they manage to spoil this beautiful crown of all the year's holidays. They fix for these horrible gatherings an unusual and inconvenient dinner-hour, generally arranging it so that they are obliged to wait an hour or two beyond their usual time of taking food. Thus, when they do sit down to their meal, they eat too much, and become stupid and uncomfortable, as well as cross in each other.

Are you not glad that you live among a wise, temperate, sensible people, who know how to enjoy their blessings rationally, and not among benighted savages like the Dyaks of Borneo, who have such a disagreeable Christmas?—*Puck*.

Some Were Blazy, and Some Weren't.

At the masquerade ball of the Lady Blue Jeans, it was noticeable that some of last year's stars were in citizen clothes. Tessie McGee, whose red tights flitted nictor-like through the crowd last year, was not even dancing. Mary Kelley, who at the last ball wore black—to a very limited extent—was in a high-necked dress and skirts of the conventional length.

"Why ain't you in costum, Mary?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I seen it all too many times," was the indifferent reply: "I'm gettin' blazy."

"You mean blazy, Mary," suggested her escort, in a whisper.

"Yes; that's what I said—blazy. It's a played-out game. I'm blazy of the whole racket."

But there were many who did not know that fatal ailment. There was the Zephyr, clad in a white imitation of an unlauded night-gown, and Carrie Mull, in red and black; Nell the Star, in Princeton colors, and Curly Ally, in polka-dot stockings, who had the distinguished satisfaction of being fought for by Gooly Harrigan and Cully the Sport.

"Dis is my dance!" said both, as they arrived from opposite directions at Ally's side. Then Gooly turned to her and inquired politely:

"Who's d' red-eyed bloke dere?"

"Shake dat mug an' spiel dis wid me," said Cully.

"Say, if you don't chase yourself," remarked Gooly, turning upon his opponent, "I'll spoil d' on'y part o' yer mug dat wasn't spoiled in de makin', an' dat's de hack n' yer neck."

After a few swift passes, Gooly sat down heavily, while Curly Ally was whirled away in the arms of the victor.

"I was goin' t' say it was your danst," she remarked, reproachfully, "hut you was so quick you wouldn't gimme no chanst."—*New York Sun*.

A Lively Day.

Charlie Dultimes recently kept a record of the business transacted by him during one day of the present depression, with the following gratifying results. His callers were:

- A stranger to borrow the directory.
- A man who wanted change for two dollars.
- A boy to sell matches or feather dusters.
- An accident insurance agent.
- A man who wanted Charlie to cash a check.
- A girl collecting subscriptions for a woman's home.
- A book-peddler.
- A friend who wanted a small loan.
- Charlie's tailor.
- Another friend who wanted a loan.
- The Most Worthy Begum of the Order of Indian Rajahs, who tried to sell Charlie some tickets for an entertainment to be given "for the benefit of the order."

A woman to ask what floor Room 69 was on. Another friend who wanted five dollars "until Saturday night."

The tenant from across the hall to use the telephone.

A boy to borrow the railway guide for Mr. Sniffins. A man looking for "a party named White." The bomb-black. The janitor to clean up the office. And yet they say that away out in the suburbs, a fair maiden sits and sadly wonders "Why Charlie doesn't propose?"—*Harry Romaine in Life*.

She Could Use a Burglar.

A citizen living on Brush Street was on his way home, the other night, when a shne came untied, and he sat down on the doorstep of a house in fix things. He was about to go on, when a window was opened above him and a woman's voice demanded:

"Say! Are ynu a burglar?"
"Nn, ma'am," was the reply.
"What are you doing there?"
"Just tying up my shne."
"Oh, that's it!"
"Did you want a burglar, ma'am?" asked the pedestrian, thinking he detected a tinge of disappointment in her tone.

"You don't see any around, do you?"
"No, not just now, but I presume I can find one somewhere about. Is it anything special, ma'am—anything which won't keep until to-morrow night?"
"Nn, nnt so very special," she answered. "My husband went away with fifteen dollars in his pocket this morning, and came home drunk about an hour ago. I've been through his pockets about six times and can't find a cent, and I thought if you were a burglar and would look him over, I'd divide with you on whatever you found. Never mind, though. Come to think of it, he always carries his money in his shoes when he gets full, and I'll run down stairs and overhaul them."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The Rugged Child

is largely an "outdoor" product. Fresh air and exercise usually produce sound appetite and sound sleep. Sickly children obtain great benefit from



Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites, a fat-food rapid of assimilation and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

I do not Eat Pastry.

How often you hear this expression, and the explanation that usually follows: "I am troubled with dyspepsia." The explanation is not far to seek. In the past Lard has been used as the principal shortening in all pastry, the result—dyspepsia. The dyspeptic need no longer be troubled, providing

COTTOLINE

is substituted for lard in the preparation of all food. It is composed strictly of highly refined vegetable oil and beef suet. When used as a shortening, it produces wholesome and healthful pastry. Physicians and expert cooks indorse it. Refuse substitutes.

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottoline Cook Book, containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking.

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SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Currao said to Father O'Leary (the wittiest priest of his day): "I wish you were St. Peter." "Why?" asked O'Leary. "Because," said Currao, "you would have the keys of heaven and could let me in." "It would be better for you," said O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

The German Emperor is credited with a prettily turned compliment in favor of Miss Frida Scotta, the young Danish violinist. After listening attentively, the emperor expressed his appreciation by saying: "If I shut my eyes when you are playing, I could fancy it was Sarasate, but I much prefer to keep them open."

Colonel Wat Hardin, of Kentucky, was recently asked if he did not regard a certain man in Washington, who had dealt most villainously with him, as the most pluperfect, unmitigated scoundrel he ever knew. The colonel studied the question with thoughtful gravity for a moment and finally decided: "No; I am committed to a fellow out in Ohio."

Secretary Seward was an Episcopalian. On one of the occasions when President Lincoln's patience was tried by a self-appointed adviser who got warm and used strong language, Mr. Lincoln interrupted him by saying: "You are an Episcopalian, are you?" and when asked why he thought so, said: "You swear just like Seward, and he is." This was Mr. Lincoln's way of getting rid of such advisers.

Heioe's seose of humor did not leave him until the last. A few days before his death, Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving after worrying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow," he said; "the fact is I have just been exchanging thoughts with Dr. ———." On one occasion, when the doctor was examining his chest, he asked him: "Can you whistle?" He replied: "Alas! no—not even the pieces of M. Scribe."

Queen Victoria is an excellent pianist, with a remarkably correct ear. The Baroness Bloomfield, in her "Reminiscences," relates how on one occasion the queen asked her to sing, and she, with fear and trembling, sang one of Grisi's famous airs, but omitted the shake at the end. The queen immediately detected the omission, and, smilingly, her majesty said to Lady Normanby, her sister: "Does not your sister shake, Lady Normanby?" To which that lady promptly replied: "Oh, yes, ma'am; she is shaking all over."

Captain Derby, better known to fame by his literary name, "John Phoenix," perpetrated a joke (retold in *Harper's Weekly*) which is one of the classics at West Point. The *Theoretical Journal* of the siege prescribes just what is to be done in investing a fortification, with the invariable result—theoretical, of course—that the works are obliged to surrender within a certain number of days. Professor Mahan called upon Derby to explain how, with a given number of guns and strength of garrison, he would defend a fort. "I would immediately evacuate the fort, then lay siege to it, and recapture it in forty-one days," replied Derby.

The chief of the Leshies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Be on our side! An' gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see thae carles get a hidin' that must please ye." An old Covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, hae a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And hae a care o' Jamie, for he hae gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye need na fash yersel' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

A farmer asked a well-known Father Tom Maguire what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem quite to satisfy the farmer, who said: "Now, do you thioik, your reverence, you could give me an example of a miracle?" "Well," said Father Tom, "walk on before me and I'll see what I can do." As he did so

he gave him a tremendous kick behind. "Did you feel that?" he asked. "Why wouldn't I feel it?" said the farmer, rubbing the damaged place; "be-gorra, I did feel it, sure enough." "Well," said Father Tom, "it would be a miracle if you didn't."

An extraordinary story of the danger of phonetic spelling is told by an Australian paper. A Scodi-navian named Ole Baumgartz, who is established in Australia as a school-master, was astonished and outraged one day by the receipt of the following missive: "Old Boom guts, is queer. Cur, ass, you ar a man o no legs, I wish to inter my bowie in your skull." A conferece was held, and the writer, a new-comer, was visited by a body of inhabitants and asked indignantly to read his letter aloud, and say what he meant by it. He read: "Ole Baum-gartz, Esq. Sir: As you are a man of knowledge, I wish to enter my boy in your school."

A story is told of a Pennsylvania judge who once had a number of Irishmen before him in one of the interior counties, indicted for a riot on the canal. All their names were included in the one indictment, and the jury found them all guilty, though one of them, Pat Murphy, clearly proved an alibi. They were all brought into court to be sentenced, and Pat was directed to stand up with the others. Pat protested vehemently, and reminded the judge that it was clearly proved on the trial that he was at the time sick in bed, and at a considerable distance from the scene of riot. "Stand up, Pat," said the judge. "—stand up; you're just as guilty as any of them. You know you would have been there if you could!"

There was but one church in the town, and that was a Presbyterian. There were a few Universalists in the town who once in a while held a meeting in a school-house. One Sabbath during the service in the church, some one came up the aisle and handed the pastor a notice, and quickly retired. While the hymn was being sung the minister looked at the notice. He had never been asked to give such a notice before; but by the time the long hymn was ended he was ready. He got up and said: "Brethren and sisters, I have been requested to give notice here to-day that a set of people who believe in universal salvation will hold a meeting next Lord's Day in the red school-house in the oorth-east district. But, brethren, we believe better things!"

The Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, who preached there in 1776, one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr. Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spurs to his horse, and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other, in astonishment; "why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackeering speed: "It is fast day!" One day, when he was busy in nailing some list upon his doors to exclude the cold, a parishioner called to him: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor; "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard-ship, to be sent to England with his family in forty days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced, and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded, and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observe-a-Tory."

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SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE | From Dec. 1, 1893. |
|------------|--|
| 7:00 A. | Atlantic Express for Ogden and East..... |
| 7:00 A. | Benicia, Vacaville, \$ Runsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis..... |
| 7:30 A. | Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and *Santa Rosa..... |
| 8:30 A. | Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and *Oroville..... |
| 9:00 A. | New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East..... |
| * 9:00 A. | Stockton and Milton..... |
| * 10:00 A. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... |
| * 12:00 M. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... |
| * 1:00 P. | Sacramento River Steamers..... |
| 4:00 P. | Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa..... |
| 4:00 P. | Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento..... |
| 4:30 P. | Niles, Livermore, and San José..... |
| 5:00 P. | Martinez, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno..... |
| 5:00 P. | Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles..... |
| 5:00 P. | Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East..... |
| 6:00 P. | European Mail, Ogden and East..... |
| 6:00 P. | Haywards, Niles, and San José..... |
| 7:00 P. | Vallejo..... |
| 7:00 P. | Oregon..... |
| | Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East..... |

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow G

| | |
|------------|--|
| 8:15 A. | Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... |
| * 2:15 P. | Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... |
| 4:15 P. | Newark, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations..... |
| † 11:45 P. | Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations..... |

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townse

| | |
|------------|--|
| 6:45 A. | San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations..... |
| 8:15 A. | San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations..... |
| 10:40 A. | San José and Way Stations..... |
| 12:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... |
| * 2:20 P. | San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... |
| * 3:30 P. | San José and principal Way Stations..... |
| * 4:25 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... |
| 5:10 P. | San José and Way Stations..... |
| 6:30 P. | Palo Alto and Way Stations..... |
| † 11:45 P. | Palo Alto and principal Way Stations..... |

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11:00 *2:00 3:00 *4:00 5:00 and *6
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6:00
8:00 *9:00 10:00 and *11:00 A. M., *12:00
2:00 *3:00 4:00 and *5:00 P. M.
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Peru.....Saturday, February 17

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Christmas-time plays and pantomimes seem to have "gone out" as thoroughly as bag-wigs and crinolines. A sporadic case of pantomime or extravaganza is now and then heard of in some distant locality; but in the great centres, Christmas, so far as theatres go, is the same as Easter, or Thanksgiving, or Fourth of July. Probably San Francisco, in the season of extravaganza in which it annually rejoices, comes nearer having a Christmas play than New York, or Boston, or Chicago.

It is odd that, in its anglophobic desire to follow the English lead, the East has not adopted pantomime upon the domestic hearth. But, as each year the Atlantic sea-board becomes more and more Europeanized, and the ways and customs of its people come more and more round to the foreign ideal, this—most English of customs—finds no home in any of the Thespian temples where one might reasonably expect it would take up a local habitation and a name.

It is not as if pantomime had never been transplanted to American soil, or, having been, had died in the alien country. Years ago the Foxes—a pair of Englishmen—brought it to New York and succeeded admirably. This was shortly before the historic first appearance of "The Black Crook," and that form of entertainment which depends largely on lime-lights, Amazons, and fairy grottoes was new in the eyes of the Arcadian New Yorkers. The Foxes gave an annual Christmas pantomime as fine, it is said, as the English ones. The men themselves were clever as Clown and Pantaloon. The performances were in the old Bowery Theatre—sacred to the memory of the melodrama of gore, heroism, and pistol-shooting—which was arranged like an English theatre, with boxes, stalls, and pit. In the latter part of the theatre sat hundreds of boys in their shirt-sleeves, with hats on, eating oranges and peanuts. These were the gamins of New York—newsboys, street-hawkers, errand-boys—who got a seat in the pit for some nominal price, knew every actor by name, and were, perhaps, the keenest critics in the house. Above, from the boxes, the scions of patrician Gotham looked on demurely, against a background of parents, governesses, and nurse-maids.

The Raveles—French people—also gave pantomime and extravaganza in the New York of "Befo' de Wah" times. They, too, succeeded, and their name is still one to conjure with among the people who then wore pinafores, and back-combs, and kilts. Years afterward, when the name of Ravel was unknown to any save those who were getting well on toward middle age, one of the Kiralfy brothers got up a Christmas play—"Mazulm, the Night Owl"—in which he advertised that many of the old Ravel tricks would be given. They were, and if they had been well done would have been good tricks, if rather terrifying to the more youthful members of the audience. When two huge black bears entered the hero's bedroom and began to perform a solemn dance round his bed, many a dreadful howl rose from the boxes, where the happy infants were supposed to be enjoying themselves enormously. "Mazulm" was the last flicker of the candle before it expires in the socket. It was a good Christmas piece, had some success, but did not embolden daring managers to devote themselves and their deucats to the producing of Christmas plays.

The English—who are a conservative race, and keep on with a custom because their ancestors did it—give their yearly pantomimes as they eat their yearly plum-pudding and walk their daily five or ten miles, as the case may be. One might as well try to make a Frenchman give up having revolutions as make an Englishman give up doing what his father and grandfather did before him. These gentlemen went to pantomimes when they were in the stage of top-knots and frilled white collars; they took their children to pantomimes; and it is meet that their grandchildren should follow in the footprints they have left behind them in the sands of time.

It is said that the London pantomimes have sometimes as many as a thousand people on the stage at once. Oh, Chicago, thy glory has departed! Another city has put an extravaganza before the public that has a thousand people on the stage at once! These are the sort of set-backs that genius is always meeting with. Without the lever of emulation nothing great would be accomplished, as the sage that rules the destinies of copy-books so aptly says. Next year we may expect to see "Sinbad" return with a thousand people packed on the stage, even if they have to hang some of them down from the flies.

But with the English managers there must always be a sense of security that our American managers,

dealing with such a restlessly mercurial people, can never enjoy. The English manager can always count upon the patronage of all classes, if his pantomime is in any way commendable. All the thousand little boys and girls whose parents and grandparents went religiously to the pantomime before them will be conducted religiously to the pantomime themselves. More than this, all the world of boys and girls, who have never thought much of their grandparents and have never had nurses and governesses to take them to the play, go to the pantomime side by side with the little future milords and miladies.

On "Boxing Day"—the day following Christmas—all this under-world turns out in a body to see the play and have a lark generally. It is the great holiday of the great unwashed. It is the day when 'Arry and 'Arriet elect to enjoy themselves noisily and gloriously, when 'Arriet puts on that badge of her class—a large plush hat, with an elevated crown and a sweeping, if bedraggled decoration of plumes—and, linking her arm in 'Arry's, goes off swaggering to the play, where they eat oranges and peppermints, loudly applaud, and comport themselves with loud-voiced and boisterous good-humor. It is the field-day of the masses, who overflow the theatre from gallery to pit, almost take possession of the city, and induce quiet folks to stay indoors, as all the 'Arrys, when it comes to eventide, have got so boisterously merry over their holiday-making that they are apt to incline to a change of mood, and not infrequently take to fighting with each other, or even with their 'Arriets, who go home with the plush hat over one ear and occasionally a well-blackened optic.

The hold that pantomime has upon the English must be a relic, a remembrance, reaching over from the days when Joey Grimaldi made this form of entertainment among the most brilliant of the day. Grimaldi made pantomime in London—indeed, was pantomime. It existed before his time. It had come over from the French, and once saved a dying season at the theatre in Lincoln's Lane Fields, where "Harlequin Executed" was performed with a good deal of genuine success. The pantomime of those days, however, turned upon Harlequin. He was the leading figure. From having been, in the early French and Italian pantomimes, a stupid, knavish, loutish fellow, who was invariably getting beaten for the Clown's peccadilloes, he had risen to the place of hero, was always brilliant, clever, and successful. The original suit of parti-colored rags and soot-blackened face of the Italian Arlecchino had been superseded by a tight dress of brilliant colors, wrought with spangles, and a narrow slip of black across the eyes, worn as a mask. Where the Italian went barefooted, to signify his humbleness and poverty, his English prototype wore thin-soled, heelless slippers, and in place of the shaved head of the huffoon Arlecchino, the fleet-footed, ingenious Harlequin wore a tight, smooth skull-cap.

This was Harlequin as the English made him. They also endowed him with powers of magic and skill as a sorcerer. They, too, it is said, made him dumb. In one of the first seasons of the imported dramatic entertainment that had come from France, Christopher Rich, cast to play Harlequin, could not deliver dialogue, but, as he was extremely clever at facial expression and could grimace in a way to set the house in fits of laughter, it was decided that he should personate a dumb Harlequin, and dumb he has been from that day to this.

It was not till Grimaldi came that pantomime really rose into great prominence and the clown became the central figure of the piece. This great comedian—for great he must have been, though it was as the clown of a Christmas huresque—made himself as marked a figure in the theatrical world as Charles Kemble or Sarah Siddons. His talent was that he could make the world laugh as no one ever did before. From the sailors in the gallery to the children sitting out in the fronts of boxes, every soul in the theatre laughed in transports of amusement at the fun of the great clown. When he sang his famous song, "An Oyster Crossed in Love," the house gasped in exhausted merriment, and the children, hanging over the ledges of the boxes, dwelt on his face with eyes out of which tears of pure laughter were running. There never was such a clown. All the artist world bowed to him as the greatest artist in his own line. He was the friend of Byron and Sheridan, had the glory of being written about by Dickens, caught butterflies and moths to give to the once irresistible Dora Jordan, who was a life-long friend, was a more popular dramatic star than Miss O'Neil, and had a long life as full of humorous, serio-tragic, and pathetic adventures as ever was wrought out by novelist or playwright.

Pantomime will never really take its old place till there come a second Grimaldi. It is an old form of play-acting, coming down to us from the days of the early Italians, through the times of the miracle-plays and the masques, up to the present. It has had few variations—the four original figures having been preserved through all the modifications of taste and fashion; so that we may feel the early Italian and Middle-Age French knew them almost as we do. This archaic quartet, unchanged in their stiff, Old-World antiquity, need the introduction of absolute genius to render them interesting to our sated century-end taste. Pantomime waits to be awakened by a second Grimaldi; and, in all probability, should a second Grimaldi come, he would take to farce-comedy or huresque and leave pantomime to gather dust upon the shelf.

ART NOTES.

Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

The art loan exhibition that is being held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art is meritorious and well worthy of careful inspection. Sixty-nine works of art have been contributed from private collectors here, the following comprising the list, with the name of the artist, the title of the picture, and the name of the contributor:

| Artist. | Title. | Owner. |
|--|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 1. J. J. Henner—"Meditation." | Mrs. A. N. Towne | |
| 2. W. Bouguereau—"Portrait of Mrs. G." | Mrs. A. E. Head | |
| 3. C. Detti—"The Duke's Visit to the Village Inn." | E. W. Hopkins | |
| 4. Joseph Bail—"Et le chat est revenu." | Mrs. M. H. Hecht | |
| 5. William Keith—"After the Storm." | Frederick W. Zeile | |
| 6. Jules Tavernier—"The Ruins of Philoe." | Henry T. Scott | |
| 7. Thomas B. Craig—"Landscape." | W. F. Goad | |
| 8. Emanuel Spitzer (Munich)—"Cherry Strife." | Ignatz Steinhart | |
| 9. B. C. Koedkoek—"Landscape." | William Norris | |
| 10. A. Hoelzel—"The Joiner's Wife." | E. A. Denicke | |
| 11. W. Geets—"A Visit of Condolence." | J. D. Spreckels | |
| 12. Vassili Verestchagin—"Russian Soldiers in the Snow." | Mrs. F. A. Hearst | |
| 13. James Hamilton—"The Golden Gate." | Mrs. S. M. Wilson | |
| 14. G. Haquette—"Marine." | M. H. Hecht | |
| 15. Etienne—"The Wedding Feast." | Charles F. Crocker | |
| 16. J. Rohie—"Flower Piece." | A. E. Head | |
| 17. G. Mazouze—"Le Gouter." | P. E. Bowles | |
| 18. E. Debat-Pousan—"Rural Scene." | Mrs. Louis B. Parrott | |
| 19. J. G. Gêrôme—"The Rug Merchant." | Charles F. Crocker | |
| 20. A. Sani—"Donations." | Mrs. George S. Fife | |
| 21. Eugene Fromentin—"Le Simoun." | George S. Fife | |
| 22. J. H. Beaudouin—"The Consultation." | Russell J. Wilson | |
| 23. Adrien Moreau—"Market Scene in Madrid." | William H. Howard | |
| 24. F. Wolf—"The Orphans." | Mrs. Edward R. Taylor | |
| 25. J. G. Brown—"The High Note." | Mountford S. Wilson | |
| 26. Rembrandt—"The Burgomaster." | Mrs. H. H. Sherwood | |
| 27. Charles Jacque—"Forest Scene." | Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard | |
| 28. William Keith—"Sunset." | W. F. Herrin | |
| 29. Max Schödl—"Still Life." | George S. Fife | |
| 30. F. Brissot—"Sheep." | Mrs. Frederick Deakin | |
| 31. A. Roosenberg—"Playing at Costuming." | Mrs. H. M. Newhall | |
| 32. Gabriel Max—"Study of a Head." | Miss Ella Goad | |
| 33. D. Battaglia—"Interior of the Choir of San Severino (Naples)." | S. C. Bigelow | |
| 34. Gustave Jaquet—"The Love Song." | Mrs. Timothy Hopkins | |
| 35. W. Bouguereau—"Child's Head." | William M. Lent | |
| 36. J. F. Herring—"English Farm Scene." | C. N. Felton | |
| 37. J. Withan—"The Squall." | Oliver Eldridge | |
| 38. Thomas Creswick—"A Roadside Inn." | Timothy Hopkins | |
| 39. J. Semenko—"Post Stage on Steppes." | Edward L. G. Steele | |
| 40. A. Sandoz—"Moorish Dancing Girl." | George Loomis | |
| 41. Eugene Isahay—"Louis XIII. enfant sortant de l'église." | Iving M. Scott | |
| 42. H. D. Koedkoek—"Landscape." | H. A. Diehl | |
| 43. Gustave Courbet—"Landscape." | William H. Crocker | |
| 44. Vassili Verestchagin—"The Blowing from the Guns." | Mrs. P. A. Hearst | |
| 45. Jules Ludovici—"Portrait of Wm. Keith." | The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art | |
| 46. Vandylen—"Market at the Ruins of Carthage." | The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art | |
| 47. M. Cobrara—"The Young St. John." | The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art | |
| 48. Carl Kahler—"Dandy's Revenge." | The Johnson Estate | |
| 49. H. P. "90"—"Mandolinista." | Edward L. G. Steele | |
| 50. Heinrich Hermanns—"Market Scene in Holland." | Claus Spreckels | |
| 51. B. C. Koedkoek—"Landscape." | Lloyd Tevis | |
| 52. Lizzie Strong—"The Coming Storm." | Mrs. O. S. Orrick | |
| 53. Indonci—"Le rencontre à la fontaine." | H. A. Hedger | |
| 54. Jules Tavernier—"Volcano of Kilauwa." | Mrs. J. D. Spreckels | |
| 55. G. Gahani—"Arab Cavaliers." | Mrs. G. S. Fife | |
| 56. Scipione Simoni—"Street Scene (Tivoli)." | George S. Fife | |
| 57. Constantini—"The Temple of Vesta" (Rome)." | W. R. Sherwood | |
| 58. James Hamilton—"In Calm." | Edward R. Taylor | |
| 59. B. Gioja—"A Game of Billiards." | W. R. Sherwood | |
| 60. Vidi—"The Love Letter." | Mrs. William Mayo Newhall | |
| 61. Rosa Bonheur—"Crayon Drawing." | A. E. Head | |
| 62. Sig. I. Cauffman—"Landscape." | Mrs. M. L. Gerstle | |
| 63. Charles Sanderson—"Snow Scene." | Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard | |
| 64. K. Ooms—"The Last Days of Rubens." | J. D. Spreckels | |
| 65. Thomas Sidney Cooper, R. A.—"On the Shore, East Kent." | The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art | |
| 66. H. Humphry Moore—"The Captive." | The Johnson Estate | |
| 67. E. J. Boks—"Flagrant Delicto." | Claus Spreckels | |
| 68. G. Kühl (Munich)—"A Reduced Gourmet." | Oscar Kunath | |
| 69. A. Graefle—"Beethoven and his Friends." | Baron J. H. von Schröder | |

The universal fear of anarchists leads to amusing mistakes. Among other things, a well-known English sportsman was traveling in Spain with his wife at the time of the Barcelona explosion. Not hearing from him, his relatives induced the Foreign Office to telegraph to the authorities at Barcelona to make inquiries. The telegram was this: "Arthur Smith, British subject, in Barcelona during recent outrages. Kindly make inquiries. Wire results." To this came answer: "Man Smith is in Barcelona. He is being watched." This was followed by a second message: "Man Smith attempted to leave Barcelona last night. Now in custody." Shortly after, Smith himself wired this to the foreign office: "Owing to your kind telegraph, have spent twenty-four hours in Spanish jail. What do you mean?"

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From over-exertion. Try it.

The most noted shot among English women is Lady Eva Quin, wife of Captain Wyndham, heir-presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven. She has killed six full-grown tigers from the frail shelter of a howdah.

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Dividend Notices.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending

December 31, 1893, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1894.

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Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1894

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office, for one year, by mail:

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| Argonaut and Century..... | \$7.00 |
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| Argonaut and St. Nicholas..... | 6.00 |
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| Argonaut and Harper's Weekly..... | 6.70 |
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| Argonaut and Forum..... | 6.25 |

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week beginning December 25th: A. M. Palmer's stock company in "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Baldwin; the stock company in "The Island of Jewels" at the Tivoli Opera House; Henderson's Extravaganza Company in "Sinbad" at the Grand Opera House.

Sarah Bernhardt has confided to the Paris *Figaro* that, while French actors and playwrights are more artistic than American, we on this side mount plays more handsomely, elaborately, and correctly.

Hoey, of Evans and Hoey, who are no longer a theatrical firm, is having a farce-comedy written for him by Charles H. Hoyt. It is to be called "A Black Sheep," and is based on the *Arizona Kicker* stories.

A prize awarded by the Italian Government has been taken this year by a play entitled "Dr. Muller," which depicts a physician's mental struggles over the question whether he shall cure his wife's lover or kill him.

Mr. Howells's new play is not new so far as date of composition goes, for it was written several years ago. It is said to be in the style of Ibsen, and is the story of a man who can not agree with his wife—or whose wife can not agree with him.

The re-opening of the Baldwin Theatre will take place on Christmas night, instead of in the afternoon. Oscar Wilde's famous play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," will be the opening play, and the cast will be the best Manager Palmer's really admirable company can afford.

Robert Cutting, who achieved considerable newspaper notoriety a year or more ago by marrying Minnie Seligman and acting in her company, has abandoned the stage forever. One season demonstrated that Mr. Cutting was not intended by nature for an actor.

According to figures recently published, A. M. Palmer's stock company is the most expensive of its kind. Augustin Daly's pay-roll foots up two thousand two hundred dollars every week, Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company costs the same, Charles Frohman's comes to two thousand four hundred dollars, and the Palmer company tops them all with over three thousand dollars.

The Tivoli has been closed this week, owing to litigation, but it will be re-opened to-night, and will probably run on in the future as smoothly as it has heretofore. It seems that John Kreling and F. W. Kreling, brother and father of the late manager, claim a half-interest in the Tivoli Theatre, which the widow disputes; but as the former seem unable to substantiate their claim and the latter has possession, it looks as if the property would remain where it is.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" holds the record in New York for the longest continuous run. It has been given at six hundred and fifty-six consecutive performances, topping the famous run of "Adonis" by half a hundred, while "The Black Crook" and "Hazel Kirke" are both within the five-hundred mark. But, while the long run of "Hazel Kirke" is indicative of special merit, that of "A Trip to Chinatown" is due to changes in the company and their specialties every few weeks.

The Tivoli will be re-opened this (Saturday) evening, when the new spectacular operetta, "The Island of Jewels," will be presented with the following cast of characters:

Pomposo, Ferris Hartman; Myrilla, Maggie Francis; Laidronetta, Tillie Salinger; Bellotta, Carrie Roma; Fidelity, Gracie Plaisted; Sassafraas Sour, Thomas C. Leary; Prince Rafael, Philip Branson; Commander, E. N. Knight; King Emerald, George Olmi; Lord Carhuncle, E. N. Knight; Lord Rulph, J. P. Wilson; Earl Topaz, George Harris; Baron Onyx, H. A. Barkeley; Azurine, Fannie Liddiard; Benevolentia, Mae Atkins; Magotine, Irene Mull; Lady Turquois, Mamie Gray; Baroness Sapphire, Minna Jurgens; Countess Amethyst, Trulia Shattuck; Duchess Garnet, Julia Simmons.

The latest "act" of Sandow is one to be emulated. He has a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound sack of flour dropped upon the back of his neck from a distance of eighteen feet, and then two more are dropped from the same height, so that he sustains on his neck a total weight of four hundred and fifty pounds. Inasmuch as Sandow claims that he was a lad of ordinary physique and built himself up to his present magnificent condition by systematic exercise, any man who really makes his mind up to it can arrive at the same result. Then we could gleefully go about San Francisco after nightfall and simply grin when the pertinacious foot-pads tap with a mere sand-bag on a head that is used to being whacked by one-hundred-and-fifty-pound sacks of flour.

The popular taste in Paris just now is indicated by the fact that Judic has left comic opera and gone back to the *cafés chantants*, where she holds her own against the cynical nastiness of Yvette Guilbert. After Sardou's "Mme. Sans-Gêne" and Bernhardt in Lemaître's "Les Rois"—in which Doña Sol has the rôle of a virtuous woman, for a wonder—the two most popular plays are "Madame Satan" and "Les Gigolettes," both of which are too indecent ever to be adapted for our stage. Our correspondent in Paris has already told the *Argonaut's* readers about "Madame Satan." "Les Gigolettes" is the latest slang name for *ces dames* who were called *horizontales* last year, and in it Mlle. Cerny, who staggered even Paris when she created the rôle of Iza in

"L'Affaire Clemenceau," wears black tights in one scene and seats herself astride the cross-piece of a street-lamp.

In the death of William Kreling San Francisco has lost an important factor in her theatrical affairs. Many years ago he, with his brothers and father, started the Vienna Garden in Dr. Bowie's old house, on Sutter and Stockton Streets. It was a very successful music-hall of a high grade for several years, and was only abandoned when the managers started the Tivoli, in 1879. The record of the latter place has been one of astonishing success. It has always had an excellent orchestra—generally it has been, and now is, the best in town—it has given thoroughly satisfactory representations of a tremendous range of light, melodious operas—American, French, Viennese, and English—and the privilege of smoking and drinking in the auditorium gave it an air of *sans gêne* that has made the place very popular. For years William Kreling has been its head and front, and he made himself very popular among the patrons of the place and his employees. His funeral, last Sunday, was musically the most notable that ever took place in San Francisco. During the service Adolph Bauer, leader of the Tivoli orchestra, played a solemn dirge on the organ; Miss Roma, of the company, sang Abt's "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"; a quartet comprising Messrs. Branson, Urban, Olmi, and Knight sang Wallace's "Peace to the Memory of the Dead"; and the Tivoli chorus, under the leadership of H. J. Stewart, sang "Now the Laborer's Task is Over," by Sir Joseph Barnby. A band of one hundred and twenty pieces from the Musicians' Union played Chopin's funeral march on the way to the cemetery, and at the grave thirty-six members of the Harmonie Society sang the "Ave Maria," the chorus of male voices in the open air without accompaniment making a striking effect.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Then and Now.

"The world is mine," he said,
As he proudly left old Yale,
With the firm belief that he
Held the world fast by the tail.
But the years have come and gone,
And his spirit has grown meek;
He is selling tape and thread,
Earning just fifteen a week.
—Kansas City Journal.

Her Choice.

"What kind of fruit do you love best?"
He questioned the maiden fair,
"The juicy apple with rosy cheeks
Or the sweet and luscious pear?"
The gentle maiden smiled and said,
"The fruit that pleases me
Better than all the fruits I know
Is the fruit of the Christmas-tree."
—Boston Courier.

A Fixed Star.

An actress who with drawing cards
Could not be rightly classed,
Married, and, in the proper time,
She filled a house at last.—Puck.

Grover, Rex.

O, Grover owns the ocean,
And Grover owns the land;
He has a sneaking notion
That he owns the shifting sand.
He talks about "his" Minister,
Of Willis and of Blount,
Approves the doings sinister
Of world-famed "Paramount."
He'll lead his "brilliant" party
Along the downward slope;
They'll hang themselves, my hearty,
If given lots of rope!
—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Practical.

"Oh, for the wings of a dove!" she sang,
As she lifted her eyes and curled her hair;
Not that she wanted to fly, but that
She thought they'd be nice to trim her hat.
—Judge.

Poor Thing!

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead;
So she wore it to the top,
And it happened off to drop—
And the language that she thought was simply horrid!
—Indianapolis Journal.

Here is one streak of light in the dark history of lynching. At Cuba Station, Ala., a negro was caught, a rope was put about his neck, and he was being dragged to the woods, when one of the party called a halt, and made an appeal against lynching in a ten minutes' speech. The question was then put to vote, and thirty-seven voted against lynching to twenty-five for it. The rope was taken off and the negro taken to the county jail.

The Paris *Figaro* has been complaining of the carelessness of the telephone service. Recently a journalist asked for the *Figaro*, and was put in communication with a news agency by mistake, to which he recounted a very new and important piece of news, and found out only the next morning that he had, through the carelessness of the telephone people, been assisting a rival at the expense of his own paper.

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DCCXXV.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons, Christmas, 1893.

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Clear Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce. Potato Croquettes.
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English Plum Pudding.
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Haley (the landlord)—"So you've bought this store of Goldstein? Well, I predict that you'll fail here in less than six months." Mr. Klingenstein—"Ach! You fladder me, Misder Haley!"—Puck.

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"Can I change my occupation under the terms of this insurance policy?" "What do you wish to be?" "A foot-ball player." "No." "Can I become a Brazilian insurgent?" "Yes."—Life.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The death of an ossified man in Tennessee is reported. He died hard.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Natural history: Teacher—"Now, children, who can tell me what comes under the head of meat?" Bright boy—"The neck, ma'am."—*Puck*.

Mary—"You call him a beast. What kind of a one?" Kitty (who has been bored)—"A wolf, I should say. He's so difficult to keep from the door."—*Bazar*.

George—"Papa, what are forty thousand armed men doing on the Italian frontier?" Papa—"Probably hunting organ-grinders."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

Kerr—"Where is Vokes oow? The last time I saw him he was contending that a man should tell the truth in all circumstances." Buff—"He is in a hospital."—*New York Herald*.

"Jimmie, where did you get this five cents?" "It's the money you gave me for the heathen, mamma." "Then why did you keep it?" "My teacher said I was a heathen."—*Bazar*.

Proprietor—"What's the row at that bargain-counter?" Floor-walker—"No row at all. A party of college girls are among the crowd, and are working to the front by a flying wedge."—*Puck*.

Train-robber—"Come! shell out!" Rural minister (sadly)—"If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you."—*New York Weekly*.

"I have some money to invest, and I want to get all I can for it," said Mrs. Innocent to her friced Jarley, of Wall Street. "Well, why not buy Turkish bonds? They're worth about a dollar a dozen."—*Ex*.

"They can advertise this as a fire-proof hotel all they've a mind to," said Uucle Treepot, as he threw his coat over the rum omelette and extinguished the flame; "but I'm hanged if I want ter chance it."—*Puck*.

"Aod what is that a photograph of?" she asked of the young man who was exhibiting his collection of instantaneous pictures. "Of a foot-hall game." "Dear me! I thought it was a lot of musicians having a quarrel."—*Washington Star*.

Ethylle—"Fitz Sappy was desperately in love with Priscilla. Why, he used to send her the most expensive flowers and presents nearly every day for nearly three years." Ferlie—"Did he finally win her?" Ethylle—"No, he earned her."—*Vogue*.

He—"Darling, I hesitate to ask it, and yet I must know. Did any one ever kiss you before?" She—"Oh, George, how can you doubt me? I bring you a heart as fresh and ardent as your own." (George doesn't know whether to be satisfied or not.)—*Life*.

"And when you told her she was the prettiest woman in the world, you think she believed you?" "Oh, dear, oo. Had she believed me, she never could have any regard for my intellect. She knew I was lying, and also knew that I must think a good deal of her to tell such a whopper."—*Boston Transcript*.

Criminal history of ten years: (1) "In the Gloaming"; (2) "Silver Threads Among the Gold"; (3) "My Grandfather's Clock"; (4) "White Wings"; (5) "Sweet Violets"; (6) "Annie Rooney"; (7) "McGinty"; (8) "Knock 'Em in the Old Keot Road"; (9) "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay"; (10) "Daisy Bell."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Ruyter—"I tell you, Staynour, I am working this new style of magazine article for all it is worth." Staynour—"How is that?" Ruyter—"Didn't you see my article on 'How I Wrote my First Novel'?" Staynour—"Yes." Ruyter—"Well, the editor has just accepted one oo 'How I Wrote 'How I Wrote my First Novel.'"—*Puck*.

The young clergyman had consoled at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the hridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners. "My friends," said the embarrassed young man, as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Preacher—"Young men should never go to a place where they would not take their sisters. Is there a young man in the audience who thinks he may safely break this wise rule?" (Young man under gallery stands up.) Preacher—"And what is the place, my young friend, which you think yourself justified in visiting, and yet to which you would not think of taking your sister?" Young man—"The barber-shop, sir."—*Life*.

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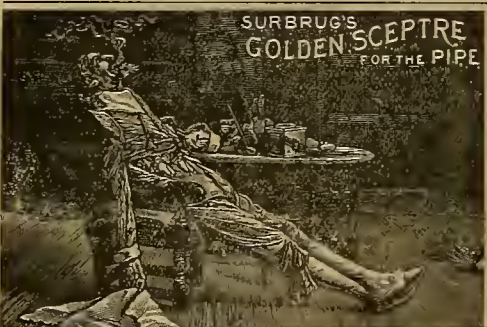
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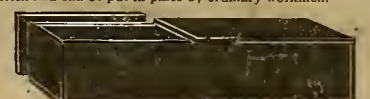
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